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Painting by H. Giles

Illustration for "American Holidays"

IT IS PLEASANT TO ENTER THE SEA WITH SUCH LOVELY CREATURES

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXXIX.

JUNE—NOVEMBER, 1914



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American Holidays

THE SEA-SHORE

BY HARRISON RHODES

OUR American summer is hot. To some, heat may seem implicit in the very idea of summer; but these people have not cowered over fires in the English June, nor wrapped themselves in furs during the Swiss August. Heat, in our habitual foreign playground, North Europe, is, except in occasional epoch-making years, a thing hoped for rather than seen. Young ladies in Edinburgh wear white muslin in summer, though the snow flies, because they know it is sum-

mer. But we at home need no such fond, martyred belief in the calendar. With the coming of the July day that commemorates the declaration of our independence of Europe and of its weather we can be sure that the sun will blaze in a high, clear sky; that blue waters will lap upon shining white sands; pine woods grow fragrant, and mountain valleys softly hazy with the heat; and, when night falls, upon a million front porches the nation will sit at ease in a climate where you can be out-of-doors without the fear of rheumatism.

The heat makes it our first impulse in

summer to plunge straight into the cool, kindly oceans that wash our coasts, to go "to the shore," and to eat "shore dinners"—to employ the pleasant indigenous phrases. So the first impulse, in any series of articles on American holi-

minge freely, to sprawl for hours before and after the bath upon the sands, to indulge in races and amiable horse-play, and to see no harm in it. But just this American freedom, for the most part unknown in Europe, where they ordi-



THE MAGNIFICENT "LADY DEMONSTRATOR" OF PATTY-IRONS AT ATLANTIC CITY

days, is to wade at once into salt water—to write of the seaside and the sea.

Sea-bathing in this country has for decades astonished the visiting foreigner by its ease and freedom, and by the pleasant and innocent commingling of the sexes in the wave and upon the sands. "Mixed bathing" has never even existed as a phrase in our language. All bathing is mixed. In the legendary past, by going to remote Prince Edward's Island in the Canadian Gulf of St. Lawrence you could find a region so British that the sexes were kept separate in the water, but it is scarcely to be supposed that such a prudish Arcadia still exists. Our native custom is to

narly rush straight to and from the bath, engenders our own special kind of prudishness—our care about costume.

There is actually more water in the Pacific than in the Atlantic, but the latter, being for the greater part of the country more accessible, is fuller of people if not of salt water. The thunder of the Pacific surf comes in occasionally, even over the mountain barriers and the long stretches of land between. All along the lovely western coast, we know, lovely and agreeable Westerners disport themselves. It is only because California has so insisted upon her claims as a winter resort that most of us know her so little in summer, know so little of

that cosmopolitanism of the Western slope, half pine woods and half Paris. The Atlantic, furthermore, has upon many of us almost ancestral claims to loyalty.

The Atlantic seaboard stretches from the Floridian sands, where you can bathe even in midwinter, to the Maine rocks, where you cannot even in midsummer. It has every variety of climate and of social and unsocial activity. In its waves stands America, if not naked, at least unashamed, and ready for the observation of our philosophic eye.

It is probably still right to speak of the sea-shore as if it were the country,

but, as a matter of fact, from Bar Harbor to Cape May it is almost as solidly occupied as the town. The most amazing degree of congestion is found along the Jersey coast, where for fifty miles south along the beach from Sandy Hook there runs a solid crowded street of hotels and houses, and behind them, at frequent points, more hotels and houses stretching their necks, as it were, for a glimpse of water and a breath of air. The edges of Long Island and the coasts of Connecticut and Rhode Island are rapidly approaching this condition, and the famous North and South Shores of the Massachusetts coast are nowadays mere-



THE JERSEY COAST IS, ON THE WHOLE, THE MOST POPULAR PART OF THE AMERICAN SEA-SHORE



BEST OF ALL FOR HER, SOUTHAMPTON HAS THE MEN

ly lovely Bostonian suburbs. Our zeal for having summer homes outside the cities is wonderful. We cannot altogether desert business, but we hire "club-cars" on the trains, and engage state-rooms on steamers by the season, so that with no waste of time, morning or evening, we may play auction, dictate letters to our secretaries, or, with other millionaires, form combinations in restraint of trade. Thus we commute incredible distances and spread our great cities thin over all the adjacent states.

The American seaside, with its enormous population, has something majestic and almost frightening about it. It gives you a vision of the vastness of our country, its wealth, its teeming millions.

Atlantic City alone, for example, could quite suffice for France, were it transported across the Atlantic; and Asbury Park would accommodate Belgium and Holland — with suitable alterations to please the tastes of the jaded inhabitants of continental Europe. We overcrowd dozens of such places at the slightest notice and upon the slightest provocation, and have, besides, a hundred others.

The Jersey coast is, on the whole, the most popular part of the American sea-shore; the most characteristic, the most democratic, the most intensely American. To catalogue the Jersey coast is like cataloguing America. Let us begin with Long Branch. Long Branch has memories. The odd little gilded domes, like those of a Russian church, still mark what were once the great gambling-

rooms. And here and there hotels and cottages have the odd look peculiar to the architecture of the middle of the last century. Elberon still keeps its air of old-fashioned distinction, with the earliest examples of "artistic" architecture in the country sitting calmly on broad, smooth, velvety lawns. It is hard to realize that in the late fifties Long Branch itself was an upstart watering-place, daring to rival Rockaway, where the "Marine Pavilion" (delightful hotel name!) had been for years the seaside resort of New York's best society. The Jersey resort's fortune was made when President Grant accepted the gift of a cottage there, and came to drive along the front in a barouche drawn by four

horses. This seems, in face of the modesty of equipage now prevalent in administration circles, magnificent. But, on the other hand, probably none even of our Cabinet ladies would consider, as Mrs. Grant was reported to, that she had fully discharged the duties of hospitality in offering the visitor, who had "dropped in" of an evening, a "simple soda-cracker." Perhaps it was the President's cottage which gave something of a political tone to Long Branch. The people who went there were important rather than fashionable. They were of the nobility of Tammany and of that large class which has always existed in New York—rich, fond of expensive dress and good living, but with no pretense whatever to being "in society."

They supported the gambling-club (from the contaminating influences of which they chivalrously protected the ladies by excluding them) and the races at Monmouth Park. They have vanished now, and Long Branch and Elberon would have gone to seed completely were it not for a later invasion. If not the leading, the Hebrew is at least one of the leading races of New York. To find it in complete possession of part of the New Jersey coast need surprise no one; were it not so, the catalogue of the Jersey shore would not be the real catalogue of America. Now the hotels go briskly, with the admirable cuisine upon which the prosperous American Jew insists everywhere. As to the kind of resort he builds when he starts afresh, attention is requested to the regions just south. It would be hard to match anywhere in the world the succession of summer palaces which line the main road along the sea. Even Newport has nothing to rival the extravagance of these villas.

Beyond all this you enter

into a great, good-natured American welter of all classes of the community. Great cities now crowd the sea-fronts and green trees become almost as rare as horses in Venice. Poor Nature is not asked to provide, unaided, the amusements which summer humanity craves. The majestic and hitherto untamed surges of the Atlantic bow in amazed admiration before gigantic piers which bear aloft "whirlwind vaudeville" and "one-step" dancing, the wild music for which pulsates in the soft, warm night. Theaters and "movies" abound. Lion-tamers and snake-charmers and curioshops flourish. Thousands stroll up and down the front, or swing contentedly in rocking-chairs under great municipal



SHE HAS PARTIES, ONE EVERY MINUTE



WHEN AUGUST COMES, THE YACHTS STEAM EASTWARD TO NEW LONDON

shelters kept for ever littered with peanut shells and crumpled cast-off copies of the yellow journals. All through the day thousands enter the surf. Here in the waves democracy comes into its own. There is but one kind of exclusiveness (and this is an exclusiveness which, from another point of view, is great generosity): both Atlantic City and Asbury

Park provide "Jim Crow" sections of the beach, and special bath-houses, from which the Afro-American, a comic but often agreeable sight, emerges for his dip.

At Asbury Park the "turkey-trot" is not thought well of. Boys and girls labor in the dance as in agony under this restraint of public opinion; they obvi-



ENTERTAINING IN NEWPORT IS MERELY PART OF THE DAY'S WORK

ously know the trot and love it well. But they must be happy in the consciousness that they are striking that note of "refinement" which is so characteristic a feature of our American life—which is, indeed, our chief vulgarity. The refined note blends in an exquisite harmony with the home note, for which indeed we are justly famous. The English, equally famous for it, advertise constantly the possibility of securing at the seaside "a home from home." An Asbury Park hotel-keeper, possibly in secret cynically doubt-

ful as to the real comfort of a home, advertises a "Table *better* than mother's."

The home note almost inevitably has to do with home cooking. It was at Atlantic City that a female purchaser of "patty-irons" was returning them as unmanageable to a magnificent lady demonstrator. The latter rather scornfully put the rejected irons to the test, and in public view at once produced perfect patties. The complainant stood abashed. Then she jerked her shoulder a little angrily at the weary husband who accompanied her.



GOD DID SO MUCH FOR THIS REGION
THAT THE LESS MAN DOES THE BETTER



THE PLEASANT NEWPORT HOUSES, ONLY A FEW OF THEM "PALACES"

"Well, maybe it's because he ain't well," she explained to the surrounding group, "and I had to try to make them patties with diabetic flour—"

The home note is not, however, dependent on such minor matters as cuisine. The climax of Asbury Park's season, the frenzied, passionate moment of its pursuit of pleasure, is, if you please, the famous baby parade, where thousands of blameless infants are entered in

competition. The baby parade is in some mysterious way under the patronage of

a queen of carnival, Titania. (Is she, perhaps, not quite the person for Asbury Park to countenance?) The Asbury Park carnival has existed so long now that another very characteristic American institution has become possible—a congress of ex-queens of carnival! There is something at once preposterously comic and incredibly touching in this adaptation of



YOU HAVE TIME TO SEE THE CLEAR, COLD WATER LAPPING ON THE GRANITE SHORES

the carnival to the needs of a nation really simple, home-loving, and not really fête-keeping.

In the late seventies and early eighties, Asbury Park, by contrast with its neighbor, Ocean Grove, was thought "fast," at least so the professional newspaper humorists of that time used to say. Ocean Grove's grimness has softened a little with the years, but it still remains an admirable example of a kind of resort invented by us here in America and existing only here. It is essentially a "camp-meeting" ground, and it combines the pursuit of both pleasure and salvation. Its gaieties become almost uncontrollable in August, when the oratorio of "The Messiah" is sung at the Auditorium, and a "Venetian night" takes place on Wesley Lake, the waters of which a sterner earlier generation of Methodists might have thought would refuse to support such an un-Wesleyan craft as a gondola! But the reader should not meditate scoffingly upon Ocean Grove, for a mere sea-bathing place which can in this capacious way synthesize so many of the great and serious tendencies of a country is not to be taken lightly.

As to Atlantic City, the pen fairly itches to attack it—if that figure of speech be either polite or possible. But Atlantic City is deathless; it goes through no period of hibernation, and it must be reserved for treatment when we come to speak of winter days. It will be better to turn back eastward and northward from New York.

Perhaps Long Island's chief claim to merit is that it causes Long Island Sound. It is itself a stretch of country of extreme dullness, becoming, near New York, poignantly desolate. But its proximity to the metropolis makes it the arena, as it were, of some of our most violent social activities. Southampton (the leader of the Long Island settlements) is the briskest, gayest, newest power in the world of fashion. She announces calmly that Newport has had its day. She has the parties, one every minute, and all on the high-speed clutch of pleasure. Best of all for her, in the kind of Balkan warfare in which she is engaged, she has the men. Proximity to the great cities makes it easier to get

men, who, like fresh fruit, milk, and vegetables, are always easier to find in town than in the country. Bar Harbor, in the remote Northeast, faces a crisis if her supply of men less than seventy years old cannot be increased. And Newport secretly knows that she has become too dependent on callow boys of twenty. There is happily no hope of a leisure class in our country. And the real men of business, worth talking to and worth marrying, prefer a journey of two hours to one of six or eighteen. The war is on, and Long Island shows youth, vigor, and courage. But the older places have an immense reserve capital of prestige; so the end is not yet.

The lovely long reaches of Long Island Sound have made possible the sport of American yachting. In most places in the world the motor-boat has almost completely displaced the sailing-craft. But in the Sound this is not yet so. On a fine day the white wings flutter forth from the deep coves of the island's north shore and from the harbors of the mainland; on regatta days it would be almost impossible to say whether the sea view was more sapphire-blue water or snow-white canvas. When August comes, the yachts stream eastward to New London—where the stately Thames comes down to salt water—and proceed on the great summer cruise of the New York Yacht Club past Newport and around the Cape of Marblehead, bringing new gaiety to all those Eastern waters.

If the reader's yacht is in commission he will find it the pleasantest conveyance to Newport. But the train will take him there. And on the train he will at once see an indication that it is not entirely the love of cool airs and of blue skies and of the pleasures of the countryside which is luring his fellow-passengers to the summer capital. "Society news," wherever it is printed, is the chief reading of the passengers by the afternoon express. Not all who read so passionately in the parlor-car of Newport's gaieties can be observed later quite in the heart of them. But the fact is eminently significant. The interest felt in Newport society by those who are of it is doubtless keen; but it can never be so keen as that felt by those not of it. By this is not meant

unhappy social strugglers, if these delightful creatures of fiction really do exist, but the countless newspaper-readers, largely in the West, who have neither wish nor expectation ever to tread the soil of Newport, but are for all that never one instant out of touch with the activities of its "very best people." Theirs is indeed a Newport it would be pleasant to visit, where the feet on the bathing-sands are constantly cut by the diamonds and rubies dropped there by careless queens of fashion, where rakes and lovely female *débauchées* are constantly pledging one another in the wine-cup, and where hot-breathed foreign noblemen forever skulk upon the trail of heiresses, like the wild beasts of the jungle. The sands are, as a matter of fact, unlitteled by gems, the consumption of mineral-waters is amazing, and the foreign noblemen eat from the hand.

Newport is our greatest invention in watering-places. There is nothing at all like it anywhere else in the world. At first glance Coney Island would appear to many people more characteristically American, and Newport, indeed, a mere snobbish imitation of Europe. But if there is anything like Newport in Europe it has escaped at least the present writer's notice, whereas something very like the admirable Coney he could duplicate in several quarters of the globe. Newport is the only watering-place in the world where there are no hotels and no hotel life, no fashionable promenade, no scene of gaiety accessible to the stranger for an admission fee. On ordinary mornings the tourist penetrating the Casino might see a few young people in flannels playing tennis, and a scant dozen of their elders dropping in for a moment to say good-morning or to deliver some message. He might with extra good luck observe one of the queens of fashion drinking an orangeade. That would be, with the single exception of tennis week, about all he would observe. He would, of course, be free to walk the weary length of Bellevue Avenue between clipped green hedges, and see the pleasant Newport houses—only a few of them "palaces." But nobody would be stirring in the houses and no one walking in the Avenue. An occasional motor would roll by, that is

all. He could also take that pretty walk along the cliffs and see more pleasant houses—still only a few of them "palaces." He might, if the fates so incline, perhaps see a fashionable footman at the window; he could scarcely hope for the butler. He could see the Avenue whirling at half-past eight, the dinner-hour. And strolling through the night he might here and there observe lines of motors waiting under the shadowy trees, and even hear dance-music beating in the calm, soft darkness. Newport presents, in fact, a singular impression of quietness, of distinction, of an existence not wholly in the public eye.

If ladies in Newport are not much in the public eye, they are, nevertheless, we may feel assured, very much and very constantly in some eye, preferably male. Perhaps this is accomplished as pleasantly as anywhere at Bailey's Beach, which, though a rendezvous at the most crowded moments of only a couple of hundred people, is still the best rendezvous. The bathing-suits are extraordinarily pretty, and no lady feels that one need last her the whole season. There are pleasant dark colors—black with rich green, or blue, or purple. And there are shining "confections" of apple-green and faint rose-pink and lavender. It has been discovered that lace, if necessary, can brave the surf. And there are now queer water-proof flowers which can fasten a bodice or adorn a cap. It is pleasant to enter the sea with such lovely creatures; it is pleasant to sit upon its adjacent sands with others equally lovely, whose filmy silk and lace and muslin frocks rival the bathing-suits in charm. It is pleasant to repair from their side to a large lunch; if not large in number of guests, at least large in quantity of food. It will be pleasant later to go to a larger dinner and a still larger ball.

"Entertaining" is in Newport merely part of the day's work. There are so many houses, so much food, so many *chefs*, so much champagne and mineral-water, that the difficulty is almost greater in finding guests for the parties than in finding parties for the guests. This permits the hostess to be relegated to an inferior and suppliant position, and allows the very finest flowering of the new manners, which are always easy and



Drawn by H. Giles

THE MAINE LIFE IS, IN SHORT, THAT FAMOUS "SIMPLE LIFE" LUXURIOUSLY LIVED

informal and are founded upon the essential fact about parties, that they are intended wholly for the pleasure and convenience of the guest. A charming *débutante* at noon begged a hostess to allow her to come to dine that evening. There was a big party at eight-thirty. At eight forty-five the hostess received a little note saying the *débutante* was *so sorry*, she found she couldn't dine. It is to be presumed that at seven-thirty she heard of a better party and—*no-blesse oblige!* Another evening a guest arrived late for an eight-o'clock dinner. The hostess, a poor old-fashioned creature, thought to ease the culprit's situation by saying, "Oh, my dear, I suppose you thought it was a half-past-eight dinner." The lady turned on her sharply and said, coldly, "Not at all; I knew it was eight o'clock, but it is only a quarter to nine now!"

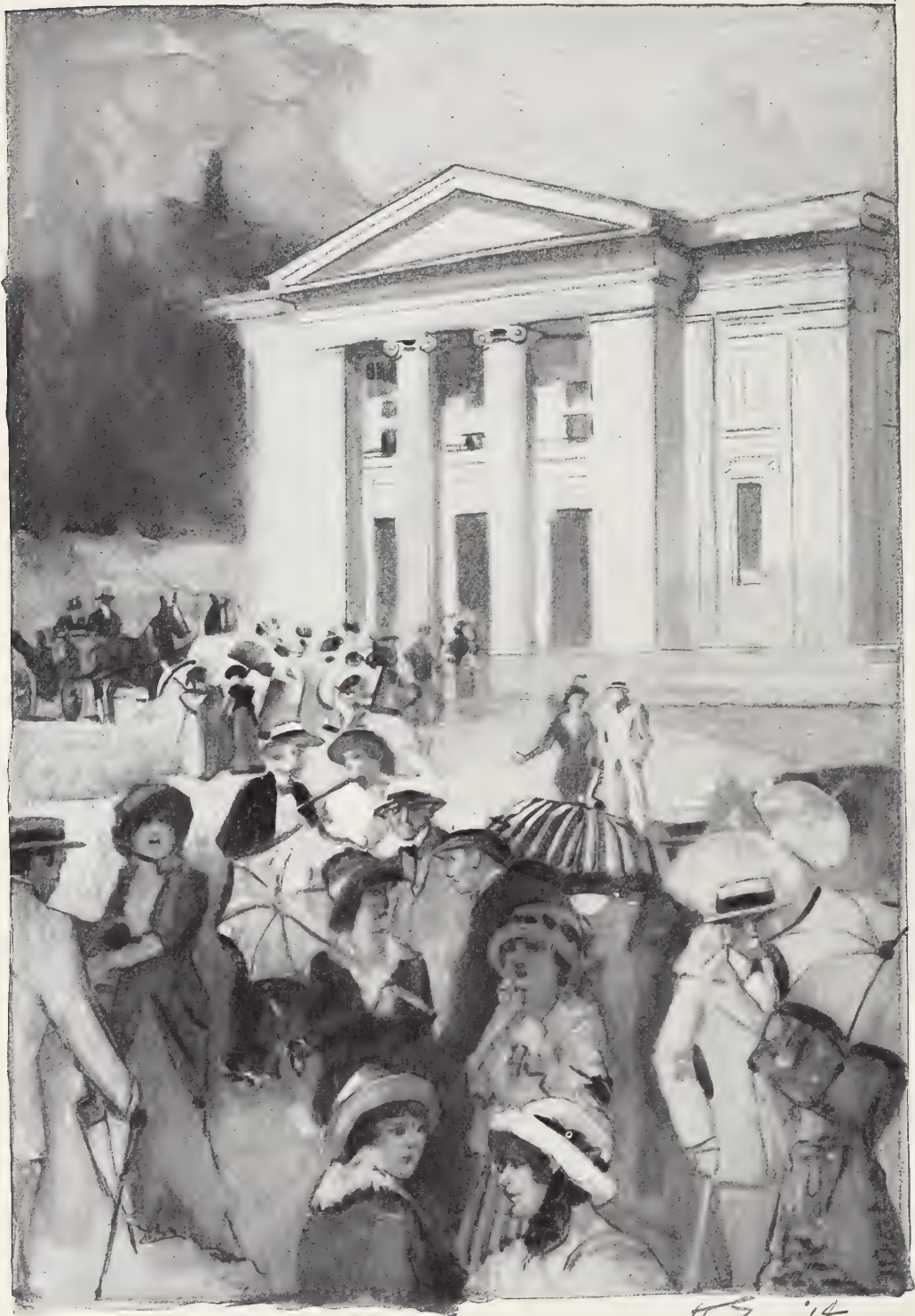
There are things in Newport softer than its manners (though all its manners are not like that). The climate and the landscape are both gentle, permitting hedges to thrive and gardens to come to beautiful maturity. And the old town, the pretty provincial capital that the French officers during the Revolution found so gay and so civilized, still keeps its polite air. Early in its history it grew rich trading in rum and slaves and settled down to an easy, luxurious existence in these mild salt airs. In the first half of the last century, rich Southern planters began to come there—indeed, they discovered Newport before Boston or New York and perhaps gave it some of the amenity of tone which lingers. The navy still enlivens it, fills its streets with jolly tars and dashing officers. Great warships lie off its harbor, their grim, gray decks gay with flowers and bunting, and lovely young girls and midshipmen turkey-trotting. Newport is historic; it gives you strongly the sense of how long we have been idle and pleasure-loving in America and of how hard at it we still are.

Part of Newport is the trip to Narragansett Pier, and Narragansett, of course, returns the compliment. In the classic days of the last century the pier was one of the early cocktail-drinking centers of the country, and was popularly supposed to be going at a pace which Newport re-

garded with public disapproval and secret envy. All this dashing reputation seems to have passed away, though its renown for the beauty of its women persists, and goddesses from Baltimore and Philadelphia still tread its sands. Narragansett is now a serious sportsman's place, the summer's greatest polo-playing center. The roads near by clatter with ponies' hoofs, and are alive with athletic, brown-skinned young men rushing to and fro in motors. There are games every day; the lovely green fields, with their view of blue water, grow gay with the bright coats of the players, while the club inclosure for spectators flowers like a parterre of tulips.

It is very pleasant, this corner by Narragansett Bay. Off in the sun-warmed sea lie Block Island, famous for deep-sea fishing and lack of mosquitoes; Martha's Vineyard, crowded with pleasant, simple summer people; and the outpost, Nantucket—a grassy, wind-swept island where houses of whalers still exist, with strange foreign gimcracks in the parlor, and where there was—and probably still is—a town crier. Near by is Cape Cod, a mere long spit of sand; at Provincetown, among the dunes, all the earth for the gardens has been carefully fetched from the mainland. Its quaint villages, its cranberry bogs, its huckleberries, its roads which ought only to be traversed in a "buggy," all give it an agreeable native flavor. It is a country in which to eat clam-chowder and to remember that, in his day, the great Daniel Webster was the best cook of it in all New England.

They say that the difference between the North and South Shores of Massachusetts is that on the first you must, and on the second you need not, dress for dinner. And it is alleged that the dressing is made necessary by the presence of Western millionaires, who thus testify to an uneasy desire to make sure that they were right in *not* going to Newport. There is something very significant in this descent of the West upon the Bostonian coasts of culture. The Guide Book of 1855 says of Nahant that "the refined and intelligent character of its visitors makes it indeed a peerless resort." Some such thought as this still flares like a beacon, lighting the rude



LIKE A GREEK TEMPLE ON A GREEN SLOPE OF PARNASSUS

pilgrims of the West to the Athenian seaside. When they first came they encountered difficulties which at once irritated and exhilarated them. There were, for example, plain-appearing maiden ladies, dressed in black silks and bonnets, and not rich, every one said, who quite refused to part with the choice bits of land on which stood their summer cottages for all the gold of Pittsburgh.

And there were quiet people, with those odd Boston names, who didn't seem to care to dine out. "Pride's Crossing" was perhaps not ill-named!

As the train starts "down east" from Portland you will note that instead of the copies of the society weekly purveyed to those on the road to Newport, to Bar Harbor pilgrims are offered checkerberry lozenges. Munching them—if

you have the courage of your convictions—you can catch the full flavor of the long Maine journey through the pines to the romantic greenwood island of Mount Desert—you crunch between your teeth, as it were, the sense of its remoteness, of its cool, clean air, of its American tone, as authentically indigenous as the lozenges. Man has built extensively upon this rocky Maine coast, without considerably altering its aspect. He has developed there a fashion in houses, in no sense to be called a style of architecture, which in some happy way suits the woods and cliffs. It is really only comfortable carpentry, a piling of square boxes. But the colors which the almost universally shingled sides and roofs take on—green, leaf-brown, or lichen-gray—blend almost indistinguishably with the rocks and woods. This is as it should be; God did so much for the region that the less man does the better.

Even Bar Harbor, the island's chief center of civilization and luxury, still keeps the feeling of simplicity, the kind of deference to Nature and her ways which is really one of the prettiest and most winning of our American qualities. The Bar Harbor hotels are piquantly expensive, but their elegance (it unquestionably exists) is managed in a very low key of careful simplicity—they smell of pine shingles. People still walk in Bar Harbor—the enthusiastic inhabitants tell you that there are over one hundred miles of foot-paths on the island, and they would appear to be urging you to traverse every one of them. In the freshness of a late August or September morning it would be hard not to wish to join some of the pleasant bands starting forth, even the young women equipped with business-like walking-sticks.

Wherewith we make an easy transition to the question of Bar Harbor's air and climate, which are, even more than the beauty of mountains and valleys, its lure. There is, let it be frankly admitted, fog at Bar Harbor. A characteristic native story is of some shinglers at work upon a barn who found, when the dense fog lifted, that they had shingled three feet beyond the roof's edge! But for the most part the air is an amazing compound of mountain and sea, pine

and salt, with that tonic quality so optimistically alleged (by teetotalers, mostly) to be "like champagne." You cannot be very hot in this Maine air. What is more, it would seem that you cannot die in it. The place teems with the aged rich. They bring them up, almost on stretchers, in the early summer. They send them down in the autumn, merry as larks and ready for a hard winter in town. For them (while the young people play tennis or swim in a pool which slightly mitigates the rigors of the bath) Art flourishes mildly here among the pines. A detachment from the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays the classics, and then, with almost willing resignation, for a half-hour before lunch the latest turkey-trots, to which the young dance vigorously. A little outside the village stands a really beautiful theater, like a Greek Temple on a green slope of Parnassus, where at intervals concerts, plays, masques, and pretty open-air dancing are to be enjoyed. You drive away from them as the sun sets beyond the unspoiled sylvan country. The air is crisp and cool. You know you will dine with pleasant, well-bred, respectable people, and that you will willingly go early to bed. The Maine life is, in short, that famous "simple life" luxuriously lived, the return to nature with a good *chef* and a carriage and pair. It is sane and health-giving; and it is, thank fortune, sometimes a little dull. For dullness gives you time to thread the woods, to climb the hills, to see the clear, cold water lapping on the granite shores, and to watch the canopy of stars by night.

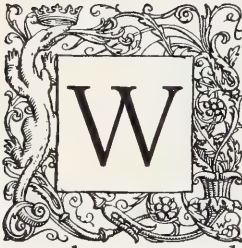
Indeed, salt water, the great ocean always beating upon our coast, is too vast for us to spoil. Even where we congregate most thickly by its edge, the sea itself we do not change. Its breakers curl over as majestically at Atlantic City as if they rolled in upon the untrodden sands of some South Sea isle. They invite us not only to coolness, but to some serenity of spirit. They send us back to life—for life is, for most of us, the town—ready to endure the winter, which, after all, allows hardly more than sufficient time for the bathing-suit to become dry enough to be put on for next summer's swim.

The Harvest of Fear

BY MARGARET DELAND

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—I

CHAPTER I

HEN it comes to bombshells, there are few that can be more effective than that small, flat, frail thing, a letter. Its destructive potentialities cannot be guessed from its exterior. No ominous tick or pungent odor betrays it. It does not hide in secret places; it shows itself openly, lawfully, in a pigeonhole in the post-office, on a desk in a shop. It falls through the slit of the hall letter-box, and lies among its harmless brethren—bills, or invitations, or news of other people's affairs. How innocent it looks, how unimportant! . . . Then, in an instant—disaster! ruin! the House of Life falling about our ears! A man opens that non-committal oblong—and the underpinnings of existence crumble: his partner has committed suicide, his wife has eloped, his child—

It was news of his child that broke Lewis Halsey's life into ugly ruins. The bombshell lay on the breakfast-table. The two Halsey girls—so-called at thirty-five and forty—had not yet taken their seats; it would never have occurred to them to sit down to breakfast before their father, and it never occurred to their father to be prompt on their account. Had he suddenly displayed such consideration, these two ladies would not have known what to make of it. It was a matter of course that he should do as he pleased about his meals, about their own meek lives, about everything—except, indeed, about their brother Nicholas; he had never done as he pleased with Nick. In confidential moments the two sisters, a little awed at their temerity in saying as much, even to each other, admitted that dear father

had never ruled Nick. But parental arrogance, or authority—Nick used one word and his sisters the other—did not trouble the Misses Halsey. In his own house Mr. Halsey was as amiable as an undisturbed tiger. He was very good to his daughters—as long as they told the truth and let their wishes run with his will. Deceit in any form roused his contempt to a degree that made the expression of it quite shocking to feminine ears. As for his will—the ladies of his household knew its quality too well to tamper with it. They had learned their lesson some twenty years before. Sadie, then, had kicked over the traces for a few weeks, about some young jackass who had had the audacity to write a love letter to her; by accident her surreptitious answer fell into her father's hands, and his outburst of anger left her completely and permanently a coward. "I don't care for that kind of a son-in-law, thank you!" said Lewis Halsey; and he added, complaisantly: "I think this will be the last deceit practised under my roof!" About the time that he broke the will of his oldest child, he squelched that of his younger daughter, which had been to go to a woman's college. "We'll have no blue-stockings, my dear, if you please. A girl's business is to be agreeable in her home, and she doesn't need to speak the dead languages to do that!" Then he applied to educated women Dr. Johnson's remark about the dog standing on his hind legs. Sylvia yielded instantly. She never spoke of Vassar again; instead, she crept into Dr. Lavendar's study one evening, and asked him to give her Greek lessons.

"Bless your heart!" the old minister said, rather startled; "I don't look in my Greek Testament a dozen times a year—to my shame I say it." But when,

timidly, she urged a little, he said: "Well, come along; every Saturday, after Collect Class. It will sharpen up my wits."

When Lewis Halsey realized that she was going to the Rectory rather frequently he was annoyed. (He was a Presbyterian; at least he owned a pew in the Presbyterian church in Upper Chester, and saw to it that his girls sat in it.)

"See here, Syllly," he said; "is Dr. Lavendar proselytizing?"

"Oh no, sir; he is just giving me Bible lessons," Sylvia said, breathlessly. She did not add that the New Testament was her Greek Reader. Her father frowned.

"Bible lessons? Are you sure there's no prayer-book business?"

And Sylvia, with scarlet cheeks and down-dropped eyes, said, "Oh no, sir!"

But except in the matter of lovers and education, his daughters did not know that they were not very well off. He told them that they were, often enough! And sometimes he reminded them of their short-lived rebellions: "I brought you down on your haunches, my dears," he would say; and they, reddening painfully, would give a deprecating little laugh: "Oh, now, father!" Occasionally he complimented them on their characters or accomplishments, for both of which he gave himself the credit: "I brought you two up to tell the truth. Women are naturally deceitful, but you two girls are as straight as George Washington!" As for accomplishments: "You make as good a sangaree and as good a julep as I could myself, Sadie," he told his elder daughter, who blushed with pleasure. Sylvia, he said, had brains enough to read aloud very well; so he let her exercise them by reading him to sleep night after night.

But really and truly, Lewis Halsey treated his daughters quite as kindly as he did his dogs, and a little more personally than his horses, even his shining bay mare, Betty. On this particular morning, when the bombshell burst in the Halsey family, the two ladies could have wished he was less kind to his dogs, for Rover and Watch had tracked much snow into the house on their way upstairs to wait outside their master's door.

"I wish dear father wouldn't have them come in on wet days," Miss Sarah Halsey said. "Ellen has just wiped the front stairs, and they will track them all up. She will be cross if I tell her to clean them again."

"Ellen is never cross about anything father does," Miss Sylvia said; "but perhaps one of us had better wipe the stairs."

Her sister assented. It did not occur to them to keep the dogs out.

With daughters like this, and servants and dogs who adored him, of course Lewis Halsey was amiable in his own house. We, too, would be amiable under such conditions. He was amiable outside of his own house, for Old Chester had no occasion to cross him. So, as it happened, very few people knew that he had claws. He was exceedingly agreeable, and full of careless generousities; he had genial, though rather stately manners; to be sure, he drank more than was good for him, but in those days, many men did that. He was a big man, with a red face which would have been gross but for large, dark eyes, and an eagle nose that was full of power. He told a good story well, and an improper story better; he was just, he was honest, and he never lied.

With all these good qualities, of course Old Chester liked him; and his girls lapped his hand, so to speak.

On this bright winter morning the two red setters, their soft paws making tracks all over the clean stairs, trotted up to wait outside his bedroom door, and his daughters walked about the dining-room, looking wistfully at the breakfast-table. The arrival of the letters gave them something to do and helped them to forget the pangs of hunger. Sarah opened the bag and sorted out the rather limited mail. The *Spirit of Missions* came first.

"That's for you, Syllly. Here's a letter for father—oh, Sylvia, it's from Nick! And here's one for me. I wonder who it's from?" The one vital moment in Miss Sarah's life had followed a letter, so to her the mail-bag stood for Possibility. She turned the unknown letter over and over, studied the post-mark, showed it to Sylvia, speculated as to who the writer could be, and finally opened it.

It was from nobody in particular, but it had given her a thrill of expectation, and it served to pass the time.

"I hope Nick won't say anything disagreeable in his letter," Miss Sylvia murmured, turning a page of her magazine; "his last one, with all that music talk, did vex papa so. Sadie, it says that women in Asia Minor—"

"Oh, I hope he won't," her older sister sighed. They were gentle creatures, these two ladies, who wanted their breakfast, but who never dreamed of eating it, and whose sun rose and set in their brother Nicholas. He was Romance to them, he was Adventure, he was Life!—Life, which they had never tasted for themselves. And he had never buckled down to dear father.

"There's papa!" said Miss Sylvia, in a flurried way. There was a joyous bark in the upper hall, and a scuttle of paws; then a hearty voice said, "Get out of my way, you rascals!" And Lewis Halsey, humming loudly,

Glorious things of Thee are spoken!

came down-stairs, Rover and Watch imperiling his neck at every step.

As he entered the dining-room, each daughter offered a dutiful cheek for his morning kiss, and made furtive efforts to avoid the moist exuberance of the dogs.

"Good morning, my dears! Good morning!" Lewis Halsey said, pinching Sylvia's ear. "Sadie, if your coffee isn't better than it was yesterday, I shall find another boarding-place!"

The two ladies, fluttering along beside him to the table, laughed. They always laughed at papa's jokes.

"I do hope it's good this morning, dear father," Miss Sarah said, her mild, prominent eyes full of anxiety; "but it has been standing quite a while—"

"That fool in the kitchen ought not to make it until I'm ready for it," he said, good-naturedly. Neither of his daughters answered; it would not have occurred to them to say that as the fool did not know the moment of readiness, she could not make the coffee for that moment. Instead, Sylvia brought a bottle from the sideboard, and, pouring the whiskey into his glass, said, as she said every morning, "Say when, sir!" And

he made his daily witticism: "Come! Come! Not so much! Do you want me to fill a drunkard's grave?"

The dining-room in the Halsey's pleasant old house was especially pleasant that morning; the girls remembered it afterward, crying in a subdued way at the mere recollection of the contrast—the friendly dogs sitting on either side of their master, the big room, with its heavy, old-fashioned furniture, the soft-coal fire sputtering cheerfully in the grate, the sunshine making the crimson rep curtains in the two long windows glow like blood, and beyond them the glittering white winter landscape; then *crash!*

It was the bombshell—Nick's letter. His father's face had hardened at the sight of it. It always hardened at any mention of Nicholas—Nicholas, whose birth had taken his mother's life, and who had been a thorn in his father's flesh ever since he was out of petticoats. Mr. Halsey took the bombshell up carelessly enough, and slit the envelope with his penknife. His daughters watched him furtively; then glanced at each other, trembling, for the change in his face as he read his son's communication frightened them. The color fell out of his cheeks, then returned in a rush of purple. Little beads of foam gathered in the corners of his mouth. But he was silent. He put the letter down and drank his coffee.

"Bring me that bottle," he said. The girls flew to get it. There was no joke about a drunkard's grave now. He poured out a great drink and swallowed it at a gulp. Then, still in silence, he read his son's letter again. His daughters stared at him, breathless with fright. At last he laid the carelessly scrawled sheet down, and, putting his elbow on the table, leaned his chin in his hand; only so could he control its tremble of rage.

"Your brother," he began, and the two women started at the dreadful voice; "your brother is dead—"

Miss Sarah gave a faint scream, but Sylvia put her hand on her arm. "He doesn't mean that," she said, under her breath. He did not mean it; what he meant was worse to the two poor sisters than death.

"He is dead to me. He is dead so far as this house is concerned. His name is not to be mentioned hereafter under my roof."

Then softly, his face purple, he said a few very terrible and blasphemous words. "You may read the letter, if you want to," he said, and flipped it half-way across the table. "He has married a servant-girl. The woman is a—" He ended the sentence with an outrageous word, and rose. Watch sprang up, too, and, capering in front of him, was suddenly and violently kicked; his yelp of pain made Sarah burst out crying. Then the door slammed.

Somehow or other, sobbing and shaking, the two ladies—crimson to their modest temples from that last word—reached for the letter, and read it, pressing close together as if for support under the shock of its contents. And indeed they were a shock: Nick was married; the lady was Miss Gertrude Estey; she had been a servant in the hotel in which he had lived, and she was a Roman Catholic. He wished his family to know, he said, that he had himself become a Catholic.

That was all. . . .

It was enough! It was a sort of last straw upon the accumulation of angers which for years had been slowly building between the father and son. Nicholas was always doing impossible things. At school he was in constant hot water; as a youth, in direct disobedience to his father's command, he enlisted, and served in the ranks until the war was over; when he was twenty-one, instead of following in his Presbyterian father's very successful legal footsteps, he insisted, passionately, on studying for the Episcopal ministry. "Why stop at the Half-Way House? Why not go over to Rome, and be done with it?" Lewis Halsey had sneered at him. But hardly had his sisters grown used to their pride in his choice of a profession, and his father succeeded in swallowing his disappointment about the Law and his displeasure at Dr. Lavendar for "influencing" the lad—as he chose to believe the old minister had done—than, with much talk of beliefs and disbeliefs, of sincerity and truth, Nick threw the profession of theology over and went on the

stage. "I should prefer a circus," his father wrote him, with angry contempt; "it isn't quite as low as a theater, for in the ring you can at least associate with horses."

Mr. Halsey always felt that Dr. Lavendar deserted him at this distressing time, for he refused, up and down, to urge Nicholas to stick to theology. "I'll tell him what I think of the stage, if you want me to. 'Course I don't want him to go on the stage! But I won't urge him to enter the ministry," he said, quietly.

"It strikes me that you blow hot and cold, sir. A year ago you were all for the cloth!"

"My dear sir," said Dr. Lavendar, "the profession of the ministry is like matrimony: if it is possible for you to keep out of it, it's a sign that you've no business to go into it! Come, come, Mr. Halsey! Nick will find his own line one of these days; this stage-struck business won't last."

It did not. Perhaps through the young man's lack of success, perhaps through dismayed disgust at the actualities of his art, the stage was even more temporary than the pulpit. At any rate, he left the boards before his father's opposition had hardened into permanent anger. Since then—he was not quite thirty-three—he had knocked about in various businesses, always passionate over this or that spiritual quality, always in debt, but never in disgrace. In fact, his personal life was rather more upright than that of most men of that somewhat loose-moraled time. Perhaps if he had not been so immaculate, his father would have got along with him better. Dissipation Lewis Halsey could have dismissed with "boys will be boys"; a fellow-feeling makes for family peace, and Halsey Sr., had been a "boy" himself.

So, ever since his son had become a man, their relation had been one of chronic irritation. But there was no "irritation" that winter morning when the bomb exploded in the dining-room. There was no desire to say "boys will be boys." To marry the—Lewis Halsey had said the unspeakable word before his two reddening and paling daughters. His son was a fool; he added, in detail,

just what kind of a fool—until the two ladies had put their trembling hands over their ears. Then he had kicked Watch, slammed the dining-room door after him, and in the hall the sisters heard him thundering at Ellen, who was cleaning the stairs for the second time.

"Get out of my way! What do you mean by leaving a bucket on the stairs! Don't you know better? Go and tell that idiot George in the stable to bring the sleigh round instantly!"

His daughters, holding their breath, heard Ellen flying down the hall. "She'd have given notice, if I had reproved her about leaving her bucket on the stairs," Miss Sarah whispered.

The "idiot" in the stable brought the sleigh to the front door in the twinkling of an eye; but he had to stand in the snow, beating his arms across his chest in a vain effort to keep warm, for nearly half an hour before his master appeared. Then Lewis Halsey clambered into the sleigh, tucked the buffalo robes about his feet, lashed Betty across the flanks, and was off with a jerk that nearly threw him out of the sleigh. "He's the devil!" George said, admiringly. . . .

It was an hour or two before the sisters were composed enough to go over to the Rectory and pour out their hearts to Dr. Lavendar; when they did they were surprisingly comforted:

"As for her religion, if it has made her a good woman, it's been a good religion for her. And as Nick loves her, she must be a good woman. Trust Nick!"

"But she was a—she's common," Sylvia said.

"Common?" said Dr. Lavendar. "Well, wasn't it the *common* people who heard Him gladly? She may be uneducated, but she isn't vulgar. Trust your brother, Sylvia!"

There was nobody to tell Lewis Halsey to trust his son, and he would not have done so if he had been told. But the long, cold drive to Upper Chester steadied the whiskey-jangled nerves, and when he reached his office—a little, old, brick building with a white pillared doorway—and sat down at his desk, he was able to write to his son quite calmly. His letter was a brief statement of his opinion of Nicholas's conduct, coupled with an insulting reference to his wife;

it ended with a single piece of information:

I am making a new will; there is no lawyer this side of hell smart enough to break it. You and your servant-girl can starve, so far as my money goes.

Mr. Halsey did not practise in Old Chester—there was nothing to practise upon. Mr. Ezra Barkley did our conveyancing, and drew our wills and witnessed our signatures. If Nick's father had waited for Old Chester cases, the bequeathing of his property would not have been a matter of much importance to Nick; but as it was, he was one of our few rich men. He took his time over that will; it was a week before it was strong enough. But the letter did not take five minutes.

Nicholas's reply was like an echo—for at bottom he was his father's son! Mr. Halsey read it at the breakfast-table, watched again by the anxious sisters; this time he did not throw the letter to them to read.

It was short, but long enough to hold outrageous retorts; in addition to the retorts, Nicholas vouchsafed to say that the lady "of *unblemished* reputation" who had honored him by marrying him was as indifferent to the opinion of his family as he was himself. Furthermore, so far as her religion (and his) went—he now, for the first time in his life, had reached spiritual peace and intellectual certainty.

"Spiritual hog-wash!" Mr. Halsey said; "and intellectual mendacity. Well, it's nothing to me. He can turn Mormon, if he wants to." He tore the single page across twice, and threw the scraps under the table.

His daughters had seen the letter in the mail-bag before he came down to breakfast, and had speculated in scared undertones as to its contents; but after that outburst they dared not ask what Nick had said. Lewis Halsey had quite regained his composure since that dreadful day a week before when the news of the marriage had come. This morning he was his usual carelessly amiable self; he had come down-stairs humming loudly,

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball—



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"HIS NAME IS NOT TO BE MENTIONED HEREAFTER UNDER MY ROOF"

He took his seat at the table, but did not open his mail until he had fed the dogs, said the coffee was good, and tossed each lady a five-dollar bill. The Misses Halsey had unlimited credit in Old Chester, but no bank-accounts. If either sister wanted to buy a postage-stamp, their father's generosity had to be appealed to. It was never denied, and very often, unasked, he gave one or the other of them a bill, just as he would throw a bone to Watch or Rover.

When he threw the two greenbacks across the table that rainy January morning, each lady made a dive for the fluttering benefaction, and both said, ardently, "Oh, *thank* you, dear father!" When he hummed hymn tunes he was always in a good humor, and on this particular morning his dark eye had that amused look that they, like Rover and Watch, knew meant bones or bills, so it had seemed to them (making little signs to each other that his temper was all right) a propitious moment to refer to Nicholas. But he had opened his mail, and made that comment on Nick's letter; so they hesitated. An hour later, however, when he was shrugging into his great-coat in the hall, he was entirely good-humored again. He told Sylvia, who was scarlet with excitement, that she ought to get a bonnet to match her cheeks. Then he pinched her ear, and took up his umbrella and green bag.

So Sylvia began: "Did Nick— Is he— I mean, are you—"

The good humor slipped off like a cloak; Lewis Halsey's face was suddenly leaden; he opened the front door as though he had not heard what was said, then turned back and stood on the threshold, letting the icy wind blow in upon the two ladies.

"Listen, please; your brother has made his bed, and I've made my will; he can lie in his work, and I'll die in mine. Not another question about him! And let me tell you this, you two: you can't give him any of my money when I'm dead. If you try to, you'll cancel your own share of the estate. And you will have nothing to do with him while you condescend to live in my house. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Sylvia faltered; "we—understand."

"Very well," he said. He went down the steps, but paused before he got into his buggy, to stroke Betty's shining flank. "Get me some sugar, girls!" he called to the shivering ladies who were hugging their elbows on the doorstep; and when Betty's soft nose was slobbering the palm of his hand, he told George that, confound him! he wasn't looking after her hocks as he should. "What do I pay you for, you loafer?" he inquired, good-naturedly—and flung the man a cigar. George grinned, and watched the swiftly retreating vehicle with worshipful eyes.

The two ladies, each conscious of the greenback in her pocket, would no doubt have looked worshipful, too, but for the remembrance of that torn sheet of paper under the dining-room table. It was Sylvia who picked up the scraps and began to put them together. Miss Sadie walked about, twisting her hands nervously. "Oh, Syllly, ought we to? If father didn't want us to read it—it seems deceitful."

"He didn't say he didn't want us to read it, and we didn't say we wouldn't," the younger sister parried, spreading the scraps out on the table. She paled as, piecemeal, she read her brother's words; the older sister refused to look at them, but she listened.

"Oh, Nicholas ought not to say such things to father!" she said.

"But think what father must have said to him!" Sylvia said, panting with anger. "I am going to write to Nick," she declared, as she gathered up the bits of paper and threw them into the fire. She looked like her father for a moment, her black eyes brilliant with unshed tears, and her cheeks scarlet. "I am going to write to Nick, now, this very minute!"

"Oh, my dear," faltered the older sister; "you told father we wouldn't have anything to do with dear Nick."

"No, I didn't; I told him we 'understood'; and so we do!"

"But he meant write to him, or—"

"I can't help what he meant," Sylvia said, coldly. "I know what I said. I do 'understand.' I understand too well!" And she whirled away to her own room to write the letter. It was very brief:

DEAR NICK,—We are so grieved. We hope you will be happy. Dear father is so displeased. We are so unhappy.

SYLVIA.

Then a postscript:

If only she makes you happy, nothing else matters.

She kept her handkerchief in her left hand all the time that she was writing, and when the letter was finished the handkerchief was a tight, damp ball.

"Read it, sister," she said. Miss Sarah read it, her weak chin quivering.

"You are very brave, Sylvia. I couldn't do it—though I love dear Nick just as much as you do! But, oh, Syllly, it does seem deceitful."

"If it is, it is father's fault for making us do it this way," the younger sister said, stubbornly. Yet, for all her stubbornness, the habit of obedience made her very wretched. And that afternoon, on a sudden impulse, she put on her things and went out into the rainy mist. "I'm going to see Dr. Lavendar," she said, when Miss Sadie expostulated. "I know he'll say I'm doing right."

The old man was not at home, and she had a melancholy hour, waiting in the study. It had begun to rain heavily, and the room was growing dark; the fire had crawled back into a corner of the grate, and now and then blinked a red eye at her. Mary looked in once, doubtfully, as though debating whether it was safe to leave her with the silver candlesticks or even the books, and once Danny came and sniffed her knees, but upon reflection he accepted her, and, curling up in Dr. Lavendar's chair, went to sleep.

When the old minister came in, rather chilled, Mary was very stern with him, bustling around, and talking about hot whiskey.

"Nonsense!" said Dr. Lavendar; "tea is the thing for old maids like you and me, Mary; only Miss Sylvia and Danny like whiskey at this hour of the day. Sylvia! Stop!" he called to her, for she was slipping out of the room; "what are you hurrying off for? Mary, get my slippers. Daniel, if you don't give me my chair—!" Danny yawned and scrambled reluctantly to the floor. "Well,

Sylvia, my dear, what's the matter? Something wrong?"

She nodded; her lip was too unsteady for speech. Dr. Lavendar sat down, laid his hand on hers, and waited.

"Is it ever right to be disobedient?" Sylvia said at last, swallowing hard and wiping her eyes.

"After you cease to be an infant in the eyes of the law—and I rather think *you* have," said Dr. Lavendar, smiling, "there is only one disobedience for you to consider."

"To—father?" she said, faintly.

"To your Heavenly Father, Sylvia."

She pondered a moment. "You mean to what *I* think is right?"

"Yes, my child."

She brightened up at that. "Dr. Lavendar, father said we must have nothing to do with Nick. But I've written to him,"—she showed him the letter clutched in her nervous hand.

"I am glad of it, Sylvia."

"But father doesn't know."

"Tell him!"

She shrank back in her chair. "Oh, I'm afraid! You don't know him, Dr. Lavendar. We are—we are just like slaves, Sadie and I."

"The truth shall make you free, Sylvia."

She looked positively terror-stricken. "No! Oh no! I couldn't."

"My dear," he warned her, "if you give way to fear, you'll be a coward; and Sylvia"—his voice fell—"a coward is apt to be a liar. The devil's first name is Fear, Sylvia." She was silent.

"Come!" he urged her, cheerfully; "it's only the first step that is hard. Tell him to-night, and mail the letter to-morrow. He will respect you for it!"

"Well, perhaps I will," she said, vaguely—and went over to the post-office and dropped Nick's letter into the mail-box.

CHAPTER II

THE next morning, in Dr. Lavendar's study, little grizzled Danny growled; and the old minister, looking up, growled too, under his breath. It was Saturday morning, his sermon was still unwritten—and here was Lewis Halsey! . . . "I'll hear the other side now, I suppose," he said to



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE, SYLVIA"

himself; "only there isn't any other side."

"I'm interrupting you, I'm afraid," the lawyer said, in his genial way; "you were writing your sermon, sir?"

"Well, I'll turn the barrel upside-down. Sit down, Mr. Halsey!"

His caller drew up a chair, put his green bag on the table, and opened his great-coat to take some cigars from an inner pocket.

"You'll find them worthy of you, sir," he said. And added, smiling, "I don't belong to your flock, but I want you to do me a favor."

"I'll be glad to," the old man said.

"I suppose you have heard of the marriage we've had in our family?" Lewis Halsey said.

Dr. Lavendar nodded. "The girls told me."

"I suppose they told you some of my remarks?" the other man said, dryly. "They were not, perhaps, suited for clerical ears, but I confess they expressed my sentiments."

"My ears don't matter so much," said Dr. Lavendar, "but I'm afraid your lips suffered."

The lawyer laughed: "I'm afraid my lips are used to somewhat vigorous language. . . . Well! What I came to tell you, sir, is that I have ventured to name you as one of the executors of my will." He tapped the green bag on the table; "I have it here," he said. "I trust you will be willing to serve?"

Dr. Lavendar raised his eyebrows. "I appreciate the honor you do me; but I am getting on in years; you will probably outlive me."

"I may," Lewis Halsey said, "but—" he touched his left side, "I doubt it."

"Come, come!" said Dr. Lavendar. "What does Willy King say? He'll patch you up!"

"I don't consult doctors," the lawyer said; "I prefer to die a natural death."

Dr. Lavendar laughed, and said he must stand up for William. "He put me on my legs last winter. But to go back to the matter of your will: I really think you'd better choose a younger and more able man; I know nothing about business. At least, so Sam Wright tells me. Why don't you take Ezra Barkley?"

Mr. Halsey laughed. "Ezra is an

amiable old donkey, but he wouldn't answer my purpose. It really isn't a matter of business. I shall leave my affairs straight as a string. I want you because you can keep an eye on my girls. I shall have So-and-so"—he named a lawyer in Upper Chester—"for the shaft horse. I may add, sir, that you will profit by it financially; very slightly, of course; but as an executor you will be entitled to a per cent. on the estate."

Dr. Lavendar's eyes narrowed. "What do you mean by keeping an eye on the girls, Halsey?"

"Merely this: My daughters won't like my will, and they will want to break the spirit of it—they can't break the letter! In fact, they won't try to; my womenkind have been well brought up! They would be 'afraid."

"Fear is certainly a deterrent," Dr. Lavendar admitted, "but it has its drawbacks."

"I don't know of any."

"Deceit comes out of it, as naturally as a chicken out of an egg."

"My girls have never deceived me," the lawyer said, carelessly; "as for fear, if I may quote Scripture"—perhaps a retort trembled on Dr. Lavendar's lips as to Someone else who is given to such quotation; if so, he suppressed it!—"if I may quote Scripture to one of your profession, I would remind you that the '*fear* of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'"

The old clergyman nodded. "Yes; but only the poor little beginning! If we stopped at fear we should never know our Heavenly Father."

Lewis Halsey bowed, a little ironically. "I don't argue with a man about his own business! I only meant to explain why I wanted you as an executor. The girls will try to evade the spirit of my will, but you, as their spiritual adviser—for I am quite aware that as soon as I am out of the way they will forsake the faith of their fathers and go to your church—you will keep them from such undutiful conduct."

Dr. Lavendar was silent.

"My will," Lewis Halsey went on, "disinherits—the man who has disgraced my name. It is very explicit. In fact," he said, his face lighting up with wicked satisfaction, "as I have

told the girls, there is no lawyer this side of hell smart enough to break it."

The old minister looked at him sadly. "Halsey," he said, "do you realize that only a lawyer already in hell would make such a will? You hate your own son! And hate is hell."

The other man made a gesture of smiling impatience. "Perhaps we need not discuss it."

"It is not open to discussion," said Dr. Lavendar, gravely.

"Ah, well, you have a right to your opinion—your professional opinion, I suppose. I won't contradict you. As to the will, the fellow and his para—"

"Sir!"

"His wife," the lawyer substituted, —much to his astonishment, for Lewis Halsey was not in the habit of changing his words to please his listeners. "So far as I am concerned, the fellow will not get a cent to spend on his church and his —his wife. I leave the money to the girls (the principal tied up, of course) for their lifetime; after that—but I won't trouble you with details; I will merely say that their brother won't get it! That's what my will is, sir. I wished you to know it, and to understand why I have named you as one of the executors. You have a great deal of influence over my daughters. You see, though I can tie up the principal, I can't keep them from spending the interest in ways which would"—his voice was suddenly violent, and his hand clenched on the arm of his chair—"which would be obnoxious to me! It is hard on a lawyer, Dr. Lavendar, to have the law fail him, and be obliged to resort to religion to make sure that his wishes are carried out."

"Halsey," said Dr. Lavendar, abruptly, "destroy this will! Here—now! Let us burn it up. It would feed the flame upon the altar!" With an impulsive gesture he touched the bag on the table.

"None of that!" the other man said, sharply, and thrust the wrinkled old hand aside. Danny growled. The lawyer was instantly apologetic: "I beg your pardon, sir, but you startled me."

"As for Nick," Dr. Lavendar said, "I was not concerned about him."

"Oh, you weren't?" the lawyer said, rather blankly. "Why, I supposed—"

"It won't hurt Nick to earn his living," the old man explained. "Good for him! My objection is to the injury you are doing yourself."

Lewis Halsey interrupted him, frowning. "If you please!" Then he smiled. "I do not mean to be discourteous, sir, but I know my own business."

Dr. Lavendar rose and took a turn about the room, which gave Danny the opportunity to scramble up into his chair. Then he came back and stood looking down at the big, red-faced man.

"And you think," he said, "that I will influence your daughters against their brother?"

"No, not exactly that," said the lawyer; "you will merely make it clear to them that they would be violating my wishes if they spent the income from my money on—on those two persons."

"I see," said Dr. Lavendar.

"Women," the other man explained, "are naturally religious—and lawless. If you get the balance true, you can ride as safely as John Gilpin with his bottles. I have looked after the law, but I want you to supply the other 'curling ear.' Your church still holds, I believe, to the Ten Commandments. The fifth is explicit, and I shall rely upon you not to let my girls forget it."

"Has it occurred to you," said Dr. Lavendar, "that I might make it clear to them that their father, in this particular, does not deserve the honor which the Commandment inculcates?"

"No," Lewis Halsey replied, "it hasn't. You wouldn't say such an indecent thing to a man's daughters. Candidly, I have never liked you, Dr. Lavendar, but I have always trusted you."

"Oh," said the old minister, thoughtfully. "Um. Well, Halsey, I have always rather liked you, but I have never trusted you."

The lawyer got on his feet with a laugh. "Honors are even," he said, with a low bow, and put on his hat.

Dr. Lavendar lifted his hand. "Please understand: I will have no part in your iniquitous will. You must find another executor."

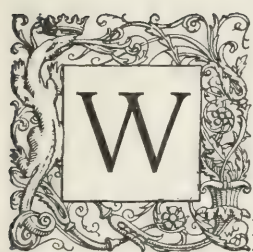
"Good day," Lewis Halsey said.

"Good day, sir," said Dr. Lavendar.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

American Contributions to Medical Science

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK



WHEN, a year ago, the Nobel prize in medicine was awarded to Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, there was general amazement that one of the most distinguished scientists of France should be found quietly working in an American laboratory. Dr. Carrel's own explanation was sufficiently direct: he regarded America, and especially the Rockefeller Institute, as offering unparalleled facilities for medical research. Few Americans realize the importance which their nation is assuming as a scientific medical center. Excepting Germany, there is no other country where such significant work is being done. In fact, the whole history of American medical science is significant. American pioneers can claim a considerable part in the medical progress of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, not to speak of their great achievements in the field of surgery, which lie outside the scope of the present article.

Probably few newspaper-reading Americans are familiar even with the name of the man who is unquestionably the greatest living American medical scientist, and one of the greatest scientists of this or any other time—Professor Theobald Smith, of the Harvard Medical School. Few living men have made more substantial contributions to our knowledge of contagious disease and public hygiene. Professor Smith is virtually the founder of one of the most fascinating branches of bacteriology—the part played by insects in the transmission of infectious disease. We now know that the anopheles mosquito conveys malaria, and the stegomyia mosquito yellow fever. The every-day housefly carries typhoid, and the rat flea acts

as the intermediate host of the bubonic plague; in Africa the tsetse-fly performs an identical office for the sleeping-sickness. The laboratories are constantly uncovering new facts of this kind. The discoveries already made have revolutionized sanitation, have virtually eliminated certain diseases, particularly yellow fever, and have pointed the way to the destruction of others. When Dr. Smith, with F. L. Kilbourne, in a series of experiments extending from 1888 to 1892, established the fact that the tick is the infecting agent in Texas cattle fever, he laid the foundation for all these similar discoveries, and many others which have been made since.

When Sydney Smith, in 1820, uttered his famous diatribe against American achievement, he delivered a hot shaft at American medicine. "What does the world yet owe," he asked, "to American physicians and surgeons?" Twenty-five years afterward America succinctly answered this challenge by presenting the world with one of the three greatest medical discoveries of all time. These three discoveries, of course, are vaccination, the science of bacteriology, and anesthesia. England claims the first, France the second, and the United States the last. Not only have Americans, through the discovery of anesthetics, freed the world from surgical pain; they have become practically responsible for surgery itself, for, without anesthesia, the modern science of surgery would certainly be unknown. It is unfortunately impossible even to touch this subject without plunging deeply into what is unquestionably the most acrimonious controversy in medical science. Books and pamphlets have been written, lawsuits have been fought, interminable official investigations have been held in attempts to settle the question as to who

was really the discoverer of anesthesia. For present purposes, however, this controversy has no significance. One point, at least, is undisputed; whoever really did make this discovery, he was certainly an American. There are four claimants to the honor, and they were all born and lived and did their work in the United States: Crawford Long, of Georgia; Horace Wells, of Connecticut; Charles T. Jackson, of Massachusetts; and William T. G. Morton, of Massachusetts. It is certainly an amazing fact that these four men, all working in the United States, should have hit upon essentially the same discovery at almost the same time. Long and Wells worked with nitrous oxide, while Jackson and Morton went far beyond them in introducing sulphuric ether. Probably the French Academy of Sciences offered the best possible solution of the problem when, in 1852, it presented Jackson with a prize of \$2,500 as the discoverer of etherization and made an identical award to Morton as the man who first applied this beneficent vapor to surgical operations. Certainly the wide-spread use of ether dates from that famous day in 1846 when the medical class at Harvard and the most distinguished members of the profession in Boston gathered at the Massachusetts General Hospital to witness an operation upon a young man suffering from a vascular tumor on the neck.

The operator was Dr. John C. Warren, New England's best-known surgeon. Before beginning his work he made a little speech. He had been visited the day before, he said, by a gentleman hitherto unknown to him, who declared that he possessed a fluid which, inhaled by a human being, would make him insensible to pain during the most protracted surgical operation. The visitor, Dr. W. T. G. Morton, called his discovery "letheon" and refused to divulge its constituents. Had Dr. Warren resembled many distinguished scientists, he would have promptly shown the door to any stranger who made such preposterous claims; instead, he told Dr. Morton that if he would come around the next day, his fluid could have a trial. Dr. Warren, however, could hardly conceal his own skepticism. Dr. Morton did

not appear on scheduled time. "I presume," said Dr. Warren, after waiting ten or fifteen minutes, "that he is otherwise engaged," whereat the spectators began to snicker. But just at that moment, Dr. Morton entered through a side door.

"Your patient is ready, sir," said Dr. Warren, bowing to his visitor.

The stranger stepped up briskly, poured a colorless liquid upon a sponge, and held it to the young man's nostrils. In a few minutes the patient was in a deep sleep.

"Your patient is ready, sir," said Dr. Morton, bowing to the distinguished surgeon. The operation lasted half an hour. When it was finished the sick man declared that he had not felt the slightest pain.

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Warren, turning to his guests, "this is no humbug."

It certainly was not. That one operation changed the face of the world. It is hard for us to realize just what life was—its sufferings, its needless deaths—before the discovery of anesthesia. In a few months every civilized country had adopted the discovery. In England it inspired Simpson with the ambition to find an anesthetic that would relieve the sufferings of women in childbirth—the outcome of which was chloroform.

Greatly as anesthesia has diminished the agony of the world, it brought only suffering to its discoverers. The many attempts made to recognize and reward the achievement ended only in recriminations and wranglings over the question of priority. The periodical appearance of bills in Congress providing pensions and gifts of money was invariably the signal for the rising of the acrimonious and voluble champions of each man. Bitterness and the consciousness of national ingratitude was thus their portion. They all had tragical ends. Long died in obscurity, Morton died of a broken heart, Jackson ended his days in a lunatic-asylum, and Wells committed suicide.

In practically all departments of anesthetics America has been the leader. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who gave this new phenomenon the name *anesthesia*—the word meaning "without feeling," being taken from the Greek. Nitrous oxide gas, for general use in dental

surgery, is an American discovery. Soon after Simpson's achievement, chloroform became the regular European anesthetic, not only in childbirth, but in all surgical operations. Americans, however, refused to adopt it, always maintaining that chloroform was more dangerous than ether and that their own anesthetic would ultimately supersede it. In this contention they have won; for in all the most enlightened parts of Europe ether is rapidly becoming the regular anesthetic for serious surgical operations.

Another notable American contribution is spinal anesthesia. Hardly had ether and chloroform established themselves when certain limitations became manifest. Their administration to patients with weak hearts or weak lungs involved considerable danger. Sufferers from asthma, or diseases of the kidneys or the liver, took these anesthetics badly. Upon advanced alcoholics they sometimes had little effect. There is occasionally a patient who has a morbid horror of losing consciousness, and who will prefer to undergo an operation without an anesthetic—or, as happens in many instances, neglect the operation altogether. In the great majority of operations, ether or chloroform will probably be used to the end of time; but cannot something be done for these exceptional patients? It was a young neurologist of New York, Dr. J. Leonard Corning, who, in 1884, solved this problem. The reason that ether and chloroform frequently have disastrous effects is that they suspend the operations not only of that part of the brain—the cerebrum—that regulates intelligence and consciousness, but that part—the medulla oblongata—which controls the functions of respiration and the heart-beat. We can lose consciousness without unfavorably affecting the vital processes; if we cease breathing or the heart stops beating, however, we immediately die. In an overwhelming majority of cases, the medulla is absolutely resistant to the anesthetic, and no disastrous manifestations result; in some cases, however, it collapses at once and death intervenes.

The nerves, as most people know, are the telegraphic wires that communicate sensation from all parts of the body to the brain. These nerves all enter the

spinal cord which has about the same relation to them that a cable has to an intricate telegraphic system; that is, it gathers them all together in one comparatively large, rope-like structure. Supposing, then, we should cut this spinal cord with a knife. Clearly the brain would have no communication with that part of the body reached by the severed nerves. If we should cut it at the waist, the entire lower part of the body would lose sensation and motion. If we should cut it higher up, say nearer the neck, the larger part of the trunk would likewise be shut off. Clearly so cutting the spinal cord would produce complete anesthesia in the section of the body affected. Such a permanent cutting, however, would involve serious consequences, which it is hardly necessary to detail. But it occurred to Dr. Corning that the injection of a local anesthetic, such as cocaine, into the vicinity of the spinal cord would accomplish exactly the same result as its cutting with a knife. The only difference would be that its effects would be merely temporary—when the influence of the drug subsided, the body would again resume its normal functions. While its potency prevailed, however, there would be a state of anesthesia in the parts affected and surgical operations could be successfully performed. As the drug would not reach the brain, the patient would not lose consciousness, nor would respiration or heart action be affected. Medical science has devised few procedures so ingenious as this; and the discovery of *spinal anesthesia*, as the new method was called, has secured Corning a permanent place in medical history. It has already been used in between 50,000 and 60,000 operations, here and in Europe—the cases nearly all those in which the standard anesthetics could not be administered. Several drugs besides cocaine have been found useful, notably eucaine, novocaine, and stovaine.

More recent work again emphasizes this American pre-eminence in anesthesia. Dr. George W. Crile, of Cleveland, has evolved a procedure, known as *auoci-association*, which eliminates the last remaining terror of surgical operations—death from “*shock*.” At the Rockefeller Institute Dr. S. J. Meltzer

has discovered a new method of administering ether directly to the lungs through a tube inserted in the windpipe. The advantage of this is that it makes the use of ether fool-proof. When this method is used it is impossible to kill a patient with ether. Deliberate experimental attempts to kill dogs have invariably failed. This new method, known as intra-tracheal insufflation, is now rapidly coming into general use.

Nearly all Americans have heard of the experiments of Dr. William Beaumont, the first to penetrate the secret mechanism of digestion; it is only in recent years, however, that medical men have really understood the accuracy and thoroughness with which his work was done. Beaumont's "fistulous St. Martin" has held his place for three-quarters of a century in all standard works on physiology. It was only two years after Sydney Smith's ill-natured challenge to American physicians and surgeons that Beaumont began these experiments. Born in Lebanon, Connecticut, in 1785, obtaining his medical education in the office of a country practitioner in Vermont, Beaumont for the larger part of his life did duty as an army surgeon, serving with particular distinction in several of the fiercest campaigns in the War of 1812. In 1820 his country detailed him to an army outpost on the Island of Michilimackinac, in Lake Michigan.

One morning in 1822 a young Canadian voyageur, Alexis St. Martin, entered the company store of the fur-traders. In a few minutes a shot-gun accidentally went off and St. Martin fell, unconscious. Dr. Beaumont, having been rushed to the injured man, found a huge wound in the abdomen. "He cannot live thirty-six hours," said Beaumont, after he had cleaned and dressed the injury. Alexis, however, falsified this prophecy. Moreover, as he recovered, something very remarkable happened. The accident had not only lacerated his external abdominal wall, but had blown off an anterior section of his stomach. In healing, the orifice in the stomach attached itself to the orifice in the abdominal wall, so that the two really made a continuous opening. This opening never closed, but remained ex-

posed until St. Martin's death, nearly sixty years afterward. As a result the innermost operations of the stomach were made clear to the outside world. One could look inside and observe all the processes of digestion; could put food in and take it out; the human stomach, for all practical purposes, became an external organ.

Freaks of nature like this had happened before; Dr. Beaumont's glory, however, is that he saw a scientific opportunity and seized it. St. Martin was poverty-stricken, improvident, lazy, and a drunkard; Beaumont took him into his family, supported him, and kept him under constant supervision for the better part of eight years. His patience was sorely tried; Alexis would go off on sprees, break his contracts, and run away for weeks and months at a time. He had absolutely no interest in the doctor's experiments—was grotesquely lacking in scientific enthusiasm. Beaumont, however, endured all these tribulations, and his ultimate reward was a splendid one. The physiology of digestion, as now laid down in medical science, is practically his work. The famous remark of William Hunter, the great English physician, clearly shows how much the world knew about these complicated processes in 1832, when Beaumont published his work: "Some physiologists will have it that the stomach is a mill; others that it is a fermenting-vat; others that it is a stew-pan; but, in my view of the matter, it is neither a mill, a fermenting-vat, nor a stew-pan, but a stomach, gentlemen, a stomach."

So the matter stood when Beaumont published the results of his 238 observations on Alexis St. Martin. So little have his successors added, that the very words in which he described the actions of the gastric juice are still preserved in the standard text-books. A few years ago the Nobel prize was awarded to Prof. J. P. Pawlow, director of experimental physiology at the Russian Military School at St. Petersburg, for his work on digestion. Professor Pawlow experimented by creating artificial fistulas in dogs—in all essentials the same as the accidental fistula of which St. Martin was a victim. The amazing thing is the

extent to which the painstaking work of this great Russian scientist, with all the resources of the modern laboratory at his disposal, corroborated the work of this early nineteenth-century backwoodsman. "In reality," says William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, "Beaumont anticipated some of the most recent studies in the physiology of digestion." The most famous of Pawlow's experiments demonstrated the extent to which digestion is a psychical process; how one's state of mind has a powerful influence upon the digestive processes. Enraging his dogs would stop the flow of gastric juice; the sight of food, the mere entrance into the room of the keeper who fed them, would precipitate the digestive mechanism. This is one of the very first discoveries which Beaumont announced. "His experiments," continues Professor Osler, "settled finally the chemical nature of the digestive process so much discussed from the days of the fundamental experiments of Réaumur and Spallanzani. . . . Among Beaumont's other important observations may be mentioned the confirmation of the discovery of Prout of the presence of hydrochloric acid in the gastric juice; the recognition that the essential elements of the gastric juice and the mucous secretion were separate; the establishment, by direct observation, of the profound influence of mental disturbances in the secretion of the gastric juice and in digestion; the fuller and more accurate comparative study of digestion in the stomach with digestion outside the body; the rapid disappearance of water from the stomach through the pylorus; the first comprehensive and full study of the motions of the stomach; the study of the digestibility of different articles of diet, which remains to-day one of the most important contributions ever made to practical dietetics; the relation between the amount of food taken and the quantity of gastric juice secreted; and many other points, the true significance of which has not been recognized until the recent researches of Professor Pawlow. . . . The pioneer physiologist of the United States and the first to make a contribution of enduring value, Dr. Beaumont's work remains a model of patient, persevering research."

Most Americans know Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes as a breakfast autocrat, an essayist, and a poet. Few realize that he made one of the most substantial contributions to the medical science of the nineteenth century. Many medical historians attribute the discovery of the contagiousness of puerperal fever to Ignaz Semmelweiss—a monument glorifying this achievement, indeed, has been erected to Semmelweiss in Budapest. His life was so romantic and tragical, his character was so splendid and his achievement so great, that his countrymen may well be excused for regarding him as the discoverer. Most of us are familiar with the story; how Semmelweiss, appointed in 1846 assistant professor in the maternity department of the hospital in Vienna, astonished and outraged his seniors by his insistent declaration that childbed fever was contagious, and that the infection was carried by the attending physicians and midwives from one patient to another. The young man's pathetic end—the universities and medical profession so persecuted him for his "ridiculous" heresy that he died, at the age of forty-two, in a madhouse—is one of the tragedies of medical history.

In fact, however, Oliver Wendell Holmes had already undergone a similar experience in the United States. The one difference between him and Semmelweiss was that Holmes's campaign succeeded. He met ridicule and opposition, just as did Semmelweiss. After several years' hard and persistent fighting, however, he actually forced his views upon the medical profession in this country. He published his contagion theory of puerperal fever in 1843, a year before Semmelweiss was graduated. In the same year he prescribed the proper prevention—washing the physician's hands with chloride of lime. His great essay, "On the contagiousness of puerperal fever," in which, with his well-known literary charm, he proved his thesis at length and laid down the proper treatment—now accepted as one of the classics of medical literature—appeared five years before anything had been heard of Semmelweiss. "Correct views of the cause of the disease," says the German historian of *Geburtshilfe*, von Siebold,

"were universally current in America before the appearance of the letters and monograph of Semmelweiss." Holmes's essay created a sensation in England and laid the basis for the reform of maternity practice in that country.

In Paris, Holmes had been the student of Louis—a man who seemed particularly to have the faculty of attracting brilliant young Americans. From 1828 to 1845 Louis had a famous group of American pupils: Alfred Stillé, Elisha Bartlett, W. W. Gerhard, and George C. Shattuck. These men did especially valuable and important work on typhoid fever. Until their time the medical profession had always regarded typhoid and typhus fever as one and the same disease. This group of American students, however, first established the fact that they were entirely distinct. Sir William Jenner spent the last years of his life attempting to teach England that these two diseases were not the same; he did so mainly by quoting from the writings of these Americans. One of the greatest English authorities on fevers says that the writings of Gerhard, Shattuck and Bartlett "might be put into the hands of the student to-day for the main features of the morbid anatomy and symptoms of these diseases." Bartlett's book on *Typhus and Typhoid*, the same authority adds, "is in remarkable contrast with the chaotic writings of English and Continental authorities." The recent work of American bacteriologists has substantiated the discoveries of these early investigators. When the latter worked, of course, bacteria were unknown; they made their famous differentiation purely on the basis of clinical observations. One of the notable recent achievements of the United States Health Service is the discovery that typhus fever, far from being, as most of us had been led to believe, an extinct disease in the United States, still flourishes in attenuated form in the foreign sections of most of our large cities. It is another of those diseases which we owe to immigration. The Federal authorities have not only identified the disease, but have discovered its method of communication. The parasite which carries it finds its intermediate host in the common body louse.

In 1872, a young, enthusiastic, and warm-hearted Irishman, Dr. Joseph O'Dwyer, joined the staff of the New York Foundling Asylum. The experiences he met here for the first few years gave a melancholy cast to his character which he retained through life. The terror of the establishment was diphtheria. The appearance of a single case drove the sisters who acted as nurses into a panic; the mortality ranged from forty to fifty per cent.; and the sufferings of the little waifs were frightful. Night after night O'Dwyer had to stand by the bedside and watch his charges slowly die of suffocation; except for what were usually futile attempts to ease their agony with narcotics, medical science offered no relief. Occasionally O'Dwyer would try the operation of tracheotomy—the artificial opening of the trachea, or windpipe, for the admission of air to the lungs—but the procedure seldom succeeded. For centuries medical men had dreamed of introducing air by means of a tube slipped into the mouth and larynx; many daring experimenters had actually tried to do it, but all of them had failed. When O'Dwyer began work, intubation was one of the most discredited ideas of practical medicine; the mucous membrane of the larynx, his predecessors had discovered, was altogether too delicate to tolerate any foreign substance. When the news went around New York, therefore, that O'Dwyer had taken up this abandoned procedure, little less than a scandal resulted. He was generally denounced as a torturer of helpless children; even so broad-minded a scientist as Dr. Abraham Jacobi publicly took a stand against him—an attitude for which he afterward made handsome reparation. Had it not been for the constant sight of asphyxiated babies O'Dwyer would never have had the courage to go on. His ultimate success was thus the product, more than anything else, of a tender and sympathetic nature. His first case, that of a four-year-old girl, though technically a failure, was, from O'Dwyer's point of view, a great success. The child died of diphtheria, but her throat tolerated the tube for sixteen hours. The fact that he had saved this child sixteen hours of fearful suffering was, for

O'Dwyer, initial success enough. In his second attempt O'Dwyer not only eliminated suffering, but saved the patient's life. It was in this way that an obscure practitioner in a foundling hospital in New York secured a medical immortality as the "father of intubation."

A few years after O'Dwyer's success an event happened that tested his character, both as a scientist and as a man. This was the introduction of anti-toxin. Here was something which, if successful, seemed likely to make O'Dwyer's life-work unnecessary. In spite of this he was one of the first Americans to test the new treatment. He became one of its most enthusiastic champions, in the days when it sorely needed friends; the fact that it relegated intubation into the background did not prejudice him even slightly. His discovery had saved many thousands of children's lives before the appearance of anti-toxin; it is still frequently used, both in advanced cases of diphtheria and in certain other diseases in which the larynx has been partly or entirely closed.

The closing years of the nineteenth century witnessed what Dr. William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins, calls "the most valuable contribution to medicine and hygiene which has ever been made in this country, with the exception of the discovery of anesthesia." Dr. Welch refers, of course, to the demonstration, by the Federal commission under the direction of Dr. Walter Reed, that the *stegomyia* mosquito is the intermediate agent in the transmission of yellow fever. It is hard to transport ourselves back to 1898, when the whole scientific world accepted the fomites theory—that yellow fever was communicated through unclean bedding, clothing, and other things associated directly with yellow-fever patients. The story has been told so many times—how these American investigators and volunteer American soldiers inoculated themselves with suspected mosquitoes, and slept in the beds of yellow-fever patients; how many of them paid the penalty of their scientific zeal with their lives; how, as a result of their labors, yellow fever has been practically banished from the face of the earth—that it is hardly necessary to repeat it here.

This single discovery promises to have the utmost effect upon general history. It has already made practical one enormous undertaking, the building of the Panama Canal. Moreover, it lays open enormous stretches of rich and beautiful tropical country to Caucasian civilization.

The last ten years will always figure largely in the history of American medicine, because it was in that period that the country assumed a foremost position as a headquarters for medical research. In 1902, there was not a single institution of the kind in the United States. England had its Lister Institute, Germany its Institute for Infectious Diseases, France its Pasteur Institute, Russia the Royal Military Institute at St. Petersburg; it was not until the founding of the Rockefeller Institute, however, that America had anything comparable with them. Ten years ago not a dollar was spent in Chicago on independent studies of this kind; now Chicago has four flourishing research laboratories. Probably the Rockefeller Institute in New York can show the largest harvest. It has given the world Dr. Simon Flexner's cure for cerebrospinal meningitis, Dr. Alexis Carrel's surgery of the arteries, his demonstration of the possibility of transplanting organs from one body to another, and his method of growing cells indefinitely outside the body. These latter experiments have entirely changed modern conceptions of life and death—have even lent some authority to the idea, with which so many imaginations have busied themselves, that the worn-out, senile human frame itself may sometime be restored to youth. Dr. Samuel J. Meltzer's method of intra-tracheal insufflation, already referred to in the use of anesthetics, is also valuable in surgery, in that, for the first time, it lays open to the surgeon the entire chest cavity—lungs, heart, œsophagus. Dr. Hideyo Noguchi has worked out a new skin reaction, far simpler than the Wasserman, for the diagnosis of syphilis. This same investigator has also discovered something which Pasteur sought for in vain—the organism that causes hydrophobia. Only the other day Dr. Flexner announced the discovery of that organism which scores of scientists, here and in Europe, have

been seeking for the last six years—the one that causes poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis.

A disease in which American scientists have especially distinguished themselves is cancer. We have learned more about cancer in the last six years than in the preceding six thousand. Dr. Paul Ehrlich, in the course of his latest visit to the United States, declared that the ultimate conquest of the disease was as certain as was the capture of Port Arthur after the Japanese had taken the first trench.

All modern progress in cancer research depends upon one single fact; the production of the disease experimentally. The first man to do this in any comprehensive way, and by that single achievement lay the basis of modern cancer experimentation, was Leo Loeb, then of the Chicago Polyclinic. America possesses the first institution, the Gratwick Laboratory at Buffalo, ever established exclusively for the study of this disease. Here under Dr. Harvey R. Gaylord and Dr. G. H. A. Clowes, was made the discovery which furnishes the greatest reason to hope that we shall probably some day be able to treat the disease. In inoculating mice and rats with the cancer cell, Dr. Gaylord and others were struck by one significant fact—that only a certain percentage contracted the disease. In other words, a large number of the animals possessed certain forces within themselves, certain resisting powers, that enabled them to throw off the cancer cell. In watching the inoculated animals, Drs. Gaylord and Clowes discovered a more remarkable fact. Certain cancers reached an appreciable size, stopped growing, began slowly to retrogress, and finally utterly disappeared. When the experimenters attempted to inoculate these animals again, the tumors made no progress. In other words, a mouse that had developed cancer and spontaneously recovered from it was immune against another attack.

When carefully considered, these experiments, which were afterward repeated and confirmed by European scientists, demonstrated that cancer, at least theoretically, was a curable disease. The laws of immunity apply to it just as they do to typhoid fever and

diphtheria. When assailed, the body manufactures certain properties that seek to destroy the disease. In a considerable number of these mice, nature actually performs cures. In rare instances with human beings, spontaneous recoveries also occur; medical literature contains a few cases where malignant growths have mysteriously disappeared. If we could discover the mechanism which nature uses in these processes and succeed in reproducing it artificially, the cancer problem would be solved.

And recently the work of another American, Dr. Peyton Rous, of the Rockefeller Institute, promises to clear up the most baffling of all cancer problems—its cause. The medical world has long been divided into two hostile camps on this question: one holding that an invading micro-organism produced the disease, the other that it was caused always by some mysterious disorganization of body cells. The first theory necessarily implied that cancer was a contagious disease; the second as clearly implied that it was not. Until Dr. Rous began his work the preponderance of authority was unquestionably opposed to the idea that a living agent produced cancer. His experiments involve too many details and are too intricate for description in this place. The important fact is that, from the cancerous growths of chickens, Dr. Rous has obtained an agent—in all probability a living agent—which, when injected into other chickens, produces true cancer. In the case of these fowls, therefore, cancer is caused by something which comes from without. In any popular sense of the word, however, this chicken cancer is not contagious. Healthy chickens, kept in the closest association with the cancerous ones, never "catch" the disease. Similarly, healthy human patients can associate with cancerous invalids with impunity. Dr. Rous's discovery is so new and upsets so many accepted ideas that the scientific world has not yet digested it. His one series of experiments has placed the question of cancer causation in an altogether new light. In spite of the ridicule scientists have been heaping for years upon the parasite theory, it really looks, after all, as though this were the correct one.

Great Folks

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON



MY Gov'nor and I didn't have any family 'cept each other, but we was willin' to take in Miss Helen Lane, who lived just 'cross the garden wall.

Sometimes we went over to see about it, but she'd never come back with us, and one evenin', when lyin' down half asleep on the grass, I heard her 'splain why. She'd lived and traveled so much among great folks that she had to marry one of 'em, else she wouldn't be happy.

"I'm comin' on," father told her. "I'm pros'cutin' 'torney."

"And if I'd married you two years ago, you wouldn't have been that," she said. It was pretty fierce scoldin'. She said he had brains to clear a way through other men, but would rather dream about it than do it.

"What if I took you now?" she asked.

"I'd go right on up to Congress with such backin'," father 'splained.

"You have the backin' now," she told him, and he began quarrelin'.

"I guess you think more of bein' great than you do o' me."

"Not at all," she said, but if you won't fight to win on your own 'count, maybe you'll do it to win me. You ought to be 'shamed to talk so. Now you're quarrelin'. Go home."

She rose from the stone bench, proud and tall, with her eyes shinin' and hair changin' from brown to gold in the moonlight.

"I'm not goin' home," I told 'em, and both were still for a minute.

"I thought you were asleep. Wasn't you snorin' just now?" they asked. I couldn't remember, and father said to forget what I'd heard, too.

I answered "sure," and asked him why he didn't go ahead to Congress.

"So you're startin' in to hound me, too. I s'pose I'm not much of a father at present," he said, half mad.

"Go on home," said Miss Helen. "Jerry can stay awhile."

"If you take one of us you'll take both," he answered, and packed me off on his shoulder.

Father began workin' night and day to break up the ring o' grafters in our county.

"They've trapped one poor devil," he told me, "so I'll begin the fight for greatness by sendin' him up. If I can smash the ring they'll have to send me to Washin'ton!"

There wasn't much jokin' or playin' at our house after that, 'cause we had somethin' better to think about, and on the day Gray the grafter was to be tried I went down with father to hear his speech.

The court-room was fillin' up for the great trial when we got there, and a buzz of voices, not all friendly, followed father up the aisle to his office.

I stayed in the court-room because I wanted to climb up on the sill of a back window and look in through the iron bars at the crowd. I played there till a girl not so old as me, who was sittin' in the corner by herself, began watchin'.

"I am in jail behind the bars," I told her.

Then she began wipin' her eyes, which were very big and brown, and her loose black hair scattered over her face.

"But there's no use snivellin' about it," I told her, "'cause I can break jail," and I dropped to the bench beside her.

She 'splained that I hadn't made her cry; it was the iron bars did it.

"My father could put your father in jail," I told her.

"He's already there," she whimpered, so I said:

"Well, then, my father will get him out. He is the pros'cutor."

"Promise!" she said, and studied me so solemn that of course I did.

She had on a clean white dress and sat straight with her hands in her lap, so I asked her name and she answered,

"Margie Gray." She had run away from the aunt she lived with, to be at her father's trial. "They won't even let me see him in jail," she said, "and he'll think I've gone back on him." She clapped her hands with a new notion and then stopped with 'em held in the air. "My father will do anything for me," she said. "Are you very sure that yours will do what you ask him?"

I remembered the speech written against Gray and didn't know what to answer; then I said, "He'll let Gray out if he's not guilty."

"Oh, he ain't—he ain't!" she said; "he's good."

"Then it's all right. Let's play I'm an animal in a cage, and you can guess his name."

After that we had a good time, and I grinned through the bars, first a leopard and then a fox, and other beasts. I could hear father speakin', and the crowd pressin' up to the front of the big, dingy court-room left us pretty much alone back there.

"Tell me, has the trial begun? What will happen now?" whispered Margie. She must climb into the window by me, to look over the crowd, and, seein' Gray at a table near the jury, stretched out her hand as far as possible, sayin': "Papa, papa," to herself. "Wouldn't he want me to come to him?" she asked, "and sit right close by him? No? Oh, Jerry, you mean for me not to interrupt till it's all over, and then they'll let him loose?"

As I didn't answer, she kept right on. "Is that tall, splendid man your father? He talks in a fierce way. Are you sure he'll do anything for you?"

I nodded, though I'd never seen my father so fierce and earnest before. Every word rang out, and he swayed the people with a wave of his hand.

I dropped from the sill to go home, and Margie looked down on me. "That's a good Jerry to go to him now," she said, so proud of me that I couldn't run away.

A man wearin' a cap and carryin' a satchel like a traveler had just come in. He heard the speakin' and paced up and down on tiptoe, listenin', then pulled himself up by the window bars till he could see over the crowd.

After that he leaned against the wall, wipin' the dust from his face, and as my father's voice sank lower and lower to the close, he scribbled on a piece of paper and motioned to me.

"Boy, can you pick out the pros'cutor—the man speakin' now? Here's a coin for you. Slide through the crowd; don't let anything head you off. Give him this paper the moment he's done. Remember, I'm watchin' you from this window!" He gave me a little push, and I went in among the men just as the last word of the speech was spoken.

I was almost crushed, but there was a sudden shiftin' about as though a wind shook 'em, and I was through like a rabbit.

Father, who turned toward his office, took the paper, and I stood facin' the prisoner, a big bony man who was countin' his fingers like a puzzle. I looked back at Margie, and even that far away could see her eyes shinin' as she held out her hand to me. Then father walked through the crowd, which opened a way for him, and near the back window leaned his ear toward the man in the cap.

This man whispered and held on to his sleeve.

Father, his eyes still blazin', looked back. The sheriff had sent everybody to the benches, and now we could see the judge, and the jury, who were talkin' among 'emselves in their seats.

Still he didn't answer the man, who said: "They're on a verdict now; they won't retire. That speech has dazed 'em."

The court-room seemed cold and still, and I was frightened to have somethin' touch me and take my hand. I felt Margie's breath on my cheek. "Ask him," she whispered. But I looked at my father, who held so many men under a spell, and of a sudden he felt it. Even while the stranger was speakin', and Margie had hold o' my hand, we stood proud o' what he'd done, and different from the people around us; it was like flyin' on wings.

"Guilty," read the judge from a paper handed him by the jurymen.

The stranger slipped away with his satchel, and the crowd, passin' out, shook father's hand and drew him along.

"This fight means great things to you," they said.

Court had 'journed, and the sheriff gone out the back way with his prisoner, while Margie was huddled on a bench in the dingy corner, her black hair draggin' on the floor. "Papa 'll think I don't care, 'cause I didn't go to him," she said, cryin'. I never could be in that room again without rememberin' her like that. She stood up, tyin' her hair in its ribbon and smoothin' her dress.

"I only promised, to keep you from cryin'," I 'splained. "He's guilty, anyway," and she answered, very quiet:

"I won't cry any more"; then with face all stained, but eyes quite dry, she walked out into the sunshine. She understood that folks couldn't bother 'bout convicks.

My father was a great man after that, and I was a great man's son. The boys let me lead off in most games, and Helen Lane told father:

"Your vict'ry has raised Jerry above other boys—he has the grand manner." She told o' the comp'ny she'd been in and their splendid ways, and kissed me to pay for the battle he'd won at her command.

"You will kiss me, too, if you want to pay," said father, and though she



SHE ROSE FROM THE STONE BENCH, PROUD AND TALL, WITH HER EYES SHINING

laughed "No," he kissed her hand.

"Now go and arm yourself for the fray," she said. "Everbody says you are smashin' the old order."

"I'll go at your word this time," said father, "'cause I'm stackin' the cards o' doom 'gainst a man on trial to-morrow."

"One o' the ring?" asked Miss Lane, interested; but he shook his head.

"Only a robber, this time."

"No matter," she said. "Clear the docket of all of 'em. Oh, if I could only speak in court I'd strike down the guilty!"

At home father settled down to his speech against the robber next day. I woke late in the night and, hearin' steps in the

lib'ary, looked in at him with a towel round his head and mutterin' to himself.

'Stead o' sendin' me back, he said, "Come in," and threw a dressing-gown 'round my shoulders! We was always partners like that. Then he sat under the green-shaded lamp at his desk, frownin' down at the papers.

"What sends you prowlin' this time o' night?" he asked.

"Just for comp'ny," I told him. The summer night was so still that the leaves rustled like waterfalls, and we could hear the trottin' of a horse, far away.

"It's a doctor," I said. "Maybe somebody's dyin'."

"He is far from us, Jerry boy," he said. After a while I asked if the robber speech was done.

"It won't come," he said, and struck the desk with his fist. "There's some 'fernal cloud on my mind. I've got to throw it off. I must win every case now. A clear docket is the road to—"

"Washin'ton," I said, as he stopped.

He looked crafty out o' the corners o' his eyes, and I hitched my chair closer.

"I bet Miss Lane would strike down those guilty folks," I said.

"Jerry, she's wonderful, ain't she? I bet there won't be another woman in Washin'ton so splendid," he said.

"Not ever," I answered. Then he looked down at the sheets o' paper scattered ever'where.

"Wait," he mumbled; "it's comin'." He crumpled up and brushed 'em all aside. "When I think o' winnin' her—" he said, and began to write. All this time the hoof-beats sounded louder above the scratchin' of the pen.

"Jerry," he said, of a sudden, "do you remember that her hair is red-gold and her eyes gray?" and I nodded.

"Lord have mercy on these men up in my court," he laughed. His eyes were bright now, and he showed his teeth with a kind o' fierceness while writin'. I was proud to be there to help with the doom o' the men on the docket.

Then I felt a kind o' chill as the hoof-beats stopped in front of our house. A minute later the doctor, who lived up our street, came in.

He was a rough old man with bushy gray eyebrows, who had been in the army, and he helped himself to some cigars.

"I'd run out," he 'splained, "and you'll have to treat this time o' night, Mr. Pros'cutor."

Father grinned, and as they spoke a minute the doctor looked down at the sheets o' writin'.

"You can't pros'cute him," he said, layin' his finger on the name; "he's dead, since about an hour." He grumbled that he'd saved father work and had paid for his cigars; then hurried out, and the hoof-beats began again.

"Dead," said father to himself, and stared at the wall, white-faced; then he looked down at the sheets and shook his head over 'em.

"Did he die guilty?" I asked, but it was some time before he answered, tremblin' a little:

"Jerry, we are not pros'cutin him now."

After a bit he took me back to bed and sat there while I went to sleep. But I woke up and saw him through the curtains, tearin' up the speech sheet by sheet and watchin' it burn in the tray before him. And I was glad it wasn't Gray who had died in jail, though o' course that was none o' my business.

We all felt sorry for Gray when his 'peal come up the next week. Once, when down-town with Miss Helen, I saw Margie lookin' at the jail windows, and spoke to her.

"That's a shabby little girl," Miss Helen said, "but it's right to be polite to ever'body; it's the way to get along in the world."

I told about Margie in the court-room, and the strange man who sent me after father at the last minute.

"A late witness," she said.

We both felt sorry that a man with such a shabby little girl to look after couldn't behave himself, and that evenin' we talked it over.

"You're so good-hearted," she said to father, "that it hurts you to pros'cute criminals, 'count o' their families." Yet she knew statesmen who had to make laws that were hard on lots o' good men and their families.

Father had been downcast since the robber died in jail, but he felt better talkin' to Miss Helen.

"Gray's friends, the grafters, will be in a panic," she said; "we'll beat 'em easy." She was so interested that she called her sister and her husband, who lived there, and we all went over to our house to hear what father had written on the 'peal case.

He hadn't written any since the robber died two nights before, but he got out the papers o' the old trial and told what he would have to say.

That wasn't what they'd come for, at all. "You'll have to make the speech to us as you will to the s'preme court,"

said Miss Helen, and o' course father 'greed to her.

It was a fine speech, tellin' how guilty Gray was, and I thought no wonder Margie said she wouldn't cry any more for him. We all shook his hands when it was finished, and Miss Helen's eyes were bright as fire when she whispered, "I'll listen for that voice on the floor o' Congress."

She had told me I'd better not speak o' that late witness again. Father had enough bother with the reg'lar witnesses.

So, the next week, the speech was made to the high court; Gray was 'judged a convick and the grafters were in a panic.

Then people were proud to have us in that town, and before things began stirrin' for the 'lection, we took a vacation. Miss Helen's folks went with us three down to father's old homestead, on the river, twenty miles from town.

That old farm-house stands on a little hill, and when the wind blows it rattles all its windows at once like skeleton bones. On one side the fields run clear down to the river bend, but on the other they end in Deadscum Swamp.

The sun had already scorched the grass brown and the corn was turnin' yellow, but Deadscum blazed a shiny, poison green.

The folks told me to keep away from there, but I went in a little ways only to see what made it poison. It was dark under the sycamores and cotton-woods, and so still that I could hear the river pourin' over the shoals a mile away. Pools o' rotted water were scattered about, with swarms o' gnats and dragon-flies floatin' in their steam when the sun struck through. And a snake with red splotches stuck out his tongue. Then a big buzzard flapped up in

front o' me and I jumped from one dry spot to another gettin' out.

Sometimes the folks went on picnics, but generally they stayed around the house, playin' croquet or tennis. I wore my khaki suit and was fishin' or swimmin' most o' the first week, till one evenin', crossin' the field near the swamp, I heard somebody singin'. It was very low, like a sleepy bird, and, lookin' close, I saw a spot o' white waved like a signal. Then the singin' stopped.

It was gettin' dusky, and I knew that swamp; but great folks can't run away, so I went to the edge, and, ever'thing bein' still, broke through the bushes and whistled. I heard a snake give a sharp twang and slide off into the water, and I pushed on a little, pretty scared.

Between two black pools I stood, lookin' into an open space. The light was goin' out, but I saw a sparkle among the ferns like a snake's track. Then the



tree-tops waved apart and the sun, just settin', lit up the long spider-webs which draggled and smoked like fire among the trunks. But 'stead of a spider I saw a little barefoot girl swingin' in the very center. As the trees waved the sun was blotted out and then came back; there she swung in a vine loop, with black, tangled hair and bright eyes, watchin' me.

"I know you, Margie Gray," I said, after a while, goin' closer. She rested her chin in her hands and there was somethin' very old and crafty about her.

"I've got to make a boat to sail down the river," she said, "and I haven't got any saw or hammer or a file."

"You don't need a file," I told her, and she seemed terrible cast down, wringin' her hands together."

I asked how she got down here in Deadscum, but she wouldn't tell unless I brought the tools to build a boat, without tellin' anybody; so I promised.

"You go back on promises; so I dare you to come back with 'em after dark," she said.

"The other promise was only to keep you from cryin'," I answered.

"I haven't cried since then," she said. Her eyes were steady and dry; I noticed, too, that her dress was tore, and she was barefoot among all those snakes.

O' course I told her to come up to the farm-house, but she said livin' in the swamp was best. Then I started off, knowin' she must have run away from her aunt and maybe lost herself.

Well, I was glad to do somethin' for her, but after gettin' to the house I changed my mind.

Gray, the convick, had escaped while bein' taken to state's-prison. "He knocked the sheriff over the head and jumped from the train," father told me.

Miss Helen stood by frownin'. "What will people say," she said, "that you officers let him get away?"

"He'll not get far," answered father, "with bloodhoun's after him—unless he finds some crook to file off his manacles."

Then I knew why Margie wanted the file.

That night the windows thundered a good deal, and the next day was cloudy. So I stayed inside and played cards with father and Miss Helen.

Once she laid down her hand to ask, "They can track him with the dogs?"

"Oh yes," he answered; "they catch lots of 'em that way."

"The beasts won't bite him. I hate the sight o' blood," she said with a smile, and drew me close, shiverin'.

"They're held in leash," said father. "Your play. Remember, I'm takin' a vacation from sheriffs and prisoners."

He and Miss Helen didn't notice anybody but each other, and after a while I went up in the attic; where I played and looked out o' the window sometimes. The rain and mist blew up so thick from the river that Deadscum was blotted out.

Once I went down to ask, "Is Gray guilty?" and the others answered, "Yes indeed he is guilty."

Up in the attic again I thought it was a shame that a man with a shabby little girl couldn't behave, and wondered why Margie would stick by him when she wouldn't cry for him.

The wind blew harder and harder, strikin' the shingles like charges from a gun, and it was mighty comfor'ble in the warm attic drillin' at soldiers, with an old rifle. I was col'nel, my father was general, and Miss Helen sent us out to battle. When we won, people shouted about us—the squalls burst among the shingles like salutes o' cannon. We were great folks.

Then there was beatin' o' hoofs, and I listened. Closer they came, like the doctor's horse in the night when the prisoner was dead. Some draggled men rode into the yard and threw the leash off two big dogs, which began rangin' the field as though huntin' rabbits.

As I passed through, our fierce old sheriff was layin' off his belt and revolvers. "We held the trail to the river," he said. "To-morrow we'll scour the country for a fresh one." And I could hear the bloodhoun's bayin' out in the field.

As I went down 'cross the field ever' one o' those squalls struck me like a wet wildcat full o' claws. And I could see green eyes and red throats, too, but that came o' the big dogs' jumpin' and bayin' 'round me, all blurred in rain.

'Course they had the scent o' Gray,

and wouldn't tackle me; but thinkin' I'd joined in the hunt, they were excited 'nough to bowl me over. They nearly grabbed me, on my hands and knees, bein' like wolves to jump on whatever's down, and we were 'lone together as in a wilderness. But I thought to yell in their faces, and they pulled up, s'prised.

Lucky I had on my khaki suit to stand rough wear, for now I couldn't go down the river-bank, which was higher than the swamp, as I'd first planned. The dogs would be sure to follow by an open path, so the only thing to do was for me to head straight into Deadscum and try to lose them. I thought maybe they'd get snake-bit or caught in quicksand.

I broke through the fringe of bushes at the place I'd seen Margie's signal, and slumped down to my chin; right there I lost the saw, but the file and nails were in my pocket and the hatchet stuck in my belt. Maybe I didn't swing a-hold o' the vines and climb! but the dogs couldn't do that, and as they swam and floundered below I nearly kicked off their heads, 'cause they couldn't snap at me very often without stranglin'.

They felt they hadn't a chance, and, goin' back to land, began circlin' the edge of the swamp, while I cut 'cross the middle. All the glades were covered with water now, but I could tell the tussocks by the bushes growin' on 'em, and, workin' from one to another, came out on the river by afternoon.

I knew Margie and the outlaw would be here somewhere, and, spyin' an old boat on the gravel, shouted for 'em, till they showed up just below me; then I slid down and we all went into a sort o' little cave which flood water had hollowed out in the bank.

Gray's hair and beard were long and ragged, and he scowled, but I'd turned pretty wild myself while those dogs were tryin' to drag me from the vines, and wasn't s'prised by this.

I was watchin' him and he kept watchin' me, but Margie talked more than she ever did in her life.

"Pa's so busy filin' you'll 'scuse him," she said; "but I wouldn't have no manners not to thank you for bringin' them tools through the swamp, would I, pa?"

He stopped to look at me, and I couldn't help tellin' him to hurry.

As he began filin' again Margie told me: "When pa 'scaped and come back to our house in the night, we filled a sack full o' food and found a file, and I followed him into the woods barefoot. The chain between the han'cuffs was broke, Jerry, but I thought he'd need somebody to file 'em off, and after he'd kissed me good-by, I had hard runnin' to keep up. He kep' tellin' me good-by till we come to the river and found a leaky old boat under the bank." A big tree blew down just to one side of us, but she said: "Nev' mind!" and kept on:

"Then we sailed 'way, Jerry, after he'd put me back on the bank twice and I had to splash into deep water to catch up."

"What did you do with your own file?" I asked, and Gray showed a hole in his coat pocket.

"Better keep on filin' and then mend your boat," I told him; and after thinkin' a minute he began again. He seemed to know I was keepin' somethin' back.

Margie was talkin' ahead: "So, after we'd hid in the swamp, Jerry, I saw you and made a signal. Ain't we lucky to have such a good friend? I jus' been tellin' pa that soon as the man'cles was off I'd go back to town and he could 'scape out o' here and make a nice home somewhere. I'd allus be packed up ready to go keep house for him."

"Why don't you get in your boat and start on?" I asked Gray, and at last he spoke.

"See how the rain-water runs out of it. I'll mend it to-morrow."

I told him to take mine at the landin' below. "But you'll have to work down the bank stead o' crossin' the field even after dark," I 'splained, and then, droppin' the file, he laid both hands on my knees.

"Why mustn't I cross the field after dark? Don't you think you ought to tell me?"

I felt my throat choke up, 'cause it was pretty hard to go back on the Gov'nor, who needed to capture this man.

"Maybe 'tain't any o' my business

to hear," said Margie, and, lookin' away, put her hands over her ears. I could just see her neck and her cheek, which was thin and sun-tanned. The torn dress was washed clean of mud, and her hair tied back smooth with a willow twig.

"Are you done tellin'?" she asked, half turnin' and lookin' under her arm with eyes that were not like Miss Helen Lane's.

"It's the dogs," I said, goin' back on the Gov'nor. "And Margie has your scent on her clo's—" Then I told all.

Gray's face lit up with a kind o' wildfire. "Bloodhoun's!" he said, with a hard laugh. "Bloodhoun's!" so loud that Margie heard.

"Maybe the Lord 'll 'member us.

Jerry did," and she touched his arm, but she didn't cry.

"Both o' you have my scent on your clo's," Gray said; "I can't leave you here." He planned to wade or swim down the river, pushin' us two ahead on a log as far as the landin'.

"Then I'll take you in the boat," he said, "and 'bout dusk drop you near some farm-house. They'd take Margie in till they could send her to town, and I could walk back home."

"Fore we start, Jerry," he said to me in his fierce, sudden way, "I want you to know that you ain't helpin' a guilty man."

"I didn't know," I answered, and would 'a' started to the river, but he halted me.

"Can't you b'lieve it?"

"My Gov'nor told me; he wouldn't lie," I had to answer.

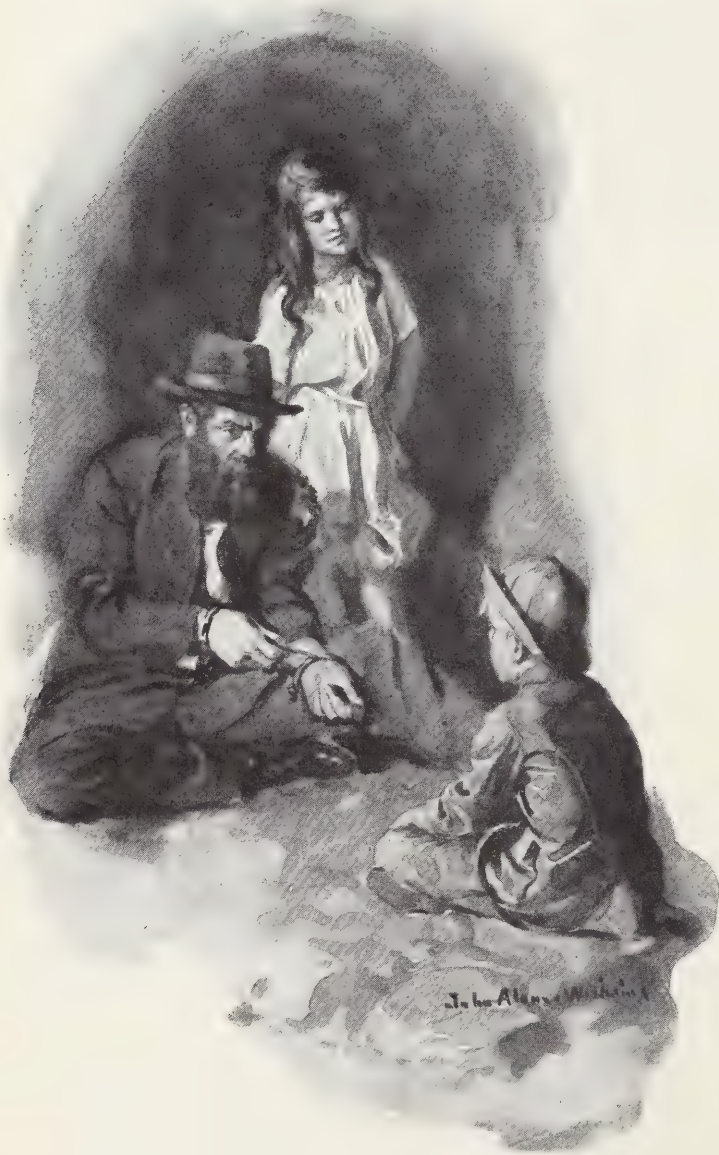
"And you come to help us, anyway?" he asked. So I 'splained that Margie had dared me, and that was the reason.

We were all ready to start as soon as the grub-sack was tied, but it never was. There was a scratchin' on the bank above, and my blood turned stiff and cold with the howlin'. The bloodhoun's had run round the swamp's edge to the river-bank, which they could come down without splashin' or swimmin'.

"We're hunted down," said Gray, and passed me on a run, scoopin' up handfuls o' sand.

A dog sprang down on him, and Gray threw the sand in its eyes and gripped it, staggerin' toward the river. At the water edge he fell; the dog tore its throat loose a second, then they both splashed out o' sight, comin' up fightin' in the center of a whirlpool.

I had just time to shove



Margie back into the hollow, and then, bendin' over, make the sand fly into the face o' the other dog barkin' in at us.

Then it jumped, snappin' its fangs in my shoulder and knockin' me over, but Gray had got back ag'in and, throwin' the dog out by the hind legs, fought it into the river with a boat oar, where it was drowned like the first one.

As the fightin' ended I quit tryin' to stand up on a sprained ankle, and was 'shamed that I'd shouted so loud when I saw how white Margie was. But soon as Gray began to cut away the cloth from the shoulder scratch, she said that the women folks could 'tend wounded, anyway, and brought up a canful o' river water. Then they made a poultice out o' bread and bound it on with strips o' the grub-sack.

Gray grinned at me, lickin' the bites on his arms, and I told him he'd better make his getaway. We two could get 'long with no dogs to pester us, till he got a good start.

He didn't answer, and I watched him walk out to the beach and look over the stormy river. Then of a sudden the mist and dark came down, and he was gone.

As I sat still in the black dark, Margie asked if my wound was hurtin', and said she never did mean to dare me into such trouble.

"Didn't you hear me, Jerry?" she said after a while.

"How do you know it was the dare?" I asked, and Margie said:

"I jus' knew it wasn't; you come 'cause o' the promise, and I b'lieved you would, all the time."

"You couldn't know I'd keep it, after I'd broke the other one in the court-room," I said, "and it wasn't the promise, either—'cause I had to go back on my Gov'nor to keep it!"

'Stead o' talkin' cheerful as she had all afternoon, Margie was so still that I thought she was cryin', and reached out my hand to touch her cheeks. But they were dry, and when she asked, in a little bit o' voice, then why did I come at all, I said, "It was only the dare—that's why!"

There was a big crackle and splash in the swamp, so I asked if she wanted to hold on to my hand for comp'ny, and she said, "I'd cert'nly rather, Jerry."

There came another crackle and a call, and Gray stood in the mouth o' the hollow; he'd come to take me home.

"No; they'll catch you," I warned him, but he'd been scoutin' and found that the sheriff and his men were quartered in the barn.

My shoulder was stiff, and I'll bet you I groaned when he picked me up, with Margie leadin' to feel out the path.

We got out o' the swamp after a while, and goin' over the hill toward a light in a window, could see father readin' out of a book to Miss Lane. Nobody'd missed me, 'cept to guess that I must be playin' 'round with the sheriff's men, whose horses we could hear nicker in the barn. Ever'thing else was still.

"You'd better come in and let us send you back to town," I said, but she shook her head.

"I'll float down with pa long as it's dark," she said. "He hain't anybody else to look to him, and maybe I won't have to go back at all."

Gray carried me right on in without knockin'; I was back 'mong my own great folks and there was some fussin' over me, but somehow I couldn't bear to have Helen Lane hold on to my hand.

Father was friendly to Gray and thanked him; he even made him promise to wait a minute while he ran into the kitchen and packed up a little lunch.

I got off the couch where'd I'd been lyin' and tried to limp to the door; but I fell over and started to crawl.

Gray picked me up. "Let go," I told him. I couldn't bear bein' held back when I wanted to see Margie a minute and tell her I hadn't gone into Deadscum 'count o' the dare at all. I'd lied 'bout it, and now she'd never know why I'd gone.

"Let go," I told Gray, fightin' to get loose; then Margie, white as a ghost, ran into the room and threw her arms 'round Gray, holdin' him tight.

"Don't fight pa; they're a-comin'—they'll shoot you down!"

Gray didn't have a chance, with her holdin' him and me carried in his arms as the rush came; and the next minute he was a prisoner.

We were all still as if for breath; then Gray took a quick step and shook his

man'cles in my father's face. Margie tugged at his arm, talkin' to him, and he pulled up short to look 'round at me.

"Fortunes o' war, Jerry," he said, and that was all.

They didn't want to hurt my feelin's, but they needn't have minded. My Gov'nor couldn't look me in the face; he'd warned the sheriff. Ever'body knew it, and only Helen Lane wasn't 'shamed of him.

They took the Grays to town that night in a covered farm-wagon, and next mornin' us folks went in too, so a doctor could look at my shoulder.

I could limp 'round 'nough to lay out a beach with the rugs, and build a boat o' law books, while father read and grinned at me. But I could feel him watchin' in a troubled way, too, and we were silent with each other.

Two o' the long days had gone by before I knew it wasn't any use and gave up; I wasn't brave as Margie Gray, who'd be cheerful and happy with her pa, no matter what he'd done.

"What's the matter?" asked the Gov'nor, but I told him nothin', and sat on the floor, thinkin'.

It was night-time then, and far up the still street I heard the gallopin' of a horse. Closer and closer it came, and I held my breath for fear it was 'nother messenger comin' to say a pris'ner o' the pros'cutor had died in the night. Then the hoofs slowed down, and father leaned over to touch my shoulder.

"Old man," he said, "there's one enemy we couldn't keep out of our den by watchin' or fightin'—the great bloodhound, Conscience; and his messenger is at the gate."

"Can't you b'lieve in me?" he asked, and, tremblin' a good deal, I watched his face, and touched it.

There was somethin' troubled and fierce and proud 'bout him—but I wasn't 'shamed o' him any more, and nodded. Yes, I b'lieved in him.

The messenger knocked on the door. "Come," said father, and a man wearin' a cap looked in. He was the one who'd sent me up to father with a note at the Gray trial—the late witness.

"I started soon as I got your word," he said, and father told me to listen to what went on, and I did.

The conscience-man had galloped 'way when the Gov'nor said:

"Do you understand, Jerry, that I was so anxious to make myself great that I put Gray in prison without listenin' to this witness who would have cleared him? To-morrow the case will be opened 'gain and this man put on the stand."

Then he made it plain why he'd helped the sheriff take Gray at the farm-house. "I was troubled here," he said, tappin' his chest, "and when Gray risked jail by bringin' you back—boy," he whispered, "I went cold and faint and 'fraid—so I brought him back to be cleared by law 'stead o' wanderin' on, an outlaw."

"He'll go free to-morrow?" I asked, and he answered:

"Yes; and I want all men to know my shame. Jerry, I didn't give him a fair trial—" He stood very still a minute and then put his hand to his throat.

"Now can you b'lieve in me?" he asked, and I told him that I'd broke my promise at the same time.

"If I'd asked you to let Gray go free when the witness was there, you would have done it," I said.

After a time he said: "Well, boy, we must make good to Gray—and take our med'cine."

"We won't be great folks?" I asked, and he shook his head.

"Then Miss Lane won't take the med'cine," I said, but he didn't answer, and, after puttin' me to bed, sat by till I went to sleep.

Father came home in the afternoon to tell me that Gray was a free man; some o' the people were down on us for not clearin' him in the first place, but we had to stand it.

After talkin' awhile father said: "I met Gray for a minute after the trial—the little girl and he had been talkin' in the corner o' the court-room, and had already made up their minds to go 'way. They'd had hard luck in this town."

I'd thought maybe they would come to pardon us; but they couldn't, and we were left like the guilty prisoner dyin' in jail.

The Gov'nor and I didn't look up or have anything more to say; we knew then that we couldn't take our med'cine.

Moonlight came on, and Miss Lane was in her garden; ever'thing was still and green as down in Deadscum, and somethin' was comin' out o' the tree shadows 'cross the lawn.

Father and I rose up as Gray stood in the bright moonlight, carryin' a satchel in his hand.

"I didn't know whether you'd like to be bothered," he told the Gov'nor, "but we wanted to see you and Jerry again 'fore takin' to-night's train."

"I've ruined you, Gray, and driven you out," said the Gov'nor, "you can't make it easy for me." I saw Miss Lane come to the wall and stand listenin'. She seemed scared and faint.

"Why, we make mistakes, all of us," answered Gray; "but mighty few of us c'rect 'em as you did to-day—in open court and takin' all the blame!"

"Margie," he said, "these are great folks."

Margie, who had come 'long too, looked at us, and the Gov'nor asked, in a voice that broke down a little:

"Great folks! What do you think of it, Jerry?"

"I'd rather he fergive," I told him.

Margie had a carpet-bag which she'd let drop in the grass, and her eyes were wide and bright. "I was jus' tellin' pa as we come 'long," she said, all in a breath, "that you done so much for us. And I wouldn't go 'way without tellin' you I'd never forgit you."

I hobbled over to Mr. Gray. "She oughtn't to go till I get well, after fightin' the dog," I said, and he frowned, worried.

"That's true," he said.



"CAN'T YOU B'LIEVE IN ME?" HE ASKED

"It's 'cause Margie was so brave and stuck to her pa that I was bound to stick to you," I told father; for I was beggin' hard, and not 'shamed o' Miss Lane or anybody.

And then my Gov'nor spoke out in his old firm way: "Man or boy, Jerry, we're all truly great in such a friend."

I saw Helen Lane walk on through the garden, very slow and stooped, and the men went into the house.

So Margie and I looked at each other.

"It was just like a battle," I said.

"I was 'fraid we was goin' to be beat in the battle," she said at last.

Nowadays the Grays live neighbors to us, and Margie said once that she couldn't bear to leave such good friends behind. So maybe she'll never go 'way.



OUR CAMP AT AN ELEVATION OF OVER 16,000 FEET ON ROSE GLACIER, THE KING GEORGE V. GROUP IN THE BACKGROUND

Conquering the Great Rose

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE WORLD'S LONGEST NON-POLAR GLACIER

BY FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN, F.R.G.S.

Officier de l'Instruction Publique

THE Siachen, or Rose Glacier, in eastern Karakoram, was first seen by Col. H. Strachey, who ascended it from its tongue for two miles, October, 1848; but its immensity and importance were in those days unsuspected. In 1909 Dr. Longstaff, an Englishman, crossed the Bilaphond Pass from Baltistan, descended to it, and after one day's *séjour* there returned by the way he came. Thus very little was known of this huge ice stream until 1911, when, toward the end of our season's Himalayan work, Dr. Hunter Workman and I visited it, de-

voting over two weeks to examining its basin and exploring two of its largest affluents.

We also climbed a mountain of 21,000 feet, and all this between August 27th and September 15th, a period of the year much too late for safe working on large glaciers, where all camps must be from 16,000 feet upward, and when the risk of being stalled for days by prolonged snow-storms is imminent. After the experience of eight Himalayan expeditions, when my advice is asked, I always answer, "Crowd in your high work, if possible, before August 15th."

In review of what we learned from our late visit and the wonderful things seen,

we had no reason to regret the cold, the severe storms endured, and the risk involved; particularly when on a cloudless September 16th we reached in safety with our big caravan the summit of the snowy Bilaphond col, the most ticklish point of the return journey. To me the most memorable conclusion of these weeks—the one that, in spite of hardships and obstacles encountered, was ever tightening its grip on my soul—was, that I must return to the Rose, explore it from end to end, cull the secrets of its distant north water-parting, and have it surveyed in its entirety.

This was an ambitious project, particularly as I was faced with the fact that the Rose was not only the longest and widest glacier in Asia, but incomparably less accessible from any proper base of supplies than any other great Karakoram glacier.

Up to the time I made the acquaintance of the Rose, I had never met with a large glacier which could not be approached by an inhabited valley leading to its tongue and thence by the tongue itself. Such may exist outside the polar regions, but I do not know of them. The sparsely inhabited Nubra Valley, devoid of villages which might supply the needs of an explorer's caravan, winds its wild, uncultivated way north of Ladakh to the Rose Glacier snout. From this snout issues the Nubra River, which, in ever-increasing volume from the glaciers melting above, bears down upon the valley, cleaving it like a seething monster in the middle. Some four or five fordings from one side to the other are necessary before the glacier tongue



WHERE ICE-HUMMOCKS MADE PROGRESS DIFFICULT

is reached, and these fordings cannot be made between May and September 15th, because of the great height of the water and the numerous quicksands known to exist in the river-bottom. Thus has nature rendered the Rose Glacier tongue impervious to the approach of man during the five summer months.

The only other route of access to it is from Baltistan, where, after leaving the last base for supplies—Goma, in the Saltoro Valley—the explorer must take his one hundred laden coolies, his flock of sheep, and even his wood for camp use, over twenty-five miles of difficult glaciers, cross the icy Bilaphond Pass, 18,400 feet, and descend by one of its long west affluents to the Rose, which is tapped at near 16,000 feet, a distance of twenty-three miles from its tongue.

To prepare for a six weeks' sojourn in

a remote ice region of a contingent of men varying from seventy-five to one hundred necessitates some months of constant thought and activity. The end of May found my party, with a large equipment of tents and stores, ready to leave Kashmir for Kapalu, Baltistan, fourteen marches distant, where, on arrival, a reorganization must take place and permanent Balti coolies taken on for further transport purposes. I say "permanent," but no force of coolies is really permanent in Himalaya, as after ice is reached they have a way of absconding in batches, regardless of the trouble they may cause their leader.

T. Byramji, a Parsee of Srinagar, preceded us by some weeks to Goma, four marches from Kapalu, where he had charge of collecting the quantity of grain required to feed the coolies, of selecting coolies, buying sheep, and making arrangements expected of an agent. Dr. Hunter Workman accompanied me, as

previously, in the capacity of photographer and glacialist; but I was the responsible leader of this expedition, and on my efforts depended, in a large measure, its success or failure. An English surveyor had charge of the theodolite work, with a native plane-tableer to assist him, loaned to me by the Surveyor-General of India. Cyprien Savoye, of Courmayeur, came for the fifth time as head guide, bringing with him two other Italian guides and two porters.

Kapalu, a large village on the Shyok River, is the capital of that district and has for its ruler a small Raja. This Raja sent word to the men of Goma, the last village of the Saltoro Valley, that we were coming, and to be ready to accompany us to the glaciers.

When the agent arrived, before us, he found the people there and in the whole valley greatly perturbed at the prospect of our returning to make even a longer sojourn than that of the year before on the Rose Glacier. They did not refuse



PEAK K 8, OVER 24,000 FEET HIGH. TAKEN FROM THE TARIM SHEHR PROMONTORY



SPUR CAMP, UPPER ROSE GLACIER, 18,400 FEET (TAKEN FROM A POINT 700 FEET ABOVE)

to go—coolies rarely do that; they start, and then abscond later as the ice conditions become too formidable for their taste.

The priests, always numerous in native villages, told the agent they had been kept busy exhorting the gods and preparing small tawiz (magic) amulets for the coolies to suspend about their necks. These contained prayers to the gods to bring bad weather or some other calamity which should cause us speedily to leave the Rose ice region for some other. Faith in the power of magic and amulets is as strong to-day among the

semi-barbarous natives of India as it was centuries ago.

All was finally organized, and the 4th of July saw us leaving for the eight-mile-distant Bilaphond Glacier with a loaded caravan of sixty coolies, while the agent promised to send another forty after us two days later. The first six miles of the Bilaphond Glacier are most difficult to travel over, the surface consisting chiefly of a chaos of large boulders which, in spite of their size, are seldom firmly placed and tottle about when stepped upon.

This sort of "moraine hopping;" as



MEMBERS OF OUR PARTY ON THE SUMMIT OF TAWIZ PEAK, 21,000 FEET

and the Rose Glacier. In olden times the Baltis called this the Bilaphond, or Butterfly Glacier, because of the shape it assumes near the center where certain branches enter. From an eminence above the ice a little imagination makes the main glacier and its affluents appear like a monster ice butterfly.

Such an idea would never occur to the present-day Baltis, but, apparently, natives of former times were possessed of a pretty fancy, which has been preserved by tradition. Our intention had been to push on the next day, if possible, from Ali Bransa to the pass, but in Himalaya one must be prepared, after 15,000 feet, not to carry out one's plans with undue speed. The snow-storm in which we camped lasted sixteen hours, so the following morning was passed in freeing the tents from their snow burden and in

waiting for the weather to settle again. The expected caravan from the agent had not arrived by night. Owing to the rapid and severe change in three days from a shade temperature of 85° to 14° F. and the rarefied air of 17,000 feet, my favorite porter, Chenoz, and a camp servant became incapacitated. In fact, we all felt the sudden change from normal to abnormal conditions.

Thus three days passed, the weather became perfect, and my head was buzzing with thoughts of a tall snow-peak west of the pass which I wished to climb. At last the guides, watching below on the glacier, sighted the belated caravan toiling upward. At dark they arrived, groaning and pointing to their heads and feet, but really not half so badly off as they professed to be. At dawn, as the beautiful steel-mauve tones were transformed into deep, fine-weather, Himalayan blue, I called the camp, and soon tents were struck and the caravan of

mountaineers call it, is not rapid, a mile an hour representing fairly good time, and after a seven hours' stint one's caravan is pretty well done up and ready to camp. Another seven miles of crevassed ice surface brought us to a moraine-ridge on the side of the glacier, where the last halt before the great snow pass is made at 17,000 feet. We called this wild spot Ali Bransa, because that is the last name marked on the Indian Survey map.

The coolies had no idea of its whereabouts, but with the guides we spotted it, after trying exposure in a violent snow-storm. Eight native stone shelters were found here which showed no signs of fires nor of recent usage, and may have stood thus for a century or more. Through the aid of my polyglot agent I learned interesting bits of "human geography" from the priests and "learned men" of the Saltoro Valley concerning names and legends connected with this

eighty men was moving onward to the music of crunching snow.

The sick servant had been sent down to the valleys, and the porter Chenoz, when he shouldered my bag of coats and cameras, answered merrily my inquiry after his health: "I am quite cured now, madame, and ready for anything."

In view of what happened one hour later, I often recall how we stood there that sparkling day, looking joyfully toward the sunlit col, oblivious of approaching tragedy. The snow being in prime condition, the long ascent of the Bilaphond Pass offered no special difficulty, hence guide Savoye readily agreed that he and the second guide, Rey, should push ahead, cross the pass, and reconnoiter a route to the peak I wished to climb, rejoining our party again beyond the pass. Accordingly, in an hour he and Rey left, taking with them one of the two alpine ropes.

Chenoz and the guide Quarzier remained with us and the caravan. As we moved upward it was suggested that Chenoz and I be photographed on some ice hummocks near by to show the nature of the route to the col. Before crossing to this place I consulted the guide as to the desirability of roping, but he laughed at the idea, declaring the surface to be solid and free of crevasses. As I wished to take the rope, Chenoz threw it over his back above my bag.

When the photograph had been taken, Chenoz started off in a direction above the hummocks to join, higher up, the line on which Dr. Workman and the caravan were coming up. Supposing the route to be quite safe, as it had been, and leaving the matter of testing the ice in front of him to Chenoz, which one naturally does when such persons are leading, I walked quickly after him, hardly glancing at the ice surface. Imagine my consternation when I saw

him suddenly disappear, without uttering a word, into the snow depth, one step in front of me. Fortunately I stopped and did not take the step that would have sent me also into the gaping chasm.

I stood paralyzed for two or three seconds, gazing distractedly at the uncanny hole at my feet, surrounded by the radiant sunlit peaks and glacier expanses which had so ruthlessly drawn my companion into their blue death-chambers, powerless to help in any way. I then turned and called backward to the others. They, seeing me standing alone and knowing at a glance what had happened, hurried at once toward the spot. But it was of no use, as I realized while I stood guard by the silent chasm, for Chenoz had taken one rope with him into the crevasse and the other was with the guides who were on the far side of the pass.

Guide Quarzier approached the chasm from the upper side, which was solid, and, leaning in, called to the porter, who



THE FARTHEST NORTH POINT OF THE ROSE, THE INDIRA COL, 21,000 FEET

answered faintly, as from a distance, saying he was alive and could wait for help. Quarzier then left with three coolies to cross the pass, find the guides, and bring them and the rope. The coolies sat in long lines in solemn silence, while we and the servants unpacked loads and got ready blankets and stimulants for use, should Chenoz be taken out alive. But, as we saw the men, held in the grip of the oxygenless air, toil upward, our preparations were made with a feeling of lost endeavor, for it was certain the porter would remain at least another hour in his icy tomb. Could even he, endowed as he was with great strength and youth, withstand the cruel test? We doubted it. It was a terrible period of inaction for all, as we sat looking at the sun-bathed snow slopes, trying to shield our bodies (thinly clad for marching) as well as possible from the chill wind blowing down from the col.

At last Quarzier was seen hurrying back from the pass, followed by the coolies, as Savoye and Rey arrived on the summit and began their breathless descent in the soft snow, for it was now eleven o'clock, and the sun's heat had turned the crisp surface into a toilsome snow *souffle*. On their arrival the rope was quickly tied about Rey, the smallest guide, and he, carrying stimulants, was lowered through the hole, the other two guides and six natives holding the long, loose end, prepared to lengthen or shorten it, as Rey might direct.

It was fully ten minutes before any sound came from the glacier bottom. At length Savoye, who was peering into the chasm, gave the word to those behind to haul slowly. The bag and ice ax soon appeared on the rope, which was again lowered; then a wait, and next Rey came aboveground, and at last, after slow, hard pulling, the limp body of Chenoz rose above the ice-mouth and was received by the guides' sheltering arms and unroped.

He was perfectly conscious, although unable to stand, and suffering greatly from shock and cold. Massaged and wrapped in blankets, he was soon after carried down to Ali Bransa, where camp was again pitched. There, on examination, no bones were found broken, but he remained pulseless and suffered se-

vere pain until 6 P. M., when he sank into a quiet sleep. He awoke at nine, drank water, and slept again—his last sleep, alas! At ten o'clock Savoye brought the heartrending news to our tents that Chenoz was dead.

That night at Ali Bransa was a ghastly one. We were all overcome with grief, yet immediate action was imperative. We sat up into the small hours in a temperature of 14° F., talking things over with Savoye. The only course possible was decided on during this awesome vigil. At daylight the guides and twelve coolies were to take the body down to the first grass of the valley, bury it and put up a suitable stone tablet, while we were to remain at Ali Bransa, awaiting their return.

Accordingly, as another glorious day opened, we watched the coolies slowly bear away the body of Chenoz, followed by the three sorrowing guides—a strange contrast to the scene of twenty-four hours previous, when Chenoz and I stood gaily talking about ascending to the col!

On their return, two days later, the work of the expedition was, as it had to be, at once taken up, and we again started for the col, which was reached in cloudless weather after seven days' dreary camping at Ali Bransa. From this pass we struck out west for a wide, elevated snow plateau which lay below the beautiful virgin snow peak I wished to attempt. After a sharp climb this plateau was reached at 2 P.M., and as there was space enough on its ascending slopes, large tents were pitched for a two nights' halt at 19,000 feet.

The next morning, as soon as the thermometer rose to 10° above zero, we set out with the guides toward the peak. After two hours' ascent of moderate snow slopes, a rock ridge jutting out below the main peak was reached, where Dr. Workman remained for photography and observations, while I continued the climb with three guides. We ascended from the left side, and the climb was a most difficult one, the middle part being very precarious, owing to the melting of the snow, which caused us to sink through onto hard, black ice.

Each step had to be cut, which on black ice is a most arduous task. The

gradient of the last thousand feet was never less than 60° . We were delighted, however, that we could win the summit even by dint of prodigious effort, for the year previous, when we had studied it, the last 800 feet was seen to bear a coat of *verglas* over the snow, and would doubtless be in the same condition this season in the course of another two weeks. Near the apex the snow became more stable, and we may be seen in the photograph standing on the summit, a fairly firm hood or cornice 21,000 feet above sea-level. A wonderful scene lay before us from this point. The great Rose Glacier, three miles wide, six thousand feet below where I stood, appeared to run for many miles between wild ranges until lost in mountain chaos. For seventy-five miles, on three sides, great mountain vistas of weirdest rock and snow splendor met my gaze. Here and again among the endless phalanxes of peaks some superlative snow giant of 26,000 or 27,000 feet lifted its glittering

snow crest above the others, and by aid of the compass and what previous knowledge of the region I possessed I was able to identify these as fixed points of the Indian Survey, which was of prime importance for the future mapping of the region. We looked over a vast ice continent of a thousand square miles, consisting of mountains and glaciers, devoid of all vegetation, extending from one wide horizon to the other.

Well satisfied with the day's work, we began the dangerous descent of the ice-clad cone, and later, joining the others, returned safely to our snow camp, where the coolies were snugly ensconced in their lined tents. After another near-zero night, all descended to the Rose Glacier. I named the mountain just climbed the Magic, or Tawiz, Peak.

As I said before, on reaching the Rose Glacier one is twenty-three miles from its tongue and at an altitude of 16,000 feet—that is, 200 feet higher than the summit of Mount Blanc. Our task was



CHENOZ LYING ON THE GLACIER JUST AFTER BEING RESCUED FROM THE CREVASSE
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to descend and examine this glacier to near its tongue, to reascend this lower twenty-three miles of ice and continue the exploration of its upper twenty-four miles, explore its affluents and visit its elevated sources forming the barrier between the Karakoram and Chinese Turkestan, of which nothing was as yet known. It was on this upper part—where camps for at least three weeks would have to be pitched from 16,000 feet upward—that I chiefly concentrated my attention. The task of the topographers was to survey the whole glacier and its tributaries. I shall not enter here into the details of this work, but describe certain interesting features of the region, incidents of the expedition, and the visits to the high sources.

Siachen, I find, after much inquiry, means, in the Balti dialect, jungle or wild rose. *Sia* is their word for rose; *chen* denotes a collection of thorns. Large wild-rose bushes flourish in the barren Baltistan valleys up to the snouts of the large glaciers, and often along the sides for some distance; but the name Rose as applied to this, the world's largest continental glacier outside the polar regions, is highly picturesque, considering that no roses exist even near its end; and only in a few spots on its lower mountain flanks are stunted edelweiss and alpine flora to be met with. I once discovered snow roses on its banks, which makes me specially cherish the incongruous name of "rose" for this great ice river.

This glacier is Tibetan in character, in that, unlike the great Hispar, which I described in this magazine, where wood is found twenty miles from its tongue, no wood is seen for a distance of forty miles. Likewise, earth and grass camping maidans, found far up the Hispar, are here non-existent beyond six miles above the tongue, and camps had to be pitched on moraine-strewn ice, while higher up, above 17,000 feet, only ice or snow surface was available.

On a few occasions we climbed up the barren mountain flanks and constructed tent-terraces on the damp shale soil, but this involved much extra work, and in general the border mountain flanks of the Rose are very sharp, rocky, and quite inaccessible. Thus even fairly comfortable

camps during our six weeks' stay on the Rose were out of the question.

Beautiful clear lakes are numerous on the Rose, lying incased in stratified ice walls of from fifty to sixty feet in height. The banks of one lake which we photographed from an altitude of 17,000 feet were peppered black with large mosquitoes. Perhaps they suffered from mountain sickness, as they appeared quite sluggish when brushed off the ice surface with the hand. They seemed to hover only about the lakes, as at the camps none were ever seen.

Our first attempt to reach the north watershed of the Rose, although involving much hardship, was not successful. A snow camp was made far up the glacier in fine weather, from which we were driven down the next day by a snow and wind blizzard of such ferocity that our faces, though covered by wool masks, were found to be badly cut by the ice pellicles that had penetrated through all covering. Camp was finally managed in the storm, on a bit of snow-covered moraine, and here we were stalled with ever-diminishing provisions for two days, while the elements raged themselves out.

When supplies again arrived from a base camp, and the many feet of new snow on the glacier had settled, another start was made. After two days of arduous snow plodding and various narrow escapes from being engulfed in wide, snow-plugged crevasses, we reached a mountain ridge which juts into the glacier where the Rose merges into its upper basin. Here, to our joy, we discovered a small rocky spur 200 feet above the glacier where tent-terraces could be constructed on soil, and here Spur Camp, seen in the photograph, was pitched at 18,400 feet. A deep blue lakelet, incased in sharp ice walls, surrounded the spur on three sides, supplying pure iced water to thirty thirsty people.

Our three mascots also enjoyed a good drink, and it was amusing to watch them cawing loudly, nipping at the nearly frozen water, and sharpening their beaks upon a group of icicles. I may mention that three large crows had followed camp from our début on ice and continued to accompany us to all high camps, taking their departure only when the lower

regions of the Kondus Valley were reached on the return march. They took good care to find a living somehow off the camp and did not suffer at all from mountain lassitude, judging from their activity, even at 20,000 feet.

An interesting and inexplicable find was made at Spur Camp, consisting of the lower layers of two native stone cairns, which could have been placed as we found them only by human hands. In view of the fact that no feasible route is possible over the ice barriers of the Upper Rose to Chinese Turkestan, one is hard put to it to explain the presence of hardy, old-time adventurers in this elevated ice fastness. The "learned men" of Saltoro could offer no legend of previous human presence at this distant point, for the sources of the Rose lay quite beyond the pale of their geographical knowledge.

The next day, in a temperature of 14° F., we ascended the Upper Rose basin with the guides, to search for the north water-parting. At first we advanced well, over a hard, crisp surface, facing bitter winds, and later, as the day grew, plunged to the knees up softened snow slants, with a sun of tropical power beating upon our heads.

At the end of the rising plateau stood a snow peak of 22,000 feet, and at its base we paused, for no yoke or col was anywhere visible. After consultation, we decided to climb over the right flank of the peak and see what lay beyond. As we ascended slowly to quite 21,000 feet, a wonderful vista of the Rose could be seen for thirty-five miles falling downward, the first half a glittering ice river, which later became ribboned with long gray and black moraines.

Having crossed the mountain, descent was made to another plateau, which might be said to have been turned into a death-trap labyrinth of yawning chasms by the mountain gods. An hour spent in overcoming this hodge-podge of obstacles brought us to the desired ridge, and I was able to realize my long-cherished wish and be the first to stand upon the farthest north point of the Rose—on the great, previously unknown watershed of the Eastern Karakoram, between the Indus and Chinese Turkestan.

As, roped together, we slowly ap-

proached the edge of the col, the guide called backward, "Have care; it is a line of cornices." And so it was—not one, but rows of monster white hoods curling over on the Turkestan side, fringed with massive ice pendants. With the guides holding the rope, we took the risk of standing on one of these and gazing down into the deep basin which they overhung, 6,000 feet below, from which a great glacier flowed away northeast into the wild, verdureless region of Turkestan.

As we stood photographing and making observations, two other explorers, a brown butterfly and a large wasp, flew up from Turkestan to greet us, the latter settling down on my ice ax for a good rest.

This ridge, as measured by us as a few feet below 21,000 feet, I have named on my map, after the Indian goddess, the Indira Col. The strongest man of the party had had enough in reaching this point, and it may be imagined that all were sufficiently fatigued by the perilous seven-mile return journey to camp amid treacherous chasms and sodden snow.

From our perch at Spur Camp, another new col of over 19,000 feet on the east water-parting was discovered and ascended, from which a new group of high peaks and another glacier were first seen.

The weather continuing fine all these days, the exploration of the Upper Rose was pushed to the last point of endurance. The highest west affluent, entering the main stream at over 17,000 feet, was also visited. To reach it we had to descend the Rose glacier and then traverse it at a point partially covered with large, shallow, half-frozen water-pools, which were best crossed on hands and knees. This west source branch is a great snow expanse from one containing wall to the other, devoid of rocks or soil spots for camp and of the lakelets so frequent on the Rose.

In its upper basin, at 18,700 feet, we camped for three nights, on snow which so upset coolie complacency that the desertion of our picked lot of twenty Baltis was hourly expected. This ice desert is dominated by two beautiful snow peaks, which we have named The Silver Thrones.



WHERE WE ENTERED THE UPPER KONDUS GLACIER FROM THE SIA LA

Investigation was here pushed to the great Silver Throne Plateau, an extraordinary anomaly, containing four square miles of snow. This snow lake lies at the base of the final cone of the higher Silver Throne peak, and is at an altitude of 21,000 feet.

From here we located and photographed the Indian Survey Peak No. 23, over 26,000 feet high, and the group I have named the King George V., first seen and triangulated by my expedition. I named one peak after England's Queen, the Queen Mary Peak, and one Mount Hardinge, after the Viceroy of India. Other high ascents were carried out and

the snow defile leading to the unknown Kondus Glacier discovered. I there made up my mind that my caravan must be the first to traverse this west watershed and link up the Rose with the Kondus Glacier.

The weather god, not heeding the prayers for storm contained in the tawiz of the coolies, had favored us to his utmost, for without the unprecedented number of fine days the many important geographical secrets of the vast Rose sources could not have been gleaned.

As the last climb was accomplished, on the third night at our frigid ice camp,

the wind changed, snow fell heavily all night, nearly crushing in the small tents, and early the next day, in spite of much risk, goods were packed and we fled back to the Rose in a blinding snow-storm.

During the next weeks the journey down and back to the lower part of the Rose was carried out, but I never abandoned the idea of returning to the icy west source and departing from the Rose by the newly discovered snow passage.

When we were again camped at 16,700 feet, held prisoners for ten days by continual fog and storm and menaced by a shortage of supplies, with the added problem of quelling a coolie mutiny which lasted eighteen hours, it seemed as if my project could not possibly be accomplished. But I have faith in waiting and insisting, and both of these things we did. In various interviews with my timid headman I ordered him to tell the coolies I would never return, as we had come, by the Bilaphond Pass, and assured him the new route was easier than the old.

The probability of this being the case was amply contradicted by the gruesome stories related by the twenty coolies who had passed three nights at the inhospitable west source, to the forty-five others who would now have to join the caravan. Matters did in time, however, adjust themselves; and on August 20th, in uncertain weather, under a leaden sky, our caravan of sixty-six coolies started up the Rose. Provisions for all — some seventy-five men — for fourteen days had to be carried, for we did not know where we should come out after crossing the pass, or when villages would again be reached.

After two days of climbing amid the worst of snow conditions we arrived below the col, and camped in a freezing temperature and snow-storm. I did not much care, as the worst strikers among the coolies were now silent, making no protest, and I felt sure of crossing to the other side notwithstanding the elements. It cleared in the night, and early the next morning, the glass showing 3° F., we ascended to the watershed ridge, which I have called the Sia La, or Rose Pass.

As we turned to have a last look at the

Rose region the sun rose in a cloudless sky, turning the scene into one of golden glory. Thus, on the best of terms with our old friend the weather god, with the three mascot ravens gaily leading the way, the first crossing of the West Rose Water-parting became a *fait accompli*, and the difficult descent to another new glacier was made.

It soon became evident that we were on the unexplored upper Kondus, a glacier only vaguely known by name to the Indian Survey, of much smaller dimensions than the Rose, yet a long glacier, longer than any in the Alps. The difficulties of finding a way through the huge moraine-hillocks of the last two-thirds of this ice stream diminished the speed of the caravan to about a mile in two hours.

At one of the most rickety camps on the top of a moraine-hill in the early morning, a severe earthquake was experienced. The rocking of the ice-bed was tremendous, and I rushed from my tent, fearing the ice-hill would split and let me and my belongings in. It did not, but the rain of rocks and boulders composing the surface and falling from all the surrounding ice-hillocks was prodigious. This clatter, accompanied by the incessant booming of avalanches from the adjacent mountains, produced such a tumult of nature as only seismic disturbances in an immense unstable mountain region can call forth.


The valley below the glacier-tongue, when reached, was found enveloped in mist as dense as a London fog, caused by the dust which had been raised by earth avalanches on the surrounding mountains; and on reaching the first habitations pitiful tales of the destruction of cattle and property in the surrounding country by the severe earthquake in Baltistan were poured into our ears.

My caravan of seventy-five, having safely weathered this and many other threatening perils, now entered civilization again in prime condition, so I ordered the "fatted" sheep killed and the coolies and servants feasted on mutton to their fill, while we Europeans, *faute de mieux*, drank of pure mountain water to our success and accomplishment among the ice roses of the great Rose.

Some Uses of American Parties

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HE substance of political history, as of military, or religious, or scientific history, is "Perpetual motion": "Rest elsewhere." The United States of America have from the outset been continuously in political flux. They have radically changed their internal and federal relations, their economic relations, their international relations. The Colonial period was marked by inter-colonial disputes, but intra-colonial affairs were comparatively restful and stagnant. From the moment of union and independence, however, politics, both internal and external, became the general passion, the universal sport, the controlling interest of men and women in every walk of life, in every class and of every stock.

There were high professions of abstract right, of conscientious conviction, of lofty principle. But while Americans have always resembled the peoples of central and southern Europe temperamentally—probably for climatic reasons—yet in one respect they are and remain radically Germanic and Northern: their political principles proceed from and change with standards of utility. Their political philosophy is Baconian, the philosophy of fruit. The country for which I am patriotic must be a country in which I thrive. Well-being is the citizen's test of government: and, consonant with truth, with justice, and with religion, every modification is a fair subject of agitation. The inherent right of the many must at any sacrifice triumph over the inherited right of the few.

The changes in American government which, to those without, appear so radical, make no corresponding impression on those within; indeed, it is only a short time ago that a foreign agitator, determined upon turning our social and economic world inside out, withdrew in

disgust after examining conditions for a few months, with the remark that the Federal Constitution lay athwart all that he desired to do. These changes, which seem to outsiders so radical, are really conservative because they have been the work of parties—American parties, be it well understood, which resemble no others in any substantive way, but are indigenous to American soil. No American party has so far been revolutionary or radical in the European sense, except in so far as European influences have been imposed upon it by foreign affairs or injected into it by naturalized and not native-born citizens.

But all American parties, alike patriotic and national, have felt complete liberty, not to say license, in readjusting, rebuilding, and even destroying, within the limits set by the Federal Constitution as interpreted by the courts. They have been the more venturesome and noisy because the ultimate responsibility was, after all, not theirs, but lay with the representatives they selected, the Congress of two chambers; with the chief executive and administrator facing not only his own party, but the whole country; and finally with a tribunal removed as far as popular government permits from all influences except those of abstract jurisprudence and dispassionate statesmanship. The attack on existing methods in politics and the creation of new systems have been softened and moderated by the long process, the "far reach," necessary to destroy old ideas and embody new ones where the main springs of government are.

The genesis, nature, and working of these parties is little known in America itself and not at all elsewhere. There is no satisfactory account in any language of this peculiarly American institution, although two painstaking and able Europeans, Bryce and Ostrogorski, have remarked the phenomenon and described its appearance and its actions. Neither

has really touched the root of the matter, however, because neither can possess the elusive, native-born instinct which works socially, economically, and politically to create and perpetuate and modify an extra-legal institution for satisfying what are basic wants of the American nature. The American feels himself sovereign, but is not content: he demands the chance to exhibit himself as such. And party agitation within party organization gives him exactly that opportunity without endangering his own political pride or that of any one else. Within the party he has a range for every activity, a safety-valve for every striving, and a political arena within which he drills himself into discipline.

It is an amusing exhibition, that of one sovereign among millions of his equals, within the capacious fold of party, at one and the same time gratifying his impulses and learning his utter helplessness, except in and through organization. Our visitors and commentators are bewildered by party excess, party opportunism; by the absence, the shift, or the vehemence of principle in parties; by the ever-changing lines of demarcation between parties; by the fickleness of party leaders and party followers; in short, by the party kaleidoscope; until, in despair, one of them says that parties count for more and more, government less and less—"principles grow fainter and fainter; organization more and more perfect." In one brief word, party life is for the American his political education: the more naturalized Americans there are the more of a drill there must be for citizens with a minimum of political tradition, knowledge, or principle, because small instruction with large discipline is apparently the law of education for the European masses emerging into American citizenship of the latest type.

Moreover, his party affords to the American artisan, day laborer, mechanic, factory or farm hand, a measure of his social importance. There has been from the outset a real political cleavage between the two great national parties—the question of a strict or loose construction of the national constitution; but there has also been a social cleavage. Those who have secured opulence and

power, whether by personal exertion or by inheritance, and feel safe in their possession, constitute a class, fluid and fluctuating in composition, but yet a class; those who have and expect to have neither fortune nor power, constitute another at the far end of the social scale. In between is a great body of ambitious, intelligent, active men and women working for and expecting both wealth and station: these are in natural antagonism to their neighbors on both sides. To these it is essential that dollars should be plenty, to both the others that a dollar should have the highest possible purchasing power. Hence the two wings combine against the center, as viewed socially—the patrician and proletariat are one in this interest. Unconsciously they form the strict construction, free-trade, least-government party, while the others struggle to use the commonwealth, the "*res publica*," for the furtherance of their own welfare, and form the loose-construction, high-tariff, "big-business" party.

Now it is an honorable ambition to desire public service, and while the unofficial American rather feigns contempt for the public servant, yet few refuse office. And the humblest folk earnestly labor for party success in the hope that some member of the group to which they belong may secure the petty office which gives social distinction to them all. It is this which helps to feed the fires of local patriotism and creates devotion to the smallest political unit; these in turn are contributors to larger politics, to district, state, and national interests wherein lie the rewards of high office. Perpetual change in the occupancy of these positions perplexes and dismays onlookers; but rotation means the periodic revival of political interest, the distribution of reward among the largest possible number of the fit. It was an Englishman, not an American, who said that any man is good enough for any office he can get.

Throughout the long birth-throes of Great Britain in bringing forth the American republic it was customary for many English-speaking statesmen to denounce parties and party government in terms of boundless scorn. After the republic was born and swaddled, that

opinion still prevailed among the wisest and best Americans; almost the last admonitory words of Washington were a warning against party strife. Carefully analyzed and examined, this opinion is based on the conviction that the nice adjustments of politics cannot be intrusted to bungling apprentices, but must be made cautiously and tactfully by a trained governing class, an aristocracy of power in some form—station, wealth, discipline, intellect, character. The strife of tongues, the conspiracies of partisans, the meddling of the unfit: all these hinder the smooth flow of events, the march of affairs, the administration of justice. The British colonists who became American citizens by the Treaty of Versailles were of two sorts, difficult to designate or define but substantially these: a ruling class, and—all the rest.

Landed proprietors, great merchants, the professional leaders, the dignitaries of bar and pulpit, men endowed with power in any form, were already a ruling class, composed not exactly, but somewhat, as was the corresponding class in England. They had held the reins of power before and during the long struggle for independence; they were determined to hold them while the new state was put to working, convinced that otherwise the struggles of ten years would have been in vain. They consequently scorned and despised what they understood by party—to wit, the Whig and Tory factions of aristocracy in Great Britain. And their denunciations were efficient: for years there were no parties in America, not until both the existence of the republic and its viability were alike assured. The so-called Tories of America, the Loyalists, who might have formed a nucleus of opposition, were ruthlessly driven from their homes, exiled to some land where the British flag still waved—the Bermudas, or the Bahamas, or Canada. Politically, the remaining dwellers within the thirteen colonies and their territories were homogeneous: with almost no exception they had been American Whigs; they were now Americans.

The story of colonial particularism was continued in state particularism, of course; but, after the rod of stern necessity had been laid upon the Confederacy,

after the Constitution had been unwillingly made and grudgingly adopted, after constitutional government had been put in operation for what was no longer a state federation but a true Federal state, the first symptom of genuine nationality appeared in the slow formation of parties; when recognizable, the line of division had no connection with state affairs, but related solely to general, Federal, American politics, both national and international. Both Federalists and Republicans were conservative, both contained social elements of all the strata, both desired to maintain the union of the states; they differed merely in their views as to the degree of control by the Federal government. With both, certain ideas appeared settled and indisputable: the idea of representation as opposed to delegation; the idea of checks and balances by the division of powers; the sanctity of the law and the judiciary—the idea of government as a contract between rulers and ruled being the most important.

About these matters they did not differ at all, but in one there was a monarchical, aristocratical, ecclesiastical tendency; in the other, a republican, democratic, secular quality. With time these tendencies were found to identify themselves, the former with the Federalists, the latter with the Republicans. By far the largest number, the immense majority, were Protestants; their institutions, laws, manners, style, point of view, and behavior were survivals from those of a Protestant England, mainly the Calvinistic section of it. In short, there was a high degree of homogeneity, but with quite a sufficient amount of divergency within the limits mentioned to prevent stagnation. The institution of slavery had been universal, but the Revolution, combined with economic changes, resulted in a marked change both of opinion and practice concerning it, without, however, introducing its existence as a political or party question.

The evolution and development of these embryos is a subject which would justify full and discursive treatment. There has unquestionably been an infancy, a youth, a maturity, and a middle age. Whether there is a decline, an old age, and a senility in the system of party

government is the subject of great dispute in America; time alone can determine the fact. But in whatever stage we regard American parties, there is an impressive identity; beyond peradventure, there is also a process of transformation, a discarding of the old and disused, the appearance of new elements gradually unfolding, the complete efficiency of ideas and machinery dear to the hour.

Neither institutions nor law nor government had any place for party machinery at the outset, as we have said, and therefore legislation turned its blind eye and dull regard to their rise: the expression of public opinion by party action had been a fact for two generations before legislation took cognizance of it at all and began tentatively to regulate party membership and party action. Up to this hour the most momentous governmental decisions have been reached by an elaborate system of local, state, and national conventions which are extra-legal, which make their own rules and determine their own actions by an elusive political instinct, working spontaneously and imperiously without governmental control. Their statements of principle, their nominations of candidates, their suggestions of policy, have been the most definite assertions of popular sovereignty made within the vast republic and hence its firmest bonds of union; but until very recently there was no effort to embody the institution in justiciable precepts.

This is rapidly changing, and within a few years there has been created a substantial body of legislation controlling party management, these statutory laws are steadily swelling in volume and number, and there is manifest discontent with the older political habits of the people. It is widely believed that under Congressional government the representative system has broken down; that with the spread of education and enlightenment, the people should be able at any moment to direct the making and administration of both law and justice, municipal and international; that the representative should be turned into a delegate, and that all officials, even the judges on the bench, should be removed from office when they do not act effi-

ciently and express at once the popular judgment. Agitation goes even further: not content with turning legislators, administrators, and judges into delegates, it is proposed by means of the initiative and referendum that the people itself should legislate; not only enforce and execute laws, but make them by direct democratic control of individual and public conduct.

It is in this direction that all present-day political action trends. Exactly what is to be the effect of this on party control it is difficult to foresee, but one thing seems sure, that the accepted opinions are snap judgments. That one form of party machinery is disappearing we admit; that the rôle of party principles is less important is likewise true; that government is less and less the affair of a ruling class, transmuted as that class has been from age to age, is equally true. But nationality is stronger than ever, constitutional government is in higher esteem; of the three nineteenth-century shibboleths—nation, constitution, and democracy—the interpretation and definition of the last has become the passion of the early twentieth. In America the relation of parties to democracy is the problem, and it is taking on not only political but economic and social aspects as well.

It would not be difficult to prove, almost conclusively, that the feature of most eminence since 1850 has been the steady growth in power of the Presidency; until now the American executive wields a scepter almost, if not quite, as majestic as any other still existent and active. Concisely stated, this is due to the fact that more completely than any other department of government the Presidency gets its mandate by direct popular vote at comparatively short intervals. It requires six years to change the political complexion of the Federal government in its entirety, and even that does not include the Federal courts nor the important officials who, by the civil-service laws, hold their positions virtually for life. But the President can be unseated every four years; a renomination by his party has, to be sure, become a recognized party right, and the failure to secure it a reprimand by his party to his administration. Nevertheless, the

party in opposition is always indifferent to such a right of that in power, and the party leaders do not make it their first concern, but act mainly under compulsion to secure the popular vote.

So far, therefore, as well as by the system of election and the term of office, the President is the nearest approach to the voice and behavior of the entire people. Senators and Congressmen come from districts and states, even the judges have locality connections, but the President is representative of the whole people and their delegate as well; at least for four years he must be that if he desires re-election. To this end he must be sensitive to all popular movements. Should he have a second term, even then he is not merely President of the whole people, he is likewise the national leader of his party. Hence his unforeseen and undesirable political power. He creates the Federal judiciary, instructs Congress, influences legislation, and even controls, or at least absorbs in enormous measure, public opinion. All this he does, therefore, primarily as a party leader: for it is the party machinery which produces voters at the polls and measurably determines their votes. The enlargement of Presidential power is, therefore, not monarchical imperialism, but pure democracy.

This word "imperialism" has been strangely distorted in meaning and carries to many minds a mystical sense which it does not possess. American imperialism means territorial expansion, as does French or any other imperialism, under the existing government. This implies extending the sovereignty of a system known as American where it did not before exist. The moral basis of this procedure is found in exploration or discovery, in conquest, in purchase, as hitherto; but this concept also has been or is in process of being enlarged. Many now say that all this does not suffice: that only those have a right to portions of the world's territory who make the best use of them, exploiting them so as to sustain the largest population in the highest civilization; that savagery and barbarism have no prescriptive right. Further, that the will of a civilized population can alone determine its allegiance;


and lastly, that no power can be suffered to maintain a nuisance at its neighbor's door, especially such as endanger health and life. Hence another vitally important class of questions which have entered the arena of party struggles in America. World-politics, especially the so-called Monroe Doctrine in all its chameleon-like transfigurations, have become a determining element in the consolidation and activities of party life in its latest form.

It is a fact that far and near the word "equality" has secured a sacrosanct and mysterious meaning. The doctrine of equality is the very corner-stone of modern legislation, especially of the whole system of public and international law. Yet the ruling passion of mankind is for inequality—for personal, social, national superiority. Intelligent Americans hold that this struggle between antinomies is best fought in party life, or social life under the fewest possible restraints of government. Habit counts for much in the stability of society—the sanction of force, coercion likewise, liberty under law, as it is expressed. Both forms of restraint have the least galling activity in the extra-legal field of party discipline, and the right of a minority to turn itself into a majority, the right to overthrow constituted authority, find free play in fields where they are not destructive of the sane conservatism in government which is the foundation of order.

This matter of finding what equality means, not alone by the pure, but by the practical reason as well, is another of the subjects, and not the least important, which is engaging American parties at the present hour. It should be the purpose of intelligent Americans to apprehend how, genetically and theoretically, these dawning forces—imperialism, democracy, and equality—are likely to influence the movement of politics in America. What has been done with constitutions, with nationality, and with representative democracy ought to shed some light on what will be done with expanded nationality or imperialism, with the new radical democracy of the multitude, and with the stern limitations on license hitherto imposed by a respect and worship of rigid constitutions.

Alice and May

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

T was the very last study-hour of the school year, so discipline in the old academy chapel was relaxed—since there was never to be any more discipline for most of the students except that especial rod which nature keeps in pickle for all young and tender things.

Some day we may learn mercifully to receive these immature creatures from their Commencement with the same care and pity we give to other newborn infants: wrap them in blankets, lay them softly by the fire, and nourish them with specially prepared pap. As it is now, they come out of the ordered days of school, address themselves confidently to the complicated business of running their own affairs, and—well, *I* should not care to live again through that bewilderment. Of course if one is going directly to college, the evil day of meeting oneself all alone, with no one to explain phenomena, is put off four years or more—though it is not made less disconcerting by the delay.

Discipline, then, in the old academy chapel was relaxed. But indeed there were no more than four pupils in the room, and of these only two had books open. They were the two boys who were to go to college; and this fact gave them a serenity, a distinction, so that they calmly, even haughtily, prepared their Greek and Latin, quite as though a full term were before them.

Extraordinary boys! *They* would never stay in the old town that had borne and reared them. The city would take them with the rest of the cream of everything. Oh, it would take them! Add them to its crowd of doctors and lawyers, and think well of them—perhaps very well, indeed.

Two hundred empty yellow desks intervened between this model pair and the girls at the other side of the room. Two

girls only, whispering—whispering. Miss Brown, from her dais, looked reprov-ingly down. They were very nice girls. Miss Brown twiddled the pen with which she had been about to jot down a demerit against them. Very nice girls. Whispering—they were not looking openly at the boys, yet Miss Brown, wise in the ways of youth, divined some subtle kind of communication between them, and hesitated for pitying remembrance of her own youth, gone now long ago with its wildness of heart. Had she not been preceptress of this academy, lo! these twenty years? And once again her face grew very grave over the problems of coeducation as they had been presented to her shrewd eyes during that time. She regarded the oblivious lads with exasperation.

For two years she had watched the cheeks of these two girls redden and pale at the coming and going of these two boys. It had begun while their hair was down their backs and their dresses above their shoe-tops. Now, hair up and skirts of woman's length, they were at it still. Yet so far as Miss Brown knew—and she was a woman who missed little—they had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with these youths during the whole high-school course.

But to-day, unless it was a trick of light and shade, they were no longer blushing, but pale. And while they incessantly whispered, their eyes shyly turning now and then toward the complacent and indifferent youths, there seemed to lie upon their young faces a film of old age and wisdom—and of suffering.

"Is it only for the stage Juliets that we weep?" thought Miss Brown.

She leaned her chin upon her hand, quite openly reading the young faces, all unconscious of her.

"Bless 'em!" she thought; "if only I could marry 'em off out of hand, each

to her own lover! Those wretched boys! I wonder if they really *don't* know!"

She put down the demerit pen, and resumed her lonely and ambitious study of Italian.

"*Nel mezzo del cammin . . .*" she read for the hundredth time, but now for the first time a shiver of comprehension as to its meaning ran over her. "The middle of the way—?" and she fell into a muse as to what a wilderness of a place the middle of one's life can be, the size and gloom of the forest there, and the beasts which are said to frequent it. For Miss Brown, in spite of her fine brain, was welcoming her becoming gray hair with no greater enthusiasm than other women welcome it.

A ray of sunlight fell upon her book.

Glancing up, she saw that the same ray touched the heads of the studious boys, making haloed young angels of them, handsome beyond all reason. Across the room the girls were in shadow. They had stopped whispering, and sat with their arms about each other's shoulders, looking across at those remote and glowing faces, and all their tragic young hearts were in their eyes.

"Oh, I can't stand that!" thought Miss Brown, feeling the sting of indignant tears under her eyelids. She could at least remove those nimbuses, and did so by going over to the shade and pulling it down.

One of the boys rose quickly to do it for her, and in her soul, as she thanked him, she cursed the pleasant manners that did but rivet the chains upon a girl's heart.

And so the boys went away — to college, then to the city. Yes. Just as they had intended. And they became, the brown one a doctor and the fair one a lawyer; and then, perhaps not quite so successful as they had intended—not quite, but well enough for the old town to be vastly proud of them—they came back, now and then, while they were working it out, each time a little leaner, a little more subdued, with a little less of the halo, a little more of the world outside about them.

And the girls—they stayed right in the town (barring a two-years' course at a normal school) and taught. They made very good teachers. But May stayed in the primary grades and was enormously popu-



TWO GIRLS ONLY, WHISPERING—WHISPERING

lar with all the little children, and grew plump, while Alice followed up a hectic tendency to fine phrases rather deplored by Miss Brown in her English work at the high-school, published a poem called "Love and Death" in a very good magazine (these accidents will happen now and then), and was forthwith taken on as Miss Brown's assistant in the high-school.

And every year there was a function called "the alumni reunion," and the two "rising young men," as the local paper called them, occasionally appeared there, thus giving Miss Brown opportunity to watch the young teachers' faces, to see how the quiet pain stayed in their eyes and how the color and light swept over them and made them lovely when some chance brought either of the revered twain into actual conversation with them; and while she watched (kind and lonely lady!) her own heart raged and strained against its leash in sympathy with all other poor bound things.

A few such years and the girls were just settling down into an early but more or less comfortable old-maidhood, when suddenly Alice began to appear in the magazines in earnest, threw up her position in the high-school, and went to the city. And Miss Brown, reading her published stories, with illustrations of lovers in attitudes, cried a little and laughed a little—not that the stories of themselves compelled emotion, but because as love-stories they were so exactly what she should have expected. For always it was Alice or May or both together who stood, perpetually young and lovely, in the heroine's spot-light. And always, just as the beautifying sunlight had played that day about the boys' handsome heads, her words were caressing their etherealized images in her tales. And it was because Alice knew, yet did not *quite* know of her own experience, what real love was like, that she was able so to illuminate her stories with that effulgence known to advertisers as "love-interest." Had she known more about it, her colors would perhaps have been less alluring. For things, to look their best, should be just a little out of focus (as any good photographer will bear witness), and light rays must be made crooked to show their rainbow colors.

So Alice became famous and made what seemed to the meager-salaried teachers an enormous amount of money, and (though this is a matter of least importance) did actually meet and become well acquainted with those two who had gone to the city, found that they were not greatly different from other men, and thereupon undertook to write wittily instead of romantically, and so became even more famous.

But still she cared a great deal for May and came back when she could to the old town, spending sometimes a week at a time hanging wistfully around May's school-room. She became exceedingly friendly, too, with Miss Brown, now grown very gray indeed and silent and receptive—something like an old village doctor. At length, seeming much worried, Alice confided that she feared May was going to make an unfortunate marriage. She wanted Miss Brown to assist in some conspiracy for getting her friend away from the threatened catastrophe. If she were only in the city; if she would only study stenography, Alice thought she could get her a good office position—she knew some very nice people. Miss Brown, making calm inquiries, discovered that the object of baleful interest was an oldish young "grocer's boy" who for at least ten years had unobtrusively attended to the delivery business of the town's chief store and had but recently been taken into a small partnership. He had never completed the high-school course, Alice said with distaste, and he used double negatives, never read any fiction but the most sentimental, and thought when she spoke of Meredith that she meant Owen Meredith and *Lucile*; he had never heard of the Meredith of *The Egoist*.

"Oh!" said Alice, pacing the floor (Miss Brown's floor) and wringing her hands, "it does seem as if I couldn't bear to see May thrown away on that kind of a man. There's something so fine about May. Oh, it would be a martyrdom! She would never have thought of it if she hadn't been so deadly tired of teaching. She wants a home, I suppose . . . a wicked reason for marrying!"

But Miss Brown hardly seemed so excited as Alice could have wished. She lit the alcohol flame under her samovar

and made tea, as though no vital problem were under violent discussion; and when Alice put in three lumps she smiled; and when Alice chose sweet biscuit instead of salt, she smiled again—like the old physician over some detail of a diagnosis.

"Youth!" she murmured.

"Yes," said Alice, "she's still so young. She's had no chance to develop—to know the difference. And she won't listen to me. She doesn't realize how much older I really am than she is."

It was not of May's youngness that Miss Brown had been thinking, but she did not correct Alice's interpretation of her meaning. She merely took her tea with half a lump, and salt biscuit instead of sweet, and smiled at Alice over the rim of the cup with a smile of many wrinkles. Yet she, too, sighed with Alice at the prospect of this marriage. Oh, that dewy, tragic farewell look in the school-room! And she sighed for Alice, also. They should have come back, those indifferent young Romeos . . . and roses should not fade and the light of sunrise should hang longer—much longer—in the sky.

"If only I hadn't gone away," mourned Alice. "It shows what loneliness will do."

Miss Brown inspected a tea-leaf that had somehow strayed past the tea-ball, and turned the liquid amber about in the polished spoon as though reading augury there.

"Doesn't she seem happy?"

"Oh yes," said Alice, swabbing her eyes; "*seems!*" and muttered something further about "fool's paradise."

After May's marriage Alice came back less frequently to the old town. The old-young grocer, having decidedly come up in the world, took a most respectable house on a most respectable street, which, as it happened, brought his windows just opposite Miss Brown's. And as Miss Brown had given up her position in the high-school on account of a dreary lameness, and spent long days among her books at her own window, the pageant of domesticity across the way became an important factor of her daily life. May's windows, shining or dark, with faces or flowers showing at them,

with voices and laughter sounding from them, became the windows of life itself—all that part of life into which the lonely lady had never entered, and which was now forever barred and locked against her. She saw the grocer's boy come speeding up the walk, no longer a slow young man; she saw May watching for his coming, and straining her eyes after his departure. Moreover, they were reprehensibly careless about kissing with the curtains up—they knew, of course, that there was only old Miss Brown to see. And old Miss Brown did see; but if there was ever any discussion over the two Merediths, or any confusion resulting from double negatives, it did not fall under her observation.

And then on a day while Miss Brown was observing that May sat longer and longer over her sewing at the window, May looked over at her and waved her hand; then with a sudden impulse and a rush of rosy color and a smile—a wonderful smile!—she held up the garment she was making. Whereupon Miss Brown rose to her crutches with a kind of wildness in her fragile face and made the difficult journey across the street. And there May met her, and, having no mother, was very glad of her kind old shoulder to weep upon.

Alice came back briefly the next spring and was Miss Brown's guest for a day and a night. From Miss Brown's window she looked upon the veiled baby-carriage standing among the crocuses on the lawn opposite, and heard the sounds, pleasant and otherwise, issuing therefrom; watched May moodily from the window as she hastened out with foolish words and nursing-bottles, and went over to spend a scant hour when the grocer-boy was away at the store, which was already, people said, as good as his very own.

During this visit, it was afterward remarked, she said but little of herself or of literature in general. And when she went away she left behind her a distinct impression of personal disaster, so that when she had said good-by Miss Brown took to her bed with a nervous headache, spent a night of unhappy dreams in which Alice was the center, and woke much lamer and older and sadder, and condemned to a week in bed.

Then Alice stopped writing to them. After the courtesy note there was no other word all summer long. May took occasion to ask, as well as she could for the lusty squirming upon her lap and the violent if cheerful monologue, whether Miss Brown had heard, and when Miss Brown answered "no," looked very grave and kissed the baby's bald spot passionately.

Summer went and autumn came, and still there was nothing from Alice. It went on to Christmas and another spring. The baby was standing alone, but even May's letter containing this joyous information brought no reply from Alice; "and if she can't answer *that*," said May to Miss Brown with tears, "she must either have changed into somebody else or be sick"; and Miss Brown quite agreed.

May was terribly busy these days. The grocer's elder brother, Jim (the unsuccessful one), had returned from multitudinous Western wanderings and been taken into partnership, and incidentally into the Baby's house. Not that he made any trouble at all, and he was perfectly splendid about minding the Baby; still, it *was* one more in the family, and there was the servant problem, always and always *that!* with their silly objections to families where there were children—"as if," commented May fierily, "we'd give up our children for *them*!"

The baby was teething, too, and making a great circumstance of it; still, she found time to write further unavailing letters to

Alice, until the day came when the grocer-boy found May weeping about it, and said he was going to the city, anyway, on business, and would look her up.

Before going he came over for a talk with Miss Brown, and there must have been, after all, something rather nice about that grocer-boy, for at parting Miss Brown kissed him on both cheeks, so of course he had to kiss her back, after which, with very red ears, he went back to his wife.

Among dwellers in Bohemia the Carson houses are not considered so bad. Old brown-stone rookeries that *were* houses once—yes, indeed, the best of



MISS BROWN HARDLY SEEMED SO EXCITED AS ALICE COULD HAVE WISHED



WITH A SUDDEN RUSH OF COLOR AND A SMILE SHE HELD UP THE GARMENT

their kind, and look it still if you do not come too close; then, of course, you see the cheap dentist signs, and the "Robes" and the palmist. Bohemia, or at least one of its important principalities, lies at the top of these buildings. There you will find the most space with the fewest conveniences in the city. There, indeed, you can most beautifully mind your own business: be very comfortable or starve to death, as you prefer, and still be perfectly respectable.

The grocer-boy, however, ascending those dank stairs, was of a soul so dead to the artistic fitness of things as to be smitten with a pitying horror. His

red country cheeks grew pale, and he thought of his wife and the standing-alone baby playing upon his fine, broad lawn among the crocuses, with timid and grateful wonder at his own good fortune—and theirs. Any shyness he had felt about his errand to this lady of brilliant reputation, and of the poorest opinion of himself, was now dissolved in chivalrous pity. And when she opened the door (after a disconcertingly long wait) he found nothing to disturb the idea given him by the stairs—the idea, to put it baldly, of squalor and despair.

"Hungry!" was his appalled thought, as he uttered cheerful and mendacious commonplaces. With careful nonchalance he suggested that they could talk better at dinner, if—and here he grew awkward—she would thus honor him.

The room was so small that, with a typewriter, a narrow couch, and a case of books, it seemed uncomfortably crowded. She looked at him and about the narrow cell with a smile of languid humor.

"I should have to dress. If you will be back in half an hour?"

So he withdrew to a near-by moth-eaten park, and waited tensely with his eyes upon his watch. And when he returned he was overwhelmed with confusion, so gay she seemed and prosperous. Once more she was the envied and wonderful friend of his wife—not that haggard slattern who had opened the door to him. He fell shy and silent and conscious of his grammar. And yet, let her cheeks be ever so red, there was no concealing their thinness when a cross-light struck across their hollows. His slow masculine mind reached a conclusion:

"Chucking a great big bluff! Well, I won't call it . . . at least . . ." and he fell into Machiavellian meditation.

Disregarding her superior knowledge of the city, he asked for no advice as to their dining-place, but calmly steered for a harbor of his own, one not known to New-Yorkers, but greatly affected by people like himself. A wise little hotel, intelligible to such as like dinner in the middle of the day, arrange their napkin in the way that will do the most good, and want their coffee (with cream) brought on to the table with the soup. But they'll stand for no inferior cooking, not they! And for no dabs of things. There must be plenty. They are fine critics in their way, and finicky, and whoever else looks down upon them, this wise little hotel doesn't. A respectable hotel, oh, be very sure of that! They bring their wives there for the yearly New York treat . . . and go afternoons to see "The Old Homestead."

Poor Alice's pretty dress and haggard cheeks came in for sharp scrutiny there. If the grocer-boy had not been an old and valued friend of the manager . . . but he was, and there was a look in his eye as he adjusted his bulk to his chair, which creaked under him (but most chairs did) that brought him even more instant service than usual. And then the marked respect and grave deference which he paid Alice—any unfavorable impression which she had made was soon dispelled.

He found plenty to talk about. This was a relief and a surprise to him. Always before he had been so tongue-tied in the presence of this superior lady. But now, whether it was that the little mocking smile was gone—that hateful sidelong glance that wrote him down a boor—or whether he had an absorbing subject of conversation, in which he need never pause for thoughts or for phrases in which to clothe them, he could not be sure. At any rate, he talked ahead like a master of language, and she listened or appeared to, and so did the people at the near-by table.

"How's that for a kid of thirteen months?" he would vaingloriously conclude, and go straight on. "Strong in the arms, too, now let me tell you!

Hands with a grip like a bull-dog's jaws . . ." and so on, and so on.

Yet the lady's stare, if no longer mocking, was still disconcerting. Her eyes seemed too large, and the color of her cheeks too bright for the whiteness of the rest of her face. When the soup was taken away she let her head droop upon her hand. There used to be rings on that hand, he remembered. And then—over the bare fingers ran a tear.

"Oh, I must tell you another," he began loudly, but while he told it he was sharply beckoning a waiter, and presently stopped his strident narrative to say, gently: "Better take that cognac. Good appetizer."

The lady took away her thin hands from her eyes, blinked at the little glass which had silently appeared beside her plate, and said, with a choking laugh as she drank it: "To the baby's health!"

And after that the red of her cheeks stood out less prominently against the rest of her face, and she began to do her share of the talking.

But it was not of herself that she spoke. Formerly she had been ready enough on that subject, but now she seemed to dodge the most ordinary questions like a frightened rabbit. Instead she asked minutely of Miss Brown and May—how they looked, what they were wearing, thus throwing the poor man into great perplexity. But he brightened presently with, "Oh, I'll tell you! I've got to get May a hat. Can't you help me out with it to-morrow? And I say, why can't you go back with me? May was all broken up about your not coming all winter and not writing and all. I was to ask you most particularly if you couldn't make us a good long visit. We got a dinky little room where you wouldn't hear the kid much if you wanted to write. May's terribly keen on it," he concluded, earnestly.

"To-morrow . . . why, to-morrow," she began, in the tone of one about to plead a previous engagement; then went on as if to herself: "to go back . . . to *those* people. . . . Is it spring there?" she asked, suddenly.

"It is spring there," he answered, gravely. "There's a bluebird building its nest just outside the kid's window. It'll be done by now."

The baby was asleep, the stars out, the winds still and the warmth of the day still drowsing in the young leaves above their heads. His pipe was in his mouth and one shirt-sleeved arm lay snugly about his wife's waist. They were sitting on a rustic bench which the unsuccessful brother had made for a surprise against the successful one's return—for successful he had been, bringing Alice back with him as he had planned.

"Guess the literary game was played out," he said.

"Gee!" he went on meditatively, "I don't see why folks live in the city!"

"Well," said May, "I guess she's had all she wants of it for a while."

"Where'd she go?" he asked, suddenly. "I ain't seen her since supper. Over to Miss Brown's?"

May was peculiarly silent for a moment, then said, carelessly: "Why, she was going to walk down the road a piece with Jim when he went to the store."

Without removing his arm, the grocer-boy drew back far enough to look down into his wife's face with a most penetrating and suspicious manner. Her

profile was placidly uplifted toward the window, near which the baby was diligently sleeping, yet he saw, or fancied he saw, a tremor of meaning.

"What you up to?" he exploded joyfully; and she answered, without any change of expression:

"Well, why not?"

"Why, she wouldn't look at *him*!" said the grocer's boy.

"I look at you, don't I?" said May, tartly. "Anyway, she's going to have the chance!"

Miss Brown, sitting by her window, partaking of the fragrant spring night, saw dimly the two upon the bench, sitting long in their contented married silence. The phrase with which they finally rose was a bit of the grocer-boy's cumbrous humor which never seemed to grow thin by repetition:

"Well," said he, with a sound like a yawning lion, "let's go and see if the kid's still there."

So they went in, and Miss Brown had a glimpse of both faces dimly glowing in the night light as they bent down cheek



HE BECKONED SHARPLY TO THE WAITER



IT DID NOT SEEM THAT THE LISTENER BETRAYED ANY WEARINESS

by cheek to make sure that their possession of the most desirable thing in the world was in truth no dream.

And after an interval another two came slowly up the faintly moonlit street—with this difference from the first pair: that they seemed to have much to say. Chiefly it was the man's voice.

"Well," he was saying, reflectively, "once when I was up in Alaska . . ." And the tale that followed, though most of it was lost to the gentle eavesdropper, seemed to savor of high action and of a kind of unconscious nobility. There was length to it, also, as well as the other Homeric virtues, yet it did not seem to her that the listener betrayed any weariness. At the end, indeed (though clearly it was an end artificially made and as skilfully framed for indefinite continuance as the *Arabian Nights*), Miss Brown saw Alice lean toward him with a quick, characteristic lifting of the shoulders that meant enthusiasm, and speak rapidly for some time. Miss Brown wondered:

"Is it just that he's literary material, or . . ."

And she hoped, as the others had done, for the alternative.

It seemed a vast space of time since she had pitied those girls in the school-room. Alas for those who only watch the world from their windows, without the power to enter in—ghosts tapping at the pane; disregarded.

She lit her green-shaded reading-lamp and moved her hands restlessly among the many papers upon her desk. It occurred to her that a long time ago she had begun to study Italian by herself, and then, for some reason, had neglected it. The books were still upon their shelf. She took them down, daintily wiping away the dust, and spread them out for study.

"*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.*" She read the tremendous stave with a thrill of satisfaction, and settled cosily in her big chair.

"This time," she announced aloud to herself—"this time I'll really go through with it."

The Price of Love

A NOVEL

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

CHAPTER XII (*continued*)



CAN'T help that," said Louis, with a sort of obstinate and defiant weariness. "It was on my mind, and I just had to tell you. You don't seem to understand that I'm dying."

Rachel jumped up and sprang away from the bed.

"Of course you're not dying!" she reproached him. "How can you imagine such things?"

Her heart suddenly hardened against him—against his white-bandaged head and face, against his feeble voice of a beaten martyr. It seemed to her disgraceful that he, a strong male creature, should be lying there damaged, helpless, and under the foolish delusion that he was dying. She recalled with bitter gusto the tone in which the doctor had said, "He's no more dying than I am!" All her fears that the doctor might be wrong had vanished away. She now resented her husband's illness; as a nurse, when danger is over, will resent a patient's long convalescence, somehow charging it to him as a sin.

"I found the other half of the notes under the chair on the—" Louis began again.

"Please!" she objected with quick resounding violence, and raised a hand.

He said:

"You must listen."

She answered, passionately:

"I won't listen! I won't listen! And if you don't stop I shall leave the room! I shall leave you all alone! . . . Yes, I shall!" She moved a little toward the door.

His gloomy and shifty glance followed her, and there was a short silence.

"You needn't work yourself up into

such a state," murmured Louis at length. "But I *should* like to know whether the scullery door really was open or not when you came down-stairs that night."

Rachel's glance fell. She blushed. The tears had ceased to drop from her eyes. She made no answer.

"You see," said Louis, with a half-sneering triumph, "I knew jolly well it wasn't open. So did old Batchgrew know, too."

She shut her lips together, went decisively to the mantelpiece, struck a match, and lit the stove. Like the patent gas-burner down-stairs, the stove often had to be extinguished after the first lighting, and lighted again with a second and a different kind of explosion. And so it was now. She flung down the last match pettishly into the hearth. Throughout the whole operation she sniffed convulsively, to prevent a new fit of sobbing. Her peignoir being very near to the purple-green flames that folded themselves round the asbestos of the stove, she reflected that the material was probably inflammable, and that a careless movement might cause it to be ignited. "And not a bad thing, either!" she said to herself. Then, without looking at all toward the bed, she lit the spirit-lamp in order to make tea. The sniffing continued, as she went through the familiar procedure.

The water would not boil, demonstrating the cruel truth of proverbs. She sat down and, gazing into the stove, now a rich red, ignored the saucepan. The dry heat from the stove burnt her ankles and face. Not a sound from the small saucepan, balanced on its tripod over the wavering blue flame of the spirit-lamp! At last, uncontrollably impatient, she lifted the teapot off the inverted lid of the saucepan, where she had placed it to warm, and peered into the saucepan. The water was cheerfully

boiling! She made the tea, and sat down again to wait until it should be infused. She had to judge the minutes as well as she could, for she would not go across to the night-table to look at Louis' watch; her own was out of order, and so was the clock. She counted two hundred and fifty, and then, anticipating feverishly the tonic glow of the tea in her breast, she poured out a cup. Only colorless steaming water came forth from the pot. She had forgotten to put in the tea! Misfortune not unfamiliar to dazed makers of tea in the night! But to Rachel now the consequences of the omission seemed to amount to a tragedy. Had she the courage to begin the interminable weary process afresh? She was bound to begin it afresh. With her eyes obscured by tears, she put the water back into the saucepan, and searched for the match-box. The water boiled very soon, and this comforted her.

While waiting for the infusion, she realized little by little that for a few moments she must have been nearly hysterical, and she partially resumed possession of herself. The sniffing ceased; her vision cleared; she grew sardonic. All her chest was filled with cold lead. "This truly is the end," she thought. She had thought that Julian's confession must be the end of the violent experiences which had befallen her in Mrs. Maldon's house. Then she had thought that Louis' accident must be the end. Each time she had been mistaken. But she could not be mistaken now. No conceivable event, however awful, could cap Louis' confession that he had thieved—and under such circumstances!

She did not drink the first cup of tea. No! She must needs carry it, spilling it, to Louis in bed. He was asleep, or he was in a condition that resembled sleep. Assuredly he was ill. He made a dreadful object in his bandages, amid the disorder of the bed, upon which strong shadows fell from the gas and from the stove. No matter! If he was ill, he was ill. So much the worse for him! He was not dangerously ill. He was merely passing through a stress which had to be passed through. It would soon be over, and he would be the same eternal Louis that he had always been.

"Here!" she said.

He stirred, opened his eyes.

"Here's some tea!" she said, coldly. "Drink it."

He gave a gesture of dissent. But it was useless. She had brewed the tea, and had determined that he should drink a cup. Whether he desired it or loathed it was a question irrelevant. He was appointed to drink some tea, and she would not taste until he had drunk. This self-sacrifice was her perverse pleasure.

"Come! . . . Please don't make it any more awkward for me."

With her right arm she raised the pillow and his head on it. He drank, his sick lips curling awkwardly upon the rim of the cup, which she held for him. When he had drunk, she put the cup down on the night-table, and tidied his bed, as though he had been a naughty child. And then she left him, and drank tea slowly, savoringly, by herself in a chair near the dressing-table, out of the same cup.

She had lied about the scullery door being open when she went down-stairs on the night of the disappearance of the bank-notes. The scullery door had not been open. The lie was clumsy, futile, ill-considered. It had burst out of the impulsiveness and generosity of her nature. She had perceived that suspicion was falling, or might fall, upon Louis Fores, and the sudden lie had flashed forth to defend him. That she could ultimately be charged with having told the lie in order to screen herself from suspicion had never once occurred to her. And it did not even occur to her now as she sat perched uncomfortably on the chair in the night of desolation. She was now deeply ashamed of the lie—and she ought not to have been ashamed, for it was a lie magnanimous and fine; she might rather have taken pride in it. She was especially ashamed of her repetition of the lie on the following day to Thomas Batchgrew, and of her ingenious embroidery upon it. She hated to remember that she had wept violently in front of Thomas Batchgrew when he had charged her with having a secret about the loss of the notes. He must have well known that she was lying; he must have sus-

pected her of some complicity; and if later he had affected to ignore all the awkward aspects of the episode, it was only because he wished to remain on good terms with Louis for his own ends.

Had she herself all the time suspected Louis? In the harsh realism of the night-hours she was not able positively to assert that she had never suspected him until after Julian's confession had made her think; but, on the other hand, she would not directly accuse herself of having previously suspected him. The worst that she could say was that she had been determined to believe him guiltless. She loved him; she had wanted his love; she would permit nothing to prevent their coming together; and so in her mind she had established his innocence apparently beyond any overthrowing. She might have allowed herself to surmise that in the early past he had been naughty, untrustworthy, even wicked—but that was different, that did not concern her. His innocence with regard to the bank-notes alone mattered. And she had been genuinely convinced of it. A few moments before he kissed her for the first time, she had been genuinely convinced of it. And after the betrothal her conviction became permanent. She tried to scorn, now, the passion which had blinded her. Mrs. Maldon, at any rate, must have known that he was connected with the disappearance of the notes. In the light of Louis' confession Rachel could see all that Mrs. Maldon was implying in that last conversation between them.

So that she might win him she had been ready to throttle every doubt of his honesty. But now the indubitable fact that he was a thief seemed utterly monstrous and insupportable. And, moreover, his crime was exceptionally cruel. Was it conceivable that he could so lightly cause so much distress of spirit to a woman so aged, defenseless, and kind? According to the doctor, the shock of the robbery had not been the originating cause of Mrs. Maldon's death; but it might have been; quite possibly it had hastened death. . . . Louis was not merely a thief; he was a dastardly thief.

But even that in her eyes did not touch the full height of his offense. The

vilest quality in him was his capacity to seem innocent. She could recall the exact tone in which he had exclaimed: "Would you believe that old Batch practically accused me of stealing the old lady's money? . . . Don't you think it's a shame?" The recollection filled her with frigid anger. Her resentment of the long lie which he had lived in her presence since their betrothal was tremendous in its calm acrimony. A man who could behave as he had behaved would stop at nothing, would be capable of all.

She contrasted his conduct with the grim candor of Julian Maldon, whom she now admired. It was strange and dreadful that both the cousins should be thieves; the prevalence of thieves in that family gave her a shudder. But she could not judge Julian Maldon severely. He did not appear to her as a real thief. He had committed merely an indiscretion. It was his atonement that made her admire him. Though she hated confessions, though she had burnt his exasperating document, she nevertheless liked the manner of his atonement. Whereas she contemned Louis for having confessed.

"He thought he was dying and so he confessed!" she reflected with asperity. "He hadn't even the pluck to go through with what he had begun. . . . Ah! If I had committed a crime and once denied it, I would deny it with my last breath, and no torture should drag it out of me!"

And she thought: "I am punished. This is my punishment for letting myself be engaged while Mrs. Maldon was dying."

Often she had dismissed as childish the notion that she was to blame for accepting Louis just when she did. But now it returned full of power and overwhelmed her. And like a whipped child she remembered Mrs. Maldon's warning: "My nephew is not to be trusted. The woman who married him would suffer horribly." And she was the woman who had married him. It seemed to her that the warnings of the dying must of necessity prove to be valid.

Some mysterious phenomenon on the window-blind at her right hand attracted her attention, and she looked round, half startled. It was the dawn, furtive and inexorable. She had watched dawns,

and she had watched them in that very bedroom. Only on the previous morning the dawn had met her smarting and wakeful eyes, and she had imagined that no dawn could be more profoundly sad! . . . And a little earlier still she had been desolating herself for hours because Louis was going to be careless about his investments, because he was unreliable and she would have to watch ceaselessly over his folly. She had imagined, then, that no greater catastrophe could overtake her than some material result of his folly! . . . What a trivial apprehension! What a child she had been!

In the excitement and alarm of his accident she had honestly forgotten her suspicions of him. That disconcerted her.

She rose from the chair, stiff. The stove, with its steady faint roar of imperfectly consumed gas, had thoroughly heated the room. In careful silence she put the tea-things together. Then she ventured to glance at Louis. He was asleep. He had been restlessly asleep for a long time. She eyed him bitterly in his bandages. Only last night she had been tormented by that fear that his face might be marked for life. Again, the trivial! What did it matter whether his face was marked for life or not? . . .

It did not occur to her to attempt to realize how intense must have been the spiritual tribulation which had forced him to confess. She knew that he was not dying, that he was in no danger whatever, and she was perfectly indifferent to the genuineness of his own conviction that he was dying. She simply thought, "He had to go through all that. If he fancied he was dying, can I help it?" . . . Then she looked at her own empty bed. He reposed; he slept. But she did not repose nor sleep.

She drew aside one of the blinds, and as she did so she could feel the steady slight current of cold air entering the room from the window open at the top. The street seemed to be full of daylight. The dawn had been proceeding in its vast secrecy, and was now accomplished. She drew up the blind slowly, and then the gas-flame over the dressing-table seemed so pale and futile that she extinguished it, from a sort of pity. In silence she pulled out the iron bolts in the

window-sash that had been Mrs. Maldon's device for preventing burglars from opening further a window already open a little, thus combining security with good hygiene. Louis had laughed at these bolts, but Mrs. Maldon had so instilled their use into both Rachel and Mrs. Tams that to insert them at night was part of the unchangeable routine of the house. Rachel gently pushed up the lower sash and looked forth.

Bycars Lane, though free from mud, was everywhere heavily bedewed. The narrow pavement glistened. The roofs glistened. Drops of water hung on all the edges of the great gas-lamp beneath her, which was still defying the dawn. The few miserable trees and bushes on the vague lands beyond the lane were dripping with water. The sky was low and heavy, in scarcely distinguishable shades of purplish-gray, and Bycars Pool, of which she had a glimpse, appeared in its smooth blackness to be not more wet than the rest of the scene. Nothing stirred. Not the tiniest branch stirred on the leafless trees, nor a leaf on a gray rhododendron bush in a front garden below. Every window within sight had its blind drawn. No smoke rose from any house-chimney, and the distant industrial smoke on the horizon hung in the lower air, just under the clouds, undecided and torpid. The wet air was moveless, and yet she could feel it impinging with its cool, sharp humidity on her cheek.

The sensation of this contact was delicious. She was surrounded, not by the slatternly Five Towns' landscape and by the wretchedness of the familiar bedroom, but by the unanswerable, intimidating, inspiring mystery of life itself. A man came hurrying with a pole out of the western vista of the lane, and stopped in front of the gas-lamp, and in an instant the flame was reduced to a little fat worm of blue, and the man passed swiftly up the lane, looking straight ahead with bent shoulders, and was gone. Never before had Rachel actually seen the lamp put out. Never before had she noticed, as she noticed now, that the lamp had a number, an identity—1054. The meek acquiescence of the lamp, and the man's preoccupied haste, seemed to bear some deep signifi-

cance, which, however, she could not seize. But the aspect of the man afflicted her, and she did not know why.

Then a number of other figures, in a long spasmodic procession, passed up the lane after the man, and were gone out of sight. Their heavy boots clacked on the pavement. They wore thick, dirty, grayish-black clothes, but no overcoats; small, tight caps in their hands, and dark kerchiefs round their necks: about thirty of them in all, colliers on their way to one of the pits on the Moorthorne ridge. They walked quickly, but they did not hurry as their forerunner hurried. Several of them smoked pipes. Though some walked in pairs, none spoke; none looked up or aside. With one man walked stolidly a young woman, her overskirt raised and pulled round her head from the back for a shawl; but even these two did not converse. The procession closed with one or two stragglers. Rachel had never seen these pilgrims before, but she had heard them; and Mrs. Maldon had been acquainted with all their footfalls. They were tragic to Rachel; they infected her with the most recondite horror of existence; they left tragedy floating behind them in the lane like an invisible but oppressive cloud. Their utterly incurious indifference to Rachel in her peignoir at the window was somehow harrowing.

The dank lane and vaporous, stagnant landscape were once more dead and silent, and would for a long time remain so, for though potters begin work early, colliers begin work much earlier, living in a world of customs of their own. At last a thin column of smoke issued magically from a chimney down to the left. Some woman was about; some woman's day had opened within that house. At the thought of that unseen woman in that unknown house Rachel could have cried. She could not remain at the window. She was unhappy; but it was not her woe that overcame her, for if she was unhappy, her unhappiness was nevertheless exquisite. It was the mere realization that men and women lived that rendered her emotions almost insupportable. She felt her youth. She thought, "I am only a girl, and yet my life is ruined already." And even that thought she hugged amorously as though it were

beautiful. Amid the full disaster and regret, she was glad to be alive. She could not help exulting in the dreadful moment.

She closed the sash and began to dress, seldom glancing at Louis, who slept and dreamed and muttered. When she was dressed she looked carefully in the drawer where he deposited certain articles from his pockets, in order to find the bundle of notes left by Julian. In vain! Then she searched for his bunch of keys (which ultimately she found in one of his pockets) and unlocked his private drawer. The bundle of notes lay there. She removed it, and hid it away in one of her own secret places. After she had made preparations to get ready some invalid's food at short notice, she went down-stairs.

She went down-stairs without any definite purpose—merely because activity of some kind was absolutely necessary to her. The clock in the lobby showed dimly a quarter past five. In the chilly twilit kitchen the green-lined silver-basket lay on the table in front of the window, placed there by a thoughtful and conscientious Mrs. Tams. On the previous morning Rachel had given very precise orders about the silver (as the workaday electroplate was called), but owing to the astounding events of the day the orders had not been executed. Mrs. Tams had evidently determined to carry them out at an early hour.

Rachel opened a cupboard and drew forth the apparatus for cleaning. She was intensely fatigued, weary, and seemingly spiritless, but she began to clean the silver—at first without energy, and then with serious application. She stood at the table, cleaning, as she had stood there when Louis came into her kitchen on the night of the robbery; and she thought of his visit and of her lost bliss, and the tears fell from her eyes on the newspaper which protected the whiteness of the scrubbed table. She would not think of the future; could not. She went on cleaning, and that silver had never been cleaned as she cleaned it then. She cleaned it with every attribute of herself, forgetting her fatigue. The tears dried on her cheek. The faithful, scru-



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

SHE THOUGHT OF HIS VISIT AND OF HER LOST BLISS

pulous work either drugged or solaced her. Just as she was finishing, Mrs. Tams, with her immense bodice unfastened, came down-stairs, apronless. The lobby clock struck six.

"Eh, missis!" breathed Mrs. Tams. "What's this?"

Rachel gave a nervous laugh.

"I was up. Mr. Fores was asleep, and I had to do something, so I thought—"

"Has he had a good night, ma'm?"

"Fair. Yes, pretty good. I must run up and see if he is awake."

Mrs. Tams saw the stains on Rachel's cheeks, but she could not mention them. Rachel had an impulse to fall on Mrs. Tams's enormous breast and weep. But the conventions of domesticity were far too strong for her also. Mrs. Tams was the general servant; what Louis occasionally called "the esteemed skivvy." Once Mrs. Tams had been wife, mother, grandmother, victim, slave, diplomatist, serpent, heroine. Once she had bent from morn till night under the terrific weight of a million perils and responsibilities. Once she could never be sure of her next meal, or the roof over her head, or her skin, or even her bones. Once she had been the last resource and refuge not merely of a house, but of half a street, and she had had a remedy for every ill, a balm for every wound. But now she was safe, out of harm's way. She had no responsibilities worth a rap. She had everything an old woman ought to desire. And yet the silly old woman felt a lack, as she impotently watched Rachel leave the kitchen. Perhaps she wanted her eye blacked, or the menace of a policeman, or a child down with diphtheria, to remind her that the world revolved.

CHAPTER XIII

DEAD-LOCK

LOUIS had wakened up a few minutes before Rachel returned to the bedroom from that most wonderfully conscientious spell of silver-cleaning. He was relieved to find himself alone. He was ill, perhaps very ill, but he felt unquestionably better than in the night. He was delivered from the appalling fear of death which had tortured and frightened him, and his thankfulness

was intense; and yet at the same time he was aware of a sort of heroical sentimental regret that he was not, after all, dead; he would almost have preferred to die with grandeur, young, unfortunate, wept for by an inconsolable wife doomed to everlasting widowhood. He was ashamed of his bodily improvement, which rendered him uncomfortably self-conscious, for he had behaved as though dying when, as the event proved, he was not dying.

When Rachel came in, this self-consciousness grew terrible. And in his weakness, his constraint, his febrile perturbation which completely destroyed presence of mind, he feebly remarked:

"Did any one call yesterday to ask how I was?"

As soon as he had said it he knew that it was inept, and quite unsuitable to the rôle which he ought to play.

Rachel had gone straight to the dressing-table, apparently ignoring him, though she could not possibly have failed to notice that he was awake. She turned sharply and gazed at him with a look of inimical contempt that aggrieved and scarified him very acutely. Making no answer to his query, content solely to condemn it with her eyes as egotistic and vain, she said:

"I'm going to make you some food."

And then she curtly showed him her bent back, and over the foot of the bed he could see her preparations—preliminary stirring with a spoon, the placing of the bright tin saucepan on the lamp, the opening of the wick, the quick seizing of the match-box.

As soon as the cooking was in train, she threw up the window wide and then came to the bed.

"I'll just put your bed to rights again," she remarked, and seized the pillow, waiting implacably for him to raise his head. He had to raise his head.

"I'm very ill," he moaned.

She replied in a tone of calm indifference:

"I know you are. But you'll soon be better. You're getting a little better every hour." And she finished arranging the bed, which was presently in a state of smooth geometrical correctness. He could find no fault with her efficiency, nor with her careful handling of his sen-

sitive body. But the hard, the marble-cruelty of his wife's spirit exquisitely wounded his soul, which, after all, was at least as much in need of consolation as his body. He was positively daunted.

He had passed through dreadful moments in the early part of the night, while Rachel slept. When he had realized that he was doomed—for the conviction that death was upon him had been absolutely sincere and final for a long time—he was panic-stricken, impressed, and strangely proud, all at once. But the panic was paramount. He was afraid, horribly afraid. His cowardice was ghastly, even to himself, shot through though it was by a peculiar appreciation of the grandiosity of his fate as a martyr to clumsy chance. He was reduced by it to the trembling repentant sinner, as the proud prisoner is reduced to abjection by prolonged and secret torture in Oriental prisons. He ranged in fright over the whole of his career, and was obliged to admit, and to admit with craven obsequiousness, that he had been a wicked man, obstinate in wickedness.

He remembered matters which had utterly vanished from his memory. He remembered, for example, the excellence of his moral aspirations when he had first thought of Rachel as a wife, and the firm, high resolves which were to be carried out if he married her. Forgotten! Forgotten! As soon as he had won her he had thought of nothing but self-indulgence, pleasure, capricious delights. His tailor still languished for money long justly due. He had not even restored the defalcations in Horrocleave's petty cash. Of course it would have been difficult to restore a sum comparatively so large without causing suspicion. To restore it would have involved a long series of minute acts, alterations of alterations in the cash-entries, and constant ingenuity in a hundred ways. But it ought to have been done, and might have been done. It might have been done. He admitted that candidly, fully, with despicable tremblings. . . .

And the worst of all, naturally, was the theft from his aunt. Theft? Was it a theft? He had never before consented to define the affair as a theft; it had been

a misfortune, an indiscretion. But now he was ready to call it a theft, in order to be on the safe side. For the sake of placating Omnipotence let it be deemed a theft, and even a mean theft, entailing dire consequences on a weak old woman! Let it be as bad as the severest judge chose to make it! He would not complain. He would accept the arraignment (though really he had not been so blameworthy, etc. . . .). He knew that with all his sins he possessed the virtues of good-nature, kindness, and politeness. He was not wholly vile. In some ways he honestly considered himself a model to mankind.

And then he had recalled certain information received in childhood from authoritative persons about the merciful goodness of God. His childhood had been rather ceremoniously religious, for his step-uncle, the Lieutenant-General, was a great defender of Christianity as well as of the British Empire. The Lieutenant-General had even written a pamphlet against a ribald iconoclastic book published by the Rationalist Press Association, in which pamphlet he had made a sorry mess of Herbert Spencer. All the Lieutenant-General's relatives and near admirers went to church, and they all went to precisely the same kind of church, for no other kind would have served. Louis, however, had really liked going to church. There had once even been a mad suggestion that he should become a choir-boy, but the Lieutenant-General had naturally decided that it was not meet for a child of breeding to associate with plebeians in order to chant the praises of the Almighty.

Louis at his worst had never quite ceased to attend church, though he was under the impression that his religious views had broadened, if not entirely changed. Beneath the sudden heavy menace of death he discovered that his original views were, after all, the most authentic and the strongest. And he had much longed for converse with a clergyman, who would repeat to him the beautiful reassurances of his infancy. Even late in the afternoon, hours before the supreme crisis, he would have welcomed a clergyman, for he was already beginning to be afraid. He would have liked a clergyman to drop in by

accident; he would have liked the first advances to come from the clergyman.

But he could not bring himself to suggest that the rector of St. Luke's, of whose flock he now formed part, should be sent for. He had demanded a lawyer, and that was as near to a clergyman as he could get. He had been balked of the lawyer. Further on in the evening, when his need was more acute and his mind full of frightful secret apprehensions, he was as far as ever from obtaining a clergyman. And he knew that, though his eternal welfare might somehow depend on the priest, he could never articulate to Rachel the words, "I should like to see a clergyman." It would seem too absurd to ask for a clergyman. . . . Strangeness of the human heart!

It was after Rachel had fallen asleep that the idea of confession had occurred to him as a means toward safety in the future life. The example of Julian had inspired him. He had despised Julian; he had patronized Julian; but in his extremity he had been ready to imitate him. He seemed to conceive that confession before death must be excellent for the soul. At any rate, it prevented one from going down to the tomb with a lie tacit on the lips. He was very ill, very weak, very intimidated. And he was very solitary and driven in on himself—not so much because Rachel had gone to sleep as because neither Rachel nor anybody else would believe that he was really dying. His spirit was absorbed in the gravest preoccupations that can trouble a man. His need of sympathy and succor was desperate. Thus he had wakened Rachel. At first she had been as sympathetic and consoling as he could desire. She had held his hand and sat on the bed. The momentary relief was wonderful. And he had been encouraged to confess.

He had prodded himself on to confession by the thought that Rachel must have known of his guilt all along—otherwise she would never have told that senseless lie about the scullery door being open. She would receive his confession in the right, loving, wifely attitude, telling him that he was making too much of a little, that it was splendid of him to confess, and generally exonerating and rehabilitating him.

Then he had begun to confess. The horrible change in her tone as he came to the point had unnerved him. Her wild sobs when the confession was made completed his dismay. And then, afterward, her incredible harshness and cruelty, her renewed refusal, flat and disdainful, to believe that he was dying—these things were the most wounding experience of his entire existence. As for her refusal to listen to the rest of his story, the important part, the exculpatory part—it was monstrously unjust. He had had an instant's satisfaction on beholding her confusion at being charged with the lie about the scullery door, but it was a transient advantage. He was so ill. . . . She had bullied him with the lacerating emphasis of her taciturn remarks. . . . And at last she had requested him not to make it any more awkward for *her*! . . .

When he had obediently taken the food and thanked her for it very nicely, he felt much better. The desire for a clergyman, or even for a lawyer, passed away from his mind; he forgot the majority of his sins and his aspirations, and the need for restoring the defalcations to Jim Horrocleave seemed considerably less urgent. Rachel stayed by him while he ate, but she would not meet his glance, and looked carefully at the window.

"As soon as I've tidied up the room, I'll just sponge your hands," said she. "The doctor will be here early. I suppose I mustn't touch your face."

Louis inquired:

"How do you know he'll be here early?"

"He said he should—because of the dressings, you know."

She went to work on the room, producing a duster from somewhere, and ringing for Mrs. Tams, who, however, was not permitted to enter. Louis hated these preparations for the doctor. He had never in his life been able to understand why women were always so absurdly afraid of the doctor's eye. As if the doctor would care! Moreover, the room was being tidied for the doctor, not for the invalid! The invalid didn't matter! When she came to him with a bowl of water, soap, and a towel, he

loathed the womanish scheme of being washed in bed.

"I'll get up," he said. "I'm lots better." He had previously intended to feign extreme illness, but he forgot.

"Oh no, you won't," she replied, coldly. "First you think you're dying, and then you think you're all right. You won't stir out of that bed till the doctor's been, at any rate."

And she lodged the bowl dangerously between his knees. He pretended to be contemptuous of her refusal to let him get up, but in fact he was glad of an excuse for not making good his boast. His previous statement that he was very ill was much nearer to the truth than the fine talking about being "lots better." If not very ill, he was, at any rate, more ill than he now thought he was, and eating had fatigued him. Nevertheless, he would wash his own hands. Rachel yielded to him in this detail with cynical indifference. She put the towel by the bowl, and left him to balance the bowl and keep the soap off the counterpane as best he could, while she rummaged in one of the drawers of the wardrobe—obviously for the simple sake of rummaging.

Her unwifeliness was astounding; it was so astounding that Louis did not all at once quite realize how dangerously he was wounded by it. He had seen that hard, contumelious mask on her face several times before; he had seen it, for instance, when she had been expressing her views on Councilor Batchgrew; but he had not conceived, in his absurd male confidence, that it would ever be directed against himself. He could not snatch the mask from her face, but he wondered how he might pierce it, and incidentally hurt her and make her cry softly. Ah! He had seen her in moods of softness which were celestial to him—surpassing all dreams of felicity!

The conviction of his own innocence and victimhood strengthened in him. Amid the morbid excitations of the fear of death, he had forgotten that in strict truth he had not stolen a penny from his great-aunt, that he was utterly innocent. He now vividly remembered that his sole intention in taking possession of the bank-notes had been to teach his great-aunt a valuable lesson about care in the

guarding of money. Afterward he had meant to put the notes back where he had found them; chance had prevented; he had consistently acted for the best in very sudden difficulties, and after all, in the result, it was not he who was responsible for the destruction of the notes, but Rachel. . . . True, that in the night his vision of the affair had been less favorable to himself, but in the night illness had vitiated his judgment, which was not strange, seeing the dreadful accident he had experienced. . . . He *might* have died, and where would Rachel have been then? . . . Was it not amazing that a young wife who had just escaped widowhood so narrowly could behave to a husband, a seriously sick husband, as Rachel was behaving to him?

He wished that he had not used the word "collar" in confessing to Rachel. It was equal to "steal." Its significance was undebatable. Yes, "collar" was a grave error of phrasing.

"I'm about done with this basin thing," he said, with all possible dignity, and asked for brushes of various sorts for the completion of his toilet. She served him slowly, coolly. Her intention was clear to act as a capable but frigid nurse—not as a wife. He saw that she thought herself the wife of a thief, and that she was determined not to be the wife of a thief. He could not bear it. The situation must be changed immediately, because his pride was bleeding to death.

"I say," he began, when she had taken away the towel and his tooth-powder.

"What?" Her tone challenged him.

"You wouldn't let me finish last night. I just wanted to tell you that I didn't—"

"I've no wish to hear another word." She stopped him, precisely as she had stopped him in the night. She was at the washstand.

"I should be obliged if you'd look at me when you speak to me," he reproached her manners. "It's only polite."

She turned to him with face flaming. They were both aware that his deportment was better than hers; and he perceived that the correction had abraded her susceptibility.

"I'll look at you all right," she answered, curtly and rather loudly.

He adopted a superior attitude.

"Of course I'm ill and weak," he said. "but even if I am I suppose I'm entitled to some consideration." He lay back on the pillow.

"I can't help your being ill," she answered. "It's not my fault. And if you're so ill and weak as all that, it seems to me the best thing you can do is to be quiet and not talk, especially about—about that!"

"Well, perhaps you'll let me be the best judge of what I ought to talk about. Anyhow, I'm going to talk about it, and you're going to listen."

"I'm not."

"I say you're going to listen," he insisted, turning on his side toward her. "And why not? Why, what on earth did I say last night, after all, I should like to know."

"You said you'd taken the other part of the money of Mrs. Maldon's—that's what you said. You thought you were dying, and so you told me."

"That's just what I want to explain. I'm going to explain it to you."

"No explanations for me, thanks!" she sneered, walking in the direction of the hearth. "I'd sooner hear anything, anything, than your explanations." She seemed to shudder.

He nerved himself.

"I tell you I *found* that money," he cried, recommencing.

"Well, good-by," she said, moving to the door. "You don't seem to understand."

At the same moment there was a knock at the door.

"Come in, Mrs. Tams," said Rachel, calmly.

"She mustn't come in now," Louis protested.

"Come in, Mrs. Tams," Rachel repeated, decisively.

And Mrs. Tams entered, courtesying toward the bed.

"What is it?" Rachel asked her.

"It's the greengrocer's cart, ma'm." The greengrocer usually did send round on Saturday mornings.

"I'll go down. Just clear up that washstand, will you?"

It was remarkable to Louis how chance would favor a woman in an altercation. But he had decided, even if somewhat

hysterically, to submit to no more delay, and to end the altercation—and, moreover, to end it in his own way.

"Rachel," he called. Several times he called her name, more and more loudly. He ignored what was due to servants, to greengrocers, and to the dignity of employers. He kept on calling.

"Shall I fetch missis, sir?" Mrs. Tams suggested at length.

He nodded. Mrs. Tams departed, laden. Certainly the fat creature, from whom nothing could be hid by a younger generation, had divined that strife had supervened on illness, and that great destinies hung upon the issue. Neither Mrs. Tams nor Rachel returned to the bedroom. Louis began again to call for Rachel, and then to yell for her. He could feel that the effort was exhausting him, but he was determined to vanquish her.

Without a sound she startingly appeared in the room.

"What's the matter?" she inquired, with her irritating assumption of tranquillity.

"You know what's the matter."

"I wish you wouldn't scream like a baby," she said.

"You know I want to speak to you, and you're keeping out of the way on purpose."

Rachel said:

"Look here, Louis! Do you want me to leave the house altogether?"

He thought:

"What is she saying? We've only been married a few weeks. This is getting serious."

Aloud he answered:

"Of course I don't want you to leave the house."

"Well, then, don't say any more. Because if you do, I shall. I've heard all I want to hear. There are some things I can bear, and some I can't bear."

"If you don't listen—!" he exclaimed. "I'm warning you!"

She glanced at the thief in him, and at the coward penitent of the night, with the most desolating disdain, and left the room. That was her answer to his warning.

"All right, my girl! All right!" he said to himself, when she had gone, pull-

ing together his self-esteem, his self-pity, and his masculinity. "You'll regret this. You see if you don't. As to leaving the house, we shall see who'll leave the house. Wait till I'm on my legs again. If there is to be a scandal, there shall be a scandal."

One thing was absolutely sure—he could not and would not endure her contumely, nor even her indifferent scorn. For him to live with it would be ridiculous as well as impossible. He was weak, but two facts gave him enormous strength. First, he loved her less than she loved him, and hence she was at a disadvantage. But supposing her passion for him was destroyed? Then the second fact came into play. He had money. He had thousands of pounds, loose, available! To such a nature as his the control of money gives a sense of everlasting security. Already he dreamt of freedom, of roaming the wide world, subject to no yoke but a bachelor's whim.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MARKET

RACHEL thought she understood all Louis' mental processes. With the tragic self-confidence of the inexperienced wife, she was convinced that she had nothing to learn about the secret soul of the stranger to whom she had utterly surrendered herself, reserving from him naught of the maiden. Each fresh revelation of him she imagined to be final, completing her studies. In fact, it would have taken at least ten years of marriage to prove to her that a perception of ignorance is the summit of knowledge. She had not even realized that human nature is chiefly made up of illogical and absurd contradictions. Thus she left the house that Saturday morning, gloomy, perhaps hopeless, certainly quite undecided as to the future, but serene, sure of her immediate position, and sure that Louis would act like Louis. She knew that she had the upper hand, both physically and morally. The doctor had called and done his work, and given a very reassuring report. She left Louis to Mrs. Tams, as was entirely justifiable, merely informing him that she had necessary errands, and even this

information she gave through her veil, a demure contrivance which she had adapted for the first time on her honeymoon. It was his rôle to accept her august decisions.

The forenoon was better than the dawn. The sun had emerged; the moisture had nearly disappeared, except in the road; and the impulse of spring was moving in the trees and in the bodies of young women; the sky showed a virginal blue; the wandering clouds were milky and rounded; the breeze infinitely soft. It seemed to be in an earlier age that the dark colliers had silently climbed the steep of Bycars Lane amid the darkness, and that the first column of smoke had risen forlornly from the chimney.

In spite of her desolated heart, and of her primness, Rachel stepped forward airily. She was going forth to an enormous event, namely, her first apparition in the shopping streets of the town on a Saturday morning as Mrs. Louis Fores, married woman. She might have postponed it, but into what future? Moreover, she was ashamed of being diffident about it. And, in the peculiar condition of her mind, she would have been ashamed to let a spiritual crisis, however appalling, interfere with the natural, obvious course of her duties. So far as the world was concerned, she was a happy married woman, who had to make her début as a shopping housewife, and hence she was determined that her début should be made. . . . And yet, possibly, she might not have ventured away from the house at all had she not felt that if she did not escape for a time from its unbreathable atmosphere into the liberty of the streets she would stifle and expire. Wherever she put herself in the house she could not feel alone. In the streets she felt alone, even when saluting new acquaintances and being examined and probed by their critical stare. The sight of these acquaintances reminded her that she had a long list of calls to repay. And then the system of paying calls and repaying, and the whole system of society, seemed monstrously fanciful and unreal to her. There was only one reality. The solid bricks of the pavement suddenly trembled under her feet as though she were passing over a

suspension-bridge. The enterprise of shopping became idiotic, humorous, incredibly silly in the face of that reality.

Nevertheless, the social system of Bursley, as exemplified in Wedgwood Street and the Market Place, its principal shopping thoroughfares, was extremely alluring, bright, and invigorating that morning. It almost intoxicated, and had, indeed, a similar effect to that of a sparkling drink. Rachel had never shopped at large with her own money before. She had executed commissions for Mrs. Maldon. She had been an unpaid housekeeper to her father and brother. Now she was shopping as mistress of a house and of money. She owed an account of her outlay to nobody, not even to Louis. She recalled the humble and fantastic Saturday night when she had shopped with Louis as reticule-carrier . . . centuries since. The swiftness and unforeseeableness of events frightened the girl masquerading as a wise, perfected woman. Her heart lay like a weight in her corsage for an instant; and the next instant she was in the bright system again, because she was so young.

Here and there in the streets, and in small groups in the chief shops, you saw prim ladies of every age, each with a gloved hand clasped over a purse. (But sometimes the purse lay safe under the coverlet of a perambulator.) These purses made all the ladies equal, for their contents were absolutely secret from all save the owners. All the ladies were spending, and the delight of spending was theirs. And in theory every purse was inexhaustible. At any rate, it was impossible to conceive a purse empty. The system wore the face of the ideal. Manners were proper to the utmost degree; they neatly marked the equality of the shoppers and the profound difference between the shoppers and the shopkeepers. All ladies were agreeable, all babies in perambulators were darlings. The homes thus represented by ladies and babies were clearly polite homes where reigned suavity, tranquillity, affection, and plenty. Civilization was justified in Wedgwood Street and the Market Place—and also, to some extent, in St. Luke's Square. . . . And Rachel was one of these ladies. Her gloved hand closed over a purse

exactly in the style of the others. And her purse, regard being had to the inheritance of her husband, was supposed to hide vast sums; so much so that ladies who had descended from distant heights in pony-carts gazed upon her with the respect due to a rival. All welcomed her into the exclusive, correct little world—not only the shopkeepers, but the buyers therein. She represented youthful love. Her life must be, and was, an idyl. True, she had no perambulator, but middle-aged ladies greeted her with wistfulness in their voices and in their eyes.

She smiled often, as she told and retold the story of Louis' accident, and gave positive assurances that he was in no danger and would not bear a scar. She blushed often. She was shyly happy in her unhappiness. The experience alternated between the unreal and the real. The extraordinary complexity of life was beginning to put its spell on her. She could not determine the relative values of the various facets of the experience.

When she had done the important parts of her business, she thought she would go in the Covered Market, which, having one entrance in the Market Place and another in Wedgwood Street, connects the two thoroughfares. She had never been into the Covered Market because Mrs. Maldon had a prejudice against its wares. She went out of mere curiosity, just to enlarge her knowledge of her adopted town. The huge interior, with its glazed roof, was full of clatter, shouting, and the smell of innumerable varieties of cheese. She passed a second-hand bookstall without seeing it, and then discerned admirable potatoes at three halfpence a peck less than she had been paying—and Mrs. Maldon was once more set down as an old lady with peculiarities. However, by the time Rachel had made a critical round of the entire place, with its birds in cages, popular songs at a penny, sweetstuffs, cheap cottons and woollens, bright tinware, Colonial fleshmeat, sausage displays, and particularly its cheeses, Mrs. Maldon was already recovering her reputation as a woman whose death was an irreparable loss to the town.

As Rachel passed the negligible sec-

ond-hand bookstall again, it was made visible to her by the fact that Councilor Thomas Batchgrew was just emerging from the shop behind it, with a large volume in his black-gloved hands. Thomas Batchgrew came out of the dark bookshop as a famous old actor, accustomed to decades of crude public worship, comes out of a fashionable restaurant into a fashionable thoroughfare. His satisfied and self-conscious countenance showed that he knew that nearly everybody in sight was or ought to be acquainted with his identity and his renown, and showed also that his pretense of being unaware of this tremendous and luscious fact was playful and not seriously meant to deceive a world of admirers. He was wearing a light tweed suit, with a fancy waistcoat and a hard, pale-gray hat. As he aged, his tendency to striking pale attire was becoming accentuated; at any rate, it had the advantage of harmonizing with his unique whiskers—those whiskers which differentiated him from all the rest of the human race in the Five Towns.

Rachel blushed, partly because he was suddenly so close to her, partly because she disapproved of the cunning expression on his red, seamed face and was afraid he might divine her thoughts, and partly because she recalled the violent things she had said against him to Louis. But as soon as Thomas Batchgrew caught sight of her the expression of his face changed in an instant to one of benevolence and artless joy; the change in it was indeed dramatic.

And Rachel, pleased and flattered, said to herself, almost startled:

"He really admires me. And I do believe he always did."

And since admiration is a sweet drug, whether offered by a rascal or by the pure in heart, she forgot momentarily the horror of her domestic dilemma.

"Eh, lass!" Thomas Batchgrew was saying, familiarly, after he had inquired about Louis, "I'm rare glad for thy sake it was no worse." His frank implication that he was glad only for her sake gratified and did not wound her as a wife.

The next moment he had dismissed the case of Louis and was displaying to

her the volume which he carried. It was a folio Bible, printed by the Cornishman Tregortha in the town of Bursley, within two hundred yards of where they were standing, in the earliest years of the nineteenth century—a bibliographical curiosity, as Thomas Batchgrew vaguely knew, for he wet his gloved thumb and, resting the book on one raised knee, roughly turned over several pages till he came to the title-page containing the word "Bursley," which he showed with pride to Rachel. Rachel, however, not being in the slightest degree a bibliophile, discerned no interest whatever in the title-page. She merely murmured with politeness, "Oh, yes! Bursley," while animadverting privately on the old man's odious trick of wetting his gloved thumb and leaving marks on the pages.

"The good old Book!" he said. "I've been after that volume for six months and more. I knew I should get it, but he's a stiff un—yon is," jerking his shoulder in the direction of the second-hand bookseller. Then he put the folio under his arm, delighted at the souvenir of having worsted somebody in a bargain, and repeated, "The good old Book."

Rachel reflected:

"You unspeakable old sinner!"

Still, she liked his attitude toward herself. In addition to the book, he insisted on carrying a small white parcel of hers which she had not put into the reticule. They climbed the steps out of the Covered Market and walked along the Market Place together. And Rachel unmistakably did find pleasure in being seen thus with the great and powerful, if much criticized, Thomas Batchgrew, him to whom several times, less than a year earlier, she had scathingly referred as *that man*. His escort in the thoroughfare, and especially his demeanor toward herself, gave her a standing which she could otherwise scarcely have attained. Moreover, people might execrate him in private, but that he had conquered the esteem of their secret souls was well proved by their genuine eagerness to salute him as he walked sniffing along. He counted himself one of the seven prides of the district, and perhaps he was not far out.

"Come in a minute, lass," he said in



Painting by C. E. Chambers

HIS EXPRESSION CHANGED IN AN INSTANT TO ONE OF BENEVOLENCE AND ARTLESS JOY

a low, confidential voice, as they reached his branch shop, just beyond Malkin's. "I'll—" He paused.

A motor, apparently enormous, was buzzing motionless in the wide entry by the side of the shop. It very slowly moved forward, crossed the footpath and half the street opposite the Town Hall, impeding a tram-car, and then curved backward into a position by the kerbstone. John's Ernest was at the steering-wheel. Councilor Batchgrew stood still with his mouth open to watch the manoeuvre.

"This is John's Ernest—my son John's eldest. Happen ye know him," said Batchgrew to Rachel. "He's a good lad."

John's Ernest, a pleasant-featured young man of twenty-five, blushed and raised his hat. And Rachel also blushed as she nodded. It was astonishing that old Batchgrew could have a grandson with so honest a look on his face, but she had heard that son John, too, was very different from his father.

"Dunna go till I've seen thee," said Mr. Batchgrew to John's Ernest, and to Rachel, "Come in, Mrs. Fores."

John's Ernest silenced the car, and extricated himself with practised rapidity from the driver's seat.

"Where are ye going?" asked his grandfather.

"I'm going to lock the garage doors," said John's Ernest, with a humorous smile which seemed to add, "Unless you'd like them to be left open all Saturday afternoon." Rachel vividly remembered the playful, boyish voice which she had heard one night when the motor-car had called to take Mr. Batchgrew to Red Cow.

The councilor nodded.

In the small, untidy, disagreeable, malodorous shop, which in about half a century had scarcely altered its aspect, Thomas Batchgrew directed Rachel to a corner behind the counter and behind a partition, with a view of a fragment of the window. As she passed she saw one of the Batchgrew women (the wife of another grandson) and three little girls of various sizes flash in succession across an open doorway at the back. The granddaughter-in-law, who had an abode full of costly wedding-presents over the shop,

had been one of her callers, but when they flashed across that doorway the Batchgrew women made a point of ignoring all phenomena in the shop.

"Has Louis decided about them debentures?" Thomas Batchgrew asked, still in a very low and confidential tone, as the two stood together in the corner. He had put the Book and the parcel down on a very ragged blotting-pad that lay on a chipped and ink-stained deal desk, and began to finger a yellow penholder. There was nobody else in the shop.

Rachel had foreseen his question.

She answered, calmly: "Yes. He's quite decided that on the whole it'll be better if he doesn't put his money into debentures."

There was no foundation whatever for this statement; yet, in uttering the lie, she was clearly conscious of a feeling of lofty righteousness. She faced Thomas Batchgrew, though not with a tranquillity perfectly maintained, and she still enjoyed his appreciation of her, but she did not seem to care whether he guessed that she was lying or not.

"I'm sorry, lass!" he said, simply, sniffing. "The lad's a fool. It isn't as if I've got to go hawking seven per cent. debentures to get rid of 'em—and in a concern like that, too! They'd never ha' been seven per cent. if it hadna been for me. But it was you as I was thinking of when I offered 'em to Louis. I thought I should be doing ye a good turn."

The old man smiled amid his loud sniffs. He was too old to have retained any save an artistic interest in women. But an artistic interest in them he certainly had; and at an earlier period he had acquainted himself with life, as his eye showed. Rachel blushed a third time that morning, and more deeply than before. He was seriously flattering her now. Endearing qualities that had expired in him long ago seemed to be resuscitated and to animate his ruined features. Rachel dimly understood how it was that some woman had once married him and borne him a lot of children, and how it was that he had been so intimate and valued a friend of the revered husband of such a woman as Mrs. Maldon. She was, in the Five Towns' phrase, flustered. She almost believed

what Thomas Batchgrew had said. She did believe it. She had misjudged him on the Thursday night when he spread the lure of the seven per cent. in front of Louis. At any rate, he assuredly did not care, personally, whether Louis accepted the debentures or not.

"However," the councilor went on, "he's got to know his own business best. And I don't know as it's any affair o' mine. But I was just thinking of you. When the husband has a good investment, th' wife generally comes in for something. . . . And what's more, it 'u'd ha' stopped him from doing anything silly with his brass! *You* know."

"Yes," she murmured.

"I'm talking to ye because I've taken a fancy to ye," said the councilor. "I knew what you were the first time I set eyes on ye. Oh, I don't mind telling ye now—what harm is there in it? I'd a sort of a fancy as one day you and John's Ernest might ha' hit it off. I had it in my mind like."

A crude compliment, possibly in bad taste, possibly offensive; but Rachel was singularly moved by the revelation thus made. Before she could find a reply, John's Ernest came into the shop, followed by an aproned assistant.

Then she was sitting by John's Ernest's side in the big motor-car, with her possessions at her feet. The enthronement had happened in a few moments. John's Ernest was going to Hanbridge.

"Ye can run Mrs. Fores up home on yer way," Thomas Batchgrew had suggested.

"But Bycars Lane is miles out of your way!" Rachel had cried.

Both men had smiled. "Won't make a couple of minutes' difference in the car," John's Ernest had modestly murmured.

She had been afraid to get into the automobile—afraid with a sort of stage-fright; afraid, as she might have been had she been called upon to sing at a concert in the Town Hall. She had imagined that all Bursley was gazing at her as she climbed into the car. Over the face of England automobiles are far more common than cuckoos, and yet for the majority, even of the proud and sol-

vent middle-class, they still remain as unattainable, as glitteringly wondrous, as a title. Rachel had never been in an automobile before; she had never hoped to be in an automobile. A few days earlier—and she had been regarding a bicycle as rather romantic! Louis had once mentioned a motor-cycle with side-carriage for herself, but she had rebuffed the idea with a shudder.

The whole town slid away behind her. The car was out of the Market Place and crossing the top of Duck Bank, the scene of Louis' accident, before she had settled her skirts. She understood why the men had smiled at her; it was no more trouble for the car to go to Bycars than it would be for her to run up-stairs. The swift movement of the car, silent and arrogant, and the occasional deep bass mysterious menace of its horn, and the grace of John's Ernest's gestures on the wheel as he curved the huge vehicle like a phantom round lumbering obstacles—these things fascinated and exalted her.

In spite of the horrible secret she carried all the time in her heart she was somehow filled with an instinctive joy. And she began to perceive changes in her own perspective. The fine Louis, whom she had regarded as the summit of mankind; could never offer her an automobile; he existed entirely in a humbler world; he was, after all, a young man in a very small way of affairs. Batchgrew's automobile would swallow up, week by week, more than the whole of Louis' income. And further, John's Ernest by her side was invested with the mighty charm of one who easily and skilfully governs a vast and dangerous organism. All the glory of the inventors and perfecters of automobiles, and of manufacturing engineers, and of capitalists who could pay for their luxurious caprices, was centered in John's Ernest, merely because he directed and subjugated the energy of the miraculous machine.

And John's Ernest was so exquisitely modest and diffident, and yet had an almost permanent humorous smile. But the paramount expression on his face was honesty. She had never hitherto missed the expression of honesty on Louis' face, but she realized now that it

was not there. . . . And she had been adjudged worthy of John's Ernest! The powerful of the world had had their eyes on her! Not Louis alone had noted her! Had fate chosen, and had she herself chosen, that very motor-car might have been hers, and she at that instant riding in it as the mistress thereof! Strange thoughts, which intensely flattered and fostered her self-esteem. But she still had the horrible secret to carry with her.

When the car stopped in front of her gate, she forced open the door and jumped down with almost hysterical speed, said "Good-by" and "Thank you" to John's Ernest, who becomingly blushed, and ran round the back of the car with her purchases. The car went on up the lane, the intention of John's Ernest being evident to proceed along Park Road and the Moorthorne ridge to Hanbridge rather than turn the car in the somewhat narrow lane. Rachel, instead of entering the house, thrust her parcels frantically onto the top step against the front door, and rushed down the steps again and down the lane. In a minute she was overtaking a man.

"Louis!" she cried.

From the car she had seen the incredible vision of Louis walking down the lane from the house. He and John's Ernest had not noticed each other, nor had Louis noticed that his wife was in the car.

Louis stopped now and looked back, hesitant.

There he was, with his plastered, pale face all streaked with grayish-white lines! Really Rachel had difficulty in believing her eyes. She had left him in bed, weak, broken; and he was there in the road fully dressed for the town and making for the town—a dreadful sight, but indubitably moving unaided on his own legs. It was simply monstrous! Fury leaped up in her. She had never heard of anything more monstrous. The thing was an absolute outrage on her nursing of him.

"Are you stark, staring mad?" she demanded.

He stood weakly regarding her. It was clear that he was already very enfeebled by his fantastic exertions.

"I wonder how much further you would have gone without falling!" she

said. "I'll thank you to come back this very instant! . . . This very instant!"

He had no strength to withstand her impetuous anger. His lower lip fell. He obeyed with some inarticulate words.

"And I should like to know what Mrs. Tams was doing!" said Rachel.

She neither guessed nor cared what was the intention of Louis' shocking, impossible escapade. She grasped his arm firmly. In ten minutes he was in bed again, under control, and Rachel was venting herself on Mrs. Tams, who took oath that she had been utterly unaware of the master's departure from the house.

CHAPTER XV

THE CHANGED MAN

EXACTLY a week passed, and Easter had come, before Rachel could set out upon an enterprise which she both longed and hated to perform. In the mean time the situation in the house remained stationary, except that after a relapse Louis' condition had gradually improved. She nursed him; he permitted himself to be nursed; she slept near him every night; no scene of irritation passed between them. But nothing was explained; even the fact that Rachel on the Saturday morning had overtaken Louis instead of meeting him—a detail which in secret considerably puzzled Louis, since it implied that his wife had been in the house when he left it—even this was not explained; as for the motor-car, Louis, absorbed, had scarcely noticed it, and Rachel did not mention it. She went on from one day into the next, proud, self-satisfied, sure of her strength and her position, indifferently scornful of Louis, and yet fatally stricken; she knew not in the least what was to be done, and so she waited for destiny. Louis had to stop in bed for five days. His relapse worried Dr. Yardley, who, however, like many doctors, was kept in complete ignorance of the truth; Rachel was ashamed to confess that her husband had monstrously taken advantage of her absence to rise up and dress and go out; and Louis had said no word. On the Friday he was permitted to sit in a chair in the bedroom, and on the Saturday he had

the freedom of the house. It surprised Rachel that on the Saturday he had not dashed for the street, for after the exploit of the previous Saturday she was ready to expect anything. Had he done so she would not have interfered; he was really convalescent, and also the number of white stripes over his face and hair had diminished. In the afternoon he reclined on the Chesterfield to read, and fell asleep. Then it was that Rachel set out upon her enterprise. She said not a word to Louis, but instructed Mrs. Tams to inform the master, if he inquired, that she had gone over to Knype to see Mr. Maldon.

"Are you a friend of Mester Maldon's?" asked the gray-haired slattern who answered her summons at the door of Julian's lodging in Granville Street, Knype. There was a challenge in the woman's voice. Rachel accepted it at once.

"Yes, I am," she said, with decision.

"Well, I don't know as I want any o' Mester Maldon's friends here," said the landlady, loudly. "Mester Maldon's done a flit from here, Mester Maldon has; and," coming out onto the pavement and pointing upward to a broken pane in the first-floor window, "that's a bit o' his fancy work afore he flitted!"

Rachel put her lips together.

"Can you give me his new address?"

"Can I give yer his new address? P'r'aps I can and p'r'aps I canna, but I dunna see why I should waste my breath on Mester Maldon's friends—that I dunna! And I wunna!"

Rachel walked away. Before she reached the end of the frowsy street, whose meanness and monotony of tiny bow-windows exemplified intensely the most deplorable characteristics of a district where brutish license is decreasing, she was overtaken by a lanky girl in a pinafore.

"If ye please, miss, Mester Maldon's gone to live at 29 Birches Street, 'Anbridge."

Having made this announcement, the girl ran off, with a short giggle.

Rachel had to walk half a mile to reach the tram-route. This revisiting of her native town, which she had quitted only a few weeks earlier, seemed to her like the sad resumption of an existence

long forgotten. She was self-conscious and hoped that she would not encounter the curiosity of any of her Knype acquaintances. She felt easier when she was within the sheltering car and rumbling and jerking through the gloomy carnival of Easter Saturday afternoon in Knype and Cauldon on the way to Hanbridge.

After leaving the car in Crown Square, she had to climb through all the western quarter of Hanbridge to the very edge of the town, on the hummock that separates it from the Axe Moorlands. Birches Street, as she had guessed, was in the suburb known as Birches Pike. It ran right to the top of the hill, and the upper portion consisted of new cottages in groups of two or three, with vacant lots between. Why should Julian have chosen Birches Street for residence, seeing that his business was in Knype? It was a repellent street; it was out even of the little world where sordidness is at any rate dignified by tradition and anemic ideals can support one another in close companionship. It had neither a past nor a future. The steep end of it was a horizon of cloud. The April east wind blew the smoke of Hanbridge right across it.

In this east wind men in shirt-sleeves, and women with aprons over their heads, stood nonchalantly at cottage-gates contemplating the vacuum of leisure. On two different parcels of land teams of shrieking boys were playing football, with piles of caps and jackets to serve as goal-posts. To the left, in a clough, was an enormous yellow marlpit, with pools of water in its depths, and gangways of planks along them, and a few overturned wheelbarrows lying here and there. A group of men drove at full speed up the street in a dog-cart behind a sweating cob, stopped violently at the summit, and, taking watches from pockets, began to let pigeons out of baskets. The pigeons rose in wide circles and were lost in the vast dome of melancholy that hung over the district.

No. 29 was the second house from the top, new, and already in decay. It and its attached twin were named "Prospect Villas" in vermilion tiles on the yellowish-red bricks of the façade. Hot, and

yet chilled by the wind, Rachel hesitated a moment at the gate, suddenly realizing the perils of her mission. And then she saw Julian Maldon standing in the bay-window of the ground-floor; he was eating. Simultaneously he recognized her.

She thought: "I can't go back now."

He came sheepishly to the front door and asked her to walk in.

"Who'd have thought of seeing you?" he exclaimed. "You must take me as I am. I've only just moved in."

"I've been to your old address," she said, smiling, with an attempt at animation.

"A rare row I had there!" he murmured.

She understood, with a pang of compassion and yet with feminine disdain, the horrible thing that his daily existence was. No wonder he would never allow Mrs. Maldon to go and see him! The spectacle of his secret squalor would have desolated the old lady.

"Don't take any notice of all this," he said, apologetically, as he preceded her into the room where she had seen him standing. "I'm not straight yet. . . . Not that it matters. By the way, take a seat, will you?"

Rachel courageously sat down.

Just as there were no curtains to the windows, so there was no carpet on the planked floor. A few pieces of new, cheap, ignoble furniture half filled the room. In one corner was a sofa-bedstead covered with an army blanket; in the middle a crimson-legged deal table, partly covered with a dirty cloth, and on the cloth were several apples, an orange, and a hunk of brown bread—his meal. Although he had only just "moved in," dust had had time to settle thickly on all the furniture. No pictures of any kind hid the huge sunflowers that made the pattern of the wall-paper. In the hearth, which lacked a fender, a small fire was expiring.

"Ye see," said Julian, "I only eat when I'm hungry. It's a good plan. So I'm eating now. I've turned vegetarian. There's naught like it. I've chucked all that guzzling and swilling business. I never touch a drop of liquor, nor smoke, either. When you come to think of it, smoking's a disgusting habit."

Rachel said, pleasantly, "But you were smoking last week, surely?"

"Ah! But it's since then. I don't mind telling you. In fact, I meant to tell you, anyhow. I've turned over a new leaf. And it wasn't too soon. I've joined the Knype Ethical Society. So there you are!" His voice grew defiant and fierce, as in the past, and he proceeded with his meal.

Rachel knew nothing of the Knype Ethical Society, except that in spite of its name it was regarded with unfriendly suspicion by the respectable as an illicit rival of churches and chapels and a haunt of dubious characters who, under high-sounding mottoes, were engaged in the wicked scheme of setting class against class. She had accepted the general verdict on the Knype Ethical Society. And now she was confirmed in it. As she gazed at Julian Maldon in that dreadful interior, chewing apples and brown bread and sucking oranges, only when he felt hungry, she loathed the Knype Ethical Society. It was nothing to her that the Knype Ethical Society was responsible for a religious and majestic act in Julian Maldon—the act of turning over a new leaf.

"And why did you come up here?"

"Oh, various reasons!" said Julian, with a certain fictitious nonchalance, beneath which was all his old ferocious domination. "You see, I didn't get enough exercise before. Lived too close to the works. In fact, a silly existence. I saw it all plain enough as soon as I got back from South Africa. . . . Exercise! What you want is for your skin to act at least once every day. Don't you think so?" He seemed to be appealing to her for moral support in some revolutionary theory.

"Well—I'm sure I don't know."

Julian continued:

"If you ask me, I believe there are some people who never perspire from one year's end to another. Never! How can they expect to be well? How can they expect even to be clean? The pores, you know. I've been reading a lot about it. Well, I walk up here from Knype full speed every day. Everybody ought to do it. Then I have a bath."

"Oh! Is there a bath-room?"

"No, there isn't," he answered, curtly. Then in a tone of apology: "But I manage. You see, I'm going to save. I was spending too much down there—furnished rooms. Here I took two rooms—this one and a kitchen—unfurnished; very much cheaper, of course. I've just fixed them up temporarily. Little by little they'll be improved. The woman up-stairs comes in for half an hour in the morning and just cleans up when I'm gone."

"And does your cooking?"

"Not much!" said Julian, bravely. "I do that myself. In the first place, I want very little cooking. Cooking's not natural. And what bit I do want—well, I have my own ideas about it. I've got a little pamphlet about rational eating and cooking. You might read it. Everybody ought to read it."

"I suppose all that sort of thing's very interesting," Rachel remarked at large, with politeness.

"It is," Julian said, emphatically.

Neither of them felt the necessity of defining what was meant by "all that sort of thing." The phrase had been used with intention and was perfectly understood.

"But if you want to know what I really came up here for," Julian resumed, "I'll show you."

"Where?"

"Outside." And he repeated, "I'll show you."

She followed him as, bareheaded, he hurried out of the room into the street.

"Sha'n't you take cold without anything on your head in this wind?" she suggested, mildly.

He would have snapped off the entire head of any other person who had ventured to make the suggestion. But he treated Rachel more gently because he happened to think that she was the only truly sensible and kind woman he had ever met in his life.

"No fear!" he muttered.

At the front gate he stopped and looked back at his bay-window.

"Now—curtains!" he said. "I won't have curtains. Blinds, at night, yes, if you like. But curtains! I never could see any use in curtains. Fal-lals! Keep the light out! Dust-traps!"

Rachel gazed at him. Despite his beard, he appeared to her as a big school-boy, blundering about in the world, a sort of leviathan puppy in earnest. She liked him, on account of an occasional wistful expression in his eyes, and because she had been kind to him during his fearful visit to Bycars. She even admired him for his cruel honesty and force. At the same time he excited her compassion to an acute degree. As she gazed at him the tears were ready to start from her eyes. What she had seen, and what she had heard, of the new existence which he was organizing for himself, made her feel sick with pity. But mingled with her pity was a sharp disdain. The idea of Julian talking about cleanliness, dust-traps, and rationality gave her a desire to laugh and cry at once. All the stolid and yet wary conservatism of her character revolted against meals at odd hours, brown bread, apples, orange-sucking, action of the skin, male cooking, camp-beds, the frowns of casual charwomen, bare heads, and especially bare windows. If Rachel had been absolutely free to civilize Julian's life, she would have begun by measuring the bay-window.

She said, firmly:

"I must say I don't agree with you about curtains."

His gestures of impatience were almost violent; but she would not flinch.

"Don't ye?"

"No."

"Straight?"

She nodded.

He drew breath. "Well, I'll get some—if it 'll satisfy you."

His surrender was intensely dramatic to her. It filled her with happiness, with a consciousness of immense power. She thought: "I can influence him. I alone can influence him. Unless I look after him his existence will be dreadful—dreadful."

"You'd much better let me buy them for you." She smiled persuasively.

"Have it your own way!" he said, gloomily. "Just come along up here."

He led her up to the top of the street.

"Ye'll see what I live up here for," he muttered as they approached the summit.

The other half of the world lay sud-

denly at their feet as they capped the brow, but it was obscured by mist and cloud. The ragged downward road was lost in the middle distance amid vaporous gray-greens and earthy browns.

"No go!" he exclaimed, crossly. "Not clear enough! But on a fine day ye can see Axe and Axe Edge. . . . Finest view in the Five Towns."

The shrill cries of the footballers reached them.

"What a pity!" she sympathized, eagerly. "I'm sure it must be splendid." His situation seemed extraordinarily tragic to her. His short hair, ruffled by the keen wind, was just like a boy's hair, and somehow the sight of it touched her deeply.

He put his hands far into his pockets and drummed one foot on the ground.

"What brought ye up here?" he demanded, with his eyes on an invisible town of Axe.

She opened her hand-bag.

"I came to bring you this," she said, and offered him an envelope, which he took, wonderingly.

Then, when he had it in his hands, he said, abruptly, angrily, "If it's that money, I won't take it."

"Yes, you will."

"Has Louis sent ye?" This was the first mention of Louis, though he was well aware of the accident.

She shook her head.

"Well, let him keep his half, and you can keep mine."

"It's all there."

"How—all there?"

"All that you left the other night."

"But—but—" He seemed to be furious as he faced her.

Rachel went on:

"The other part of the missing money's been found. . . . Louis had it. So all this belongs to you. If some one hadn't told you it wouldn't have been fair."

She flushed slowly, trembling, but looking at him.

"Well," Julian burst out with savage solemnity, "there's not many of your sort knocking about!"

She walked quickly away from his passionate homage to her.

"Here!" he shouted, fingering the envelope.

But she kept on at a swift pace toward Hanbridge. About a quarter of a mile down the road the pigeon-flyer's dog-cart stood empty outside a public-house.

CHAPTER XVI

THE LETTER

RACHEL stood at her own front door and took off her glove in order more easily to manipulate the latch-key, which somehow, since coming into frequent use again, had never been the same manageable latch-key, but a cantankerous old thing, though still very bright. She opened the door quietly, and stepped inside quietly, lest by chance she might disturb Louis, the invalid—but also because she was a little afraid.

The most contradictory feelings can exist together in the mind. After the desolate discomfort of Julian Maldon's lodging and the spectacle of his clumsiness in the important affair of mere living, Rachel was conscious of a deep and proud happiness as she re-entered the efficient, cozy, and gracious organism of her own home. But simultaneously with this feeling of happiness she had a dreadful general apprehension that the organism might soon be destroyed, and a particular apprehension concerning her next interview with Louis, for at the next interview she would be under the necessity of telling him about her transaction with Julian. She had been absolutely determined upon that transaction. She had said to herself, "Whatever happens, I shall take that money to Julian and insist on his keeping all of it." She had, in fact, been very brave, indeed audacious. Now the consequences were imminent, and they frightened her; she was less brave now. One awkward detail of the immediate future was that to tell Louis would be to reopen the entire question of the theft, which she had several times in the most abrupt and arrogant manner refused to discuss with him.

As soon as she had closed the front door she perceived that twilight was already obscuring the interior of the house. But she could plainly see that the parlor door was about two inches

ajar, exactly as she had left it a couple of hours earlier. Probably Louis had not stirred. She listened vainly for a sign of life from him. Probably he was reading, for on the rare occasions when he read a novel he would stick to the book with surprising pertinacity. At any rate he would be too lofty to give any sign that he had heard her return. Under less sinister circumstances he might have yelled, gaily: "I say, Rache," for in a teasing mood he would sometimes prefer "Rache" to "Louise."

Rachel from the lobby could see the fire bright in the kitchen, and a tray full of things on the kitchen table ready to be brought into the parlor for high tea.

Mrs. Tams was out. It was not among Mrs. Tams's regular privileges to be out in the afternoon. But this was Easter Saturday—rather a special day—and, further, one of her daughters had gone away for Easter and left a child with one of her daughters-in-law, and Mrs. Tams had desired to witness some of the dealings of her daughter-in-law with her grandchild. Not without just pride had Mrs. Tams related the present circumstances to Rachel. In Mrs. Tams's young maturity parents who managed a day excursion to Blackpool in the year did well, and those who went away for four or five days at Knype Wakes in August were princes and plutocrats. But nowadays even a daughter of Mrs. Tams, not satisfied with a week at Knype Wakes, could take a week-end at Easter just like great folk such as Louis. Which proved that the community at large, or Mrs. Tams's family, had famously got up in the world. Rachel recalled Louis's suggestion, more than a week earlier, of a trip to Llandudno. The very planet itself had aged since then.

She looked at the clock. In twenty minutes Mrs. Tams would be back. She and Louis were alone together in the house. She might go straight into the parlor, and say in as indifferent and ordinary a voice as she could assume: "I've just been over to Julian Maldon's to give him that money—all of it, you know." And thus get the affair finished before Mrs. Tams's reappearance. Louis was within a few feet of her, hidden only by the door which a push would cause to swing! . . . Yes, but she could not per-

suade herself to push the door! The door seemed to be protected from her hand by a mysterious spell which she dared not break. She was indeed overwhelmed by the simple but tremendous fact that Louis and herself were alone together in the darkening house. She decided, pretending to be quite calm: "I'll just run up-stairs and take my things off first. There's no use in my seeming to be in a hurry."

In the bedroom she arranged her toilette for the evening, and established order in every corner of the chamber. Under the wash-stand lay the long row of Louis' boots and shoes, each pair in stretchers. She suddenly contrasted Julian's heavy and arrogant dowdiness with the nice dandyism of Louis. She could not help thinking that Julian would be a terrible person to live with. This was the first thought favorable to Louis which had flitted through her mind for a long time. She dismissed it. Nothing in another man could be as terrible to live with as the defects of Louis. She set herself—she was obliged to set herself—high above Louis. The souvenir of the admiration of old Batchgrew and John's Ernest, the touching humility before her of Julian Maldon, once more inflated her self-esteem,—it could not possibly have failed to do so. She knew that she was an extraordinary woman, and a prize.

Invigorated and reassured by these reflections, she descended proudly to the ground-floor. And then, hesitating at the entrance to the parlor, she went into the kitchen and poked the fire. As the fire was in excellent condition, there was no reason for this act except her diffidence at the prospect of an encounter with Louis. At last, having examined the tea-tray and invented other delays, she tightened her nerves and passed into the parlor to meet the man who seemed to be waiting for her like the danger of a catastrophe. He was not there. The parlor was empty. His book was lying on the Chesterfield.

She felt relieved. It was perhaps not very wise for him to have gone out for a walk, but if he chose to run risks, he was free to do so, for all she cared. In the mean time the interview was postponed; hence her craven relief. She lit the gas,

and then she saw an envelope lying on the table. It was addressed, in Louis' handwriting, to "Mrs. Louis Fores." She was alone in the house. She felt sick. Why should he write a letter to her and leave it there on the table? She invented half a dozen harmless reasons for the letter, but none of them was in the least convincing. The mere aspect of the letter frightened her horribly. There was no strength in her limbs. She tore the envelope in a daze.

The letter ran:

"DEAR RACHEL,—I have decided to leave England. I do not know how long I shall be away. I cannot and will not

stand the life I have been leading with you this last week. I had a perfectly satisfactory explanation to give you, but you have most rudely refused to listen to it. So now I shall not give it. I shall write you as to my plans. I shall send you whatever money is necessary for you. By the way, I put four hundred and fifty pounds away in my private drawer. On looking for it this afternoon I see that you have taken it, without saying a word to me. You must account to me for this money. When you have done so we will settle how much I am to send you. In the mean time you can draw from it for necessary expenses.

"Yours, L. F."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The River

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

LITTLE lad, little lad, that played along the shore,
I hear your mother calling you, do you hear her no more?

There flows a little river through Catskill town,
And there the little fishing-boats go slowly up and down.

I can hear the windlass where the wet ropes run,
I can see the dripping nets shining in the sun.

Slow and heavy barges with their freight for human needs
Follow where the guide-rope of the little tugboat leads.

Silver, iridescent, the little river lies,
Never asking anything, making no replies.

Green bank and ragged dock, bridged from shore to shore,
And a mother calling for a child that comes no more.

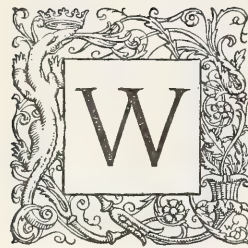
Little lad, little lad, still the river flows,
Still, upon its shining tide the ferry comes and goes.

There's glint of little pleasure-craft, and as the night comes down,
I can see the window lights gleaming in the town.

And the night wind, come from far, is whispering to me:
"There's always toll of weeping where streams run to the sea!"

The Rehabilitation of General Todhunter

BY BRAND WHITLOCK

HEN Davenport came home from South America and began to make those casual inquiries about old friends and acquaintances which were necessary to bring up the arrears of a ten years' absence, he had asked after half the people he had ever known before it occurred to him to mention General Todhunter. He asked after him idly, sitting there in his club that afternoon; and in the most detached and indifferent manner in the world, Martin said:

"Oh, the old man's getting along, living somehow."

And Martin took a sip of his julep. It was pleasant to Davenport to be back again in the old Southern city, in spring, when the mint was fragrant by the roadside, and along little streams that came back to his mind once more; there was a restful sense of home again, after his wanderings. Martin was going on to talk about something else, or some one else, since in that club persons were discussed more frequently than ideas, but Davenport's mind caught at his last phrase.

"One moment, Martin," he said. "Does the General come to the club any more?"

"Oh no!" said Martin. "He was dropped years ago."

"But does he still practise law?"

"I reckon he pretends to, but he never had much practice. Too much of the old school about him, you know; strong on professional ethics and long speeches to juries; thinks clients should seek him out—you know the kind."

"But how does he live?"

"I don't know. Really, I haven't seen the old man for a long time. Once in a while I catch a glimpse of him, but

somehow, come to think of it, he's always on the other side of the street. I just see him going along over there, dignified as ever."

"Hm," said Davenport, with a little smile. He repeated to himself the words of Martin—"Dignified as ever!" They pleased him, and he lit a cigarette and lay back in his chair. Martin went on to talk about other men, in the professions, in business, in politics, in society. But Davenport thought of General Todhunter, now referred to as old. "Dignified as ever!" The careless phrase was apt, fitting. If ever a man had been dignified, thought Davenport, it was Archibald Todhunter. And proud, and sensitive besides; he had all the attributes one associates with dignity. Davenport's memory went back to the first time he had ever seen Archibald Todhunter, that morning at his grandfather's plantation in Alabama—it must have been in '62—when the soldiers had stopped there and his grandfather had entertained the officers. He could see the brilliant group under the long gallery against the white pillars. The tall young colonel, with the smooth, fair cheeks and chiseled Roman profile, his black locks falling to the high embroidered collar of his new gray uniform, stalking up and down the long veranda, in boots and spurs, smiting the palm of his hand with the gauntlets he had drawn off when he turned his horse over to his orderly—that was Archibald Todhunter in youth, a figure to fill completely the imagination of a boy—or of a girl, for that matter, as no doubt it often did. Davenport could see him as he rode away, so full of hope and confidence and high purpose—and illusions, no doubt, without bounds! Ah! Davenport sighed. That was in the early days of the war!

The young Todhunter had been a splendid soldier; the martial life seemed to be his *métier*, the very thing for his talent. He had gone up rapidly through the grades. At twenty-four he was a brigadier, and by temporary detail actually in command of a division, commanding an army at twenty-six. He had fought in sixteen battles, and though wounded two or three times, he had had the luck of the brave, and with headlong, dashing courage had come through. Mill Springs, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Iuka, Corinth, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Chattanooga—these names were on his roll.

After the war he had come to the city, as had Davenport himself, who then knew General Todhunter as one of those men for whom every one predicts a brilliant future. But as time went on the fulfilment of so much promise seemed to be postponed. No one knew exactly why; no one, perhaps, tried to push conjecture to analysis; only, somehow, General Todhunter seemed not to be getting along. Perhaps he had been molded for heroic times, and in humdrum commercial days there seemed to be no place, no demand, for him. Thus there was a slow, gradual, imperceptible, but all the while persistent decline and attenuation of his fortunes.

Davenport, thinking of him that afternoon in the club, with Martin rambling on in his monotonous and pallid reminiscences, content to talk without the stimulation of attention, was not sure that he had noted the tendency to marked failure in the General. He had gone away to Mexico, in that first venture of the mines, because, after the great *débâcle*, he had found the atmosphere of the States uncongenial; there were scenes he would forget and a bitterness he hoped to leave behind, and restore his heart to its natural good temper. And if he had gone away thinking of General Todhunter at all, it was as of a man whose triumph was merely delayed.

From Mexico Davenport had gone to South America, and his years had been spent in Brazil and the Argentine when he was not in Europe. Commercial success had been for him the easiest thing in the world; just why, he had not con-

cluded—he had not thought of it deeply; it had come, that was all; perhaps because luck favors the indifferent and success attends those who move through life with an easy and careless assurance and comes at the graceful gesture of a hand that scorns toil. Such, in a broad, impressionistic way, were his vagrant thoughts that afternoon in his club, home again after so long an absence, picking up the threads of so many lives, reading the last chapters of so many stories begun years before, and dropped when his destiny interrupted his perusal of them.

He met General Todhunter a few days after, quite by accident, in the street. The General did not pass over on the other side—possibly, thought Davenport, recalling one phrase out of all the welter of Martin's inconsequent discourse, because he did not recognize him. They came up there on the sidewalk in Marion Street, amid crowds that filled it at noontide, with the heat beating down and shimmering over the pavement. Davenport was seeking the heavy shade of the drawing-room of his club when suddenly he beheld the familiar figure—familiar, and yet changed.

"Why, General Todhunter!" he cried.

The old man peered at him in the glaring sunlight, and then there came to his face the old beautiful smile, and he put forth his hand as he said: "Clayton Davenport! Is it possible!"

And the General took off his hat and bowed, in his old-fashioned way, and then stood, his white hair, thinner now by all the years, uncovered in the beating sun. Davenport hastily removed his own hat, and one or two persons passing by glanced with contempt at so much ceremony.

The hat which General Todhunter had taken off was an old felt hat with a very broad brim, long since out of fashion in the New South. Black once, no doubt, it was now of a tone of green that suggested the mossy accretions of years. Its shape had long since been fixed in a permanent sweep of the wide brim over the right eye and a deep lateral indentation in the crown, pinched by his hand in the salutations of a decade. Indeed, this superannuated hat had character; one might say that it had come to bear

a personal resemblance to its wearer, as hats will; any one could have identified it as the hat of General Todhunter as promptly as did the mysteriously endowed negro phenomenon who had charge of the hat-rack at the dining-room door in the Cotton Exchange Hotel. The General wore the long frock-coat, perhaps the identical frock-coat, in which Davenport had seen him last—any other kind would have seemed unnatural to him. His cravat was old, too, and, to such an inspecting eye as that in the head of Davenport, long since threadbare. There was a forlorn sagging in his trousers, and the soft pliability of long wear in the boots—in which he yet trod with a certain authority, after all. It was this authority, this old habit of a self-respect that had never, perhaps, in all his life been impugned or compromised by dubiety in his own mind, that kept General Todhunter from that touch of indignity which would have marked him as shabby. He was not quite that as yet, but he was at the point of a marked decay that would have denied him further respect in a world where clothes are of paramount importance.

The thought recalled Carlyle, and Davenport remembered his saying: "Man's earthly interests are all hooked and buttoned together, and held up, by Clothes." And he had a fantastic vision, in the flash of a second, of the appearance of the human beings in that town if on a sudden all of them were to stand out naked in the eye of day. He had the instant reassurance that even in such difficult Adamic predicament General Archibald Todhunter would have been the most dignified of them all. For even in those mothly habiliments, which the searching light of the sun touched with the verd glisten of decay, there was the old distinction in the figure of the man. And Davenport had an instant of rage against life—he had many such instants—for the indignities it heaps on certain persons, especially upon the old. General Todhunter, had he lived under a system that needed certain primordial qualities, or had he been more adaptable, participating, and pliant, would have been the most notable among them. And though he came to rags, his soul, Daven-

port was sure, would shine out through them with the light of its intrinsic, almost naïve simplicity.

It was impossible to stand there in courtly attitudes, impossible, at least, for Davenport, who had all the self-consciousness of his cosmopolitan sophistication, and as he looked at the General the distressing conviction came to him that the old gentleman was probably hungry. And so he said:

"I am just on my way to luncheon, General Todhunter. Do me the honor, please, to lunch with me, and you can cheer me up with talk of old times."

The old gentleman thought for a moment, as though he had to consider the invitation, and then said:

"I think that my engagements are of such a nature that I may avail myself of that pleasure, sir. I shall be delighted." And he put on his old hat and they went down the street together.

Davenport decided on a certain café which, with his instinct for the place where the best food in any town was to be obtained, he had found on coming back home, and as they walked along he was planning a luncheon that, while satisfying the General's hunger, should suggest no recognition of it. They went into Fallet's—the General as though he were an habitu   of the place—and were given a table in the coolest corner. Davenport said he felt like eating something altogether Southern, and the suggestion started the General off upon recollections of the South; he recalled all of Davenport's kinsfolk, ascended the entire genealogical tree—talked of Davenport's grandfather, the old plantation, and the early days of the war.

It was precisely what Davenport had intended. Sitting there and watching the old gentleman eat—eat with a relish that was almost pathetic—Davenport wondered what he could do to help him; how, for instance, since clothes were the first desideratum, he could help him to clothes. It was a matter of the most intensive delicacy; the least suggestion of any favor, of anything that savored of charity, and the old man would be challenging him to a duel!

But he kept talking about the South, about the war; and at last, while he sat thinking, an inspiration came to him.



Drawn by Walter Biggs

HE DREW ON THE TABLECLOTH A PLAN OF THE OPERATIONS

The old man had been talking about General Bragg, and Davenport, leaning back in his chair after the crab-meat salad, and in the most careless way he could command lighting a cigarette, gave a laugh, as though he had recalled some humorous incident, and said, as he laid down the match:

"You know, General, I never think of Bragg that I don't recall something told me by my Uncle Brutus; you remember him?—he married one of the Talbotts of Virginia."

"I remember him perfectly, sir. An excellent gentleman."

"He told me once about an incident that occurred at the siege of Vicksburg. He was there, you know, with his regiment, the Seventy-first Alabama; and General Bragg, who was in command—"

An odd expression of disturbance, a kind of vicarious embarrassment, came over the face of General Todhunter. He bowed, however, in the politest acquiescence, and Davenport went on.

"Bragg, you know, being in command—" The General stirred again, and Davenport looked up as though in inquiry.

The General flushed, but inclined his head and said, "I follow you perfectly, sir."

"Well," said Davenport, "Bragg—" He knew the General could not endure it much longer; he was stirring again.

"Pardon me, Mr. Davenport; you will not think me, ah, well, impertinent, but if my memory serves me adequately, I think it was General Pemberton who was in—"

"General Pemberton?" exclaimed Davenport. "What about him? I'm talking about General Bragg."

"Yes, to be sure," said General Todhunter. "But doubtless it was a slip of the tongue, or my dullness in not quite apprehending—"

"Apprehending what?" said Davenport, assuming a certain brusqueness.

"Pardon me, Mr. Davenport," the General began, "but you spoke of General Bragg as having been in command at Vicksburg during the siege, did you not?"

"Well, of course," said Davenport. "He was in command. Uncle Brutus was with him all the time."

"I should be the last man to dispute you, Mr. Davenport," the General spoke with all his suavity, wiping his lips with his napkin, carefully arranging the white mustaches, and even giving his white imperial a propitiatory stroke. "But General Bragg was *not* in command of our forces at Vicksburg. General Bragg, indeed, was not at Vicksburg on that occasion. General Pemberton commanded our forces there and it was he who negotiated the surrender with Grant."

"Why, General," said Davenport, leaning back in his chair. "I *know* that Bragg was in command at Vicksburg."

"You were quite young at the time, Mr. Davenport, and you have been abroad for many years."

"Yes, but I've read the history of my country, General."

"Not accurately in this instance, I fear," said General Todhunter, with his smile. "But of course it is of no consequence. Pardon me, please, for interrupting you, and do proceed with your most interesting story about your Uncle Brutus, whom I recall with so much pleasure."

Davenport drew his chair more closely to the table, and with a determined air said: "No, sir. Let us settle this thing. I'm sure that General Bragg commanded at Vicksburg. I know he did."

The General was evidently gathering himself for an effort. He cleared his throat, wiped his mustaches again with his napkin, and laying the napkin down on the white cloth, puffed at his cigar a moment, and began:

"It is doubtless but one of those curious lapses of our imperfect memories that accounts for your belief. But let me refresh your recollection. General Bragg, you know—"

And the General began a long and technical description of the whole Vicksburg campaign, of the manœuvres of Grant, and of McClernand and Sherman and McPherson under him, against Pemberton. He took out his pencil, and drew on the tablecloth a plan of the operations, with marks for the Mississippi and the Yazoo, showed how the bluffs ran back from Vicksburg; and in his absorbing interest and his vast knowledge of the subject he went on and on,

Davenport meanwhile leaning with his elbows on the table, listening intently, smoking cigarette after cigarette and scowling over General Todhunter's war map. The General was soaring into a description of the engagement at Champion Hill, when Davenport, fearing a history of the Civil War, suddenly sat up and interrupted him.

"No, sir, General," he said; "you're wrong. I don't like to appear obtuse or obstinate, but all that you say doesn't convince me that Bragg was not in command there."

The General stiffened in his dignity, laid down his pencil, and said: "It is not a matter of conviction, Mr. Davenport. It is a matter of fact."

"Oh, well," said Davenport, with a conclusive air, pressing the fire out of the end of a cigarette into his plate, "it's just a little difference between gentlemen. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you anything you like that General Bragg, and not Pemberton, was in command of the Confederate forces around Vicksburg, and held the city against the siege." And he challenged the General with a look. The General smiled.

"I behold in you, Mr. Davenport," he said, "all the old stubbornness of your race. The Davenports were all like that."

"Well, will you take the bet?"

"But a gentleman does not care to lay a wager on what I believe the sporting fraternity call, if I am not mistaken, a sure thing."

Davenport feared he was growing difficult.

"Why, it's *I* who have the sure thing, General," he insisted. "Aren't you willing to back your own opinion?"

"Always," said the General.

"Very well, then. Will you take the bet?"

General Todhunter inclined his head. "Certainly, sir," he said.

"What 'll the stakes be, then?" asked Davenport.

The General waved his hand indifferently. "As you please."

"It's a small matter between gentlemen," said Davenport. "Anything trivial will do. I'll bet you a suit of clothes."

"Very good," said the General, grave-

ly. "And to whom shall we leave the determination of the question?"

"Oh, to any one you like," said Davenport, generously.

The General proposed the librarian of the public library, himself an old Confederate soldier, and Davenport agreed. He called a cab and thither they drove. When they consulted the librarian, that functionary looked in amazement at Davenport, and could scarcely keep from laughing, but after he had gone to the trouble of getting down a volume or two and pointing out to Davenport his great mistake, Davenport scratched his head, looked perplexed, and then taking out his card-case and turning to the General, said:

"General Todhunter, I might have known better than to pit my knowledge of the war against that of an old soldier who went all through it. Barks is my tailor. Do you go to him?"

"He has fashioned garments for me," the General said.

"Well, here's my card. He'll fix you up."

But as they drove down-town Davenport began to have doubts. If the General should have any suspicion, he thought, he would never go near the tailor. He must post the intelligent Barks. And so, leaving the General at the foot of the dingy stairs where he had his little office, Davenport went straight to his tailor and instructed him in the part he was to play when the General appeared.

"Make the old man think I was as mad as the devil at losing the bet," he said. "And then get him up the finest suit of clothes you ever made; you'll see what he needs—a splendid long frock-coat of broadcloth, and all that goes with it. I want him to look like a Prime Minister when he turns out, and he will, if you take an interest in the job. And it doesn't matter how much it costs. Understand?"

Davenport, however, as he thought it over, felt that something more was necessary. The General's hat, for instance, would look only the worse by contrast. He could not inveigle him into another dispute and wager a hat, and he could not buy him one out of hand. And then suddenly he thought of a Panama he had

brought back from South America, a noble chapeau, which would not only be a comfortable gear for the proud old head, but would add the final touch of elegance. He waited until he could happen upon the General again, contriving that this should be in the course of a day or two, and when they met, Davenport said:

"Do you know, General, it was stupid in me not to think of it the first time I saw you, but I brought for you, from South America, a Panama hat, the genuine thing. There isn't another like it in the country. I saw it down there one day, and in some way it reminded me of you, and as I was bringing home a few little gifts for my friends, I said: 'Just the thing for the General!' I'll send it around to your chambers to-day."

The General expressed his gratitude with the elegance that might attend the exchange of ambassadorial compliments.

The aged negress who in devotion had looked after General Todhunter through all the years, must have worked in conscious collaboration with his good fortune some miracle with his linen, for when he appeared that morning before Davenport he was wholly satisfying to the eye of that connoisseur. He wore his new clothes with the ease that was his birthright; and the bosom of his shirt, his cuffs, and his collar were of an immaculate elegance, and from his shoes—low, with buckles, long out-of-date, no doubt, but of a fundamental dignity—to the Panama hat, he was a magnificent piece of architecture.

"The spoils of Vicksburg," he said, as he took Davenport's hand.

Davenport was just leaving town. The state convention of his party was to meet at the capital, and as a Democrat who had been long enough out of the country to preserve his regularity in the party, Davenport was going to attend the convention, for there he knew he would meet many an old friend. And in the fine glow of his own achievement, as he stood there looking at the General, it occurred to him that there was one more joy he might bring into that faded life—would he go to the convention as his guest?

The General's face flushed; his eyes moistened. It had been a long time

since he had attended a convention; he had supposed that his days of politics were over, but it would be a privilege to go as a beholder where once he had gone as a participant, and a joy to see again the friends of other days.

"Some of the old boys will be there," he said, wistfully, and Davenport felt the pathos of that camaraderie that exists among the survivors of the great war.

Davenport found more satisfaction in the joy of the General than pleasure of his own when they got to the sleepy little Southern capital, which for that week was to be roused out of its torpor by the presence of the state's politicians. To Davenport the intricacies of politics were ever mysterious, and as the years of absence had been years of change, he could no longer enter into the discussion of issues; but he could view the whole scene, with its excitement and its movement, and its mysterious and conflicting currents of passion and ambition, with a wholly detached sense, and with the disillusionment the years and his travels had brought him. Somehow the efforts these men were putting forth seemed to him to be curiously artificial, remote from the realities of life. He did not work the problem out; he did not work many problems out; but this question of the relation of politics to life presented itself to him as an interesting subject of speculation for some hour of leisure, though as a man with nothing in the world to do he seemed never to have any hour of leisure. But to the General, moving among the many old Confederate soldiers as though they were still under his command, or standing as the striking center of many a group of younger men, it was a supreme social occasion, a symposium where lofty minds might exchange reminiscence and opinion, where men at least might look once more in faces they had never hoped to see in this world again. All that evening Davenport had glimpses of his domed Panama soaring above the other hats that shifted in the crowded lobby of the hotel; men were curious about him, wished to be presented; he was a veritable personage. His face had a peculiar innocence, a simplicity, and withal a refinement, that marked him as

a man who had lived in a changing world unconscious of its changes and untouched by them. He moved among all those men—one might almost say moved above them—in a dignified neutrality that was impossible of association with any feud or faction.

For of course there were factions. The party's supremacy was unquestioned in the state, and its nominations, as politicians phrase it, were equivalent to elections; so it faced no conflict at the polls; but as conflicts must occur somewhere, especially in politics, there were factions within the party. These, as Davenport soon discerned, were now almost equally divided on the gubernatorial nomination. The Governor, after his two allotted terms, had been chosen Senator, and for the succession the Lieutenant-Governor and the Adjutant-General were contending. Thus there were Sloat men and Granger men. Davenport's old friend, Jim Thorpe, managed the campaign of the former, as his old friend Clay Harpster was directing the forces of the latter; and humanity seemed to be separated into two vast schools of Former and Latter, each convinced that the future of mankind depended upon its success.

The whole absurdity of quarrels in general was in this instance plain enough to Davenport, and in his mildly curious way he speculated, as he went from the headquarters of Former to that of Latter, on the petty character of most of our politics and the barrenness of the desert in which politicians live and strive. He was glad he was not in politics, glad he was not of them in the least, and he longed to get back to town. But the General was enjoying it all as he had enjoyed nothing in years. He was expanding with a new importance. He had no doubt of the essential relation and determining influences of all that manœuvre and manipulation, that whispered intrigue and secret understanding, that trading and bartering, that treachery and deceit, comprehended in the term "conference," which was going on all about him. He had no doubt that out of it all, in some mysterious way, the destiny of his commonwealth was to be determined. And for his sake, Davenport stayed on long after disgust had

filled his being as malaria once had saturated his bones in Brazil.

Nevertheless, when the convention met at noon the next day the scene in the great hall of the state armory was not without its interest even to a weary citizen of the world like Davenport. Far up in the balcony a military band was playing "Dixie," and on the stage, bright with flags and flowers, the women who were the social leaders of the capital and the men who were the political leaders of the state were assembled; in a word—to adopt the original characterization of the newspaper correspondents, who seemed to have received a common inspiration—there were assembled the flower and chivalry of the land. Davenport and the General were given conspicuous seats among the distinguished, and there they sat, beholding the preliminaries of the event, the foregathering hosts of delegates, who came in laughing, talking, smoking, greeting one another in various humors, seeking out their appointed places, huddling into the chairs that grouped them by counties. Then, at last, the state chairman calling the convention to order, the reading of the call, the delivery of the prayer, the announcement of the temporary chairman, and his long speech sounding the key-note; then the appointment of committees, the wrangling over credentials—all the preliminaries were dragged out, there in the suffocating heat of the hall, until the delegates began to take off their coats and sit in shirt-sleeves, and Davenport could speculate on the unengaging if not repulsive aspects of any large assemblage of men, with their bald heads, and their gray heads, and their unkempt heads; their slack or gaunt or burly forms, and faces whereon life had written sordid tales. And then his eye fell upon the General, sitting magnificently upon the platform, like a sage.

They had to go through the same thing the second day, and select a permanent chairman, over whom there was a sharp conflict, and then there must be another speech by the permanent chairman repeating the key-note of the day before; then other long speeches nominating the esurient candidates, who from their eulogies might have been classic heroes overlooked by Plutarch; and at

last, in the middle of the hot afternoon, the balloting began.

After the first feints, the preliminary jockeying, in which favorite sons were accorded the immaterial honor of complimentary votes, the strength of the leading candidates was gradually developed; Sloat men and Granger men seemed to be of equal number, though neither was as yet sufficiently appreciated to make his nomination sure, for there was a zone of uncertainty wherein the wavering or the independent found a temporary and chilling classification as "scattering." The tellers, under instructions, no doubt, were slow in recording the vote by counties. The contest was prolonged into the night, finally into the next day. Another day was tediously and fruitlessly spent, and the weariness of the heat, the strain of the long contest, began to tell on the nerves. An indignant delegate from a remote rural county lodged a rude protest against the chairman of his delegation for refusing to take another poll; gentlemen exchanged words, insults, finally blows, and the leaders decided that it was time for counsel and compromise.

Thorpe and Harpster and Colonel Bowling held a parley, after which Thorpe whispered to the chairman. Then Harpster and Colonel Bowling went down onto the floor of the convention and circulated among the delegates, passing some word, and finally Colonel Bowling, standing in the aisle, was recognized as the gentleman from Boone, to move that the convention take a recess until four o'clock. Upon the perfunctory chorus of ayes, the gavel fell, and the convention dissolved in shuffling groups.

Davenport went out into the corridor to stretch his legs and smoke a cigarette, and half an hour later he saw Thorpe approaching with an anxious face. Davenport asked him for news; their efforts at compromise had been fruitless. Neither side would yield, and there was no one, heavy enough for gubernatorial timber and unallied with faction, upon whom they could agree. Davenport puffed his cigarette, attentively examined its monogram, and said:

"What's the matter with General Todhunter?"

The great, round face of Thorpe grew instantly solemn; he caught his thick lower lip between his teeth, and then, "By God!" he said, abruptly turned, and, abandoning the pressing errand he had seemed to be on, went back to the committee-room.

When the convention reconvened at four o'clock, Davenport resumed his seat, plucked at his little gray mustache, and tried to compose his features to the gravity due a vast deliberative assembly so as to mask the cynical amusement invariably inspired in him by the human species when gathered in numbers to effectuate any common purpose — an amusement that was a lighter expression of his habitual contempt for mankind in the mass.

The chairman was invoking the alien spirit of order, the delegates were getting back into their places, the indignant one, indeed, already standing on his chair, with uplifted hand, shouting: "Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman!"

The chairman rapped with his gavel, but with a new note, as it were; a new and final intention. Thorpe and Harpster were on the floor of the convention, each with his faction. The General's chair was vacant, and Davenport felt in his stomach a nervous sensation of excitement he had not known in years. The chairman was saying, in the stillness that had been evoked:

"The secretary will call the roll of the counties on the nomination for Governor!"

At the call of the first county, a tall man arose and said in his deepest tone: "Mr. Chairman, on behalf of the solid delegation of Adams County, I rise to cast eleven votes for General Archibald Todhunter."

There was a cheer, quelled by the gavel as unnecessary. And the roll-call proceeded, on down through Calhoun and Jackson and Jefferson and Madison and Monroe, all the way down to Washington, until, as the phrase of politics has it, they had all tumbled into the band-wagon, and the General was nominated for Governor of his state.

The committee appointed to notify the General of his nomination and to conduct him to the floor of the convention retired to the anteroom, where he

was in waiting, tarried a decent length of time, and then, making a *détour* through outer corridors, came marching up the aisle, escorting the candidate. The General, solemn in that supreme moment, breathing heavily, unbuttoned his coat, and sat with lowered gaze while the chairman was announcing that he had the very great pleasure and the very great honor of presenting to the convention that gallant soldier, that learned advocate, that distinguished Democrat, the nominee for Governor, General Archibald Todhunter, who would then address them.

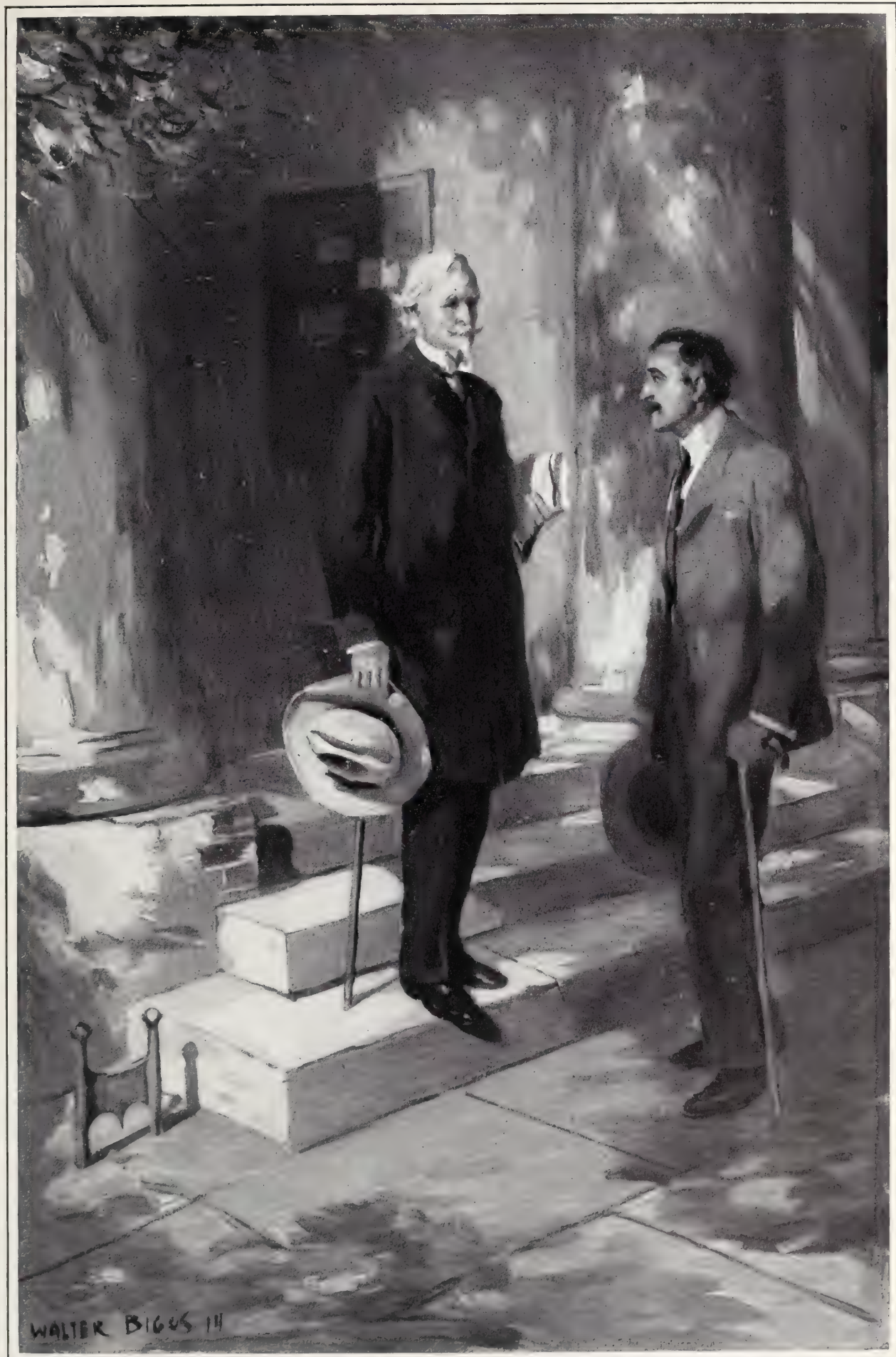
The General advanced to the edge of the stage, slowly buttoning his long coat, and stood there, looking out over the great assemblage. He paused a moment before beginning to speak, and the silence deepened into the concentrated attention compelled by a personality. Davenport himself felt something stir within him that was more than the light, half-condescending affection he had felt for the old fellow. He felt a new respect; from looking down, he began to look up, not only with his bodily eye—as he had to, indeed, sitting there on the front of the platform, turning his glasses sideways to regard the General—but with the spiritual eye; and after the first few sentences he felt a strange catch in his throat; he bit his lips and blinked his eyes rapidly.

The General was expressing the profound sense of gratitude that welled within his breast for the distinguished consideration which they had shown him and the extraordinary honor with which they had endowed him. He was not insensible to either, nor to the heavy responsibility which both entailed. He could say, with unfeigned sincerity and his hand upon his heart—and the gesture with which he uttered the sentiment guided his hand gracefully to the breast of his new coat—that the nomination which he accepted with so much pride had come to him entirely without solicitation and taken him wholly by surprise; he could not, indeed, have been so presumptuous as to imagine himself the object of such preference. He had come there to meet again his old friends, his old comrades in arms, to greet them in the affection of common sacred memo-

ries. And he began to talk to the old soldiers, and about the old days of the war, and presently many men, especially among the old and gray, were wiping their eyes, so that Davenport had a chance to wipe, unashamed, his own. The General had counsel for the young men, too, and if he referred to the shadow that had darkened his pleasure when on coming to the capital he had apprehended division in the ancient house of his friends, he referred to it only that he might rejoice with them in the fact that it was now happily dissipated in the sunlight of a perfect concord. Then he went on to speak of the old party and the old State—in his mind they were identical; to voice their love for them and to celebrate their glories. He enumerated the state's resources, pictured its possibilities, and in urging the necessity for united and harmonious action he mounted into an apostrophe to the New South; and before Davenport himself was aware he found himself on his feet with the whole convention, caught up on a wave of emotion evoked by the voice of this man who seemed no longer old, but in his prime, full of vigor and of authority. There he stood, his mustaches and imperial white against his flushed face, while the convention cheered him again and again, his white head inclined in acknowledgment, his hands nervously clasped behind his back in the abundant folds of the tails of his coat, like a President of France indeed, and as though he had known such ovations all his life.

Men on the stage arose to congratulate him; delegates came rushing up with hands outstretched; the veterans were chuckling with the hysteria of senility; the convention had quite broken up. And as the General applied a large handkerchief to his face and neck, and rearranged the skirts of his coat to seat himself, the chairman laid his gavel down and permitted the convention to abandon itself to the disordered enthusiasm of its own emotions.

Davenport's interest in General Todhunter had been purely sentimental, an effect of the romanticism which was in his strain, as its baronial obligations were a part of his tradition. For the sake of old memories he had relieved the



Drawn by Walter Biggs

HE WORE HIS NEW CLOTHES WITH THE EASE THAT WAS HIS BIRTHRIGHT

General's distress, the more readily perhaps because it had been genteel. It had been a satisfaction, of course, to do this, for he was a generous man, whom the immediate sight of suffering affected painfully. In helping to make the General comfortable he had made himself comfortable, and, this done, the General afforded him a whimsical amusement, and his attitude toward him was that of a condescending but tactful patronage.

But when all this resulted indirectly in the nomination of the General for Governor, his attitude underwent a subtle change. Insensibly he began to regard the General, in his improved condition and advanced station, as his own creation, and he began to feel the joy of creation. He looked on his work and saw that it was good. His appreciation of the old gentleman was no more the half-humorous thing it had been; it grew to be a very sincere, a very serious and respectful admiration.

Davenport knew nothing of politics, and entertained for democracy the contempt of one who had lived long in South America; he regarded it as a chimera, to be viewed as men versed in life view the illusions of youth. He was concerned solely for the General's personal success. And he abandoned his intention to go North for the summer and remained in town, taking an interest in the General's campaign, raising funds, insisting on the necessity of organization, consulting with Jim Thorpe, Clay Harpster, and Colonel Bowling. When his friends at the club smiled at the enthusiasm of one who had so long been but a bored spectator of life, he became serious.

"You don't appreciate the General," he would say. "He's a great man."

The General's election had, of course, been assured from the first; the success of the Democratic candidate was always assured in that state. But when autumn came Davenport suggested a canvass, and accompanied the General on a tour that took him over the state. It was for Davenport a genuine sacrifice, perhaps the only one he had ever made, for he disliked promiscuous handshaking, despised crowds, and found the hotels a real hardship. But to the General that tour was as delightful as though it had been the triumphal progress of a prince

through his realm. On the night of the election they assembled in the headquarters of the State Central Committee on the parlor floor of the Planters' Cotton Exchange Hotel—the great party banner, bearing a gigantic portrait of the General, flapping in the rain outside—and read foregone conclusions in the returns, the General, dignified as ever, adjusting his glasses, taking up telegrams, reading them, laying them down, making appropriate comments, and receiving congratulations with the aplomb of a statesman, a father of constitutions.

In the reaction that followed, Davenport grew restless, and determined on a journey abroad. But the General implored him to stay to witness his inauguration. And Davenport stayed, and in January had the satisfaction of beholding the General, seated in an open barouche beside the retiring Governor, drive in state up the long avenue to the State House; heard him deliver his inaugural address, a notable state paper; saw him installed at last in the Executive Mansion; and then went away.

From time to time letters from Governor Todhunter reached him in Italy, whither Davenport had steered his course for the sake of the winter voyage to the Mediterranean. He could easily visualize the distinguished figure moving in his stately way in and out of the Executive Mansion, walking slowly up the avenue of the State House, passing up the long walk, ascending the wide steps, disappearing under the lofty pillars into the cool, dark rotunda. He was glad that a combination so perfect could have been contrived in this life, and he had his pride in his part in it.

A twelvemonth went by, and the next year had run three-quarters of its course when he had a letter from the Governor announcing his renomination for a second term. Then one day in the *Paris Herald* he read a brief despatch giving in its meager way the results of the American elections. His Governor had triumphed again.

In November, in Paris, Davenport had a letter from the Governor, giving him the details of his second campaign, but speaking with more interest and enthusiasm of a party he proposed to give for the children. It was to be an

elaborate affair; he had ordered a caterer and an orchestra down from the city, and the social dowagers of the commonwealth were to act as chaperons.

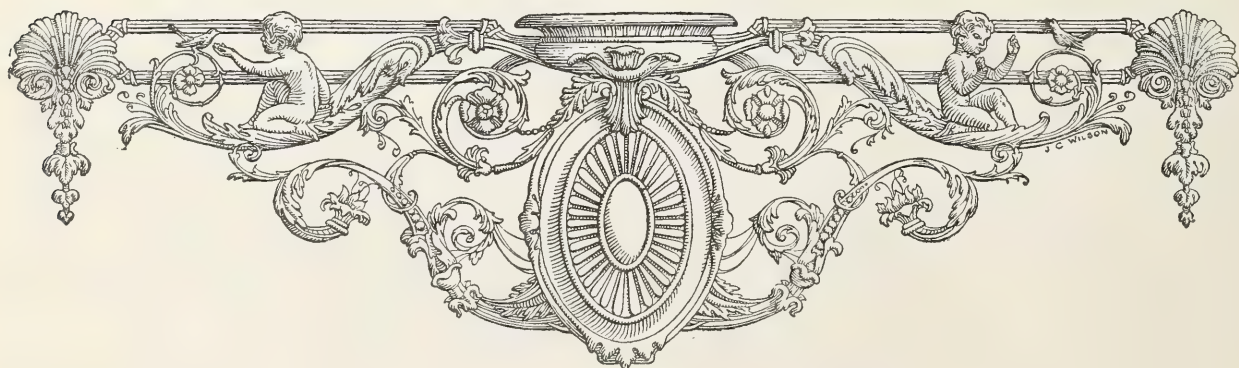
Davenport smiled at the simple joy the Governor evinced in his pretty project. The sun was out that day; there was a lingering warmth in the air that might have suggested spring had not the leaves been falling as Davenport went for a drive in the Bois. As he rode he thought of the children's party, and by the traveler's habit in allowing for difference and lapse in time, he could view it as already an event of the past. When he returned to his hotel in the Place Vendôme he found a cablegram. It announced the death of Governor Todhunter. The sun had gone down in fog, there was a chill in the air.

A fortnight later, to London and his little hotel in Dover Street, came a letter from Martin, and for once he was glad of Martin's gossip. The party for the children had been a famous success, and the Governor happier than any of them as he moved under the brilliant chandeliers of the Executive Mansion. It was raining—November had been a month of nasty weather—and the Governor had gone out on the veranda, remaining long enough to smoke a cigar—and he in bare head and evening dress. Martin wrote that Mrs. Gregory had told him that all the ladies said the Governor never looked so handsome as on that

evening. But he had taken cold; the next day the physicians ordered him to bed. It was pneumonia, of course, and two days later he died.

Davenport sat there in the smoking-room of his hotel in Dover Street and read the letter. When he had done he still sat there, the letter in his hand. There, he thought, away there, out over Berkeley Square, over Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, out over the west of England, across the sea, across his own land, his own state, in the capital of his state, he could see the Executive Mansion, and the children dancing, the white skirts of the little girls standing out as they whirled—but no, it was the rotunda of the State House, draped in black, and very still, pervaded by a hush, in the center of it a bier and a squad of old Confederate veterans, and on the bier, in its black garments . . .

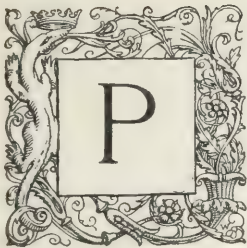
He was suddenly conscious that the Englishman sitting there in that chill, dimly lighted apartment, its atmosphere heavy with carbon, with the stale and acrid odor of the tobacco that had been burned there, was, after all, aware of his existence on this planet, actually cognizant of him as a specimen of the human race which inhabits it, for he was staring at him, in surprise, possibly on the point of raising his glass to study him more minutely. And Davenport discovered that he had wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.



The First Dictionary of Americanisms

BY THOMAS · R. LOUNSBURY

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ICKERING'S vocabulary of Americanisms has already been described as the pioneer undertaking of its kind. For certain reasons it demands a fullness of examination which the intrinsic value of its contents would hardly justify. This is not because of the influence which the work exerted upon the character of later compilations, though that is something distinctly appreciable. Nor is it for its occasional discussion of usages which were then making their appearance in the speech. Nor is it for the information it furnishes in regard to words and phrases then current exclusively on this side of the Atlantic. For us its main value lies in the picture it presents of the state of mind then prevailing in this country. The work will always have an abiding interest for the light it throws upon the way our forefathers thought and felt—at least no small number of those of them who considered themselves the representatives of the highest culture to be found in America.

Pickering was in the fullest sense an exemplar of the beliefs entertained by these men and of the spirit by which they were actuated. For us, accordingly, he is more than an individual. He serves distinctly as a type. He is the representative of a class then far from insignificant in numbers, and by no means limited in influence. At the time of the appearance, in 1816, of his vocabulary there was in the matter of language a deference paid, especially in New England, by the best-informed American to the least-informed Englishman which it would be a compliment to term obsequiousness. It was, in fact, a servility which the most groveling prostration of actual servitude could hardly have surpassed. Political dependence had been over-

thrown by the revolution. Its very success makes more marked the abject literary dependence that came to prevail. The minds of men varied between boastful national self-laudation and fairly cringing linguistic submissiveness. In the latter particular it was a repetition on an even lower scale of the attitude which had previously been assumed by Hume and his fellow-Scotchmen. Nowhere is the corresponding attitude here prevalent brought out with fuller distinctness than in this first vocabulary of Americanisms. Both in the preface and in the body of the work it is more than implied; it is almost vehemently proclaimed. Pickering's compilation, therefore, is even of more interest to us for the state of mind it reveals than for the information it contains.

In its remarks upon words and phrases his work was, to a large extent, a lamentable failure. This was mainly due to the absolute inability of its compiler to comprehend the nature of the life and growth of language. In his own time his learning was celebrated not merely by those who knew him, but by those who knew him not. In certain ways he was assuredly a man of distinct scholarly attainment. This was at least true of him, so far as the possession of knowledge is concerned. But to being a linguistic scholar in the high sense of that word it is manifest that he had not the slightest pretension. Of language in general, of the movements which take place in it, of the influences which operate upon it, of the principles which regulate its development, he had no conception whatever. Of the necessity and desirableness of new words, of the causes which lead to their creation, he exhibited in this work peculiar ignorance. It can be said in his behalf that nearly all his contemporaries were in the same state of blindness. Fortunately for his con-

temporaries, however, it did not fall to their lot to compile vocabularies of Americanisms.

In the case of Pickering any chance there might have been of preserving even a slight portion of intellectual independence was utterly destroyed by the misfortune—good fortune he doubtless deemed it—of having spent two years of his early life in London. He never got over the effect of it. Notions about language in general, and about the English language in particular, which were at that time current, at least throughout the English-speaking world, he accepted without reserve. These are indeed far from having died out now; but their utterance at this late day is confined mainly to those—no small number, indeed—who continue to cherish the exploded linguistic superstitions of the past. It was bad enough for Pickering to receive with fullest faith the views about language then prevalent. Unhappily, along with it went an equal faith in the utterances about it of every individual Englishman of education. Especially was he willing to accept without qualification the assertions of any one who acted as a contributor to the reviews then published in Great Britain. These men, in his opinion, were to be regarded as having uttered the last word that could be said on the subject of speech. In consequence, if some anonymous writer in some now forgotten periodical pronounced a word an Americanism, an Americanism it was. It made no difference how many Englishmen were employing it at the time and had been employing it for centuries before. It had been declared an Americanism; as an Americanism it was to be avoided.

To two, in particular, of his English friends resident in this country Pickering expressed himself as being under special obligation. Any statement they chose to make he received without question. So utterly subservient was he in his acceptance of their opinions that they themselves seem to have felt it necessary to repress the fervor of his faith in the finality of their utterances. They took the pains to caution him, he tells us, that though educated in England, they had resided so long in America that "their ear had lost much of the sensibility to

deviation from the pure English idiom which once would have enabled them to pronounce with decision in cases where they now felt doubt." It was fortunate for Pickering's work that they occasionally felt doubt; for whenever they pronounced with decision they made a particularly woeful exhibition of ignorance and incompetence. In most instances there is not the slightest evidence that the individuals consulted knew what they were talking about; in several instances it is perfectly manifest that they did not know.

But though Pickering relied much upon English friends, he relied still more upon English periodicals. The meekness with which he accepted the strictures on language by the most ignorant English reviewer displays the intellectual servitude which existed in America during the early part of the nineteenth century, but most of all in New England. It affected throughout the nature of his collection of examples. Do the best he could, however, he was not always able to succeed in being as uninformed as the men whom he regarded as authorities, or as he himself apparently desired to be. His vocabulary contained a number of words that had been accused of being Americanisms. Happy was he if in any case he could find that any of them occurred in an English book, or, in lieu of that, in an English review. Sometimes indeed he was able to show that the word denounced had not only been used by English writers, but by great English writers. This was as far, however, as he presumed to go. Even then he felt it venturesome to distrust the infallibility of the oracle he had consulted. So he would go on to remark that the word was used more frequently in America than in England. It was an assertion the truth of which he did not know. Still, as no one else knew the contrary, it was one fairly safe to make.

It is proper to say, however, that Pickering did not rely exclusively upon English periodicals any more than he did upon English friends. In both cases he made use of what may be called home talent. If any ignoramus on either side of the Atlantic had succeeded in getting his crude notions of words and usages recorded in a periodical, he accepted

them for no other reason, apparently, than because they were found in print. Two of these periodicals he held in highest esteem. From their pages he constantly cited words of approval, or, rather, of condemnation. One was American, the other English. The former was the *Monthly Anthology*, published at Boston and "edited by a society of gentlemen." It existed from the latter part of 1804 to nearly the middle of 1811. The society was doubtless made up of gentlemen; it was certainly not made up of scholars—one is occasionally tempted to add, of men of sense. So far as its comments on Americanisms and on usage generally were concerned—and these comments were numerous—this anthology deserved much better to be styled a collection of weeds. The English work was the much longer lived *British Critic*. This review, with various changes in its editorial management, lasted from 1793 to 1843. To the reader of the present time there seems to have been an unavowed rivalry going on between these two critical Dogberrys as to which of them could exhibit more ignorance of language in general and of the English language in particular. The fact that Pickering looked upon their remarks as worthy of serious consideration is one of the gravest charges that can be brought against his own linguistic competence.

It was not, however, to these two periodicals that he confined himself. His faith in the dicta of English reviewers generally was of the kind that removes mountains. Their assumption of a knowledge which they did not possess, their attitude of patronage, whether kindly or hostile, he received with unquestioning humility. Several of the words in his collection, he tells us, had been obtained from British reviews of American publications. In the value of their observations he cherished implicit faith. "I may here remark," he said in his preface, "how much it is to be regretted that the reviews have not pointed out *all* the instances which have come under their notice of our deviations from the English standard. This would have been doing an essential service to our literature, and have been the most effectual means of accomplishing what their

scholars have so much at heart—the preservation of the English language in its purity." This is the same sort of dreary twaddle which has been repeated for the last three or four centuries by men who have not the slightest conception of what is really meant by purity of speech. It never occurs to them to study the origin and history of the usages upon which they pronounce magisterially, or the authority for the employment of them by the great classic writers of our tongue. The single idea they have of purity of speech is that every word or expression to which they personally take exception conduces to its impurity.

There were times when Pickering was enabled to feel intense satisfaction in showing that America had been unjustly accused. The happiness he felt in discovering that a particular word or usage which some English critic had condemned as an Americanism could be found in an English dictionary or in an English periodical would be amusing to contemplate were it not so pitiable an exhibition of invertebrate inability to maintain an erect posture. *Originate*, for instance, as a transitive verb, had been censured as an American innovation. Great was his satisfaction in being able to relieve his countrymen from the charge of having introduced this use of it; though he added—Heaven knows on what evidence—that it was more common with American writers than with English. Though its employment by the latter condoned in a measure its iniquity, he sympathized with the view that as a transitive verb it was not fully authorized. He quoted with approval a remark from the *British Critic* that "we object to the word *originate* used actively." It was described there as one of the "few blemishes" in the language of an English work under review. Had Pickering's vocabulary appeared at a later period he would have been able to quote in favor of this contention an authority far greater on the literary side, but just as ignorant on the linguistic as that of this anonymous critic. In that wildest farrago of absurd observations on words and usages—Landor's *Imaginary Conversation between Dr. Johnson and Horne Tooke*—the latter is represented as saying: "*Originate*, a depo-

nent, is become active. People of fashion say, He originated the measure." To this Johnson is represented as replying: "Scholars will always say, The measure originated with him." Had Landor taken the pains to consult Johnson's own dictionary, he would have found *originate* put down there as both an active and a neuter verb. Now comes the *New Historical Dictionary* and shows that the transitive use of the verb was distinctly the earlier. If correctness of speech depends upon priority, the usage which Pickering and Landor favored would have to go by the board.

In truth, it is not so much the linguistic ignorance of the compiler of this first vocabulary of Americanisms that is amazing as is his attitude. That a word should be used in America of which some English reviewer did not approve brought him inexpressible anguish. He informed us that corruptions had crept into the language as spoken here, sufficient in number "to have become the subject of much animadversion and regret with the learned of Great Britain." Much nearer the truth he would have been had he said "with the unlearned of Great Britain." In proof of this sad state of affairs he quoted an extract from the periodical which he regarded as a fountain of linguistic wisdom. The *British Critic* deplored our deviation from the purity of the English idiom. It told us that it was the duty of scholars on this side of the Atlantic to stem "that torrent of barbarous phraseology with which the American writers threaten to destroy the purity of the English language." Our men of letters, we were further informed, must relinquish, however reluctantly, certain words and phrases before they can hope to rank with good writers. Our scholars ought to lose no time in endeavoring to restore the language as used here to its first purity and to prevent future corruption. To the few who are familiar with the English reviews of that time, remarks like those just given will seem neither novel nor startling. If there was one fact about which the average British critic was then perfectly satisfied, it was that he himself used the language in its primeval purity and splendor—very much, indeed, as Adam did his before the

fall. Any deviation from the practice which he followed or approved he was wont to speak of as a violation of decorum if not an offense against morals. If he learned, or more usually merely fancied, that these expressions, so offensive to him, had their origin in America, he had the further gratification of believing that his feelings were not only right, but patriotic.

Cackle of the kind just cited Pickering accepted as gospel. With it he sympathized fully. He witnessed with pain, he tells us, the corruptions which were gradually creeping into the language. There was nothing new in this particular exhibition of grief. For three centuries at least a certain class of people have been witnessing this sort of thing with pain; for centuries to come they will continue to witness it with pain. The particular matter deplored will be different; the feeling will be the same. Two special dangers there were in Pickering's opinion which beset us in America. One was the survival with us of words and forms which in his opinion, frequently mistaken, the English had abandoned. The occurrence of *stricken*, for instance, caused him profound grief. "This antiquated participle," he told us, "is much used in Congress and our other legislative assemblies." Even the occasional employment of it by English authors did not suffice to relieve his sufferings, "Our own critics," he said, "have all condemned the use of it." This, if true, does not convey a high idea of the intelligence of "our own critics." In truth, the example he gave was a very unfortunate illustration of the danger he deplored. *Stricken* is really the proper past participle of *strike*. *Struck* is merely a corrupt intrusion into its place of the preterite, just as *shook* was once frequently employed even by good authors for *shaken*. This fact Pickering manifestly did not know. Furthermore, it never occurred to him that the increasing employment of *stricken* on both sides of the Atlantic was nothing but a part of a general unconscious movement, still in progress, on the part of the language to return to its earlier etymological forms. Few are the writers now who would venture to follow the example of Milton and speak of

The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

Milton in treating *forsook*, strictly a preterite, as a past participle, was employing a fully authorized usage of his time. Others then did the same. We do not so employ it now, because, as a consequence of the silent revolution slowly but steadily going on in the speech, it has ceased to be an authorized usage. The second danger Pickering pointed out was our affixing a new signification to words which are still used in England in their original sense. All words should be discountenanced with which British authors of reputation—by whom he meant the writers in the reviews—professed themselves unacquainted. That very ignorance showed that they were not employed in the mother country. In such a case they “of course ought not to be used elsewhere by those who would speak correct English.”

Pickering's faith, in truth, in the familiarity of every English critic with all the words in the language was never shaken in the slightest. He was, however, a little distrustful of the Scotch. Hence his attitude toward the *Edinburgh Review* was not that of perfect trust. Its great editor was a Scotchman born and bred. Its language was consequently tainted by its Northern surroundings and by its Northern contributors. But in the *Quarterly* Pickering felt that he could put absolute confidence. In his eyes that review was a well of English undefiled. Whenever it censured what he had previously been disposed to consider correct his faith was at once shaken. This state of mind comes out noticeably in his comments on the verb *narrate*. This word had been long in use; but it was in little use in South as compared with North Britain. Hence it had come to be considered a Scotticism. Only there was it heard at all, according to the dictionary of Dr. Johnson. Pickering accordingly was in a good deal of doubt as to its propriety. “This verb,” he said, “is noticed by being printed in *Italics* in some English works where extracts have been made from *American* publications.” On this point he consulted one of his two English friends. As might be expected, he

got from them the usual misinformation. He himself observed that it was often found in the *Edinburgh Review*. He cited two instances in the second volume where it occurred twice in the same page. He failed to note, however, that this same periodical had later atoned in a measure for its own lapse from linguistic purity by printing this word in italics in a quotation it took from Stiles's history of the three regicides, Whalley, Goffe, and Dixwell—an American work. But though the Scotch might fail him in this particular case, “the English reviewers,” Pickering was able to say, “rarely employ it.” He quoted a censure of it from the *Quarterly* of the year 1813 contained in an article on McCrie's *Life of John Knox*. The critic had praised highly the style of that work. He liked it better for the very Scotticisms with which it abounded. But he drew a line at the “modern affectation” shown in using “the abominable verb *narrate*,” which, he remarked, “must be absolutely proscribed in all good writing.” It is from reading remarks like these upon words and their uses that the man of pessimistic temperament gets perhaps his gloomiest views of the nature and extent of the immense abysses of asininity in human nature which still lurk unexplored.

Pickering had furthermore a childlike faith in the English dictionaries of that time. They are known now, and must have been known to scholars then, as being scandalously imperfect. If, however, a word was not in them, it was very hard for him to believe that it was in the language at all. At any rate, it lacked their certificate to its being there rightfully. No more frequent remark is there in his work than that some particular word under discussion is “not in the English dictionaries.” If, however, he found the word in question contained in some periodical published in Great Britain, his mind was sensibly relieved. But if the strange term was unsupported by either one of the two authorities of dictionaries or reviews, he looked upon it with doubtful or disapproving eyes. In 1806 Noah Webster had brought out a small English dictionary. It was the first of his ventures in that particular field. As Pickering looked at the matter, it was an audacious proceeding for

an American under any circumstances to bring out a dictionary of his own tongue; though it was perhaps the example of this daring procedure that led him a half-score years later to bring out a Greek lexicon. In his work Webster had included the adjective *noticeable*. Such action proceeding from this side of the Atlantic struck Pickering as an act of temerity. One of his correspondents had remarked to him that the word was an Americanism. Pickering himself did not venture to take such extreme ground. "Mr. Webster," he said, "has admitted it into his dictionary; but it is not in the English ones." Had he been as familiar with literature as he was with lexicons, he might have saved himself from any solicitude on the point by recalling the "noticeable man with large gray eyes," of whom years before Wordsworth had spoken in a famous passage.

It is worth while to give some of these comments upon assumed Americanisms which were furnished Pickering by his English and American friends. At no period has the knowledge which has been brought to bear upon the consideration of words and their uses been embarrassing by its quantity or its accuracy. This vocabulary is assuredly a marked specimen of the lack of both. The illustrations it furnished are, however, interesting for the sort of intelligence which is still frequently displayed in discussions of this nature. Accordingly, the few examples given are taken designedly from words belonging to the literary rather than the colloquial speech. One of the pernicious English friends whom Pickering consulted assured him that "*influential* was clearly an American word." So down it went at once into his glossary, though the compiler himself remarked that it had been admitted by Dr. Johnson and other English lexicographers into their dictionaries. But his faith in his friend was unshaken. "It does not appear," he wrote, "to be used now in England." It may be mentioned in passing that Lady Holland, a somewhat later but equally intelligent defender of the purity of speech, took pains to assure Macaulay that *influential* and *constituency* were two particularly "odious" words.

Provincialism was also included in

Pickering's list, apparently because it had been censured by some writers as unauthorized. Whether it originated in England or America has not been decisively settled. Nor is it a matter of much moment. Never was a word more imperatively needed. Had it not existed, it would have been necessary to invent it in order to designate Pickering's own state of mind. Fortunately for his happiness, he discovered that though the word was not in the dictionaries, it was frequently employed by English reviewers. This was enough for him. He felt fully justified in consequence in rejecting the protest of the American friend who had objected to its recognition. *Presidential* too was, according to the *Monthly Anthology*, "one of the barbarisms in constant use among us." This view of it Pickering accepted with qualifications. He found that English writers sometimes employed it. Hence it could hardly be regarded as a barbarism. Still, he was cautious enough to add that they used it "only in speaking of American affairs." It is hard to see how any other adjective could have been formed from the noun; and an adjective was imperatively needed. Hence if it had not already had a being, it would have been necessary to create it. As a matter of fact it had existed for about two centuries. It was probably never common, for presidents themselves had not been very common, or at least historically important. Naturally it could not have been applied to the President of the United States until such an office was in existence. After that was created, its frequent appearance in this country was inevitable. *Nationality* again, Pickering tells us, is a new word used by some wretched American writers. It was a new word in his eyes because it was not found in the then existing English dictionaries. Still, though lacking this introduction into polite linguistic society, he was not disposed to censure it unreservedly. He had come across it once in the *Quarterly Review*. Unfortunately, it was there printed in italics. For him, in consequence, complete happiness was denied.

A somewhat striking illustration there is of the methods which Pickering followed and the resulting havoc which was

wrought to English lexicography. One of the words he included in his collection was *anxietude*. He had picked it up in some unnamed newspaper. "I never saw the word but once," he remarked. Still, on the strength of this single occurrence, it was duly enrolled in his vocabulary. It is hard to comprehend how even at that period an educated man could have been unintelligent enough to consider it as having the least claim to be considered an Americanism. For that its size and character were altogether too imposing. The word itself is regularly formed. It comes directly from the Latin *anxietudo*. But neither in this country, nor, for that matter, in any English-speaking country, do men go about speaking of themselves as filled with *anxietude*. Still, on the strength of having been found once by Pickering in some obscure newspaper, this apparently never used word has continued to cumber, for a generation or more, the pages of our largest dictionaries. But while carefully including without criticism *anxietude*, which had behind it no respectable authority, he also entered, but with denunciation, a verb which he had no business to consider an Americanism, even had it been first employed here. This was *companion*. Linn, a forgotten American author, had written a narrative poem entitled "Valerian," which was published after his death by his brother-in-law, Charles Brockden Brown. In it he had used the present participle *companioning*. This of course is merely an example of the facility with which our language turns nouns into verbs. It excited, however, the wrath of the reviewer in the *Monthly Anthology*. He spoke of it as "a word invented without taste, low and unpoetical." Pickering joined heartily in this condemnation. "The word," he said, "was never used in this country, I presume, by anybody but the inventor." Linn was not an author of whom the American of our day has heard; and the same remark is probably true of most Americans of his own day. Still, he knew that the credit or discredit of inventing the word did not belong to him. This is clearly more than can be said for his critics. The "low" and "unpoetical" verb *companion* had been used for centuries by English poets

and prose-writers. Among them is one whom even the *Monthly Anthology* might not have looked upon with absolute disapproval. "Companion me to my mistress," says Charmian to the soothsayer in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra."

Besides the conscious influence exerted over Pickering by English friends and English reviews was the unconscious influence of his political opinions. He was manifestly a Federalist of the most pronounced type. As such he had little sympathy with anything coming from or belonging to France. He really looked upon whatever was in any way a result of the French Revolution as the direct offspring of the devil. This hostility extended not only to the works of that country, but to its words. Consequently he was much concerned, as many have been before and since, at the disposition to introduce Gallicisms into our tongue. *Constituted authorities*, *demoralize*, and *demoralization* are a few of the deplorable terms he mentioned as having crept into the speech from that insidious quarter. Considering that as far back as the fourteenth century about one-half of our older and more common words came to us from the French, it was rather late in the day to become excited about Gallicisms merely as such. But anything proceeding from or connected with France Pickering regarded with suspicion if not with aversion. The feeling, indeed, extended to persons who had dwelt in it. Joel Barlow had spent much of his life in that country. There he had been in full sympathy with many of the men who had taken part in the Revolution. Of necessity he fell under the ban. Consequently while Pickering embodied in his collection of Americanisms any new term he chanced to come across in the most unimportant of newspapers, he disdainfully rejected the numerous ones, mainly of a polysyllabic character, which Barlow had perpetrated in his ponderous epic *The Columbiad*.

Accordingly, in his observations upon Gallicisms, real or supposed, Pickering's political prejudices came constantly into play. He seemed to regard such words as an objectionable element in the speech, not only in themselves, but on account of the party in the nation which in his

opinion had introduced them. The verb *base*, meaning "to found, to build upon as a basis," he considered worthy of special reprobation. "A few of our writers," he remarked, "have adopted this Gallicism"; but he felt justified in adding, complacently, that "it is not in common use." Not unnaturally his hostility to the leader of the Democratic party—or Republican, as it was then more usually called—extended to the words found in his writings. This feeling is singularly manifested in his comments upon the verb *belittle*. This may in its

origin have been a quasi-Americanism. Its first appearance, so far recorded, is in Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*. This work was originally published at Paris with the date of 1782 on its title-page. In 1814 the *Quarterly Review*, in the course of one of its regularly recurring exposures of American disreputability, observed that President Jefferson talks "of *belittling* the productions of nature." This was enough for Pickering. "The word," he wrote, "is sometimes heard here in conversation; but in writing it is, I believe, peculiar to that gentleman."

Hesperides


BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

LEGACY of golden days,
 L Whence falls such sunlight on my ways?
 What holy magic, what white art
 Delights my body and my heart,
 Looking on a summer morn
 On falling fields of shining corn,
 Or hearing, storm-bound in a wood
 The roar of cataracts in flood?
 When many masts of shipping meet
 In vista of a darkening street—
 When old ballads, bravely read,
 Ring out like cymbals in my head—
 When I hear the youthful vaunt,
 The radical, the militant
 Chivalry of brave young men:
 Whence have I such pleasure then?
 The crystal fruit of Eden tree,
 The fairy brightness, whence to me?

My delight is not born of
 Young years or requited love,
 Nor comes it from wise days well spent,
 Or conscience porcelain-innocent.
 I cannot dream the blissful art
 Springs from an ever-loyal heart.
 The silver bough, the golden rose
 Surely in some far garden grows,
 Brought hither in a silent ship,
 Whose oars the liquid ether dip
 Unheard, unseen by mortal sight,
 In the dead of night.
 So lucid, thrilling, sweet it is,
 To taste it would not come amiss
 To the saved souls; they would but think
 Suddenly sweeter grew their drink.
 The angels and the archangels
 Might pour it in their sapphire shells.

On Truly Hill

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

ANE-SARAH looked in the glass. She saw her oval face and vague eyes; she rejoiced in the contrast of her pale skin and silky black hair; that gold dust of freckles on her nose was delicious. Contemptuously, yet with tolerance, she thought of Nellie Steptoe, with her staring eyes, and of Susan Woolmer's fat, pink cheeks.

To be really beautiful, as she was, ought to be enough by itself to make a girl happy. This she thought when she looked in the glass, or when she looked at her two aunts, with whom she lived. Aunt Emmeline was thin and dingy, with a big nose and no chin; Aunt Rhoda was fat and had a funny old face of flaming red.

She looked in the glass. It was small and dainty and dim, and so she disliked it because she could not see enough of herself, nor could she see clearly. A mirror with worn quicksilver at the back made even her skin look green, and she longed for a big, new glass.

Everything that the aunts had was old, and they were proud of their good furniture. It was an old house with a nice bit of land, and it had belonged to the family for three generations. Jane-Sarah's mother had often looked in this very glass. She had seen her face reflected, as a little girl, as a grown-up maiden, as a bride (and for the last time, as she then believed). She had gone away with her husband, but she had come back, disillusioned and sickly, at the end of a year. Jane-Sarah had been born and she had died. That was eighteen years ago.

Sometimes the oldness of the house, the rigor of the family furniture, and the primness of her maiden aunts made Jane-Sarah want to scream out loud and then run away for ever. At those times she would come idolatrously into her

bedroom and look in the glass and console herself by seeing that her face was lovely even when she cried.

She sat looking at herself now, propping her chin in her palm and smiling sleekly until a voice came up the stairs:

"Jane-Sarah, why are you daddlin' in your room? Come an' hold this caliker while I cut."

"I'm comin', Aunt Emmeline," she called back, and, reluctantly, she went from the dressing-table toward the door. But first she looked out of the window, and, not for the first time this afternoon, she saw Daniel Pipkin, the sheep-farmer's son, ride down the village street upon a cream-colored cart-horse, with slate-colored patches on its flanks. Daniel himself wore clothes that seemed to be the color of sheep. They were neither buff nor fawn—they had a rosy look in the sunlight. He and the great horse looked both plodding and splendid.

Daniel was a handsome boy—she had noticed that long ago. They made a good-looking pair, he and she. Jane-Sarah blushed and stood perfectly still, possessed by a new, delightful, and most perturbing thought. She forgot her Aunt Emmeline and the calico that was waiting to be torn into lengths. She peeped, trembling, through the white muslin blind at Daniel. He was fair; sometimes his flaxen head looked quite silvery—and yet it was gold! It looked like the bleached grass that grew so high upon Truly Hill. His blue eyes laughed in his bronzed face; for he was always laughing, and he was burned to that rich color which blond men take with the sun and the wind.

"I am dark and he is fair," whispered Jane-Sarah to herself. She ran hastily back to the glass and saw that her face was a heavenly red.

"Jane-Sarah, ain't you niver comin' down?"

She went down.

Her aunts kept a tiny drapery-shop,

and it was also the village post-office. Upon the shelves of the shop were rolls of comfortable flannel, some of it scarlet and some of it sea-green. There were also rolls of unbleached calico, and this had a yellow tinge. Jane-Sarah, whenever she saw it, thought of her own neck, which was golden at the nape, just where the fine dark hair left off growing.

Behind the shop was the parlor, a dignified room with a high-shouldered grate that had wide hobs at the side. It was a prosperous, rambling house. There was a little fire this bright September afternoon, because Aunt Emmeline was always cold; yet the window remained open because Aunt Rhoda suffered with her breath and could not endure the least closeness. Upon the hob was a flashing copper kettle, and upon the hearth-rug was a sober black cat. Firelight and sunlight together ran across the delicate backs of the mellow mahogany chairs. Jane-Sarah was sick of it all.

"Now you hold this tight," said Aunt Emmeline, speaking in her slow, melancholy voice, and creasing the harsh calico with her forefinger and thumb, "while I cuts. An' mind you don't let go."

She surveyed her niece critically, adding: "Your face be in a reg'lar rash, Jane-Sarah. I must brew some sarsperillar an' you'll drink a teacup ivery mornin', fastin', my dear. I don't like ter see a young gell's skin s' muddy. Your mother had a beautiful color, Jane-Sarah."

She did so want Jane-Sarah to look fresh and pretty, and Jane-Sarah never did. She regarded her now with a queer look of utterly hopeless affection.

"You'd best go without butter fer a bit; 'tis a bilious food," she said.

"Theer's the shop-bell." Aunt Rhoda arose. "'Tis Dannie Pipkin agen. He hev rode down street three times this artemoon a'ready, an' he bought five stamps, likely; he's got a sweetheart. He's a fool, fer it on'y brings trouble."

"He's twenty-five. His feyther could afford ter giv' un a farm ef he did marry." Aunt Emmeline spoke tartly. "An' as fer trouble, mos' folk seek it. There, now! You've dropped the caliker Jane-Sarah. Stan' still, love. You be all on the fidget."

When the cutting out was done Jane-Sarah went for a walk. She always did in the afternoons; her aunts said it was good for her health.

Aunt Emmeline winked away tears as she worked in the parlor on the new nightgowns. "I do wish," she burst out at last, "thet Jane-Sarah war'n't so plain. There's plain wimmin an' plain, but theer ain't no manner o' hope fer Jane-Sarah."

She spoke sententiously and with unusual vigor. It was clear that she had thought the matter out. "Ef she on'y had features! You can't niver git over a good nose; it larsts till you be confined. Or if she hed fine eyes! But she squints. 'Tis on'y a little squint, but it makes her look two ways. No proper man 'u'd like it." Aunt Emmeline sounded subtly shocked. "'Tain't nateral. Then theer's her hair; we've allus had sich fine heads as a fambly. An' them freckles on her nose makes me reg'lar mad."

"'Tis a pity her skin's bad; freckles on a dark skin do look liverish."

"Or ef she on'y had a figure! Ef she had a walk!"

"It don't matter what she's got or ain't got, Emmeline. She won't need ter marry, an' thet's all looks is for. What sensible young 'ooman 'u'd wish fer any man when she's got enough ter live on without one? We can leave Jane-Sarah comfortable. She'll hev the house o' furniture, she can keep on the shop, an' when the village grows she can sell the land. We've got I dun'no' how many feet o' buildin' frontage, ef the garden was cut up inter plots. Ef you'll tack up them sleeves an' yokes I'll stitch un."

When the clock struck five Emmeline looked sharply up, and Rhoda's glance shifted out of the window at once.

"'Tis time Jane-Sarah come back." Emmeline looked along the street. "The dew falls s' heavy this time o' the year, an' she's gone up on Truly fer sure. She allus do."

"Like as not she hev found a sweetheart on Truly." Rhoda sounded jolly. "Thet 'u'd please you, I do b'leeve. Then they'd stroll along in the moonlight." She laughed indulgently, as at a very far-fetched joke.



Drawn by Herman Pfeiser

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

"HE'S GOT A SWEETHEART . . ." AUNT EMMELINE SPOKE TARTLY

Jane-Sarah had walked fleetly through the village, and she climbed the great hill beneath which the village cuddled. When she got to the top she was breathless, and oddly jubilant. She wanted to dismiss the whole world and be alone; yet Daniel Pipkin's bronzed face with those blue eyes always laughing—eyes set high, and set, perhaps, too close together—dodged between her and the sky if she flung her head back. If she looked down, where the hill dropped sharply to the valley, again his face was hanging in the mist!

She saw the hearty color of it, the lines of fun upon the eyelids and in the corners of his eyes, the fine mouth upon which laughter sat continually, as a happy shadow. Daniel was a merry boy. It was not odd, she thought, that she should see him, since there was a bond between them. They were both so good-looking, she told herself: the best-looking couple, by far, for miles round.

She stood there thinking of Daniel and of herself. Around her grouped the hills; they fell sharply on the north side into the misty, flat valleys, where all the little villages were; they sloped gently south to the sea; between north and south were the fine and lonely combes. Some of the hills were bare, their soft outlines quite unbroken by bush or tree; some of them were dotted about and brushy with little junipers. The village where she lived with her aunts, in such a prim, small elegance of freehold plot and family furniture, lay humbly below her arrogant foot. Down there her aunts were stitching calico. The bubbling water-music of sheep-bells played on the air, and she could see sheep. They belonged to Farmer Pipkin, and they had long, flat tails that nearly swept the grass. Their fleece was the color of Daniel's clothes; they were fawn, warmed through with a sunset pink. Some of them were marked upon the back with a blue mark, and some with a red. These were blue and red flowers; so that as they moved, the stupid things, they made a blossom-bed.

Turf was springy, and when she condescended to look down, Jane-Sarah noticed the minute beauty of the many wild-flowers. Blue and white bright-eyes seemed to beg for mercy of her

foot; the silver-weed looked frosted and was turning to every lovely tint one could imagine; the very fungi were scarlet and orange and a deep blue-black. She laughed out loud at a bold daisy that grew quite alone; a settler it was, and thousands of miles from home.

She walked toward the sheep who gathered about the dew-pond. She was disposed to laugh at their tails; when they ran they looked like great gray cats. She listened to their music. It was a pretty ripple, and the sound of it made her happier than she had been before. Down there in the house, in the thrall of her old aunts, she had been wretched; up here on big Truly Hill she radiated joy. Presently she stood still, with a surprise that was shy. She saw Daniel Pipkin coming. He stood between her and the sea. The rippling dew-pond was behind him, and behind that was the great arch of the gilded sea. You could see it from Selsey Bill to Beachey Head standing here on clear days. They were alone, he and she; except for the watchful, frail spikes of bright-eyes growing on the grass, except for sheep, who notice nothing, who only munch and swing their bells and swing their tails—when they *have* tails!

Jane-Sarah wanted to run away, she wanted to hide her face; but she only stood quite still.

Daniel came up close. He said, staring down at her from his height: "Come an' sit wi' me a bit. It's warm atween them two humps." He pointed. The hill came up in two charming rounds, so gentle that you could not call them peaks. Between was a cradle-like hollow that, centuries back, had marked perhaps the site of an ancient dwelling—for Truly was once a Saxon camp. Quite near was the dew-pond. It brimmed. The wind muffled it, the sun made an amber patch upon one side.

Jane-Sarah said, almost sullenly, "I'll come."

They walked gawkily, near together, swinging their arms and not speaking. Each was crimson and wore a furtive look. Moving by Daniel's side in this way, Jane-Sarah felt that she tottered. She knew now what she had wanted of life; but she surmised a dazzling, vague something which should be a delight

beyond the delight of her own beauty. It was being made love to.

They sat down when they came to those humps of the hill. The dew-pond rippled; it looked as the babble of many tongues might sound. It expressed and tried to echo, perhaps, something of the warfare and the busy living which had gone on upon this lonely big hill so many centuries back, in those far-away times when the world below was forest. Daniel Pipkin and Jane-Sarah knew nothing of this, nor would they have cared. Behind the guarded hollow where they sat the autumn wind was singing—rather harshly, and yet with a silken rustle. It blew through the high dead grass that grew in patches here and there. It was flaxen grass, and it looked like Daniel's mop of hair. He said, appearing lumbering and marvelous: "I've bought ten penny stamps ter-day, in twice goin' inter the post-office. But 'twas on'y Miss Rhoda came ter the counter, an' not you. I've rode up an' down street till I dursn't do it no more. Larst, I traveled up Truly, ter see ef I could find you."

Never had he spoken like this before. Jane-Sarah's soul was new and speechless. Daniel picked up her hand from her lap. His own hand was vast and swallowed hers. He said: "Times I do come up an' set by the dew-pond. Do you know all about dew-ponds?"

She shook her head and—taking it at a run, as it were—she dared to look at him. Their eyes met and she thrilled—because she knew that he must find hers very fine.

At first he had only reverently touched her fingers; then he held them; now he gripped her wrist. She felt herself being forcibly inclined to him, and she hardly breathed.

"They do line the dew-pond wi' straw an' plaster it wi' clay when they makes it, Jane-Sarah. Ef the crustes be pierced, or ef a spring flows in, it wun't gather no dew."

Daniel seemed to talk at random, to cover embarrassment, to gain time, or to preserve the moment. He and Jane-Sarah were not fine; they were simple—as the Saxons who had made love upon this hill many times before them. Yet young love is always the same in the delicate windings which it takes while

the mood lasts. The sheep were moving, merely as a garden-border brushed across by wind. Jane-Sarah's eyes ached with staring fixedly at those blossoms, the farmer's smudge of ownership upon their backs. Her lips trembled, and she laughed. It was a sound to correspond with the wind through the long grass; it was shrill and yet most sweetly silken. She had the woman's instinct to break one spell that she might cast another.

"Some ship-bells," she said, "rings you ter school, an' some ter church; some slow, some quick, some cross, some kind. You jest listen."

"I am a-listenin'," Daniel returned.

Not speaking any more, they tremblingly watched the great shadows step across the hills. Unconsciously they drew inspiration from these placable hills which had mothered them both. They watched the shadows and they marked the sunshine. Arable land was in patches of pink, of crimson, of pearly white, of apple green. Fields plowed and sown took on the variety and the richness of great carpets.

"I told feyther larst night as I'd see you ter-day," Daniel said at last. "I told un I'd choosed my gell. I went an' bought stamps, but I'd settled in my mind as it 'u'd be on Truly, fer he's a wunnerful hill. Clear days, I've sin the island out on the water, lookin' like a twist o' wood smoke."

"Theer's what you m' call a bit of a haze ter-day," returned Jane-Sarah, timidly, and turning her elusive eyes from the moving sheep toward the sea.

They spoke in the broad Sussex drawl. In their village, protected and kept fine by the big downs, the curious belief that money makes gentlefolk had never penetrated. Jane-Sarah was an heiress in her way, Daniel's father was rich, as peasants go; yet they remained of the soil, and Daniel scarcely differed, either in clothing or in speech, from his own shepherd.

"You'd settled what 'u'd be on Truly?" she asked. She knew surely what was coming and she felt ready to faint. She was young and her joy was vague; it was mysteriously distant and yet near; it was like a smoke. Daniel curled his long arm round her waist. His eyes were brilliantly blue. They were the exact



Drawn by Herman Pfeifer

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

INTO THIS PASSIONATE MONOLOGUE HE PUT AMAZING TENDERNESS

shade of the sea upon days when the east wind roared over the hills and when the sunlight lying in the chalky hollows of the quarries was fit to blind you. He began to speak. She loved his mouth.

"I wants you," he said, piteously, dropping his flaxen head with the hair that was like dry grass. "I chooses you fer my wife. You will, Jane-Sarah?"

How fine he was, and big enough to master you! Her head spun. What a couple they would make! So handsome!

"I'll be your wife, Dannie," she said.

He laughed; he was always laughing. He covered her in at once with his big, possessive embrace. She was his now, and already, simply, he felt that.

"Is that good?" He settled her head upon the sure ledge, his shoulder. "Bide theer, Jane-Sarah. Do as I tells you, fer you're mine. I would hev on'y you. Feyther he spoke up fer a purty gell. He'd 'a' loiked Sukey Woolmer wi' her fine skin, or Mary Primmer wi' thet grand step. But 'tis swaggerin', an' I'd humble her. I'll hev you, darling; jest a plain thing what them others makes theer jokes on. But they wun't do it no more."

He put up his big hand and it seemed skilfully to adore and protect a woman in a single touch. He stroked Jane-Sarah's suddenly flaming cheek. Her face was hidden in the warm depths of his sheep-colored coat. In the corners of her tightly closed eyes there stood agonized tears. She believed everything that he said.

"The thing they laughs at I loves," said Daniel, fervently, and he laughed himself. "Them freckles on your nose, my sweet, I'll kiss un ivery night an' mornin'. Eyes thet squint a bit, them's the eyes fer me. Jane-Sarah, offen your eyes hev made me want ter cry; they be patient, an' yet"—his happy laughter gushed from his fine throat again—"they teases a chap, fer I hardly knows which way you be a-lookin'. Mary Primmer she moves like a deer, but you be a gentle, heavy cow. You'll grow inter a fine, slow beast, dear darlin', an' you'll be mine an' I'll be yourn."

Into the uncouth words of this convinced, most passionate monologue he put amazing tenderness; he equaled the romantic utterance of the subtlest lover.

He drew his sweetheart's face out from the burrow of his coat and looked at her.

"You be cryin'"—he spoke with a choke. "'Tis enough ter make us cry."

He stared thoughtfully round the slopes of Truly; he looked into the world; he swept with one triumphant, stricken glance the lovely combe. Jane-Sarah, now that he was not looking at her, dared to study him. He was handsome and without a fault. She regarded his noble head, so thickly flaxen; his proudly chiseled nose, and sweetly curved mouth, that was so brutal and so gentle—both! Into her own slow, down-right language she, to her heart, conveyed her love and her admiration.

He loved her, this fine Daniel, and wanted her for his wife. Only her. Had he not said it over and over again? And she was ugly. She even squinted. So *that* was the secret and the difference of her eyes! Burning all over with shame and pain and a strange, disturbing joy, she remembered her long gazings in the little old glass at home down there in the village.

She would have given worlds to find herself, now and suddenly, quite alone once more upon the hill; watched only by sheep who draw no line of comeliness. She wanted to cry her heart out, with the most touching of raptures. Daniel Pipkin loved her. She was going to be his wife. She said, quietly: "Let me bide a bit. You go back."

Daniel, feeling for her hand and pulling at it, yet still looking into the deep, mysterious combe, answered: "Thet's cur'ous. You wants to bide alone, an' I wants ter hold fast an' niver leave you go now I've got you. Wimmin's diffrunt."

He sprang up suddenly, "I'll kiss you," he commanded, and beckoned with his hand; "then I'll goo."

She stood up, feeling shaken and faint. She was a little thing in his long arms.

"You be soft ter touch, an' sweet," he whispered. "Who could iver hurt you, Jane-Sarah?"

He bent his flaxen head and kissed her. The amazing torrent of that first caress washed away her last pain. He said, his lip at her neck, "Feyther 'ull look in on your aunts arter supper Sadderday, an' settle things."

"Yes; Sadderday," returned Jane-Sarah, faintly.

"You wun't bide here till 'tis dark?"

She shook her head. "I'll foller in a minit when you've gone out o' sight."

At this he let her go; simply, without further comment, and without a second caress, which might have made some slight flaw in the first.

As he went down Truly Hill he looked thoughtful, conscientious, and not a bit of a dullard—looked as if he were saying his lesson over and over, meaning to learn it. For he knew that this was the first lesson of many that he must learn about a woman. They were different, the women, and this difference made their delight to a man.

When he was gone, Jane-Sarah staggered to the dew-pond. It was not far to go; yet she found it a fatiguing journey. As she approached, the sheep romped away, ringing their bells and frisking their tails. So she was alone now, not even sheep to watch her enlightenment, no living thing to make its comment on her poor looks. The soli-

tude of the great hill on which she was, the maternal, calm glances of all the other hills, the sweeping dignity of the valley, combined to caress her, to assure and comfort her. Daniel had caressed her, and also—he had set her on fire. Now the hills soothed and cooled her, they made her dispassionate. They braced her.

She knelt upon the short grass which sheep had nibbled, she looked into the dew-pond. She looked at herself—and this was a *new* mirror! She saw her face for the first time: as it truly was, and as the world saw it. She was sorry for that face, it was so poor and plain. She gazed upon it with a strange detachment. She was neither amazed nor hurt. For she knew that she now had the royal reason to be proud. No one could dispute her right. She had the woman's eternal reason: a man had chosen her.

She was crying and smiling, and her freckled face was puckered up into a funny twist as she went alone, and in the dusk, down Truly Hill.

Pan

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

YE that have deemed of Pan as shepherds sing,
 With soft pipe fluting in some leafy dale,
 Know of the earthquake too is he the king,
 And where the violet-sloped volcanoes fling
 Their lovely unloved streams into the vale.


Dear to his heart, no less than gentle rills
 Touching the whispering music from the reeds,
 The rainbowed lava flooding through the hills,
 Fairer by every fairy thing it kills,
 And decked with flowers no poet plucks or heeds.

Yea! of the winter, too, is he the lord,
 And for his pleasaunce and his mansion takes
 The pinnacled ice of polar wastes abhorred,
 Even as some brambled bower on a green sward;
 Alike the windflower and the mountain shakes,

Hearing his tread; and, as some iron string,
 No less the pines vibrate than each soft dome
 Chimes in a maiden's breast when he doth sing—
 For from the lips of this rock-hearted king
 Falls sweetness as of honey from the comb.

Jones of the Fourth Dimension

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

ARLTON was sitting in that fine office of his—brown marble and Turkey rugs and all that—alone; his secretary had gone after a batch of reports. Carlton was absolutely unable to come to a decision.

Two big letters lay open before him: one from Barnes of the E. & G., inviting him to renew his option, on the chance that Jones might turn up with the two missing shares; the other, from "that beast, Grosskop," of the L. & M., offering to go in with him on a basis of fifty and fifty, on the supposition that Jones and his shares would never turn up. His last word, Grosskop said. Take it or leave it, by Monday noon. This was Monday, and it was ten o'clock.

Carlton suddenly started back, crying out, "What the ——!" then his breath caught with the shock of astonishment. The two big letters were gone. But for the writing-pad, the glass table-top was bare.

Carlton's face went white. He gripped the arms of his chair. Then, by a tremendous effort, his face red again, he stretched out his hand to lift the pad.

"They're underneath it!" he said, knowing they were not.

As he raised the pad, leaving the wide oblong of glass bare, there was a rustle.

"Great Scott!" gasped Carlton. "Who did that!"

The letters were back again, lying quietly on the glass.

With an effort Carlton rose, leaned over and looked at them—but did not touch them. Yes, there was Barnes's decent, commonplace scrawl, and the thin, sneaking signature of Grosskop—"just like his beastly nature!" Carlton mentally remarked.

Carlton straightened himself up, thrust his chair back, and began to pace up and down the room, suddenly looking over his shoulder to see if the letters were still there.

"Wheels?" Carlton asked himself; and immediately answered, "Not a bit! clear as a bell!"

"Eyes?" he asked again; strode to the window. "Ten ten by the Metropolitan! Nothing wrong with *them*!"

Suddenly he turned sharp around.

"Where the dickens *are* you?" he asked, in a sharp, quick voice, and then had a curious consciousness that some one was laughing at him, though his ear heard nothing.

He turned to the table. As he looked, the two letters slowly disappeared, and as slowly reappeared, as though a hand had taken them up and laid them down again.

"This is . . . interesting," muttered Carlton, as, tense and alert, he watched the letters. "What happens next?"

Nothing, though he watched for five minutes, his eyes glued on the letters.

Then with a strong effort he walked slowly to his desk, sat firmly and deliberately in his chair, stretched his hands out resolutely, palms downward, and, poising them about three inches above the table-top, came down with a violent slap—and hit the bare glass.

"There!" he cried, excitedly; "I *knew* it wasn't the eyes!"

Then he took out his fountain-pen, fitted it together, and rather deliberately wrote the date on the pad: Monday, the thirteenth, ten fifteen. Then, with a certain feeling of making his will, he signed his name, "Archibald Carlton," in firm, clear script—"not like that beast Grosskop's!" he told himself. He disliked Grosskop.

As he was contemplating his signature he suddenly stiffened and drew a sharp breath, for the fountain-pen continued to write, slowly and stiffly, like the penmanship in a child's first copy-book, framing the words, "Good morning!"

Carlton watched his hand without being able to control it, and, as the second word was stiffly drawn, he said, quickly:

"Oh! . . . good morning! . . . Who the deuce are you?"

The hand, numb to the shoulder, continued to write, "I'm . . . Jones!"

By a tremendous effort Carlton raised his left hand, crossed it over, and pinched the right arm above the elbow.

"Mm!" he commented; "don't feel it!"

Meanwhile the fountain-pen, seeming rather to move his hand than to be moved by it, had underlined Jones.

Suddenly Carlton saw light. "The man with the two shares?" he asked.

"John Jones, the man with the two shares!" his hand wrote, and then deliberately underlined John.

"The deuce you say!" sharply exclaimed Carlton.

The door opened.

"Come back in an hour, Raftery! I'm busy!" Carlton said, his eyes glued on the pad.

The door closed with a slow turn and release of the handle, expressing Raftery's perplexity.

"Well, Mr. Jones!" Carlton spoke clearly, but in a low voice.

"Well, Mr. Carlton?" wrote the pen.

"What will you take for your two shares?"

Carlton had an extraordinary consciousness of some one laughing close to him or inside him; though he was certain that his ears heard nothing.

The laughter nettled him.

"Mr. Jones," he said, with an effort of control, "let me put it before you in detail! Then you can judge!"

"Go ahead!" wrote his hand.

"The position is this," he went on, making a move to raise his hand. But it stuck to the pad like iron.

"I need it! Use the other!" wrote the pen.

So he began to indicate with his left hand:

"This is our line, the A. & C.; that rascal Grosskop parallels us with his confounded L. & M!"

"I know!" wrote his hand. "Go ahead!"

"Well, then," Carlton continued, "you probably know that confounded little sawed-off line, the E. & G., that connects us, with Bessemer half-way between?"

"Sure!" wrote the hand. "Born there!"

That brief answer, stiffly written, with evident effort, suggested a tremendously pertinent question that had not occurred to him before.

"Mr. Jones . . .?" he asked.

"Yes . . ."

"Where are you *now*?"

Intently he watched his hand write, "In . . . the . . . fourth . . . dimension!"

Carlton swore sharply.

With a tremendous effort, like a man waking himself from a doze, Carlton brought his mind back to the point:

"The E. & G. works are at Bessemer. . . ."

"I know! Go on!" wrote his hand.

"And a man in the works, Andersen, a Swede . . ."

"Dane!" corrected the pen.

"Very well, a Dane—has invented the greatest thing out, a rotary . . ."

"Gasoline turbine!" the pen interrupted. "I know! I showed him . . .!"

Carlton checked an absurd impulse to argue with his own fountain-pen.

"Gasoline turbine," he amended; "greatest thing out! Revolutionize automobiles and all that! Millions in it!"

"I know," wrote the pen. "*I invented it!* Andersen couldn't. He is an ass!"

"All right!" Carlton testily responded, checking the longing to add, "And you're another!"

The pen began to write: "And . . . you . . . are . . . another!" and he had the sense of an unheard but clearly felt chuckle inside him and at his elbow.

Carlton bit his lip. The unseen visitor had read his thought.

"Well," he resumed, "the E. & G. controls that patent—and connects the two lines; that's why we're both after it!"

"Where do you stand?" wrote the pen.

"That's just the deuce of it!" growled Carlton. "There are only a hundred shares of E. & G. Grosskop owns forty-nine. I've an option on the other forty-nine . . .!"

"And I've got the remaining two!" the pen stiffly wrote.

"Jones has those!" mused Carleton, half forgetting; "and the dickens of it is, no one knows where Jones is!"

"Right here!!!" wrote the pen.

"Oh . . . Hades!" Carlton jerked out, disgusted.

"No!!!" wrote the pen, "not Hades—fourth dimension!"

"Do you mean you're *dead*?" Carlton asked, with a certain trepidation.

"Do I look it?" asked the pen.

"I don't know!" Carlton answered, sharply. "How the dickens do I know how you look, or whether you look at all?"

"Would you like to . . .?" the pen asked.

Carlton hesitated, perplexed. He was curious, tremendously curious. But he had a feeling he might have to die to win—to see the viewless Jones—and he wasn't inclined to die.

Not that he was afraid. Carlton never was afraid. But he was tremendously interested in life and, in particular, in the big scheme, the colossally big scheme, of the E. & G. and the gasoline turbine—a thing that meant multi-millions to him if he got it; and, what appealed to him hardly less, a poke in the eye for Grosskop.

"It won't hurt," the pen wrote. "I'll put you safe back again, alive and right side up—as I did the letters!"

"Oh! It was *you*, then?" asked Carlton.

"Sure! Who did you think?"

Carlton, reassured, still hesitated. Goodness only knew what might happen. Then the adventurous fire in his soul flamed up, and, rising quickly, he said. "Come ahead! . . ."

Carlton afterward said it was like an earthquake shock—supposing that you stood on firm rock, jarred through and through, and everything else fell flat. That described it. He was still *there*, beyond a doubt, but the room, and the city outside, suddenly went flat, flat as cardboard: everything but himself—and Jones.

For Jones was there, standing beside him—if you could call it standing, since neither he nor Carlton himself seemed to be standing on anything; they were suspended, poised, unsupported but firm.

The appearance of his room struck Carlton more forcibly than anything. It was so absolutely flattened out—walls,

floor, ceiling; he could see them all, just as when he stood on his fine Turkish carpet and admired his marble paneling; he saw them all, but flat, continuous, ironed out, pulled askew—he couldn't describe it!

Then Carlton turned, and for the first time looked full at Jones, who, to his astonishment, seemed quite a normal little man, dapper, neat, cheerful, in no way out of the common.

"Why, you look . . ." he began.

"Not all the time!" interrupted Jones. "This is for *your* benefit."

Carlton checked a desire to ask questions. He suddenly noticed that the little man was laughing and pointing down at the flat plan that had been his room.

Following the direction of the indicating finger, Carlton saw what seemed to be a flat cardboard figure sliding about the floor, waving flat arms in wild gesticulation. Raftery . . .! He recognized him as he might a figure in a moving picture. The flat shape cruised across the carpet to what was evidently the door, went through it . . . but did not disappear, for, to Carlton's astonishment, he could see the passage, the accountant's department, treasurer's office, and board-room, all flattened out, with flat people pressed upon them. Through these, Raftery cruised, seemingly sliding along the picture, and in his wake arose commotion. The Boss had disappeared! . . . that was what he said!

There was a crab-like rush to the flat space of color that was his room; figures slid here and there across the floor and to the windows—all closed and fastened, Carlton remembered.

"They think you've fallen out!" Jones chuckled at his elbow. "They'll never guess where you are . . .!"

"Where *am* I?" Carlton asked, quickly, with some perturbation and more curiosity.

"I *told* you! In the fourth dimension!" answered Jones, dryly. "How do you like it?"

"Oh, all right!" answered Carlton, with a confidence he was far from feeling. "A trifle strange at first! Interesting, very, of course! . . . But, for steady diet . . ."

"Give you old three-dimensions,

eh?" chuckled Jones. "All right! I'm going to put you back, presently! Won't that jar old Raftery?"

Then Carlton's mind began to get back in its groove. He wanted to know about those two shares. But his experience suggested that it would be safer to go indirectly, so he asked:

"Well, here we are, Mr. Jones. . . . How *I* came here, we know; but, if you don't mind, I'd be greatly interested to know how *you* got here."

"Railroad spill!" said Jones, abruptly. "Great Southern. You remember that bridge smash at Pecos Cañon?"

"Yes?" asked Carlton; "two hundred feet deep, isn't it?"

"M'hm!" assented Jones. "*That's* how I came here! But I knew the way before. Got hold of Zöllner's book and worked it out! . . . That's how I can do things now. The rest can't!" he went on. "The two shares of E. & G. were in my suit-case—old brown leather affair—they've not been found . . . so they must be there yet!"

"Where?" asked Carlton, startled.

"Why, *there!* . . . Pecos Cañon! . . . right in front of you!" And Jones pointed, rather impatiently, with his foot.

Carlton said it was like a dissolving view, one colored picture melting into another, only they both remained on the screen. . . . Poor simile, but the best he could find. There were the palatial offices of the A. & C., flat but real; and there was Pecos Cañon with the mended bridge, two or three thousand miles off, yet equally close and real.

"Now, if we can find the suit-case . . ." Jones went on, meditatively: "You must help me . . ."

"How in creation—!" exclaimed Carlton.

"Don't interrupt!" broke in Jones, somewhat pettishly. "You remember the look of those shares?"

"I should say I do!" cried Carlton. "Why, man, I've been dreaming of them . . .!"

"Very well! Dream of them now!" sharply interjected Jones.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't be so slow! Make a picture—a picture in your mind. Everything, down to the dots! Put your heart into it—if you wish to dish old Grosskop!"

That was clever of Jones. It warmed Carlton up. And, by a supreme effort, he vividly pictured the two shares spread out before him; so vividly, indeed, that they began to loom, misty, but growing momentarily more solid, in space before them. But they kept folding up.

"That's because they're folded in the suit-case," explained Jones. "That's the reflex of the fact upon your thought!"

"Quite so!" assented Carlton, as if he understood.

Jones turned sharply on him, with pressed lips, but changed his mind, and said:

"You've done your part; now I'll do mine! I'll make a mind-image of the suit-case!"

As he spoke Jones's face became tense with concentrated will, and a moment later a shadowy brown frame began to form about the folded shares, till it slowly congealed into a dingy, battered suit-case. With it came the background, the reflex of fact, as Jones had called it: the side of the cañon, with the suit-case sticking in the branches of a tree. Jones leaned forward and laid hold of it.

"Useful thing to know," he said; "remember it, Carlton!—the four-dimensional way of finding things you've lost! Wonder how it got there? Must have pitched out of the window," Jones continued, as we went down. I remember, it was open. . . . And here are your two shares! Put them in your pocket!" And Jones pressed the papers, with their engraved scroll-work in green ink, upon Carlton.

"They're blank," Jones continued; "fill your name in and vote them. Soak it to old Grosskop! Soak it hard!"

"But, Mr. Jones," said Carlton, in some bewilderment, "how much am I to give you for them? Why, they're priceless, you know! *Priceless!* They mean *control!*"

"What *can* you give me, my dear chap?" Jones retorted, testily. "I've got the world already, and then some!"

Carlton said nothing. His breath was taken away. For the moment he even forgot to feel exultant about the two shares. He folded these mechanically and put them in his breast pocket. Then he turned to Mr. Jones.

"I can't thank you enough . . ." he said, with feeling.

"Then don't try!" retorted Jones.

Carlton laughed. Then he thought of something. "Pecos Cañon is supposed to be three thousand miles off," he began.

"From where?" asked Jones.

"Why, from *here*! from New York!" Carlton answered, astonished.

"*Here* isn't New York—at least not specially!" Jones replied, nonchalantly. "This is the fourth dimension. I've told you so three or four times!"

"I'm coming to that," Carlton answered, cheerfully; "*here* is everywhere, in a way, isn't it?"

"If you choose to put it that way, yes. You're catching on!"

"Well, then," Carlton pursued his idea, "I'd just as soon have a look at Bombay or Manila."

"They're there!" Jones pointed. "Stuffy places, both! . . . See the brown men squirming about? Why don't you ask for something interesting?"

"Something like dissolving views, only different!" Carlton said, afterward. "Oh no use trying to describe it; you've got to see it! But there they were!"

"Here's something better!" and Jones pointed again. That's the Snowy Range of New Guinea. Something like looking down out of an air-ship, isn't it? But no breeze! I like the glitter of that! . . . diamonds on green velvet! That's where the birds of paradise are! And here are the Andes! Lay them alongside, to compare!"

Carlton said it was like looking at two odd slides through the stereoscope, only they were real, live mountain chains, close together, and on opposite sides of the earth! Both, at the same time.

"Here's the Himalayas. What do you know about that? You're looking directly down on the top of Mt. Everest!" Jones went on, warming up.

"And still in New York? Why, it's . . ."

"*Hang* New York!" broke in Jones. "Why, yes, as much there as anywhere else."

Then, after a pause, he began, "I say, Carlton . . ."

"Yes!"

"Be a sport! *Stay!*"

"*Where?*"

"Here! . . . In the fourth dimension!"

Carlton pondered. "Why, you know . . ." he began, "I'd *like* to. . . . Half a mind to, too!"

"Well, why *don't* you? I like your company!"

"Well," Carlton temporized, "in some ways it suits me admirably. Another time, perhaps. It's distinctly *airy*, isn't it?"

"Ethereic!" corrected Jones.

"But," continued Carlton, "there are objections. For instance, there's . . . Mrs. Carlton! . . . Bit hard on her, you know. . . . What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, I don't know!" chuckled Jones. "Go on. What are the other objections?"

"Why . . . there's . . . Raftery. He'd go off his head!"

"Nobody'd notice!" grunted Jones.

"And then, last but not least, there's Grosskop! Not even for this highly expeditious locomotion."

"Why, man, you haven't moved! Do be accurate."

"Oh, of course!" Carlton corrected himself; "but it amounts to that. Anyhow, not even for the undeniable conveniences of the fourth dimension would I willingly forego the pleasure of rubbing it into Grosskop, *hard!*"

"There I'm with you!" snorted Jones. "That's why I'm doing this! Mrs. C. and that old ass, Raftery, wouldn't matter, but Grosskop's *different!*"

"And thanks to you"—Carlton urbanely ignored the allusion to "Mrs. C."—"I'm now in a position to put it all over him! So I think I'll ask you to show me the way back!"

"Back where?" Jones answered, a trifle absent-mindedly.

"Oh, to New York! To my office!" Carlton answered.

Suddenly he felt that earthquake jar again, but, instead of falling down, the walls fell *up* and the ceiling closed over his head—"like being shoved into a box," Carlton said.

"You're there!" . . . Jones's voice rang in his ears, but the little man had vanished; and, instead of dissolving views of the world, Carlton sat stiffly looking at the familiar brown marble

paneling and Turkey carpet. He said afterward that the first thing that struck him was the smell of his Morocco leather writing-case as it lay under his hands. Raftery had brought it in.

As he looked about him, sitting tight and feeling a trifle out of breath, Raftery rushed in, wild-eyed and disheveled.

"Why, good heavens, Mr. Carlton! Where *have* you been?"

"Calm yourself, Raftery! Calm yourself! I was taking the air. Rather close in here. Open a window, please. Why, you passed me in the passage! . . . Raftery, I suspect you of being in love!"

A mean advantage, based on the cashier's gossip, but it served. Raftery shut his lips tight and, by a desperate effort, pulled himself together.

"Something of yours, Mr. Carlton?" and he handed his chief the pad with the odd, stiff writing on it. It had fallen on the floor.

"Let's see it, Raftery. Not my writing, is it? . . . By the way, Raftery!"

"Yes, Mr. Carlton?"

"We'll renew that option on those forty-nine E. & G. shares! No, by Heck! We'll *buy* them outright! Go to Mr. Walton and get a check! . . . And, Raftery!"

"Yes, Mr. Carlton?"

"Take this letter of President Grosskop's, and think up some confoundedly nasty way of declining his offer! Do you get me?"

Apparently Raftery did, for into that reply he instilled all the rancor felt by

a middle-aged man, mockingly accused of being in love, and who knows it to be true. The animus of that letter amazed Grosskop—and greatly tickled Carlton, when Raftery brought it to him to sign. He began to have a sneaking liking for Grosskop.

When Raftery closed the door, this time with alacrity, Carlton unbuttoned his coat and, with a mixture of disbelief and conviction, thrust his hand into the breast pocket.

Yes! Papers! He drew them out and unfolded them. The two missing shares of E. & G.!

So it was all real, Jones and the fourth dimension and all!

Mechanically he picked up the pad and rubbed his finger over Jones's crabbed sentences. Then he smiled to himself, determined to try an experiment. Shaking the ink to the point of his fountain-pen, he laid his hand on the pad and said:

"Oh, Mr. Jones!"

In an instant the curious numb feeling ran from his hand to his shoulder, and once again he had the feeling of Jones beside him.

"I believe I thanked you, Mr. Jones, but not enough! And I didn't say good-by!"

"Don't mention it, Carlton! Glad to oblige!" scratched the pen.

"And Mr. Jones?"

"Yes?"

"If I should need you at any time?"

"Call me up, as you did now!" wrote the pen. "So long! See you later!"





THE ROYAL VILLA OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT MONZA

A Visit to Royalty and Days With Franz Liszt

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

MILAN, November 2, 1884.

MY DEAR AUNT,—We arrived here last night, and shall remain till to-morrow, when we are expected at Monza, where the King and the Queen have invited us to make them a visit.

Count Gianotti came this afternoon to tell us that we are to take the train, leaving here at three o'clock. Johan and I went out for a stroll while the maid and valet were packing. We wandered through the Victor Emmanuel Gallery, then went into the ever-enchancing cathedral. I never tire of seeing this wonderful place. I pay my two soldi for a chair and sit there, lost in thought and admiration. The dimness and silence make it very solemn and restful. Every little while a procession of intoning priests shuffle by to go to some altar in one of the side chapels for some particular service. Sometimes it is a

baptism, and the peasants whose babies are going to be baptized stand in an awed group around the font. Everything is done in a most matter-of-fact way. I look at the splendid carvings and fligree of marble and wonder how any *one* mountain can have furnished so much marble, since it started furnishing hundreds of years ago. It is lucky that the mountain belongs exclusively to the church!

On my return to the hotel I found a card from Countess Marcello, saying that the Queen had suggested our going to the Scala Theater, and that we were to occupy the royal box. She has just left Monza. She is lady in waiting to the Queen, and, her duties having finished for this month, she is replaced by the Princess Palavicino. She told us that there were at present no guests at Monza. She said that there are three categories of toilettes: "*good, better, and best*" (as she put it), besides the unexpected which always arrived in the shape

of court mournings, and one must be prepared for them all. When the King's sister (Princess Clothilde) is there, only severe, sober, and half-high dresses are worn. For the Queen's mother (the Duchess of Genoa) the usual evening dress, *décolletée*, with a train. But when the Queen of Portugal comes everything must be extra magnificent, with tiaras and jewels galore and the last things of modernity.

We arrived in the theater just as the curtain was going down on the first act. The audience stared steadily at us with and without opera-glasses. I suppose people thought that we were members of some royal family. As the performance was not interesting and I was tired, we left at an early hour. I scribble this off to you just before going to bed.

MONZA, November 3d.

You see that I am writing on royal paper, which is a sign that we are here. Now I will tell you about things as far as we have got. At the station in Milan, Count Gianotti met us and put us safely in the carriage, which bore a kingly crown; Princess Brancaccio accompanied us. On arriving at Monza station, we found Signor Peruzzi waiting for us, and an open barouche drawn by four horses mounted by postilions from the royal stables. We drove through the town and through the long avenue leading to the *château* at a tremendous pace, people all taking off their hats as we passed.

In the courtyard (which is immense) the carriage stopped at the entrance of the left wing and we entered the *château*, where the Marquise Villamarina met us and led the way to our apartment, telling me, as we walked along, that her Majesty was looking forward with much pleasure to seeing us, and said that we were expected at five o'clock for tea in the *salon* and that I was to come dressed as I was, adding that she would come for us to show the way.

I had time to admire our gorgeous set of rooms, which is finer than anything I have ever seen before—finer than Compiègne, and certainly finer than our apartment at Fredensborg.

We passed through an antechamber which led to my *salon*, the walls of which

are covered with red damask, the curtains and furniture of the same; many beautiful modern pictures hang on the wall and there are pretty vitrines filled with bric-à-brac. My dressing-room is entirely *capitoné* in blue satin from top to bottom—even the ceiling. It has long mirrors set in the walls in which I am reflected and re-reflected *ad infinitum*. My bath-room is a dream with its tiled walls and marble bath. (My maid's room is next this.) My bedroom is as large as a ball-room; the curtains, portières, divans, and comfortable arm-chairs are of white satin, and in the middle is a glass chandelier fit for a Doge's palace. A hundred candles can light me when I go to bed. My bed stands on a rather high platform and has white-satin curtains hanging from a baldaquin with fringe and tassels, and a huge Aubusson carpet covers the whole floor.

Next to my bedroom is J.'s bedroom, which is also very large, with two windows, furnished in red brocade; great gilt consols support the elaborate-framed Italian mirrors. Then comes his dressing-room, which connects with his bath-room and his valet's room. Then another antechamber giving on to a corridor which leads to the great gallery.

The Marquise came to my door and we followed her through two or three drawing-rooms before we reached the center room, which is a very large *salle* with a dome taking in three stories.

The Queen welcomed me most cordially and seemed very glad to see me. She kissed me on both cheeks and made me sit by her on the sofa. She was, as always, lovely and gracious.

The repast was a very sumptuous high tea—all sorts of cold meats, birds, confitures, cakes of various kinds, and sandwiches.

I asked the Queen if she had been singing much during the summer. "Alas, no!" she replied. "My voice has had a vacation and Vera and Marchetti have also had theirs. I have been in Stresa with my mother, and in Turin, but, now you are here, we shall certainly have some music. Vera is here," and at that very moment the amiable old master appeared. We remained talking till nearly six o'clock; then we went up to dress for dinner. I had a better look at our

rooms. They appeared more magnificent than before. My maid had unpacked everything, and a fire was burning brightly in my bedroom, making it look cozy, if one can make such a royal and luxurious apartment look cozy.

I looked at my bed on its platform and wondered how in the world I was ever to get in it when the time came. The sheets and pillow-cases were of the finest linen trimmed with exquisite Valenciennes, like huge pocket-handkerchiefs. Instead of blankets there was a large white-satin perfumed sachet with a cord sewed round it, completely covering the bed.

Johan was told not to be in evening-dress suit. The King always wears a redingote and a black tie. The other gentlemen, of course, do the same. The dinner was at seven o'clock. Every one was assembled when we entered the *salon*. The Prince of Naples was talking with some ladies. His "*Gouverneur*," Colonel Osio, stood near him. After a few moments the King and Queen came in together. The King greeted us with great kindness. The Prince kissed his mother's hand, made a military salute to his father, and left the *salon*. He is fifteen years old now, but looks younger. He wears a uniform which makes him look even smaller than he really is. The King gave his arm to the Queen, and every one followed into the dining-room, going through the "Japanese room." I should say that there were twenty people at table, J. and I being the only guests. I sat on the right of the King, and Johan



DOWAGER-QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY, AS SHE LOOKED IN HER PRIME

sat on the right of the Queen. The dinner was delicious. We had the famous white truffles from Piemonte supplied exclusively for the King. These truffles exist only in certain forests belonging to the Crown in Piemonte. And there is only a certain kind of pigs that have the particular kind of nose that can find them and rout them out from under the ground. A pig and his nose are not enticing caterers, but nevertheless the truffles are delicious. When they are served they have rather a strong odor of garlic, but they do not taste of it in the least.

"Well," said the King, as we sat down to the table, "what have you been doing?"

"Your Majesty would be soon tired if I told you all I have done," I said.

"*Bien!* that is a good commencement. We will have enough for the whole dinner. . . . I listen. . . ."

"To begin with, we spent two months in Denmark. Then I went to America to see my mother; then to Paris; then to the Riviera; and from Monte Carlo here."

"Monte Carlo," remarked the King. "That is a bad place. I have never been there. It is out of the circuit of my official duties," he added, laughingly.

"It is a very bad place, your Majesty, if you are unlucky in play; otherwise it is a lovely place."

"Of course you played at the tables?" the King said.

"Of course," I replied.

"And lost all your money," said the King, and laughed.

"No, your Majesty. I won. I won enough to bring away a hundred-franc gold piece which I keep as a fetish."

"Lend it to me! I need a fetish badly," said the King.

"Certainly I will," and prepared to unhook it from the chain it was on.

"No, no! I am only joking. I do not need anything to bring me luck." Then he changed the conversation suddenly.

After dinner we returned to the *grande salle*. The King and the gentlemen remained with the ladies a little while, then went to smoke in the billiard-room. As the King hardly ever sits down—or, if he does, he sits on the edge of the billiard-table—the gentlemen were obliged to stand during the hour before the King joined the Queen. We ladies sat with the Queen, who entertained us with her impressions of the novels she had just been reading.

She has such a wonderful way of absorbing and analyzing that she can give you in a few words a complete and concise synopsis of the plot and all the situations, besides making clever criticisms.

It was eleven o'clock before his Majesty and the gentlemen returned from their billiards and cigars. The Queen got up, bade us good night, and left the room with the King.

I was appalled when I was ready to occupy my royal bed. It seemed to have become more imposing and more majestic than when I last saw it. I tried to put a chair on the platform, but the platform was too narrow. The only way was to climb on a chair near the bed and from it make a desperate jump. So I put the chair, said, "*One, two, three,*"



THE FACADE OF THE PALACE AT MONZA

and jumped. The white-satin hangings, fringes, and tassels swung and jingled from the rebound. Once in the bed, I cuddled down under the scented linen. I brought the sachet up to the level of my nose, where it hovered for just a little moment before it slid off me and off the bed.

Then commenced a series of pulling up and slipping down which lasted until I was thoroughly waked up for the night. The only way I got the better of the sachet was to balance it warily and pretend I slept.

In the morning we were served a real Italian breakfast in our room: thin Pekoe tea, a little cream, and much powdered sugar, and an assortment of sweet cakes replacing the customary English buttered toast.

November 5, 1884.

While I was dressing this morning I received a little word from the Marquise Villamarina: "Please put on a warm dress, as her Majesty intends taking a long drive after luncheon, and it will be chilly and damp before we get back."

We came into the *salon* just in time not to be too late, for their Majesties entered almost immediately.

The Prince of Naples (they call him the *Principino*) sat next to me at luncheon. He is very clever—unusually clever—and has a memory that some day ought to stand him in good stead. Mine by the side of it felt like a babe in arms. The questions he asked, *à brule-point*, would have startled a person cleverer than I am. He is very military and knows all about the different wars that have been fought since the time of Moses, and when he wished to know how many officers were killed in the battle of Chattanooga I had to confess that, if I had ever known, I had forgotten. But he knew everything concerning Chattanooga and all other battles.

When the white truffles were served (they were temptingly buried in a nest of butter) the Prince said, "How can you eat those things?"

"You mean, your Highness, these delicious truffles?"

"Yes," he answered; "they don't taste bad, but they stink so."

"Oh, Monseigneur," I cried, "you

must not say that word. It is a dreadful word."

"Oh no, it is not. It is in the Bible."

I could not contradict him. I hope he will find out later that there are some words in the Bible that are not used in general conversation.

After luncheon the Queen said: "We are going to take a very long drive. You must dress very warmly." I went to my room. I had a little time before the rendezvous in the *salon* and I thought perhaps I could finish my letter begun yesterday, but, alas! I could not. . . . I returned to the *salon* with everything I owned in the way of furs and wraps, and found all the guests waiting for the Queen.

The equipages here are always *à la Daumon*, that is, open landaus—seats for four people inside, a rumble behind, and a seat for the coachman, if there is a coachman, but the two postilions on the four horses are seemingly all that are required. In front of the garden-side *perron* were the two landaus waiting. The Queen, Madame Minghetti, and Johan sat inside of the first landau. General Caragha and I sat on the coachman's box and maneuvered the brake. It happened rather often that we forgot to maneuver. Then we would get a very reproachful glance from the postilions, and we would turn the brake on to the last wrench; then we would get another look because the wheels could not move. Somehow we never got the right tension. The Queen enjoyed our confusion.

When we passed through the small villages the whole populace would run out into the streets to gaze at us.

I thought it strange that the villagers, who must have seen the Queen hundreds of times, did not seem to recognize her, and sometimes bowed to me, thinking, I suppose, that I, being on the first seat, must naturally be the first person. How different it is in Denmark! When any royal carriage passes, people courtesy, sometimes even when the carriage is empty.

The Queen ordered the postilions to go slowly through the narrow streets of the village to avoid the risk of running over the crowds of children. I never saw so many. Eight or ten at each door! They

all seemed to be of the same age, and all were dressed in red calico, which made a very pretty note of color against the shabby houses. There are a great many manufactories about here, and I suppose red calico must be cheap.

We reached the *château* before sunset. I was quite chilled through in spite of all my wraps (heavy and warm as they were) and thankful to get out of them and get a hot cup of tea.

We found the Marquise Dadda and the Countess Somaglia, who had arrived for tea. The Queen always receives her friends at this time.

Another military dinner this evening! Evidently Monza is polishing off the military just now. It is very amusing for us, as it gives us the chance to see all the celebrities. I sat to the left of his Majesty, and he told me in a loud voice who every one was and what each one had done. He did not seem to mind their hearing. Pointing to one of the generals, he said, laughingly: "*He is tout ce qu'il y a de plus militaire*; even his nightgowns have epaulettes on them, and he sleeps with one hand on his sword."

MONZA, November 7th.

DEAR MOTHER,—I try every day to get a moment to write as you desire, but the days go so quickly and the evenings come so soon, that I hardly have time to do anything but change from one dress to the other.

After luncheon this morning the King ordered some large scales to be brought into the *salon*, and we were all weighed. Our kilos were written in a book, and each person was asked to write his name under his kilo. This took a long time. The Queen weighs twenty kilos less than Johan. There was a twinkle in the eye of the King when General Pasi got on the scales. General Pasi is enormously tall, and big in proportion, being a good deal more than six feet and very stout. They piled on all the weights they had, but nothing sufficed. Pasi looked aghast (Could the royal board be so fattening?) . . . and wondered if it were not time for heroic action. There were screams of laughter! And when it was found that the King had had his foot on the scales all the time every one

was convulsed with laughter, especially the King, who enjoyed his little joke. The Queen's drive to-day was to the Marquise Dadda (one of her ladies in waiting), who has a pretty villa and park near here.

We had thought of leaving Monza to-day, but the Queen wished us to stay longer, and of course we did not refuse, though my toilettes were at a rather low ebb, having thought to remain only a few days.

I sat to the left of the King at dinner. He seemed very melancholy, and told me that never in his life had he had such a painful experience as he had this afternoon. A few days ago a quite young soldier had struck his superior officer and had been sentenced to death. The King said: "He is to be shot tomorrow in the barracks near the park, and this afternoon his poor mother, accompanied by the priest, came to the palace to make a last and supreme effort to obtain pardon. His mother clung to my knees and wept her soul out: 'He is my only child and only nineteen years old—too young to die. Take me instead. *Sono vecchia, egli tanto giovine!*' ('I am old, and he so young!') The priest added that the boy had always been such a good son—kind and gentle to his mother—and begged that he should be pardoned." The King repeated all this with tears in his good eyes.

"I am sure that your Majesty did pardon him. Did you not?"

"No," he said, "though it broke my heart to refuse. In military affairs one must not interfere with the discipline."

"But this one," I urged, tearfully; "could there not be extenuating circumstances? Do pardon him, your Majesty. Just think what that would mean for the poor mother."

But the King, true to his ideas of military discipline, said: "No! He is condemned to die. He must die."

The King could not shake off the impression this interview had made on him, and J., who passed the evening in the smoking-room with his Majesty, said that he never saw the King so depressed as he was this evening.

The Queen came up to me directly after dinner, saying: "What *were* you

and the King talking about? You both looked so serious and sad." I told her.

She said, "The King has such a good heart."

Saturday, November 8th.

The thought of the poor young fellow who was to be shot kept me awake, and I thought at five o'clock that I heard the report of guns, but I was not sure. My imagination was so keen that I could have pictured anything to myself.

The first thing the King said to me at luncheon was, "Did you hear this morning?"

I told him I heard something, but I dreaded to think what it might have meant.

"Alas!" he said, as his eyes filled with tears, "it is too true. I hate to think of it."

We left Monza at three o'clock this afternoon. I cannot tell you how kind their Majesties were to me! The Queen kissed me good-by and said, "*Au revoir à Rome.*"

The King gave me his arm and went down the steps of the grand staircase of the principal entrance with me and put me himself in the landau. "You do not know what an honor this is," said Signor Peruzzi—as if I did not appreciate it!

We drove to the station in state and traveled in the royal compartment to Milan. . . . We intended to leave for Rome and home this evening, but I feel too tired to do anything but send to you these few lines and go to bed.

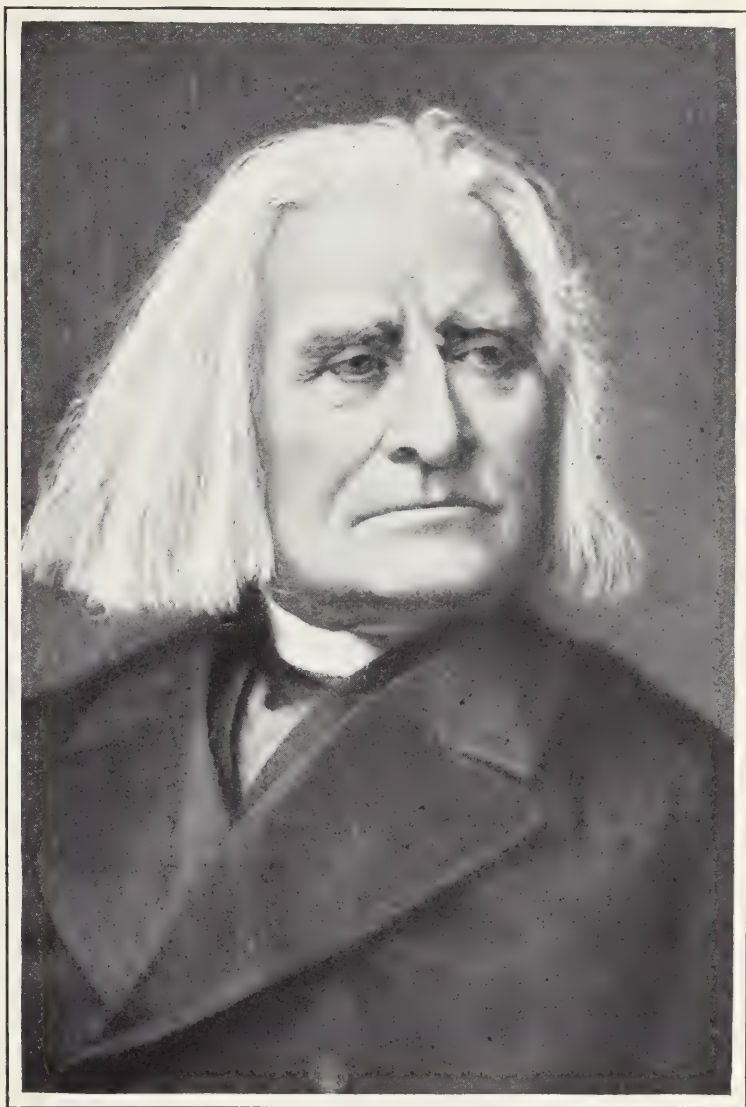
To-morrow night will find us in the Palazzo Tittoni, where the children already have arrived.

ROME, January, 1885.

DEAR AUNT MARIA,—Just now we are reveling in Liszt. Rome is wild over him, and one leaves no stone unturned in order to meet him. Fortunate are those who have even a glimpse of him, and thrice blessed are those who *know* and hear him. He is the prince of musicians—in fact, he is treated like a prince.

He always has the precedence over every one; even ambassadors—so tenacious of their rights—give them up without hesitation. Every one is happy to pay this homage to genius.

We met him the first time at M. de Schlozer's dinner. Schlozer, with his



FRANZ LISZT

"The prince of musicians" as he looked at the time of Mme. de Hegermann's meeting with him

usual tact, plied him well with good food, gave him the best of wines, and a superlative cigar. (Liszt is a great epicure and an inveterate smoker.) M. de Schlozer never mentioned the word "music," but made Liszt talk, and that was just the thing Liszt wanted to do, until, seeing that he was not expected to play, he was crazy to get to the piano. Finally he could not resist, and said to Schlozer, "Do play something for me!"

"Never!" said Schlozer. "I would not dare."

Then Liszt turned to me, and asked me to sing. I also said, "I would not dare." Whereupon he said, "Well, since no one will do anything, I will play myself."

(The Minghettis, Mr. Keudell, and Count Arco, Schlozer's secretary, were the guests.)

How divinely he played! He seemed to be inspired. Certainly the enthusiastic and sympathetic listeners were worthy to be his audience.

"Do you still sing Massenet?" he said to me. "Do you recollect my dining with you in Paris, and your singing those exquisite songs?"

"Recollect it!" I cried. "How do you think I could ever forget?"

"Will you not sing? I will accompany you," he said. "Have you any of Massenet's songs?"

"I have nothing with me to-night. I never dreamt of singing," I answered.

Schlozer said: "That is no obstacle. I will send a servant to your house directly to fetch the music." And in a very short time the music was in my hands.

Then Liszt sat down and, turning over the pages, found what he wanted, and I sang. Schlozer was radiantly happy. There was not one disturbing element. Every one was as appreciative as he was himself—those who listened as well as those who performed.

Liszt was at his best; I mean that he could not have been better. Knowing that Count Arco sang, he insisted on hearing him. Arco at first declined, but finally yielded—there was no resisting the arch-charmer. Liszt played the "*Suoni la tromba*" (Arco's *cheval de bataille*), by heart, of course, singing himself, to help the timid singer, and adding variations on the piano.

Liszt was in such high spirits that we would not have been surprised if he had danced a jig. He threw his long hair back from his forehead, as if to throw care to the winds. Later he spread his large hands over the keyboard in protest and said, "*No more from me, but we must hear Schlozer before we go.*" Therefore Schlozer was obliged to play. He can only improvise, as you know. Liszt sat by his side and played a helpful bass.

Schlozer ordered some champagne and

we all drank one another's healths. It was after one o'clock when we bade our host adieu. Johan and I took Liszt in our carriage, and left him at his apartment in the Via Margutta on our way home.

We saw a great deal of him afterward, and he dined with us twice. The first time we asked Grieg, the Norwegian genius, thinking it would please Liszt to meet him. Perhaps this was a mistake. However, it was a most interesting evening. Mrs. Grieg sang charmingly (Grieg's songs, of course), and Liszt, with his hands folded in front of him, was lost in thought—or was he asleep? Let us say he *dozed*—only waking up to clap his hands and cry, "Brava!" But what was perfectly wonderful was when he read at sight a concerto of Grieg's, in manuscript, which Grieg had brought with him. Liszt played it off as if he had known it all his life, reading all the orchestra parts. Both these great artists were enchanted with each other, but after a while Liszt became tired of music and asked if we could not have a game of whist. To play a banal game of whist with Liszt seemed a sacrilege, but we played, all the same. I was very *distracted*, seeing Grieg and his wife (who do not play cards) wandering restlessly around the room, and sometimes I put on an ace when a two would have done the deed.

Liszt plays the piano better than he plays whist. I don't know how many times he revoked. Every one pretended not to notice, and we paid up at the finish without a murmur. He was delighted to win four lire and something, and counted out the small change quite conscientiously. Johan drove him home—a very tired and sleepy Liszt—and only left him at the sill of his door.

I received a very queer letter the day Liszt dined here. I copy it for you. It was from the Princess W.—a lady whose friendship he renounced when he took holy orders:

I hear that you are going to have the Master (*le Maître*) to dine at your house. I beg of you to see that he does not sit in a draught of air, or that the cigar he will smoke will not be too strong, and the coffee he drinks will be weak, for he cannot sleep

after, and please see that he is brought safely to his apartment.

Yours, etc., etc.

All these instructions were carried out to the letter. On another occasion Liszt wrote to me that he would bring some of his songs to try over at five o'clock. I inclose his letter. What a chance, thought I, for me to give pleasure to some of my friends who I knew were longing to see him. Although he had said *entre nous* in his letter, and I knew that he really wanted to look through the songs alone with me, I could not resist the temptation—though it was such rank disobedience—and said to them: "Liszt is coming to me at five o'clock. If you would like to hear him, and consent to be hidden behind a door, I will invite you." They all accepted with rapture, and were assembled in the little *salon* before the time appointed. The door was left open and a large screen placed before it.

Johan fetched Liszt in our carriage, as he always does. I received him and the book of "*Lieder*," which he brought with him. (Only Johan and Nina were present.) He opened the book at "*Comment disaient ils?*"—one of his most beautiful songs, which has an exquisite but very difficult accompaniment. He played with fairy fingers, and we went over it several times. I could see the screen swerving and waving about; but Liszt's back was turned, so he could not see it.

After we had finished tea was served, and then he said, "Have you heard my 'Rigoletto'?"

"Yes," I said, "but not by you."

"Well," he said, "I will play it for you. Your piano is better than the one I have. It is a pleasure to play on it."

The screen, now alive with emotion, almost tipped over. After "Rigoletto" he played "*Les soirées de Vienne*," and this time the screen actually did topple over and exposed to view the group of ladies huddled behind it. I shuddered to think how the Master would take this horrible treachery.

He took it better than I expected—in fact, he laughed outright. The ladies came forward and were presented to him, and were delighted. I am sure that Liszt was, too; at any rate, he laughed

so much at my ruse and contrition that the tears rolled down his cheeks. He wiped them away with his pocket-handkerchief, which had an embroidered F. L. in the corner. This he left behind and I kept it as a souvenir.

Some days after this there was a large dinner given by the German ambassador (Herr von Keudell) for the Princess Frederick Carl. Liszt and many others, including ourselves, were present. The Ambassador allowed the gentlemen only a short time to smoke; he gave them good but small cigars. I do not know how the great Master liked this, for he is a fervent smoker. However, as *le charbonnier est maître chez lui*, our host had his way and the music commenced as he wished very soon after dinner. Both the Ambassador and his wife are perfect pianists.

They play four-hand pieces on two pianos. On this occasion, to do honor to the famous composer, they grappled with a formidable work by Liszt, called "Mazeppa." (I fancy that Liszt is a little like Rossini, who used to say, "*Jouez pour moi toute autre chose que ma musique*.") Mazeppa's wild scampering over the two keyboards made our hair stand on end, but the Master dozed off in peaceful slumber and only waked up and cried, "Bravo!" when Mazeppa had finished careering and the two pianists were wiping their perspiring brows. Liszt begged the Princess to whistle, and opened his book of "*Lieder*" at "*Es muss ein wunderbares sein*" (a lovely song) and said, "Can you whistle that?" Yes, she could; and did it very carefully and in a *wunderbares* manner. Liszt was astonished and delighted.

Then Liszt played. Each time I hear him I say, "Never has he played like this." How can a person surpass himself? Liszt does. He had the music of "*Comment disaient ils?*" in the same book and begged me to sing it. "Do you think," he said, "you could add this little cadenza at the end?" And he played it for me.

"I think so," I said. "It does not seem very difficult," and hummed it.

"I had better write it for you," he said, "so that you will not forget it. And he took out his visiting-card and wrote it on the back. (I send it to you.)

Liszt is not always as amiable as this. He resents people counting on his playing. When Baroness K. inveigled him into promising to take tea with her, because he knew her father, she, on his accepting, invited a lot of friends, holding out hopes that Liszt would play. She pushed the piano into the middle of the room—no one could have possibly failed to see it. Every one was on the *qui vive* when Liszt arrived, and breathless with anticipation. Liszt, who had had many surprises of this sort, I imag-

ine, saw the situation at a glance. After several people had been presented to him, Liszt, with his most captivating smile, said to the hostess:

"*Où est votre piano, chère Madame?*" and looked all about for the piano, though it was within an inch of his nose.

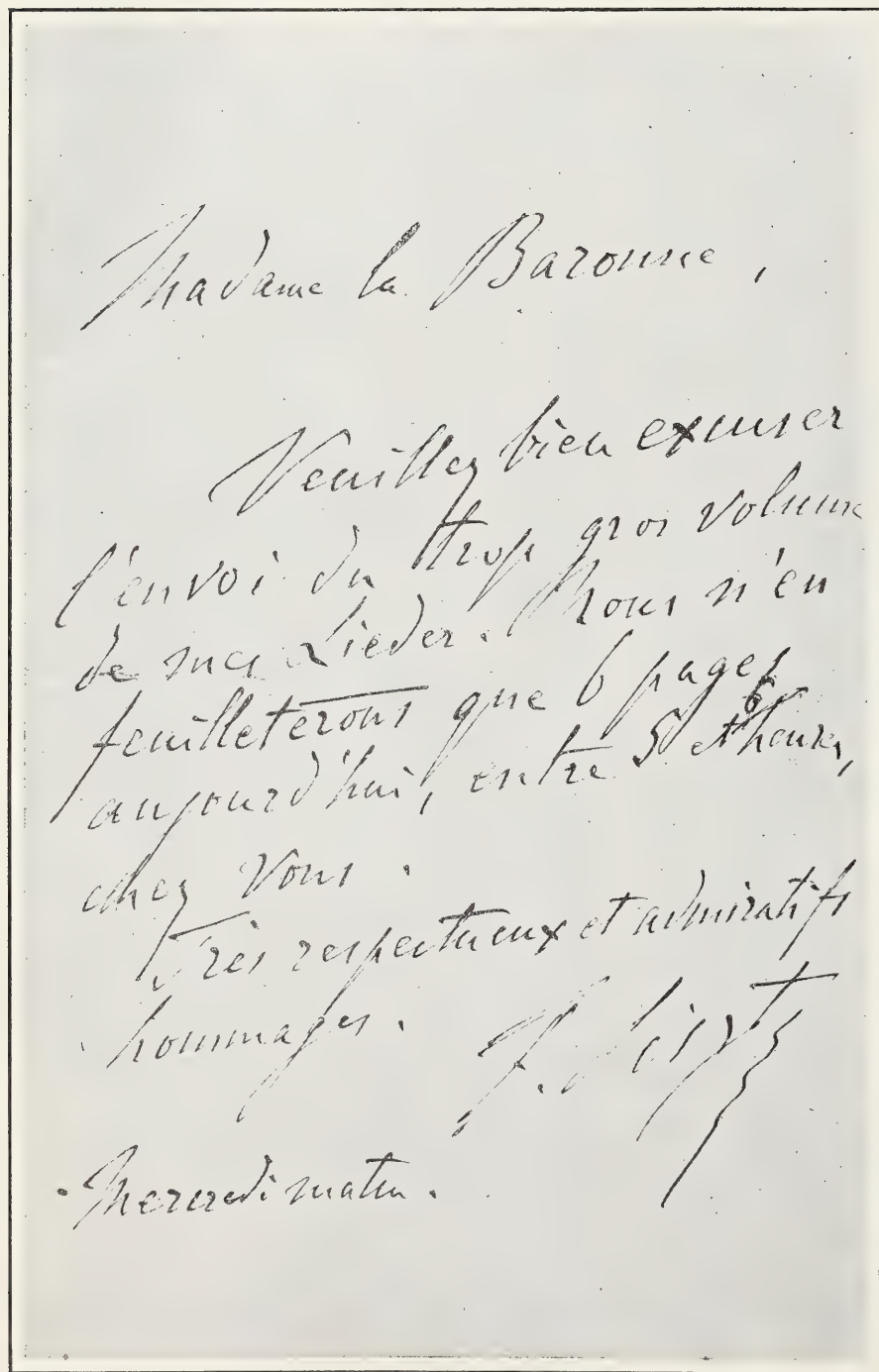
"Oh, Monseigneur! Would you, really . . . ?" advancing toward the piano, triumphantly. "You are too kind. I never should have dared to ask you." And, waving her hand toward it, "*Here is the piano!*"

"Ah," said Liszt, who loves a joke, "*C'est vrai. Je voulais y poser mon chapeau.*"

Very crestfallen, but undaunted, the Baroness cried: "But, Monseigneur, you will not refuse, if only to play a scale—merely to touch the piano!"

But Liszt, as unkind as she was tactless, answered, coldly: "Madame, I never play my scales in the afternoon," and turned his back on her and talked with Madame Helbig.

As they stood there together, he and Madame Helbig, one could not see very much difference between them. She is as tall as Liszt, wears her hair short, and is attired in a long water-proof which looks like a soutane; and he wears his hair long, and is attired in a long soutane which looks like a water-proof. As regards their clothes, the only noticeable difference was that her



FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF LISZT'S TO MME. DE HEGERMANN

gown was buttoned down the front and his was not. Both have the same broad and urbane smile.

One of the last dinners with Liszt, before he left Rome, was at the Duke and Duchess Sermonetas—the Minghettis, the Keudells, Schlozer, and ourselves. Lenbach, the celebrated painter, was invited, but forgot all about the invitation until long after the dinner. Then he hurriedly donned a redingote and appeared, flurried and distressed. Liszt was in one of his most delightful moods, and began improvising a tarantella, and Madame Minghetti jumped up suddenly and started to dance. Schlozer, catching the spirit of it, joined her. Who ever would have thought that the sedate German minister to the Pope could have been so giddy! He knelt down, clapping his hands and snapping his fingers to imitate castanets. Madame Minghetti, though a grandmother, danced like a girl of sixteen, and Liszt at the piano played with Neapolitan gaiety! It was a moment never to be forgotten. Keudell's kind eyes beamed with joy. Lenbach looked over his spectacles and forgot his usual sarcastic smile. We all stood in an enchanted circle, clapping our hands in rhythmical measure.

Our good friend Ludolf, as Liszt's ambassador, asked the abbé—who has a great respect for "the powers that be"—to a beautiful dinner, to which we were invited, the Minghettis, the Keudells, and four others—making twelve in all. Madame Minghetti accepted for herself, but excused her husband, who she said was not to be in Rome that evening. Count Ludolf asked M. de Pitteurs (the Belgian minister) to fill Minghetti's place.

Five minutes before dinner was announced, in came Madame Minghetti with Monsieur Minghetti.

"What!" cried the Count. "I did not expect *you*! Why did you not send me word that you were coming? We shall be thirteen at table, and that will never do."

Both M. and Mme. Minghetti were very much embarrassed.

"There is nothing easier," answered Signor Minghetti. "I can go home."

You may imagine that this was not very pleasant for the great Minghetti,

who had probably never had such an experience in all his life.

Count Arco, seeing the situation, and as a solution to the difficulty, went across the street to the club, thinking that some one could be found. Fortunately he succeeded, and you may be sure the emergency guest was only too delighted to make the fourteenth at *that* table.

The Minghettis kindly and magnanimously overlooked the Count's want of tact.

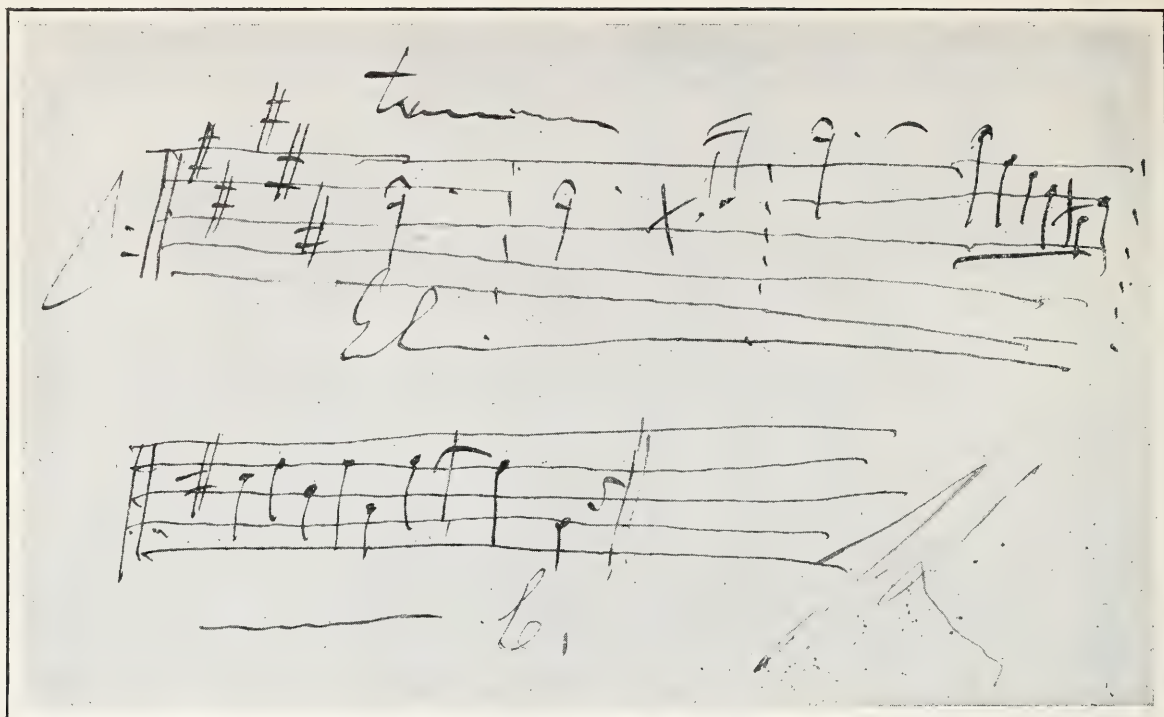
Liszt, as if he wished to make us forget this untimely incident, played after dinner as he had never played before. But nothing could suppress Count Ludolf—never mind where the *plats* were, his feet continued to get into them. Right in the middle of Liszt's most exquisite playing our irrepressible host said, in a loud voice:

"If any one wishes to have a game of whist, there are tables in the other room."

Liszt stopped short, but, seeing all our hands raised in holy horror at the thought of exchanging him for a game of whist, consented amiably to remain at the piano.

Liszt honored me by coming to my reception, brought by M. de Keudell—Liszt is always brought. Imagine the delight of my friends who came thus unexpectedly on the great Master. They made a circle around him, trying to edge near enough to get a word with him. He was extremely amiable and seemed pleased to create this manifestation of admiration. (Can one ever have enough?) There are two young musical geniuses here at the Villa Medici, both *premier prix de Rome*. One is Gabriel Pierné, surnamed "*Le Bébé*" because he is so small and looks so boyish—he really does not seem over fourteen years of age—and another, Paul Vidal, who is as good a pianist as Pierné, but not such a promising composer.

I asked Liszt if he would allow these two young artists to play some of their compositions for him. Liszt kindly consented, and the appointed day found them all in the *salon*. Liszt was enchanted (so he said); but how many times has he said, clapping the delighted artist on the shoulder, "*Mon cher, vous avez un très grand talent. . . . Vous*



FACSIMILE OF A MUSICAL AUTOGRAPH BY LISZT

The "little cadenza" that Liszt asked Mme. de Hegermann to sing, and which he wrote out on the back of his visiting-card for her

irez loin; vous arriverez," a great phrase! And then he would sit down at the piano, saying with a smile, "Do you play this?" and play it and crush him to atoms, and they would depart, having *la mort dans l'âme*, and overwhelmed with their imperfections. Instead of encouraging them, he discouraged them, poor fellows! Speaking of young artists in general, he said once, "*Il n'y a personne qui apprécie comme moi les bonnes intentions, mais je n'en aime pas toujours les résultats.*"

You may believe that my artistic soul is full of joy when I can collect about me such artists as Liszt, Grieg, Sgambati, Pierné, Vidal, Mme. Helbig, and Countess Gigliucci, not to mention the Queen's *Gentilhomme de la reine* (Marquis Villamarina), who has the most delicious baritone voice I have ever heard—but he seems to think as little of this divine gift as if it were his umbrella. Vera (the singing-master) was prevented from coming to-day to the Queen's lesson, and Signor Marchetti replaced him. He is a very well-known composer and has written an opera called "Ruy Blas," which has had quite a success here in Italy. The Queen and I sing a duet from it which is really charming.

Baron Renzis had some theatricals at his pretty villa in Piazza Indipendenza, in which Nina acted the principal rôle, in "L'été de St. Martin." Senateur Alfieri (son of the celebrated Alfieri) took the part of the uncle. One of the thirteen pictures Lenbach painted of Nina was put on the stage and afterward brought before the curtain, but it created no enthusiasm—people did not think it did her justice.

One actor (a young Frenchman) had such a stage fright that when he had to say this phrase (it was all he had to say), "*Le peintre vous a diablement flattée,*" he said, "*Le diable vous a peintrement flattée,*" which caused a roar of laughter and hurt Lenbach's feelings. . . .

Massenet has just sent a complete collection of his songs—all six. I like the first two best—"Poème d'Avril," and "Poème de Souvenir." This last he dedicated to me. There stands on the title-page, "*Madame, Vous avez si gracieusement protégé le Poème d'Avril . . .*" etc. The "Poème d'Hiver," "Poème d'Octobre," and "Poème d'Amour" have pretty things in them, but they are far from being so complete as the first ones. Massenet wrote the date of its composi-

tion on each title-page, and a few bars of music.

I took them to the Queen and we looked them over together. She was enchanted, and thought them the most graceful and refined things she had ever heard. She said, "I envy you having them."

"Would your Majesty like to have some?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed; very much," she replied. "But I could never sing them. You would have to teach me how. They suit your voice, but would they mine? No one can sing them as you do."

"I learnt them with Massenet; that is why," I replied.

I wrote to Massenet and begged him to send the same collection to the Queen, as she had been so delighted with his songs, and added, "Don't forget to put your name, the dates, and a bar or two of music just like what you sent to me."

Most amiably he did what I asked for, and the Queen was more than pleased, and immediately thanked him through the Marquise Villamarina.

Massenet has become a great celebrity now. Twenty years ago, when he was struggling to get on in Paris, Auber and I helped him. I used to pay him five francs an hour for copying manuscripts. Now one pays twenty francs *just to look at him!*

Mr. Morgan, of London, has hired our good friend George Wurts's magnificent apartment in the relic-covered *Palazzo Mattei*. Wurts is secretary to the American legation in Petersburg, but comes occasionally to see his friends in Rome, who all welcome him with delight. Mr. Morgan gives beautiful dinners, and although he has as many fires as he can possibly have, the huge rooms are freezingly cold, and sometimes we sit wrapped in our mantles.

Man and Woman

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

AH, see them! See them! Down the winding roads,
Since numbered days began,
They have been walking, working, lifting loads—
The woman and the man.

And as they walked their fingers clasped and held,
For life was strange and lone;
Man's asking eyes the woman's eyes compelled;
Both searched to find their own.

Together, then, they set their moving tents,
Where branches dripped with myrrh;
When cities rose on isles and continents,
There man and woman were.

Dear Earth and Time, they shared your peace and rage;
We, in ourselves, divine
Strange drops of blood, in curious heritage
From far ancestral line.

And now this whispering through the purple haze
Across Time's deepening sands:
Great Man and Woman of transcendent days,
More closely clasp your hands!

“The Coral Necklace,” by
Edmund C. Tarbell

TARBELL'S work impresses one as being that of a thoroughly equipped modern painter. He has learned the things the schools have to teach, and learned them well. But, of course, what interests us most in him are those characteristics which make him different from other men. It is not only his color quality which is subtly different; there is often a sense of design—a design sometimes very simple, again quite intricate. More than this, there is an understanding of “edges”—to use the painter's word: where a form comes hard against the background, or where it softens or is lost. And this study of edges includes the understanding and rendering of the edge of the shadow—where the light falters and flutters in that penumbra which is indeed the threshold of the shadow.

Of recent years there has been in his work a great solicitude as to the exact rendering of the more elusive modulations of the face. Where possibly in past years he may have been content with a more or less summary indication of the large planes, there is now a close search for subtler effects of modeling—for rightly rendering the turn of the side plane of the nose into the more rounded plane of the cheek; for the infinitely delicate turning and rounding of the corner of the lip. Recently, too, he has given himself to the study of light as it slides across a studio wall, with all its infinite variations, color-shifts, and gradations. He has given us, as it were, a modern instance of the old Dutch tradition. He has found new difficulties in an old problem: the intricate questions of color values, and has quite triumphantly solved them—or, if it may be said that no one can quite solve them, he has at least come near to it. This painting of a young girl which Mr. Wolf has so skilfully engraved is one of the most successful of the painter's recent works.

PHILIP L. HALE.



"THE CORAL NECKLACE," BY EDMUND C. TARBELL

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Owned by Archibald B. Gwathmey, Jr.



When Mrs. Adney Died

BY ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK

THE shadow of Mrs. Adney lay over the women of Scarsdale, over the radiant Circes and the gray-haired Penelopes alike. It menaced those who would keep their dreams, touching all who loved and were loved.

At sixty, Mrs. Adney, a woman of system and exactness, the not unpleasant embodiment of vigorous efficiency, a helpmate in a thousand, was dead, after forty self-sacrificing years of married life, and Mr. Adney, in the fifth month of his bereavement, had unmistakably begun to "look about."

This is not William Adney's story, however, nor yet the story of the women of Scarsdale, but of Mary Bailey, to whom the hazards and consummations of love were, at that time, of tremendous and vital significance, since she was then but a few months betrothed.

Mary Bailey was nineteen, and an orphan. A peculiarly sentimental and rigidly watchful maiden aunt had cared for her since the death of her parents, with the result that her illusions were as many and as completely intact as the beads of a stout rosary. None of the meanings of life had yet begun to blur or perplex her, and there was something about her girlish spirit which suggested those who travel to the music of bells.

She was as much in love with young

Tom Hazen as young Tom Hazen was in love with her. More than that could not be said. The betrothal had taken place in the East, where she had been for two years at school, and she had come back to Scarsdale with her fine young eyes so deep with happiness that it would have made your heart ache just a little to see them.

The date of the wedding had not been definitely decided upon, but there was talk of Christmas. This was October.

Then, when she had been at home less than a fortnight, she fell under the spell of the shadow of Mrs. Adney, or, rather, she fell under the spell of the incautious tongues of the dissimilar women who were under that spell.

It was one of Mrs. Adney's closest friends who first set her to thinking.

"Dead five months and forgotten! Poor Clara Adney! All her economy and self-sacrifice gone for nothing. It shows how perfectly foolish we women are to skimp and slave. I've been doing it for years, but I'm through. I stopped the minute I heard how William Adney had begun to carry on. I went right down-town and ordered a new rug for the library and commenced a course of facial massage that I've long needed, but that I thought I couldn't afford. No more economy for me!"

"As if *your* husband could ever forget the helpmate you've been!" Mary cried, shocked and protesting.

"Forget? Of course he will! If there's a man on earth you'd have said would remember, it's William Adney. No, my dear, they are all alike, and it's brought home to us whenever a Clara Adney dies."

A look of confused dismay came into Mary Bailey's eyes, crowding upon the happiness that filled them. She felt strangely cold about the heart.

A few days later little old Mrs. Dow, the doctor's wife, cocking a shrewd and inquisitive eye at her, said: "So you are engaged, Mary child? Well, take my advice and when you go to live in Tom Hazen's house keep your best things put away where no one knows about 'em but yourself. Another two or three months and some woman will be walking right through Mrs. Adney's linen and using her fluted silver for breakfast. *But they won't be using mine.* I've wrapped my linen in blue tissue-paper and marked it with the names of the people I want to have it when I'm gone, and I've put my silver either in my will or in the bank. No second Mrs. Dow is going to use them, I can tell you."

"Dr. Dow wouldn't—he couldn't—"

"Couldn't he, though?" sniffed the

doughty little old lady, and clenched the argument before it was begun with, "*Look at Mr. Adney!*"

To add to Mary's emotional unsettlement—remember that she was but nineteen and that she had been listening to the heart of a maiden aunt, thinking all the while that she was listening to the heart of life—Colin Lansing's wife, a quiet, gentle little creature, showed her three as exquisitely devised gowns as her ravished eyes ever fell upon, with the significant remark, "I got these when Mrs. Adney died and Mr. Adney began to do as he's doing."

Colin Lansing was Scarsdale's landscape painter, but he also did occasional portraits in high-keyed tones of the women of Scarsdale and those who came from a distance to sit to him. Among his canvases there was but one of his wife, a slight thing, in gray, showing her as she sat by a window sewing, her head bent over her work.

This picture hung in Mrs. Lansing's sitting-room, and as she threw the shimmering new gowns over a winged chair, the better to display them to Mary, she glanced up and shook her head at it half humorously, half bitterly.

"Mrs. Adney's death has been a real



MR. ADNEY, IN THE FIFTH MONTH OF HIS BEREAVEMENT, HAD UNMISTAKABLY BEGUN TO "LOOK ABOUT"
VOL. CXXIX.—No. 769.—18



IT WAS ONE OF MRS. ADNEY'S CLOSEST FRIENDS WHO FIRST SET HER TO THINKING

lesson to me. She is only a sort of gray memory to him now, I imagine. Well, I suppose we can't help it if our husbands marry again, but we *can* help it if we are only gray memories to them."

She caught up one of the dazzlingly beautiful things and held it against her throat and shoulders, and laughed, with something unsteady in the laugh. "I'm going to haunt Colin with my color-schemes. It'll take an awful lot of money, but I rather think it will be worth it."

Then there was the bride who said to her: "I began by doing my own housework. I wanted to help Phil all I could. But when Mrs. Adney died, Mr. Adney set me to thinking. If he

could forget, what man in town could be expected to remember? The very day he took Mrs. Leavitt to drive I engaged a cook. I'm not such a goose as to work my nails off so that Phil's second wife can keep a maid."

In short, William Adney's conduct furnished the *motif* of a quiet comedy at work in Scarsdale. But to Mary Bailey there was nothing but grim, unbelievable tragedy in it. So this was how men loved, she thought—for a day, a week, a year. Was there no such thing as unchangeableness, as loyalty? A hard dismay filled her.

"Tell me what you think of Mr. Adney," she demanded, soon after this, of Tom Hazen.

"Adney? Poor devil, I think he's about the most forlorn human being I know. He haunts the club and the restaurants. His house is closed, and he eats downtown. I meet him wherever I go. He's

always hunting pancakes that he can eat. He tells me he's had them for breakfast every morning for forty years. Mrs. Adney never trusted a servant, but made 'em for him herself."

He felt her shrink a little away from him as they walked through the moonlit street together.

"So that's what he misses most—his pancakes!" she said, in a cold voice. "Is it pancakes that men want of women?"

He put down his hand and, gathering hers into it, drew her back to him. He answered her in laughing earnest, saying just what men have said to women on the subject since the world began—saying, she had no doubt, exactly what Mr. Adney had said to Mrs. Adney, away back in their unrealizing youth.

Her face did not answer the caressing amusement in his. She walked beside him, silent for the moment, a queer turmoil in her breast. Out of the confusion that filled her one thing seemed to stand forth: marriage was merely a quest of pancakes! That contained the pith of the matter. She said so to him with a sharp catch in her voice.

Beginning to be vaguely apprehensive, he looked down at her and said: "It's a quest of everything that's worth while. If the pancakes happen to be as good as Mrs. Adney's, I don't see why they shouldn't be included, do you?"

Her protest quickened into pain and rebellion. It was all too terrible to believe, yet since he admitted himself in sympathy with Mr. Adney in the disgusting matter of the pancakes, it went without the saying that he would support him in everything else.

All the color drained slowly from her face. The passion for sole possession, which is so much stronger in woman than in man, shook her. She met his endearing glance as it bent rather anxiously on her, and said to herself that she could not endure it if he ever looked at another woman like that; she gave a little furtive upward sweep of her dark lashes, and, flushing brightly, thought that his lips were for her alone; she clung to the rough sleeve of his coat and felt that she could literally tear away any other fingers that might ever close possessively on his arm!

He was saying: "It's a little different with Adney. Mrs. Adney was awfully fine. Nobody would ever deny that for a minute. But maybe if she'd taken a little more thought for other things—given Mr. Adney something else along with the pancakes, you know, his appetite wouldn't have been quite so pronounced for them. You see what I mean. Now *you* are not a

pancake woman, thank Heaven! If you should die—"

"You'd remember how I rode and played tennis, and maybe"—with a little quaver—"how I used to sing silly Chinese songs to you, and the—"

"Don't!" he commanded. "I can't bear it!" He stooped suddenly, in spite of the houses that lined the moonlit street, and, sweeping her into his arms, kissed her fiercely.

It left her shaken and breathless, but with a wilder pain than ever at her heart. That she should love him so, belong to him so completely, think only of him, and that within a year after her death he should forget her, or, remembering her, take into his arms and his life another, seemed monstrous beyond all belief! Yet—*look at Mr. Adney!*

She heard again the mingled voices of the bride and little old Mrs. Dow, and Colin Lansing's wife. *They* understood and accepted. She could never accept.



Never! Like thunder that growls from afar, then rolls nearer, swelling into unbearable volume, the thing broke upon her, terrifying her completely.

"If I were to die you'd marry again!" she cried; "you know you would! You'd be like all the other men."

"But you're not going to die," he exclaimed, cheerfully; "you're going to live, and so am I. We'll be the oldest couple in town, and the happiest."

"You're not answering me. You don't dare!"

"What's the matter? You're not yourself at all to-night," he exclaimed.

"I'm not," she agreed, with an absurdly tragic little gesture; "I'm all the women of Scarsdale rolled into one."

"And I'll be hanged if you don't seem to be trying to fasten on to me the misdeeds of all the men of Scarsdale," he protested, good-humoredly.

They had come to where her aunt lived, and they went in at the gate. Moonlight lay heavily over the place. It whitened the gabled house and lay like rime in the eaves and over the griffins of the balcony and the stone balls which topped the brick piers at either side of the tall iron gate. It sparkled on the close-clipped turf of the lawn and over the flowers in their prim and precise beds.

Young Tom Hazen drew a long breath of the garden's dying fragrance, stooped to tousle the head of a collie that came bounding down the path to rub against his leg, then led the girl up the steps and along the porch to a secluded corner where the shadows of a wistaria-vine deepened to partial darkness.

He would have been dismayed at this strange force which had taken her into its possession if something in him had not seemed big enough to match any obstacle, to handle any situation.

She stood away from him, crying out all confusedly and passionately, as women have cried out from the beginning of things, the quivering protest in her accumulating, her eyes growing black with the dilation of the pupils.

When she had finished he laughed, out of the immensity of his assurance, a big, heart-warming laugh, and with a vast gesture of disposal, as if he wiped the whole matter of second marriages off

the earth, he exclaimed: "But why should *you* bother? You are the only girl in the world for me, and you know it."

His voice made her weak and tender, but she shook her head hopelessly.

"As long as I live it will be all right," she said, tremulously, "but after—"

"What's the good of worrying about what happens after we're gone?" he protested, soothingly, but with a touch of masculine impatience in his half-teasing voice.

"So you admit it?"

"Admit what?"

"That you'll marry again."

"I haven't exactly chosen the lady."

"How *can* you joke about it? Don't you see—"

He did see, and his voice was full of contrition. He said, in his quiet, caressing way: "I'll be hanged if I can understand what's been going on in you these last few days, anyhow. This is all the most utter nonsense. Why, don't you know—don't you *know*—" He swept her into his arms again and whispered the rest against her lips.

She drew swiftly away from the touch which made her whole body stir and thrill. The color splashed into her cheeks and ran in warm waves through her heart. But she turned away with a despairing whisper.

"It's life," she said; "it's been life from the beginning, and it will go on being life to the end. You know it, and so do I."

His boyish face was rather white, but he laughed, softening as he looked down on her with his sane, steady eyes. "Well, suppose it is," he admitted, "what's the use in bothering about it? Why cross the bridge till you come to it? And, by George! now you think of it, nobody *ever* crossed *that* bridge! Don't you see?"

"If I'm to belong to you it must be for eternity!" It was just a breath, but an inflexible breath.

"It *will* be for eternity, darling. For eternity and all, bless your precious little heart!"

"But if you marry—"

"If I married a dozen times I'd still belong to you. We'd still belong to each other."

"Mr. Adney will belong to Mrs. Ad-



"I'M NOT GOING TO BE MARRIED," MARY SAID, A BIT WILDLY

ney, will he, and not to Mrs. Leavitt, whom he's certain to marry soon?" she challenged, furiously.

His voice fell with a new tenderness, an added gravity: "He will if he gave her what I give you. A man gives that to but one woman, *and not all the other women in the world can take it away from her*. Don't you know that?"

She did not know it then. He had been the first to learn it, although women usually discover it long before men. She shook her head. A burning sense of the injustice of it raged like an uncontrolled fire in her heart, sweeping everything before it.

"So you refuse to promise?"

"To promise not to marry again? It would be too ridiculous."

"You're warning me then, are you?"

Her eyes were growing dangerous. So wild, so hot, so sometimes a mistaken thing is the heart of a girl.

"What foolishness, Mary! What ridiculous foolishness!"

"Well, then," she said, steadily—and there is nothing in all the world so cruel as the voice of love when it is wounded—"then, since you absolutely refuse to promise, I think you may—may begin by marrying some one else *right now*. You have no more obligation to me in the matter."

He laughed at her, he teased her, he tried to take her into his arms again, but at last he realized in what grim and unaccountable earnest she was, and from sheer inability to comprehend her he went away in moody silence, trying to think the thing out, while she stood at the porch steps with her hand on the dog's head, and watched him go as quietly as if nothing had happened.

But if you are a woman and have ever been in love you know what she did after he was gone, and if you are a man it is just as well, perhaps, that you should not know, since without a doubt men know too much about women, anyhow.

The next day she sent him back his ring and asked him not to try to see her again until they had grown accustomed to their altered relationship. She told him just what must be said to their friends about the broken engagement. She took the blame on herself.

She had become, in truth, all the women in Scarsdale rolled into one—all the women, that is, except Harry Mather's wife, Jean. Jean had been her closest friend from childhood. She went to Jean soon after this.

Jean was sitting in her pretty little blue-and-white bedroom, putting finishing touches to tiny white garments, from which she lifted her sweet, illumined eyes.

"You've come to talk trousseau! Good! Sit in that chair by the window so you can smell the garden. It's so nice and spicy these fall days. Are you going to have convent-made things, dear, or will they be done at home?"

"I'm not going to have anything! I'm not going to be married," Mary said, a bit wildly, considering the time she had taken to gain the control necessary for this conversation. "It was all a mistake. Tom's going to England Wednesday."

"Tom Hazen going to England Wednesday!"

Mary nodded, stroking her little mole-skin bag nervously. "I—

er—I hadn't quite expected he'd do anything so—so breath-taking. But he says—says he can't stay on here and be just friends. He's going for his uncle's New York firm. It's an offer he's had for some time, but of course he never considered it before."

Jean Mathers had put down her sewing. "It's this miserable Adney business that's done it all, I'll wager!" she cried, indignantly. "I really didn't think you'd be such an awful goose, Mary!"

"It all depends on how you look at second marriages," Mary said, tonelessly. "I suppose, however, you think Harry—"

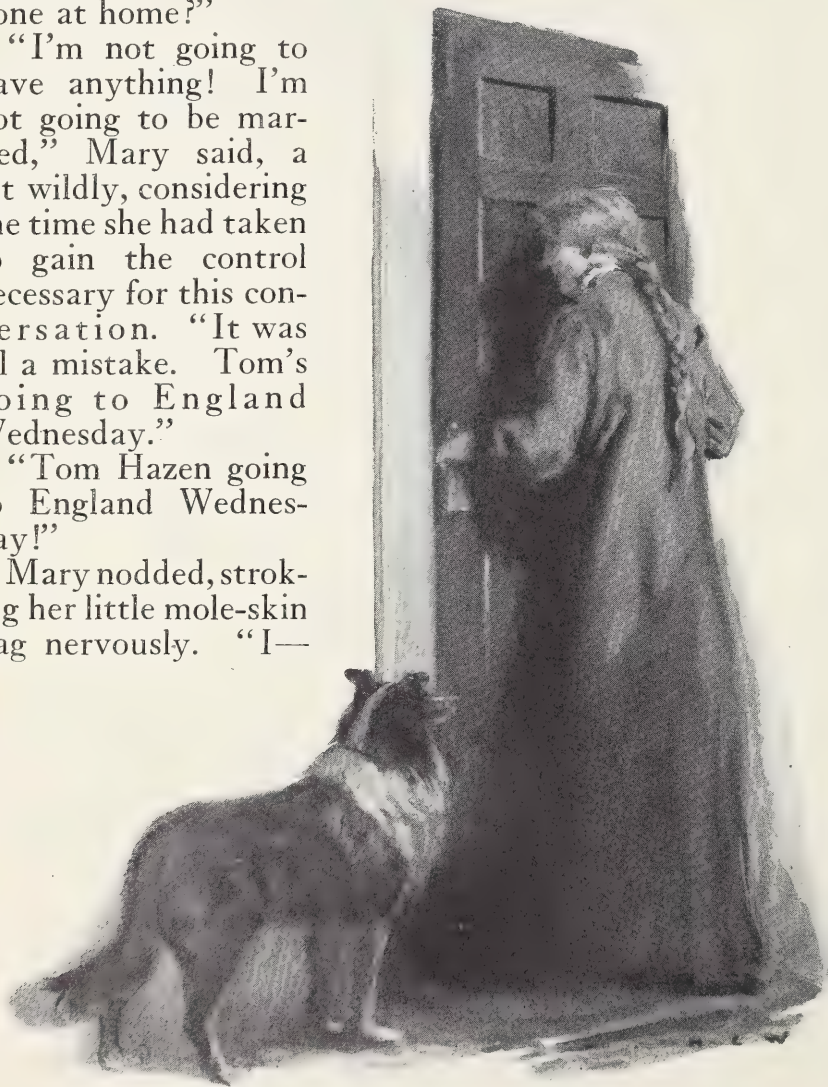
"Harry is like all other men, perhaps, although I like to think he isn't, of course," Jean said with her untroubled smile. "But what has that got to do with it?"

Mary hesitated in confusion, remembering the little white garments and that which was soon to happen to her friend. "It seems to me to have everything to do with it," she said.

Jean Mathers rested her little brown hands on her sewing and gazed steadily into space for a moment, then she said, "If you mean that Harry would marry again if anything should happen to me, I don't know and I don't care."

Not care! Mary Bailey stared at her, wide-eyed. To sit there with those baby clothes in her lap—*his* baby's clothes—the very shadow of eternity over her, and to say such a thing was monstrous, unthinkable. A shiver of recoil ran over her.

"I don't care," Jean went on, with a quickening of the breath and a never-to-be-for-



SHE TRIED THE KNOB AND FOUND IT WOULD NOT TURN

gotten look, "because he is mine. Nobody could ever take him away from me. *Love like ours is for eternity.* What does it matter to me who cooks his meals and keeps his house when I'm gone? It doesn't matter any more than it would matter to him who looked out for me if anything should happen so that he couldn't go on doing it. We'd still belong to each other even if—if one of us had gone—very, very far away." The brown hands trembled just a little above the things in her lap.

A throbbing silence filled the small blue-and-white room.

Jean Mathers spoke again, oh, so softly: "There's a happiness that is set beyond the reach of fate, or the future—beyond anything that can come! Don't you know that, my dear?"

Fearless, regardless, under the shadow which hovered over her! Something in the other girl's heart quickened, but something else silenced it.

"If you knew what happiness is—married happiness—you wouldn't lose a day of it," Jean said, with a queer, tender thrill; "if anything should happen to us, we have that to be thankful for, Harry and I, that we knew our happiness when it came. We've had two perfect years, and"—with a tremulous laugh—"not all the Mr. Adneys in the world can frighten us."

Mary shook her poor little foolish, obstinate head, and went away with it high-carried, all signs of her smothered wretchedness very carefully hidden.

To keep them hidden became the concern of the days that followed—empty days in which Tom did not come nor seek to come, and in which she had plenty of time to discover that just his nearness was the most precious thing in life to her.

From every quarter she heard of his completing plans for departure. Waiting for him to come or to show her that he expected her to ask him to come, stung to her proud little soul by the apparent ease with which he had ac-



THERE HAD BEEN AN ACCIDENT

cepted his freedom, wanting him and telling herself she did not want him, longing and rebellion battling within her, she moved through the week toward the Wednesday on which he was to leave.

In the middle of Monday night her aunt, hearing the collie whining, in that way dogs have when some one they love is in trouble, slipped hastily into a woolly eider-down wrapper and padded down the hall to Mary's room, where she found the collie with his nose against the door.

From beyond the door came queer little smothered sounds that had not been heard in that house for years.

She tried the knob and found it would not turn. She hesitated an instant, then, with remarkable understanding, took the dog by the collar and led him to her own room, where she shut him in.

She lay awake the rest of the night, trying to decide what ought to be done. If it had been any other girl in the world but Mary—

This was exactly what Tom Hazen had said to himself when, after several sleepless nights on his own part, he had finally settled upon the plan which he had consistently followed. A plan no easier for himself than for Mary, and that he had been on the verge of abandoning half a dozen times, and that he had held to only in the desperate hope of bringing her to her senses.

The nerve strain of it had been almost too much for him, but he felt an increasing certainty that he had chosen the right way. Yet as the days went by and no hint of a changed attitude in her showed itself, no tiny fluttering signal that would have taken him to her like a shot, he grew more and more irascible, more unable to sleep or eat or think. But he kept to the plan as one in hopeless shipwreck keeps to the driftwood to which he has caught.

He resented the outrageous nonsense of the whole thing, smarted at the position in which she put him, and was furious with wounded love and pride. He wired for his passage on the steamer and made his sleeper reservations. He also took good care to make sure that she should hear that he had done so.

Tuesday came, with no word from her to him and none from him to her. Then came Tuesday night!

Was he going without even saying good-bye to her? The one question began to fill the world for her.

She put on the gown he liked best and went into the garden to gather asters. She filled her basket and played with the collie, but he did not come; and since she would not seem to be waiting for him there, she carried the flowers indoors and arranged them—in the living-room, where she would be sure to hear either the door-bell or the telephone.

Then she put on a wrap and went out and lay in the hammock on the porch, hearing every step that approached—

and passed. Her nerves and her senses were keyed to the highest tension.

Suppose he should come springing up the steps out of the shadows and, in that old tempestuous way he had, catch her to him and defy anything to part them, what would she do? Could she—*could* she forget Mrs. Adney, and all the women who had been forgotten and supplanted? Could she make herself forget the future in taking tight hold of the present?

At nine o'clock he sent a line of a message and an armful of roses.

"I can't trust myself to see you," he wrote; "if I came to you I should probably not go away, and go I must, under the circumstances. So good-by—like this. I suppose you know what you're doing in sending me off. If you don't, God pity us both!"

She read the note by the light that streamed out from the library windows, and with a stifled little cry sprang up, and started for the telephone.

Did she know what she was doing? *Did she?* He must come and help her decide. They must make sure before it was too late, or—or God pity them both, as he had said. She ran toward the hall door.

At the moment a laugh came ringing in from the street, a man's laugh, with a smug, triumphant note in it. *It was Mr. Adney's.* He was walking out there with Mrs. Leavitt.

It was like a hand at Mary Bailey's throat. Like a ghost—like a thing of horror. She fled from it, past the telephone, to her own room.

She held herself steadily throughout breakfast the next morning. Tom's train was to leave at ten o'clock. At nine she came to the door of the upper sitting-room, where her aunt was trying to write letters, and said, her mouth trembling, "Can't we go for a drive?"

Her aunt meeting the quivering smile that now held only despair, arose from her desk and, crossing to her, spoke in fluttering desperation out of her pent-up longing to save her.

She told her frantically what she was doing, how preposterous the whole thing was, and that she had been swept off her feet by one of those tumults of spirit

and sense that sometimes assail the most reasonable and level-headed. She said that perhaps Jean Mathers had been right and that it really didn't matter who possessed the tangible, conscious part of the man you loved, after you were gone, if his soul was yours.

She did all she could, and once she thought that Mary was yielding. Then from the way she braced herself again, and lifted her head and shut her mouth tighter than ever, and gulped down the thing in her throat, she knew that it was worse than useless to try to persuade her into anything that approached reasonableness. And in the end she agreed to the drive in the country.

As Mary turned from the open window where she had been standing, she saw a big touring-car bearing the doctor, who was their next-door neighbor, go tearing by the house, and she heard some one in the street mention Harry Mathers's name. She ran to the gate and then they told her what had happened. There had been an automobile accident on the Price Hill road, and two men were reported fatally injured. Harry Mathers was one of them.

She turned dizzily away and started for Jean. Harry dead and Jean to go on living! Suppose—suppose Tom, off in England— Her heart stopped in her breast as if it would never go on again. Then it crashed out in beats that she heard above her own racing footsteps.

It came to her terrifyingly, overwhelmingly, that *her* loss was greater than Jean's. Jean had said: "We have had two perfect years." She had had nothing. Now Jean would have beautiful memories, and she would have only regret! Tom had gone from her farther than Harry had gone from Jean! With her own hands she had severed the ties that bound them, while *nothing* could ever sever the ties that bound Jean and Harry.

She realized, at last, that the something which is fashioned out of the very spirit of life itself exists but once. But she had sent Tom away! She had sent him away for ever!

At the next corner she ran into him, and, for the instant, forgot Harry, forgot Jean, forgot everything but the fact that he had not gone.

"I'm going to Jean," he explained. "Harry's all right. Just had a message from him begging me to hurry to Jean before word could reach her."

She stood staring at him. She whispered, "It—it must be almost your train time, isn't it?"

"Did you think I could go and leave you?" he asked, brusquely. "Leave you because Adney—confound him!—"

"I thought you *had* gone!" she said, in the shakiest little voice in the world.

They looked at each other, and all the misery and all the yearning of the past few days were in the eyes of each.

"I might have gone—for all of you!" he cried, but he softened, looking down at her. No man could ever altogether understand a woman, but she was, after all, just a dear, adorable, mistaken, unstrung little thing who hadn't known what she was doing.

His heart needed no words to tell him that she belonged to him for ever and ever; it knew. He took her hand and drew it possessively through his arm.

"We must hurry to Jean," he said, merely.

But her heart knew also, and needed no more words than his. Her fingers clung to his sleeve as if they would never, never loosen their clasp.

"So you're not—not going to England?" she questioned, very softly.

"Why, of course I am! I'm going just as I planned, and you're going with me. Then we're coming back to Scarsdale, where we belong," he declared, in a most matter-of-fact voice.

"Such high-handedness!" she breathed.

"It takes high-handedness with such an altogether foolish young person as I have to deal with," he said, half smiling, still half grave.

At the moment a rejuvenated phaeton turned the corner and the man in it leaned out to bow to them.

"Oh, Lord — *Adney!*" Tom Hazen groaned.

She frowned adorably. Then she lifted her head, as if daring life and all that it could do to them, and cried out with a deliciously tender little gesture: "You needn't be afraid of Mr. Adney. I'm not afraid of him nor of Mrs. Adney's shadow any more. I'm not afraid of *anything!*"



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

THE victim had torn up the fiftieth of the appeals for good objects which he had received since the beginning of the year, and was holding the fifty-first in his hand unopened. His system was to write a check for every other appeal, and to tear up the rest and fling the fragments violently into the waste-basket. Experience had taught him that if he paused to look at an appeal he sent a check, and this was so maddening that to avoid even a cursory glance at the artfully worded, pseudo-typewritten, personally addressed and autographed circulars he had enlarged his system lately so as to include tearing up the alternate appeals without opening them. He had discovered that an irresistible appeal could often be known from a letter of friendship or business by touch, though he had to own in all candor that most of the old-established societies for good objects practised no concealments or subterfuges in their applications. As far as he noted, these declared themselves appeals for good objects by their envelopes, in color and texture, somehow; but there were other appeals for good objects, say from philanthropists new to the enterprise, which could not be identified always without opening. Yet experience overcame this difficulty and he could now safely tear unopened a missive charged with a hidden attempt upon his conscience which he would earlier have opened and read almost through before he realized what was happening.

It was several years since he had begun to suspect that good objects were increasing in number. In the simpler days a few well-known Homes and Refuges, and old-established Charity Organizations had occupied the field, and in those days he gave to every good object that asked. But latterly he had begun in self-defense to deny himself the luxury of wholesale compassion, and now, after he had drawn checks pretty

well through the month of January, without discriminating, he suddenly paused. He did not like pausing; it jarred, it almost jolted him, but he felt it less and less the oftener he paused, and with his confirmed habit of refusing every other appeal the pause was a pleasure rather than a pain, especially with those appeals which had become as it were more intensive in the cultivation of his sympathies. He felt it a hardship when the good object resolved itself from the abstract into the concrete, and summoned before him not the old well-known composite countenance of the general hunger and cold, but presented the portrait of a particular family, with harrowingly realistic circumstance, and invited him to relieve the unemployed father, the invalid mother, the eldest son just out of the hospital after an accident, and the helpless children, all dependent upon the minimum wage of a sister working as cash-girl in a blacklisted store. He felt it almost an injury to be approached in this way; it might be called a liberty. What right had any society for a good object to detach this instance from the general mass of misery and thrust it upon him? Why did not the writer of this appeal go down into his own pocket and relieve that suffering and not bother him? Or why not bother some one else? Why did people who wanted to do good always want other people to do it for them? At the same time he knew that he should yield and send his check for the sum which the appeal said would put this hapless family, at least partially or provisionally, on its legs; and he had just done so, and sealed the envelope, and licked the stamp, and beaten it onto the envelope with the thick of his hand, when his niece entered the room.

She was the best of nieces, and he had always been the best of uncles to her. She was, in fact, a girl whom he thoroughly respected, and he did not like seeing her apparently less gay and happy

than he had been used to seeing her. He asked her what the matter was, and she said, "Nothing," and then sat down in a desperate, sidelong way on the edge of a chair, and said she did not see any use in the perfectly useless life she was living. She was twenty-four, now, and she would like to do some good in the world before she died.

At the word *good* the uncle trembled, as it were, afar off, with a dim prevision of worse to come, but he vaguely flapped the letter he had stamped on the edge of his desk, and waited her cry of "Uncle!"

"Well, my dear?" he answered.

"Do you know anything about the good that people do when you hear that they are doing such a lot of good?"

"Well, not directly," he temporized. "That is, I don't know personally anybody who is doing a lot of good himself."

"But isn't there a great deal of destitution and unemployment and child-labor—and that kind of thing—and the high cost of living?"

"Why, yes. One hears of such things. I can't say that I've *seen* much of them."

"Uncle," she began again, "are you ever asked to aid in such causes?"

He hid a bitter smile in the pretense of hiding a yawn. "Why, now and then."

"Well, who asks you?"

"I was just going to say, everybody. But that isn't quite the case. I should say it was the organized societies. And people who are taking up this good object and that, and—pushing it."

"Like what?"

"I don't know. I can't be very definite. But"—and here the uncle glanced at the stubs of his check-book, so as to refresh his memory—"I should say such societies as those for the Pacification of Quarrelsome Husbands and Wives, for the Prevention of Old Age, for Forcible Inoculation against Chicken-pox, for the Restoration of the Normal Figure after the Cure of Obesity, for the Promotion of Cheerfulness in Seasickness, for the Ethical Culture of Inebriate Chauffeurs, for the Support of Divorced Wives Pending the Payment of Alimony."

"Do you mean that there are societies for all these objects?"

"There appear to be. Of course the appeals are signed by some one person—the president or secretary—but you

draw your check to the treasurer. Yes, I should say societies, or syndicates, or trusts; something of that kind."

"Goodness!" From a hopeful smiling the corners of the niece's pretty mouth went down. "I should think there were very few good objects left."

She was silent, and the uncle, after a moment, asked kindly, "Were you thinking of taking up some good object?"

"Why," she answered, forlornly, "I suppose everybody wants to do *some* good."

"That's the impression I get from my morning's mail," the uncle said.

"And one can do so very little oneself! One oughtn't to try doing good just at haphazard, ought one? That would be just as likely to do harm."

"There's always the chance of doing harm. The worst of it is, I'm told the subjects of the good objects can't always be trusted. The first thing you know you are benefiting somebody who ought to be in the penitentiary."

"Yes, that's the reason I never give more than a quarter to street beggars—it encourages them." The niece put on an air of great public spirit in saying this, and the uncle resumed:

"The first step in pursuit of a good object is organization. As soon as you have found your good object you must organize."

"But how does one organize, uncle?"

"Oh, there you have me, my dear! Practically, I know nothing about it. I have only helped support organizations after they were organized."

"Well, then, uncle, I will tell you what: I am going to try to do good somehow, and when I have found out the best object, I am going to do good *myself*, without organizing or anything of that kind. I won't do the sort of good that requires others to do it."

"Then, my dear, my check-book is at your service."

"No, that will be doing the very thing I mean to avoid."

"Brave girl! And what is the good you are going to do single-handed?"

"I had thought of several things, but they seem all to be taken up. I must think of something entirely untouched."

"It won't be easy."

"Well, I shall try, even if it is impos-

sible." And as she said this the tears came into the girl's tender but determined eyes, and she pressed her lips tight together to keep them from rolling down her cheeks. Her uncle suffered at the sight, but he thought it best to suffer in silence lest he should unman, or unwoman, her, and he only said:

"But I shall hear from you, how it goes on?"

"Perhaps," she consented, and he followed her with a reverent gaze as she went out with the short steps which the hobble-skirt, even when slit, compels.

"She may be the solution," he mused. "She may be the beginning of a new era in philanthropy when the discoverer or the inventor of a good object shall not only keep his left hand from knowing what his right hand doeth, but shall so far conceal his beneficence from others as to refuse to share it with any one else. The question is whether she can do it."

The season was already well advanced beyond the holiday time when charity is rifest in its appeal for help against hunger and cold, and the Fresh Air Funds of the different newspapers had not yet begun to rage. The uncle did not think the niece would organize for such a fund, or undertake it single-handed without the means of publicity which the benevolent journals could each command. She could not show by apt illustration how an East Side family looked, or would look, before and after a week at Barberry Farm, and, with her spring hat still to get, he did not see how she would find the money to print the biographical circulars which had been so potent with his pocket when he would have gladly let the whole East Side population stifle in its tenements if their misery had not been so eloquently urged upon him in his early experience—before he could tell a circular from a letter by the feel of it. Probably, then, her good works could not begin earlier than Thanksgiving, when she would be providing dinners for the prisoners of poverty and legality with the turkeys hardly yet in the egg. But he did not see how even this charity could be carried on without the co-operation of others, and there was a sort of banality in the provision of Thanksgiving dinners to the poor and hungry and guilty which he

could not well relate to an intelligence so vivid as hers. He had to dismiss the notion and with it all other conjecture, and wait the convenience of events.

When these had taken their time, and so much of his that he had almost forgotten the whole matter, she broke in upon him one day, looking much more haggard than when he saw her last, and said she had come to say good-by.

"But why good-by?" he asked in a daze.

"Because I am going to Europe—by the southern route—to Italy and Egypt and India and Japan and—I don't know where all."

"But what— You look ghastly."

"And I feel ghastlier still. Oh, it's all this infernal good object which has been the greatest nightmare that ever was. Yes, uncle; I will say it. Infernal! You would say it yourself, if you were twenty times the lady you think I'm not for using such a word. What I've been through!"

The uncle leaned forward, and took her hands in his. "What have you been through, my poor girl?" he asked, tenderly. "If you can't tell me without swearing, swear. I sha'n't mind it. I've sworn at lots of good objects."

"Oh, *you!*" she cried. "*You* have no idea what a good object is till you've tried to carry it out."

"Did you try to do it single-handed, as you proposed?"

"I'm a total wreck," she answered, "but I'm not the mental chaos I was when I supposed that anybody could do good single-handed in a world like this."

"Yes, we've run fearfully to trusts," he admitted. "But do you mind telling me what the good object was that you took up and which has broken you down?"

"Oh, I don't mind your laughing now, I'm so lost to shame," she said, but she shuddered and looked round, apprehensively. "It was supplying india-rubber limbs to crippled animals—dogs and cats and chickens—that had been run over by automobiles. There was nothing else left and I took *that* up. I wished to do some good in the world before I died, and all the other kinds of good had been done or were doing. It was that or nothing. You think—oh, I know how people

think!—that you are a great sufferer from good objects when the trusts in charge of them ask you for money, but you haven't the smallest notion of how much the trusts themselves suffer. As soon as you get the idea of a good object you are perfectly driven frantic by it. You think of it day and night, and you feel that you can't rest a moment. Of course the trusts, the organizations, begin sending out circulars and personal letters, left and right, to all the addresses in the society registers and visiting-lists, and they manage to shirk it by delegating the work to secretaries and typewriters; but I could not do anything of the kind, because I had pledged myself to do everything single-handed. I was determined not to ask a dollar of anybody else till I hadn't a dollar of my own. Well, that wasn't long! The whole air was one whirl of one-legged chickens and three-legged cats and dogs, and I couldn't rest till I began trying to supply them with india-rubber limbs. Of course I couldn't *make* the limbs. I had to have an inventor for that, and I had to look out against infringing patents. I couldn't do that alone; I had to have a lawyer, and I had to have a secretary, and the secretary had to have a typewriter, and there I was completely organized before I could turn round; and I had meant not to ask the help of a single soul when I set out to do good. Oh, you may laugh, uncle!"

"I'm not laughing, my dear child. This is sobbing," and the uncle held his handkerchief to his eyes, so as to hide the lower part of his face.

"By this time my money was all gone, gone before I had fitted one dog or cat or hen with an artificial leg; and I had to begin sending out circulars."

"You poor thing! I never dreamed they were yours," the uncle interposed.

"No, I didn't suppose you would, and I shall always be grateful to you for sending me five dollars."

"Did I send you five dollars? I didn't mean to. I thought that was one of the circulars I tore up without looking at it. I'm sure I didn't know what your infernal object was. But I'm very glad. Would you like—"

"No, thank you, uncle dear. It's all past and gone, now. I'm hopelessly in

debt; my allowance wouldn't pay all I owe in three years. But grandmother has given me money for this trip round the world, and I'm taking my secretary and typewriter with me, so that they can have a little rest, too. We're *all* wrecks."

"Oh, well," the uncle soothingly commented. "You'll soon pick up again, all of you. And you'll find lots of things to interest you."

"Well, I hope they won't be good objects, that's all," the girl replied.

"No, they'll be objects of interest. I think you may fairly expect to manage them single-handed."

The niece laughed forlornly. "I've had my lesson. But, uncle, don't you think there's a little lesson for you, too, in this matter?"

"I hope not, my child!" the uncle exclaimed in some dismay.

"I don't mean you, personally or particularly. But people who get appeals from people who have taken up good objects don't quite do them justice."

"No? I should be sorry for that."

"It can't be pleasant," she pursued, "for them to keep dunning you for contributions. You object to having your heart wrung—"

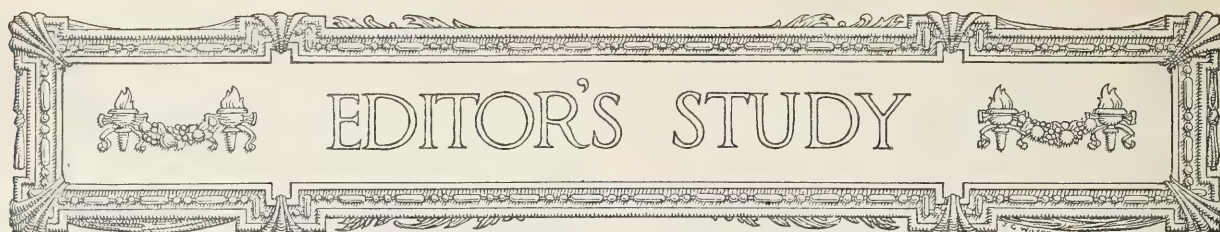
"Oh, it's my pocket I don't like having wrung," the uncle corrected her.

"No matter. Don't you suppose they've had *their* hearts wrung, too, to begin with? I don't believe anybody would take up a good object if they could help it, and when they're driven to it, it's part of the game that they must drive other people to pay for it. In my experience with a good object, I have found out how hateful it must be to those who are appealed to by it at second hand. But we have all got to suffer together. Even the good objects suffer. I don't mean to lecture you, uncle dear!"

"No, no. You instruct me, and I am very grateful. But do you think that any given good object should make *three* appeals to me at one festive season?"

"If I had any longer a good object in life, I should make *thirty* appeals."

"Well, it's certainly time you went round the world," the uncle said. "Give my love to the Sphinx," and then he took her in his arms and kissed her good-by.



EDITOR'S STUDY

IN the preceding Study, treating of childhood and youth, we incidentally had something to say about education, as minors, through the whole period of minority, are, or should be, pupils. We were then considering education only as meeting the conditions of these minors, laying stress, therefore, upon mental training, as the main function of the school since youth, including childhood, is especially the season of mind-making.

We drew a pretty sharp line of distinction—perhaps sharper than should be drawn—between the period of pupilage, when youth seems to be but following its elders who linger with it, and that of its leadership, when it utters its own predestined but unprecedented note, the hitherto unheard dominant leading to a new variation of the human harmony. This critical moment which comes to every aspirant youth does not terminate his period of education; it usually comes to him before he enters upon his post-graduate course of training for a professional career—an undertaking which implies that he is ready to take the initiative and consciously prepare for active participation and leadership in the world's affairs.

Of course, too, a good many things have been going on around him and within him before and leading up to a moment so decisive—some of these things powerfully affecting both the sensibility and the will, and not to be accounted for by home life or school training. Youth has a tension all its own, quite individual, though expansive and absorbent; an impassioned idealism, fed by all the beauty, heroism, and poetry of the past which literature has preserved, and itself awakening the creative imagination, so that genius is often disclosed in these young years. The bud must swell before its blossoming; there is the urge at the springs of life before the current is fixed, the surging fountain before the flowing stream.

This ground-swell of youth, being of natural impulsion, belongs alike to the tutored and the untutored, but with what a difference in its character and meaning! It is individual, but society breathes into it, in the home and the school and in the environing life, all the virtues and values of civilization, endowing it with all the treasures of the past. What would otherwise be but a blind feeling, almost within the narrow limits of instinct, thus becomes not only a creative inspiration but a broad romantic and esthetic culture.

So, when we say that youth, including childhood, is the mind-making period, we are not excluding everything but mentality, making every boy and girl a mere thinking machine. On the contrary, instead of such aridity in this garden there is so much of luxuriant life that constant weeding and pruning is necessary. It is because of the pressing and abundant life, having as yet no conscious direction or aim, that parents and teachers have their work of formal discipline, injunction, and instruction visibly indicated. The child does not begin with mind enough to respond to a rational appeal, and such a mind must be made in him—his elders meanwhile waiting and helping.

The child is naturally docile. This is indicated by his disposition to imitate his elders. Moreover, he seems eagerly inclined to have a mind—that way lies all the romance of a world still so new to him. His only revolt against a system of training is because of its confinement and of the demand it makes upon his close attention. He would rather make a play of all this learning.

In the natural course knowledge is gained with reference to immediate activity. This is strictly true of such knowledge as every animal but man has, which involves no study and is limited to the exercise of bodily functions, including the procuring of food and the

care of the young; and besides the activity directed to necessary uses there is incidentally a good deal of play and an unconscious service of beauty. Can we devise a system of education for the human child in which knowledge shall be thus immediately translated into action, either work or play?

We do this to a certain extent and for a brief period in our institution of the kindergarten as a prelude to the primary school. We are thus enabled socially to take the child in hand earlier and to prepare it gradually for the severer strain which must come later. We cannot go on keeping the child's hands occupied, for sooner or later it must learn reading, writing, and arithmetic, in order to meet the simplest requirements of any school system; and these demand mental attention, making an exaction upon memory. However the kindergarten may have played with these, the time must come for concentrated mental effort, and here the exercise of the muscles, whether tense or lax, is a distraction. Learning can be made easy only through the facility gained by the repetition of the mental image or process—that is, through memory, which is in consciousness what habit is in action. In penmanship the hand works with the mind, habit blends with memory. In reading and arithmetic only the mind is concerned, except that, in reading, sense-perception is concerned as a condition of the mental process.

We underestimate the value to any nation of its illiterate citizens who are in other respects desirable. If well-meaning they are also well-demeaning. They are better informed, through other sources than books and newspapers—especially in localities where they are surrounded by literates—than we suspect.

In the case of illiterates born in America, where a school education is free to every child, it is not the illiteracy itself we object to as much as its implications, the least ugly of which is the lack of enterprise. The citizen who rejects opportunity is a drag upon the general progress. Even the illiterate who is excusable by circumstance, while he may be a valuable industrial factor, is so limited in the scope of his activity that he must fall short of full efficiency as a

member of society. Neither his industry nor his good moral behavior is likely to contribute to the advance of humanism. He is to some extent a factor in social progress, not at all in social evolution. The cases are exceptional where a man has attained scholarship without the school, or has gained that enlargement of consciousness which makes for eminent individualism and leadership. Nor, on the other hand, is mere book learning a positive approach to a creative life, one path to which is, happily, open to all who have the will to believe and the will to love, realized in the culture of the heart.

It is impossible to overestimate the practical values of mental training, remembering also that, if not a positive, this training is an indispensable condition of creative activity in science, art, literature, and philosophy.

We doubt if it would be wise, even if it were possible, to dispense with the severe discipline incident to this training in the primary school. The discipline is not arbitrary coercion. Few pupils revolt from it, and all are afterward grateful for it. There is reaction rather than revolt, and reaction is an essential part of mental, as it is of muscular, development. The reaction from it, as distinguished from the reaction *in* it, usually, indeed, takes the form of athletic exercise. There is no royal road to learning, and, as we have said, no ease in the process save the facility which memory brings through its own sedulous exercise.

The protests against the rigors of school confinement and discipline savor of sentimentalism, like Rousseau's protest against civilization itself. In both cases the arbitrary and artificial character of the procedure is objected to, and the reversal of the objectionable method would have very much the same result in one case as in the other—the looseness of chaos. The order and discipline of the school-room, with the restraints these involve, are the pupil's first lesson in citizenship. To remove the desks and to permit unrestrained movement and conversation would subvert every object of the school and demoralize the pupil. To much less disadvantage might the pews of a church be

dispensed with, and a church "sociable" be substituted for service. If the pupil is to study, his separate desk is a boon as well as a necessity, and he needs the restrictions imposed upon all.

The formal, artificial, and conventional characterize all preliminary training for the free exercise of any faculty engaged in the civilized life of society—in creative art no less than in artisanship, mechanics, and manners. When we pass from the technical into this freer exercise of faculty, personality is attained; spontaneity and originality differentiate the function. This is the ideal majority for which youth waits and for which it can be prepared only by rigid discipline.

Though "school" etymologically means "leisure," it is leisure for the service of those Muses presiding over studies, who all wear a severe aspect. Youth has play of the downright sort as a natural reaction from close study; when it has gained expertness in self-control there is room for free play in all the activities of life. In every new generation adults more easily and safely loosen old forms and stately mannerisms, just in proportion to the closer mental training they have had. Looseness of study and of training is corruption of all form.

In this respect the primary school is the most important, and more regard should be paid to the selection of teachers for this department than for any other. A wise selection requires more careful scrutiny, because the essential qualifications are not so openly evident as in the case of teachers for the higher schools. In the primary the teachers are not so much teachers as exacters of learning from the pupils and tactful disciplinarians. Character is the prime qualification. The harder the conditions of any institution—and those of the primary school, at the best, are very exacting—the more it should have its human side, and this must be given by the teacher. The humane side is, of course, as indispensable in the school as it is in the factory.

There is no time for anything irrelevant to study. It is no part of the teacher's proper function to furnish entertainment to his pupils, and self-ex-

ploitation on his part is mere vanity. The proposed "teacher's hour" is likely to be an impertinence, occupied by themes in which he or she is personally interested, and probably in advance of the pupils' present capacity.

It is the teacher's special office to help the pupil and to stimulate his progressive intelligence; also to promote good morals and good manners, as occasion serves.

If thoroughness of training is to be attained, the pupil should not be hurried through the primary course. It is the only course most children have; it is estimated that only one in fifty of them passes on to college, and only one in twenty-five to the high-school. Therefore the scope of the primary should be liberal. Our best public schools throughout the country have to some extent provided for an expansion of their opportunity by the addition of a high-school grade. The tax-payers would, we believe, cheerfully respond to greater liberality.

"A little more and how much it is!"

From the tentative efforts already made in this direction we may reasonably expect of the public school such an extension of its course as will enable all pupils—apart from any idea of preparation for what is distinctively known as the high-school—to pursue studies commonly ranked as belonging to secondary education. Let these pupils have not only descriptive geography, but the science of geography; let them acquire a knowledge of elementary geology and chemistry, and some acquaintance with natural history and astronomy; and give them, in large lines, a general survey of human history, art, and literature—with access to a library complementary to these studies. Thus liberalizing common-school education, without making it too technical or too erudite, we introduce into the later and finishing period—for the sake of which one or two years may well be added to the whole term of schooling—positively attractive features, likely to tempt the pupils to further intellectual development after leaving school. A larger proportion of them would be induced to take the full course of secondary education.



EDITOR'S DRAWER

Egeria Substitutes

BY CATHERINE SCHURMAN

"WHO wants to lie in a bed of roses?" remarked Egeria. She sighed as she spoke.

"Are there thorns?" I asked.

"Lots," said Egeria.

"You might cut them out," I suggested.

Egeria's lips smiled, but her eyes were grave. "It's a shame," she went on. "Here I am twenty-seven—"

But I interrupted her. "Looking eighteen," I began.

Egeria paid no attention to me. "With nothing to do," she concluded.

"It is sad," said I. "Why don't you go in for charity?"

Egeria looked at me with scorn in her fine eyes. "I don't know why it is," she exclaimed, "that men suppose charity to be the only panacea for an idle woman."

"It was merely a suggestion," said I, hastily.

Egeria scrutinized me closely, as if to assure herself of my sincerity. "I hate charity," she went on after a second; "if I had my way there wouldn't be any. This morning I went to see a woman who had nine children and a brutal husband. She irritated me. No woman has any right to stay with a man like that."

"That's a rather sweeping statement," I began.

"As for the nine children," said Egeria, "they were all dirty. They made me feel positively ill."

"Misplaced matter never appealed to me either," said I. "You might try working."

"What could I do?" asked Egeria. "I'm not trained for anything."

"You're educated," said I.

Egeria shook her head. "Only finished."

"Then," said I, solemnly, "there remains the last resort."

"You mean marriage," said Egeria.

"Yes," said I. "I've offered myself as candidate for husband often enough."



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"YOU'RE THE PRETTIEST LADY IN THE WORLD"



"I WON'T TELL YOU ANY MORE IF YOU'RE GOING TO JOKE"

Egeria smiled kindly at me. "You're a dear," she said, "but you wouldn't do for a husband at all." She spoke firmly.

Just then two things happened—Nixon brought in tea and the door-bell rang.

"Mrs. Gumper," said Egeria in a resigned voice.

"The Pidgett sisters," said I. It turned out that I was right. The Pidgett sisters are ghost-like women who seem to float resignedly through life. They disapprove of me on the ground that I am unorthodox. Of course their coming put an end to coherent conversation. I did not wait for my usual third cup of tea.

A few days afterward I met Egeria in the street. She looked charming. Her cheeks were very pink and her eyes shone. She hailed me with an impulsive cordiality which is one of her greatest charms. "Oh, Jim," she exclaimed, "I'm going to follow your advice."

Now giving advice is a specialty of mine. I had, at various times, donated to Egeria quantities of this valuable commodity. I wondered exactly to what piece she referred.

"You've forgotten," she cried. "You advised me to work! I told Miss Pidgett and Miss Amy and they said they never would have believed it of you."

"Oh!" said I.

"Jim," said Egeria, suddenly, "guess what I am!"

"The nicest lady in the world," I hazarded.

"Is that only a guess?" demanded Egeria.

Then I looked into her eyes until her gaze refused to meet mine any longer.

"You're the prettiest lady in the world," I said at length.

Egeria is only human. She looked pleased.

"I'm going to be a stenographer," she said, severely.

"What a shame!" I exclaimed, "I've got one already."

"I wasn't offering my ser-

vices," Egeria exclaimed with dignity. "I'm only proclaiming a fact. I began studying yesterday."

"Do proclaim facts! How're you getting on?" said I.

But Egeria paid no attention to my questions. Then we separated and I wondered how long her hobby would last.

But Egeria was more in earnest than I had imagined. Spring came and found her still serious. She secured a place as stenographer in some small business house down-town. Summer came and found her at work there in spite of two rebellious parents forced to go to Europe without her.

One late Saturday afternoon I met Egeria in the Pennsylvania Station. It struck me that her cheeks were a shade less pink.

"I've got the afternoon off," she announced.

In spite of myself, I smiled. I know enough about women's clothes to know that Egeria's frock, although simple, had cost a pretty penny; and her hat had that unmistakable air of expensive simplicity.

"I'm going out into the country," she said.

"Mayn't I come?" I begged.

"No indeed," said Egeria. "It's a secret." She disappeared into the crowd.

All the way to Southampton I found her

face appearing on the printed pages of the book I was trying to read.

When I got back to town I called Egeria up and asked her to have luncheon with me at the Ritz.

"Do tell me the secret," I begged, as we began our cold consommé.

Egeria smiled. "You won't tell?" she said.

"Cross my heart," said I. An attentive waiter hurried up with a menu card.

When he had gone, Egeria began again. "I'm founding a home," she said.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed. "In this heat! For orphans?—or old ladies?"

"For myself," explained Egeria, coldly.

"Oh," said I.

"It's called," said Egeria, "The Home of the Lonesome Heart."

"It sounds like a church institution," said I.

"I won't tell you any more," answered Egeria, "if you're going to joke."

"I'm not," I replied, penitently.

"I found out," said Egeria, "that the trouble with me was, I had no home."

"Indeed?" said I. I thought of the five-story brown-stone-front house in which Egeria lived.

"Of course, I had shelter," she went on.

"Some might have thought so," I murmured.

"But I had no responsibility about it," she went on; "the servants did everything. I decided I must have a home of my own."

"Good for you!" I exclaimed. "Where?"

"At Lawton," said Egeria. "It's only twelve minutes out."

"Did you buy it?" I asked.

Egeria looked at me pityingly. "Of course you don't know what it costs to buy a home," she said.

"I happen to know," I said, somewhat nettled, "that your town house is valued at three hundred thousand dollars."

"I didn't know that," said Egeria. "Really! My house would cost eight thousand dollars."

"Awful sum," said I.

"Isn't it?" sighed Egeria. "Of course I only rent it. I pay thirty dollars a month. I earn forty now. When dad and mother went to Europe they left the house open and some of the maids in it, so I live there. Dad always gave me two hundred

and fifty dollars a month to dress on. But I'm using what I earn. With the ten dollars left over from my rent I'm buying furniture for my house."

"How well you manage!" I exclaimed.

Egeria beamed at me. "Yes, don't I?"

"You can't buy much for a house with only ten dollars," she went on.

"No, indeed," said I, wisely.

"But I got around that," said Egeria. "I made up some relatives!"

"Made up some relatives?" I echoed.

"Yes," said Egeria. "Granny, Great-uncle Paul, Aunt Margaret, little sister."

"In the name of all that's wonderful!" said I.

"Grandma furnished the sitting-room," said Egeria, smiling. "It's a darling room—Mission furniture, yellow curtains. Great-uncle Paul gave me my dining-room set. Aunt Margaret and little sister furnished a bedroom each."

I laughed outright. "Egeria," I cried, "you're a wonder! What did you buy?"

"A maid's bed," said Egeria, "and some pots and pans, and lots and lots of happiness."

I spent the rest of the time begging Egeria to invite me to have luncheon with her in Lawton.



SHE STARED FOR A MINUTE WITH UNBELIEVING EYES

"I look stunning at a Flemish-oak table," I said. But Egeria wouldn't promise.

The next day I was suddenly called out of town, and so it happened that it was some time before I saw Egeria again.

As soon as I got back I went to see her. I called at one o'clock at the town house, which, as I have said before, is large and brown and five stories high. I trusted to Egeria's kindness to give me luncheon. To my disappointment the maid told me that Miss Egeria had telephoned up from downtown that she wouldn't be home until evening.

Then I went down to the Plaza for luncheon. Suddenly an idea came to me to run down to Lawton and look at Egeria's house. I caught a two-fifty train from the Pennsylvania. Lawton isn't a bad little place. There is a neat station with plots of grass about it that look too green to be real. I began to walk to the village, looking all the time for Egeria's house. I was confident I could pick it out. Finally, directly in front of me I saw it. The front door was open. I couldn't resist tiptoeing up and looking in. I peeped into a tiny hall that was papered in gray and opened into Uncle Paul's dining-room—a charming place—gray, too. But I fell in love with Granny's sitting-room. It was a long, low room with an indescribable something in it that spoke of Egeria. And there, sitting at a round table, with her head on her arms, and crying as if her heart would break, was Egeria herself. My heart jumped into my mouth. Egeria raised her head and looked at me. She stared for a minute with unbelieving eyes. "Jim!" she exclaimed. Then she sat up and dabbed at her reddened eyelids.

"Merciful heaven, Egeria!" I exclaimed. "What's the matter?"

"Everything," said Egeria. "I lost my place," she explained.

"Were you too slow?" I asked.

"No," said Egeria.

"Tired of it, I suppose."

"Not at all," said Egeria. "I left because Mr. Darkem kissed me. I couldn't stay after that, could I?"

"Certainly not," I agreed. "I don't see how he could do it."

"What?" said Egeria.

"I didn't mean that," I explained.

"What *did* you mean, then?" she demanded.

I have said before that Egeria is pretty. There is also something about her that is extremely captivating.

"Never mind what I meant," said I.

"Well," said Egeria, "when I left the office I said to myself that at least I could go home."

"And so you could," said I.

Egeria shook her head mournfully. "An empty house isn't home," she said.

"I could have told you that," said I. "It takes two people to make a home."

"Yes," said Egeria. Her voice was low.

"The foundation of a home," I went on, "must be love, and the rafters must be sacrifice of self. In a real home there are children. Egeria," I said, "I want you—"

"Why don't you finish, Jim?" said Egeria.

"To find the right man," I concluded.

Egeria gave a funny little laugh. She jumped up and told me that I must go back to the city, for she had a thousand and one things to do. I found my hat and gloves and said good-by to her. Half-way to the station I ran across Miss Pidgett. She floated up to me in her ghostly way and said that I looked gloomy.

"How do you like the house?" she asked.

"Very much," I said, shortly.

"I don't suppose," said Miss Pidgett, digging her parasol in the ground, "that you found Egeria crying, did you?"

"Certainly not," I answered, but a tell-tale flush crept into my face.

Miss Pidgett's eyes met mine.

"How stupid men are!" she said, sharply.

"You're in love with Egeria, aren't you?"

I blush now to think of the things that I said to Miss Pidgett. I remember that one of them was that I could not see how the matter concerned her.

She answered me very kindly. "Egeria sometimes cries because of you," she said.

"Because of me!" I exclaimed. "I worship the ground she walks on. She won't have anything to do with me. I haven't a chance."

A squirrel darted past us. Miss Pidgett turned to watch it. "The Lord made men fools," she remarked, irrelevantly. Then she looked me straight in the eyes. "Mr. Jenkins," she said, gently, "go back to Egeria. Don't you understand?"

Suddenly I realized that it was a very beautiful day and that angels, if there are any, must be something like Miss Pidgett. "I'm going," I said.

Miss Pidgett smiled. "Good luck!" she called after me.

And so I started in the direction of the green house and was standing before the front door in a very few minutes. I had walked fast. Perhaps it was the exercise that made the beating of my heart so rapid.

"Egeria!" I called. "Egeria!"

Then Egeria came to the door. "What is it, Jim?" she asked, gently.

"Egeria," I burst out, "I love you so much I can't give you up."

Egeria smiled kindly at me. She has the sweetest smile in the world. "Nobody asked you to," she said.



Extreme Presence of Mind

MAN IN BED: *"Is there anything I can show you in the diamond and jewelry line this evening?"*

What's the Use?

WHAT'S the use of being good?

It ain't really any fun.

And there's no one ever knows—

'Cept my conscience, I suppose—

All the noble deeds I done.

And I feel so like a sham!

I don't want to be no gooder

Than I am.

What's the use of being good?

If they notice it at all

They just pat me on the head,

Or they show me off, instead;

And the folks that come to call

Say, "How cute!" and, "Little lamb!"

I don't want to be no gooder

Than I am.

What's the use of being good?

All the fun's the other way.

All the mischief and the noise

And the pranks with other boys;

All the goodies hid away,

And your fingers in the jam!

I don't want to be no gooder

Than I am.

BURGES JOHNSON.

What Wonder?

THE Senator and the Major were walking up the Avenue. The Senator was more than middle-aged and considerably more than fat, and, dearly as the Major loved him, he also loved his joke.

The Senator turned with a pleased expression on his benign countenance and said, "Major, did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

"Oh, that's nothing," replied his friend. "The first time I saw you I laughed out loud!"

More Remarkable

ROSE had called, on her afternoon out, to see her friend Arabella. Arabella's mistress had just purchased a parrot, and Rose was much interested in the bird.

"Birds is shore sensible," she observed; "yo' kin learn them anything. I uster work for a lady that had a bird in a clock, an' when it was time to tell de time ob day it uster come out an' say cuckoo jest as many times as de time was!"

"Go along! Yo' doan' say so!" said Arabella, incredulously.

"Shore thing!" replied Rose. "An' de mos' wonderful part was dat it was only a wooden bird, too!"

A Fussy Rabbit

THE members of an automobile touring-party from Washington to Baltimore stopped for the night at a certain caravansary at Hagerstown, in Maryland. Since the food supplied them was execrable, and since their kit furnished the necessary implements, aside from the raw material, they determined to have a Welsh rabbit. Accordingly, two were deputed to proceed to a corner grocery, there to obtain the cheese and crackers. When the old chap that kept the place came forward one of the two said:

"We want a couple of pounds of cheese and some large, square crackers for a Welsh rabbit."

The old man seemed doubtful. "I got the cheese, all right," said he, "but I ain't got no large, square crackers. Won't your rabbit eat the small ones?"

But With No Ceremony

TWO Philadelphians were talking of the fortune of a third denizen of that city when one said:

"His first lucky strike was in eggs. He bought ten thousand dozen at a low figure, put them in cold storage, and sold them at a profit of more than three hundred per cent. That was the corner-stone of his present great fortune."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other, "then the hens laid it!"

Faithful to the End

A REPORTER on a Kansas City paper was among those on a relief train that was being rushed to the scene of a railway wreck in Missouri. About the first victim the Kansas City reporter saw was a man sitting in the road with his back to a fence. He had a black eye, his face was somewhat scratched, and his clothes were badly torn—but he was entirely calm.

The reporter jumped to the side of the man against the fence. "How many hurt?" he asked of the prostrate one.

"Haven't heard of anybody being hurt," said the battered person.

"What was the cause of the wreck?"

"Wreck? Haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't heard of any wreck? Who are you, anyhow?"

"Well, young man, I don't know that that's any of your business, but I am the claim-agent of this road."

Worthy of Notice

EDWARD was the proud owner of his first pair of pants. On the occasion of his first wearing them a neighbor happened in and was chatting with his father, but, much to Edward's disgust, the all-important subject was not mentioned. The little fellow stood it as long as he could, then, in a very indifferent manner, remarked, "There are three pairs of pants in this room."



The Lion Tamer

Slow Work

IT was Richard's first day at school. At noon he rushed into the house, picked up the treasured comic supplement of the Sunday paper, and scanned it with eager anticipation in his face. A moment later he threw it down and in a tone of disgust cried:

"Geel! That's a rotten school."

"Why, Richard!" exclaimed his astonished mother; "what do you say that for?"

"Well, I've been to it a whole half-day and I ain't learned to read yet."

Real Consideration

WHEN a certain North Carolina jurist made his first appearance at the bar as a young lawyer, he was given charge, by the state's solicitor, of the prosecution of a man who was charged with some misdemeanor.

Although there was practically no evidence against the man, the youthful attorney did his best, but was astonished when the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty." After the trial one of the jurors tapped the young lawyer on the shoulder. "We didn't think that man was guilty," he explained, "but at the same time we didn't like to discourage a young lawyer by acquitting him."

Not the Bank

MRS. BARROWS was worried—that fact was evident to her husband, although she endeavored to maintain a cheerful manner. Before the evening was over, however, he discovered the cause of her anxiety.

"Will," said she, "I am very much afraid that my bank is in a bad way."

"How foolish, Mabel! Don't let that cause you a moment's worry. Why, it's one of the strongest financial institutions in the state. What ever got that idea into your head?"

"Well, it's very strange," replied Mrs. Barrows, still unconvinced. "They've just returned a check of mine for forty dollars marked No Funds."



"John, to whom are you writing?"

"To the contractor, telling him to go ahead with the plans he submitted for the house."

"And did you tell him I fully approve of them?"

"He'll understand that, my dear."

Too Much

MARGARET was maid-of-all-work in the Buckley family, and the members of the family are not on the most amicable terms. One morning Margaret sought the mistress and tendered her resignation. Mrs. Buckley was much distressed and very loath to part with so excellent a servant.

"And are you really going to leave us, Margaret?" said the mistress, sadly. "What is the matter? Haven't we always treated you like one of the family, Margaret?"

"Yis, mum," replied the girl; "an' Oi've sthooed it as long as Oi'm goin' to!"

Cause for Suspicion

A MOTHER who frequently went out to spend the day with her friends had been accompanied always by her seven-year-old son. One evening, on returning home very much bored with the day's experiences, he said to her:

"Mother, if you don't stop taking me around with you so much, people will think you have married a dwarf."



His First Errand

Not That Kind

YOUNG Benway was making a couple of birthday gifts to the young woman with whom he was in love, and wished to have them appear very attractive. He wished to have them tied with ribbon, so went into a large department store one day and presented himself at the ribbon-counter, where he felt very ill at ease, being wholly unused to surroundings that savored so much of femininity.

"I wish," he stammered, "to buy some ribbon."

"What kind of ribbon do you want?" asked the saleswoman.

"Why, I want to tie up a package," said Benway, considerably embarrassed. "Any kind will do."

"Baby ribbon?" queried the girl.

"Oh no," remonstrated the young man, timidly; "I—I'm not married."

Not Granted

ONE night, when her grandmother was putting her to bed, three-year-old Olive said, "Grandma, every night when I go to bed I ask God to make brother Fred a good boy."

"That is right," said her grandmother.

"But He ain't done it yet," replied Olive, soberly.

Better for Both

MR. DEAN, the head of a large manufacturing business, built up his success by his own dogged and persistent toil. He had never felt that he could spare the time for a vacation. Not long ago he decided that he was getting along in years and was entitled to a rest. Calling his son Ellis into the library one evening, he said:

"Ellis, I've worked pretty hard for quite a while now and have done pretty well, so I have about decided to retire and turn the business over to you. What do you say?"

Ellis pondered the situation gravely for a moment, then his face brightened and he replied:

"Say, pop, how would it do for you to work a few years longer and then the two of us retire together?"

No Accident

MRS. CRONAN heard her little granddaughter, Margaret, crying as if in great pain, and hastened to the child.

"Why, dear, what is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Cronan. "Did you meet with an accident?"

"N-no, grandma!" sobbed Margaret. "It w-wasn't an accident! M-mother did it on p-purpose!"



Painting by Howard Giles

Illustration for "American Holidays"

LIVING THE LUXURIOUS SIMPLE LIFE AT AN AMERICAN COUNTRY HOUSE

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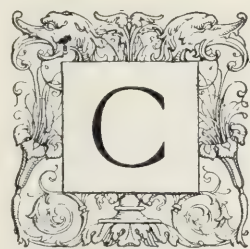
JULY, 1914

No. DCCLXX



Among the Salt-harvesters of the Caribbean

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.



C AUTIOUSLY, almost silently, the old salt-steamer *Manzanares* glided through the Venezuelan Archipelago. The moon hung full in the heavens. Feathery stirs of air came from the heated Venezuelan mainland; gleaming dolphins flipped and splashed globules of silver spray in the moon gleams which, like sifted star-dust, glinted from a slightly ruffled calm.

"Look!" Old Captain Sanchez pointed to a small, lateen-rigged craft. "*Contrabandistas* [smugglers]—*que maluco!* Zay may have contraband goods from Port of Spain, perhaps salt—*quien sabe?*"

"Salt?" I queried.

"Sí, señor, from ze Antillas, where zere are manee *salinas* [salt lagoons] and *salinetas* [small *salinas*]."

"But there are over three thousand salt deposits in your own country!"

"Sí, plentee! plentee! but zee government it must be feed zee first." The smoke of the old captain's *cigarillo* trailed its filmy wake as he gazed thoughtfully at the blue-stenciled mountains of his country.

The blue Caribbean laps its soft tongue along sixteen hundred miles of Venezuelan coast. Where the land has

risen or the sea has temporarily licked through a gap, flooded over a beach crest, or seeped through the sand, salt lagoons have formed and solar evaporation causes crystallization. These deposits range from yard-wide *pozos* (wells) to the extensive *salinas* of the Island of Coche and Araya Peninsula, measuring about three hundred acres and eleven hundred and fifteen acres, respectively. There was indeed "plentee," but only those at Coche, Araya, Maracaibo, and Mitare are worked, for the salt industry has long been a government monopoly. The federal government allows a portion of the revenue to the various states, the *salinas* being rented to friends of the government under supervision of its agents, who see that, besides the yearly rental, a third of the profits is turned over to the state. The salt companies, obliged to freight by government boats, are charged forty cents per three hundred pounds for the six hundred miles between Coche and Maracaibo, while the corresponding rate from the Dutch island of Curaçoa to New York, nearly four times that distance, is only thirty-five cents. At the various ports of distribution it is sold from *depositos* to merchants in amounts not under two hundred and twenty pounds for about \$9.25, and thence to the public

at about two and a quarter cents to four and a half cents a Spanish pound (about twelve ounces).

At the *salinas* in operation, a permanent staff of some three hundred and fifty is maintained, and this force is increased to eight hundred during harvest, which by edict occurs in June, July, and August. At the large unoperated *salinas* a patrol is maintained, and government agents stir up the water to prevent crystallization and otherwise spoil the crop. Even the sweepings on the *Manzanares's* deck were carefully gathered and hove overboard. Consequently contraband salt is run from the West Indies, filched from *salinetas* remote from district patrols and at night from the large *salinas*. Occasionally, crack! go the guards' rifles, and a crimson

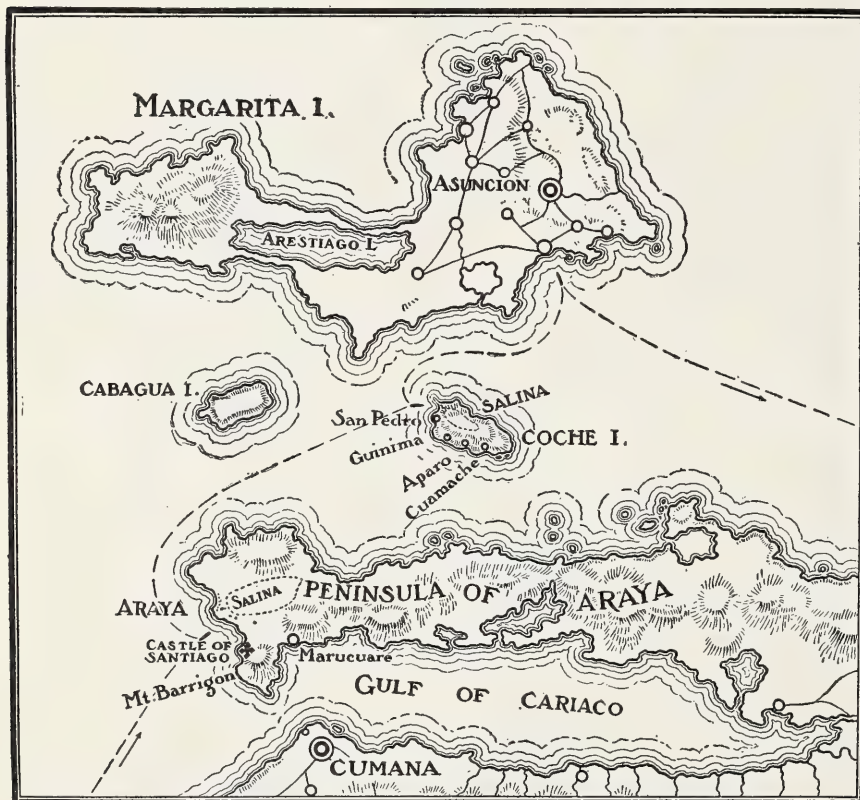
In 1499, a year after Columbus first sighted this coast, Alonso Niño reached Haraia (Araya) and discovered upon the long, sandy isthmus a great, marshy, salt lagoon.

Niño looked out perhaps, on moving figures of the Guarquari (Huarkeree) Indians along the beach, some of whose descendants I could now discern. Today, as in Humboldt's time, the lagoon does not directly communicate with the sea.

Before daylight advanced, dark-skinned peons were warping small boats, loaded with salt-bags, along a hawser which had been run ashore. On the sandy isthmus I found all a noiseless bustle; broad-sombreroed, barefooted, scantily clad Arayans shifting to the boats the salt bags brought by jogging donkeys from the great lagoon a half-mile inland. The lone *aduana* (custom-house), silhouetted in purple, and waist-high, cone-shaped piles of salt dotted an acre of the lagoon edge.

A swarthy figure accosted me. "See these pearls, señor! Pearls most beautiful." It was such pearls and gold that the Indians of Unare and Araya brought to Niño. From stories of their mysterious source, coupled with the fabled richness of this *salina* and what might lie beyond, sprang the vision of El Dorado.

A half-mile southward lay an ancient



MAP OF ARAYA PENINSULA AND PEARL ISLANDS OF VENEZUELA

Dotted lines mark the *salinas*. Line with arrows indicates course of the *Manzanares* and ports of call

stain percolates the snow-white crystals.

Northwest, horizon down, lay the Dry Tortugas; ahead, Araya Peninsula; beyond, the famous pearl islands of the Margarita group. When dawn flushed over those tropics, we lay anchored in a small bay; southeast, a low mountain silhouetted against the rose-tinged sky.

ruin. What had prompted man to raise in this desert waste a structure outvying most of the old fortresses of the New World and ranking with many of ancient Europe? Spain early established colonies along these coasts, the Dutch and English made rendezvous in the Caribbean, and history soon reeked with



SOUTH WALL OF THE ROYAL FORTRESS OF ARAYA, SHOWING BASTION AND REMAINS OF THE MOAT BELOW

cruelties perpetrated on the Indian inhabitants; piracy was rampant and contraband was run, not least of which was salt. In 1543 the Dutch appropriated the rich *salina* of Araya and carried salt in armored ships to the West Indies, where, conniving with Indians and colonists, they ran it along the Venezuelan coasts, as contraband, ruining the Spanish company who paid the Spanish crown for the privilege. Then, when the Plymouth Pilgrims were first establishing their colony, the Spaniards drove the Dutch from Araya. Because of the reported richness of this *salina*, they constructed the fortress.

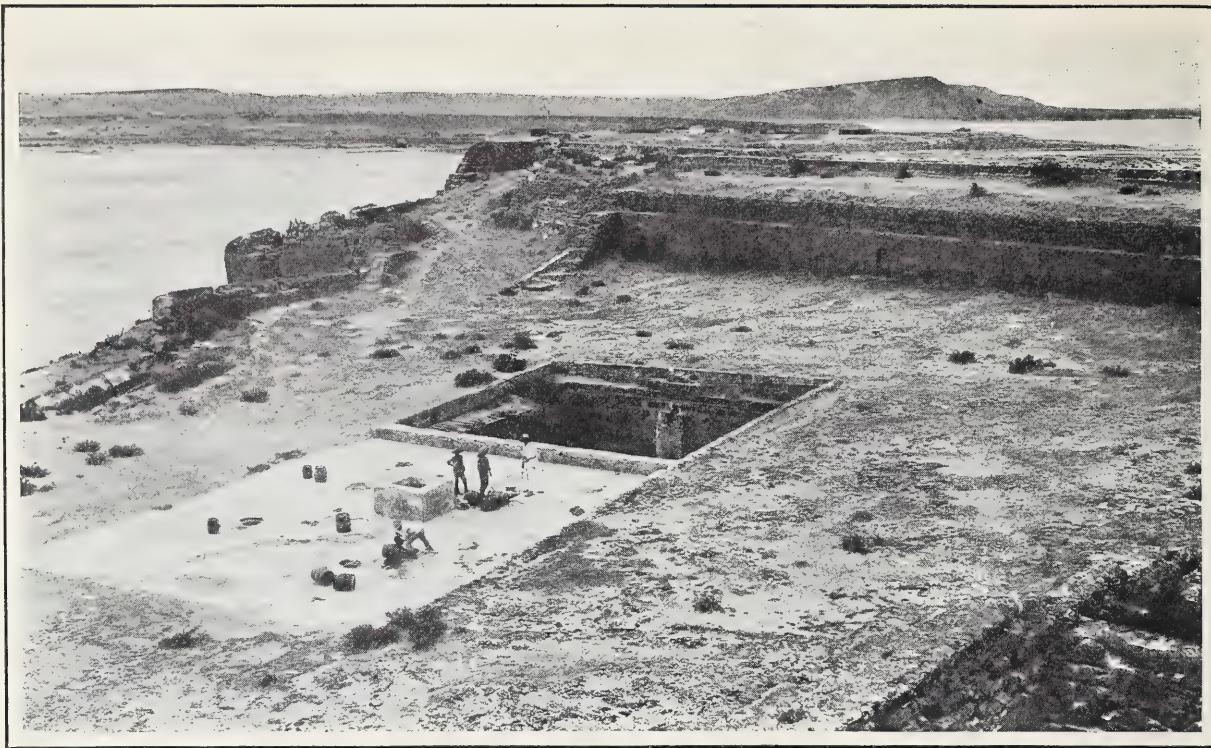
Toward the ancient stronghold, with one of four fellow-passengers, a Russian refugee, I trudged over the coarse white sand edging the rocks on which the castle stands. Its material was hewn nearly three hundred years ago, from the sides of the near-by Mount Barrigon—huge blocks of calcareous conglomerate, set with mortar made from the beach-sand. After three years labor, in 1625, the flag of Spain flaunted its gold and orange folds over this Castle of Santiago, the Royal Fortress of Araya, which had cost more than a million gold pesos and an enormous toll of life. For with scant food and

water, a scorching sun in a shadeless land, goaded by cruel taskmasters, the toil, sweat, and blood of Indian slaves, Spanish prisoners and half-caste peons went to cement those massive walls.

The Dutch merely laughed at the castle, and established themselves at some rich *salinas* farther eastward on the coasts of Unare.

Huge mural fragments six feet thick lay at the castle base, like abandoned playthings of some great cataclysm. Climbing a path, we found a great parade of perhaps two acres, and headed toward the northeast bastion. We ascended its parapet, from which I overlooked the quiet ruffle of a bejeweled sea edging the bay in a curving line of ivory white along the sand which, in turn, merged into the tarnished gold of a barren, sun-scorched, waterless waste of country. The *salina* gleamed like a fresh fall of snow; near it was the *aduana* and some *cabañas*; to the south, the plateau into which the one-time little town of Araya had long crumbled among the cacti. At 12° north of the equator, the 125° of heat would have been unbearable but for the blessed "trades."

Through the mirage of years I saw a Spanish galleon riding at her chains; within the protection of the castle's can-



RUINS OF THE ROYAL FORTRESS OF ARAYA

Showing the great parade, with the powder magazine and white reservoir covering cistern from which peons are drawing water; broad raised gun platforms on upper level; to the right the *salina*, the bay on the left, the custom-house between

non the picturesque life of little Araya: sentries with restive pace walked in ceaseless vigil along bastion and wall of the massive ramifications; soldiers lounged about puffing tobacco obtained from the mainland natives; others gambled at cards for the meager stakes of their meager possessions.

Through a reservoir in the center forty feet square, water, during the rains, flowed into the cistern beneath. On this storage of cool, fresh water both garrison and inhabitants depend; there a peon pours the crystal stream into a large cask. More peons arrive, with firkin-laden donkeys. The mirage of bygone centuries dissolves into the wriggling heat waves—the peons and donkeys are real; the cool cistern water still quenches the thirst of the fishermen and *salineros* (salt-workers) who live about it, and the *Real Fuerza de Araya* has become to them the *Castillo de Santa Agua* (Castle of the Blessed Water).

In 1770 there was a plan to restore the old castle, but the cistern is the only part that has been reconstructed. Time, has dealt gently with the old ruins.

A shout! The Russian beckoned me

toward the northwest part of the parade, mostly overgrown with prickly-pears, aguave, and thorny acacias, whose spines thwarted intrusion. He stood beside the northern wall, pointing to a great gap at our feet—a dungeon three feet wide, twenty long, and twenty down into the dark depths. Into it pitiful victims were thrown, to exist under indescribable conditions. A poisonous little viper wriggled by and dropped into the yawning maw, lizards streaked here and there, and a scorpion, spider, or centipede occasionally scurried among the heated stones and parched *chevaux-de-frise* of plants. “Ah! Zeess dongeon, it ees a terreeble place.” The refugee should have known.

In 1726 and 1760 fearful hurricanes broke through the beach and for years rendered the *salina* useless and evidently did some damage to the fortress; then, too, piracy had by that time ceased in the Caribbean. So the uselessness of the castle was proclaimed to the eastern provinces of Venezuela by royal decree, on May 30, 1760. A year later terrific explosions reverberated over the waters and mighty walls were rent asun-

der into the massive fragments at our feet. As far as I could determine, the Castle of Santiago never suffered even an attack. So it was abandoned after one hundred and fifty years, having cost in construction and up-keep ten million gold pesos, an enormous sum, simply to prevent contraband of a single Venezuelan salt-work.

From the old *Manzanares* I watched day kaleidoscope into night. The full moon burst through the cloudy heavens as we steamed away from poor little Araya and its grim fortress. By midnight Isla Cubagua humped its dark shape northward. Its capital, New Cadiz, long since disappeared, was the first Spanish settlement of South America, and even antedated Cumana, the first on the mainland.

The next morning the old craft dropped her mud-hooks off the coast of Coche—a desert-like island, with somber, brown-gray hills extending over its three by five leagues—a land so thirsty that the few goats which roam it in sheer desperation have acquired the habit of drinking the salt water. Four little adobe pueblos dot its coasts, chief among them San Pedro.

On a low sand-spit a mile from the *Manzanares*, salt deposits and an *aduana* humped obtrusively in the sul-

try haze of heat; inland a large *salina* lay framed by low hills. Here, at the annual salt harvest or loading of a steamer, men, women, and children temporarily become *salineros*.

Walking along the sand-spit, I realized that the forty-foot hillocks beyond the *aduana* were *pillotes*, hills of salt, probably the world's biggest salt-cones. Guards squatted in the shadow of the *aduana*; inside a few officials lolled listlessly in their Indian hammock-beds suspended from wall-hooks. They looked askance when requested permission to visit the *salina* half a mile back in the plain. I was not to be permitted to wander about unobserved, so eventually a young Venezuelan grouchily slid from his hammock to accompany me.

It registered 125° in the sun, and there was no shade. We crunched over the crusted salt until, blinded by the white glare, we turned with closed eyes shoreward, and despite my companion's protests headed south toward the sizzling hills. The gaunt-stemmed cacti and spider-like, ground-hugging plants but emphasized the thirstiness of the heated land.

Down in a valley we passed an old Indian woman hewing long-limbed cactus stems for fuel; she paused to pass



THE "MANZANARES" LOADING SALT AT ARAYA

some kindly words. A few miles, and a hill shunted a steep decline down to the little village of San Pedro. My decision to take this route was too much for my companion; emitting a delightfully expressive Venezuelan ejaculation, he squinted through narrowed eyelids, a most abject expression of disgust, and turned on his sandled heel along a beaten trail. I slipped and slid quickly down into the forlorn little village of reddish adobe walls and roofs of red tile and thatch.

The pueblo lay sprinkled over a hard-worn, salty, clayey sand-stretch, barren save for five palms waving gracefully in the hot breezes in a settlement of Turks beyond its farther end. The dry, saline character of Coche renders the people fever free, as their splendid physique, good health, and general good nature testify.

It was the hour of siesta; there was no sound save the soft soughing of the hot trade-winds through the vent of my sun-helmet; not a thing now moved about the broad, sun-baked thoroughfare of the pueblo. But when the shadows are purple and long the village bestirs itself. Women water-carriers, Turk and Indian, pass to and fro; children gather about a vender of sweets; the projecting thatches of the few shops serve as primitive cafés and centers where little groups of men gather to talk and gossip.

"Be seated, señor," was the inevitable invitation, with a chair and refreshment; any of a number of *cabañas* to which I was invited was typical: the center room served as kitchen, living and dining room, and rough-hewn seats as chairs; in a corner a young girl washed clothes in a crudely hewn tub. Doorless openings let into rooms where sleeping-hammocks were slung, a chair and a few knick-knacks being the only appurtenances.

Simple, short-skirted cotton dresses were the working costumes of Cochean women. But all wearing apparel and food (except fish) had to be imported. Even salt, the one food-product of their island, and necessary for curing fish, the government had denied them. Not one ounce of Coche salt could a Cochean *salinero* beg, buy, or steal, save at the risk of heavy fine and incarceration.

To obtain salt they must sail to Araya

in their small craft, where the beneficent government exploiters dole it out to them at four pesos (about \$3.08) a bushel, one-third the price charged in other parts of Venezuela.

Salt varies from brick-red color, through brown, to ivory-white and white, depending primarily on the place from which it is taken and on the washing. Coche salt is naturally white and firm; that of Araya, even when washed, is gray-tinged; and the darkest salt, preferred by the interior people, is spoken of as black salt.

The "crop" is gathered during mid-summer, when the lakes have dried and the salt crystallized; and because of the *salina's* glare, and the heat which penetrates even one's shoes, the work is carried on at night.

Perhaps two hours after midnight a dog yelps, from a *cabaña* a warm light glimmers, then another and another. After a meager breakfast, the bulk of the inhabitants in a long, irregular file, like a colossal anaconda, worm their way in the moonlight around the base of the hills to the lagoon.

Armed guards await them. One group stops at the lagoon-side nearest the *aduanas*, the other continues to the inland side. Each with a *mara* (open woven basket) wades five hundred yards across the hardened edges into the lagoon, still warm from the heat of day, and they scatter out on the lonely lake of white.

The first basket filled, an agile twist poises it on the *salinero's* head, the water showering from the protecting broad brim of the canvas-covered straw hat. The moonlight scintillates from the lagoon and glitters through the streaming water, which half veils some of the dark forms of the *salineros* in a myriad of glimmering, falling diamond strings. The saline shower makes any abrasion smart, and the rising sun causes it to crystallize on hair and bodies. Any object thrown into the lake and then placed in the sun becomes crystallized in beautiful effect, and small wooden objects are thus strikingly transformed by Nature's magic.

They usually work until sunrise, depositing the salt at the lake edge, where it soon dries out. The women are chiefly the carriers; a superintendent checks



A HILL OF PURE SALT ON THE ISLAND OF COCHE

each *mara* of salt, for which the carrier receives two and a half centavos (two cents). During the day the salt is transported to the side of the *aduanas*. So the long line crisscrosses back and forth during the gathering.

There are two different exploiters who contract to deposit the salt at their respective *pillotes*, to which they hire the *salineros* to carry it from the lagoon. The company pays about thirty cents per three hundred pounds, which enables the exploiters to double their money.

Siesta over, a hundred men and three hundred women again take up the work. The little figures dotted about the bases of the colossal salt-cones might well be pygmies in some fairy tale, each adding his little *mara* of salt which goes to make up the average season's deposit of over twenty-six million pounds. Climbing one of the great hardened *pillotes*, a shoveler sends down miniature snowy avalanches almost into the mouths of the sacks below. These filled, weighed, and stacked in the low-lying *aduanas* sheds, await a government boat.

It was an unrestrained, happy crowd among whom I mingled at the shed where they gathered to carry the salt from the *aduanas* to the beach. Ever

ready to laugh at any trifling circumstance, pearly teeth contrasted with rich cinnamon complexions and strikingly attractive dark eyes, soft and brown in repose but sparkling when gales of laughter swept the crowd. But the deep, passionate natures of these Guarquari could strike equally well the red spark of rage. Contrary to most semi-primitive peoples, they were eager to pose, surrounding me in a dense, excited phalanx, and were greatly disappointed that I did not hand out the pictures at once from the camera.

A sharp call and the work began. A superbly proportioned woman with consummate grace swung a hundred-pound salt-bag to her head. Quickly adjusting it, she strode with majestic carriage toward the awaiting boats, heading a long file ranging from girls of fourteen to old women. Barefooted, they advanced with noiseless gait, each with a strong play of the hips, every movement showing a tireless virility many a strong man would find hard to emulate. At least one in four puffed a long, strong, black cheroot, but it was "strong to the strong." These *salineras* might indeed lead one to credit the persistent story of a tribe of Amazons in the region of the Venezuelan hinterland, from which

their forebears were supposed to have come.

The boats swing in, and the crews, with wild shouts, plunge over in a smother of foam. Then these swarthy Cocchean fishermen, their only garb short cotton trousers and sombreros, hustle the sacks down the beach and aboard. I could hear the guttural "*he-way!*" for "*heave-away,*" one of the corrupted English expressions which have crept in among the coast Venezuelans.

"*He-way! he-way!*" A half-dozen men seized the gunwale or pushed astern, every muscle playing in rhythmic unison, bodies glistening with sweat and brine. The sails fill, and course is set for the steamer. The skippers load their boats so heavily that the water sometimes swashes over the gunwale, only a temporary ten-inch free-board of rawhide preventing swamping. They approach the steamer astern, range alongside, and gradually work up to the hoists. The *Manzanares* lay like an old black duck with a swarm of white ducklings cuddled close to her side. Those who know the sea know the fascination of looking down from above-decks of a big ship in port with her brood: the swaying mass pulsating with the lift and the breathe of the sea,

responding to the almost invisible heave of the ground-swell rolling in; the coarse-grained rattle, unceremonious chock, and busy hum of the winches, the rush and hiss of the steam, the hoarse shouts and staccato cries of the men.

The hoist lowers away—chock! The men below stand clear as the heavy rope is thrown into the boat; a Cocchean adjusts the loop, and six sacks are rapidly thrown in. The cable tautens, all jump clear, as the *capitas* with swift blows from a tiller head beats the noose down snug. "*Aye-hee!*" he sings out. Rattle goes the winch, up goes the load. Half-naked members of the *Manzanares'* crew pounce upon and heave the bags over the hatch edge—chug!—into the hold, where Curaçoa Negroes stow away, watchful lest one of the heavy sacks break a neck or back.

The "*crankiness*" of the *Manzanares* required constant care in trimming ship, also in giving her proper draught for the Orinoco bars. All day long the little sloops skimmed like white gulls between beach and ship. The average boat takes about one hundred bags in a day, netting its owner about sixty-eight cents. The *San Francisco*, one of the largest, brought eleven hundred and twenty-four bags during the two days' loading.



COCHEAN INDIAN SALINERAS WITH SALT-BAGS WEIGHING 100 POUNDS EACH

Captain Sanchez unavailingly protested that the *Manzanares* was being loaded too deep to cross the Orinoco bar at the *Boca Grande* (Great Mouth). The side hatch was now so near the water that the boats' crews threw the bags aboard.

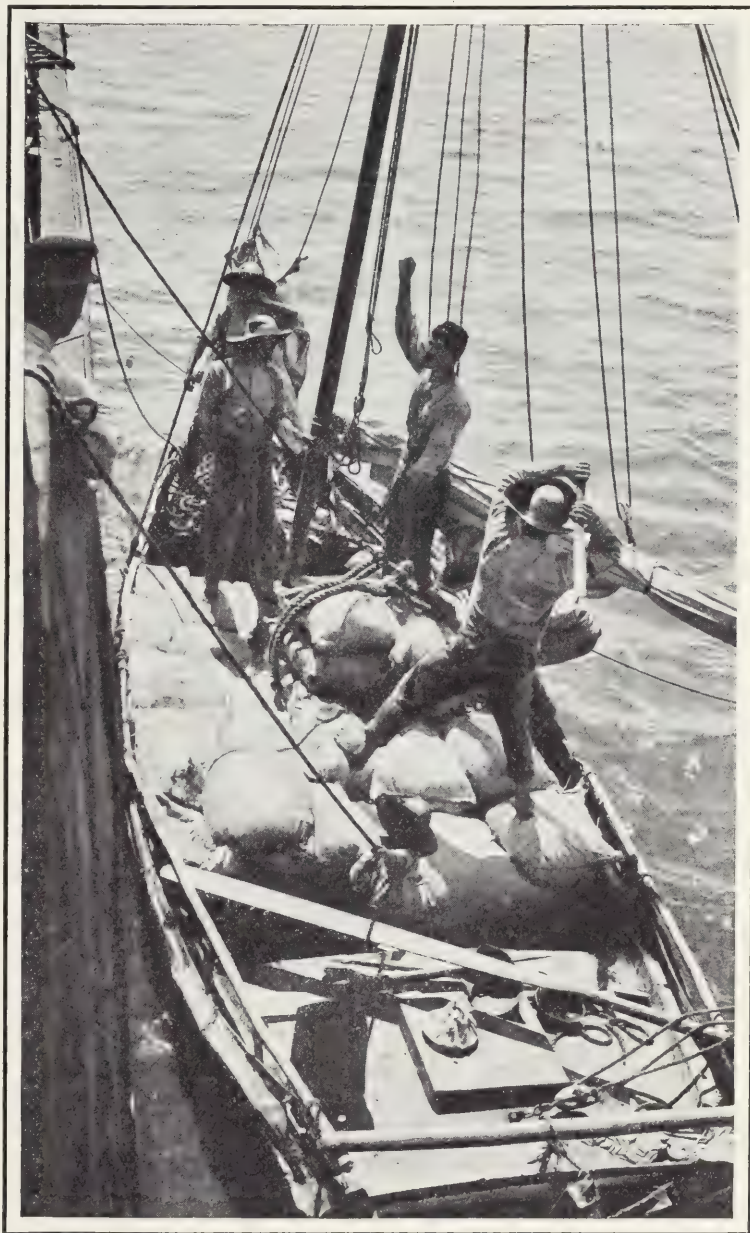
Having bade my *adioses* and *hasta luego*s to my friends in San Pedro, I tramped toward the loading-boats over the white sand gently washed by the blue-green Caribbean painting transitorily on the sand a band of blue-violet, studded with opalescent shells and bejeweled with star-fish and hermit crabs. I passed decapitated, V-shaped sharks' heads, whose little, irregular, black pupils of their gray-green eyes leered gruesomely up. Many of the *salineros*, in the water to their waists or arm-pits, beached or shoved off their craft. Here I luxuriated in a swim.

The day's work done, the *salineros* grouped on the beach to see the last boats off. "*Aquí, señor, vamos!*" ("Here, señor, we go!") Grabbing my clothes, I sprang into the *San Cristobal*. Stripped, save for cotton trunks and a Cochean sombrero, my skin was in sharp contrast to the bronze and cinnamon-colored bodies of that piratical-looking band. The barrier, Custom, had been broken down; approval was in their eye-glint. I felt the warm, velvety touch of the superb Salasal's body as, reaching behind me, he swung over the tiller.

"*Tomalo!*" ("Take it!") "*Ah! El comprende*" ("Ah! He understands.") So they had remarked before when I had sailed her in, in ballast, but now the wind had veered a bit, and we were running close-hauled, loaded deep with a valuable cargo. When I brought her about, they eyed me like lynxes, then one and

another remarked, "*Ah! El comprende practica.*"

The *San Cristobal's* superior sailing qualities brought her in the lead. Behind us each long, low-lying craft was



TAKING COCHE SALT ABOARD THE "MANZANARES"

straining in every line and spar, its prow angrily boiling through the blue water. Crouched among the salt-bags were the crews, in some of whom courses the blood of the freebooters of the Spanish Main. Hand each a cutlass and an old blunderbuss, and in lateen-rigged crafts you have before you a band of swarthy bucaners. Even today, some half act the part, as many a smuggling expedition between the isl-



A COCHEAN FISHING-BOAT WITH CARGO OF SALT-BAGS

ands of the Lesser Antilles and the mainland of Venezuela bears witness.

Salasal sprang to his feet and intently observed a laggard on the other tack. The nearest two boats changed their courses toward her. "The *Santa Maria*, she sinks! Poor Adrian! Little profits for him this harvest," he continued, as another flaw helped to settle the *Santa Maria* on her side. The crew jumped overboard and swam to the approaching boats, which then for their own safety headed straight for the *Manzanares*.

The *Santa Maria's* great reach of sail kept her half afloat. On the way back the crew would dislodge the cargo and ballast and tow her ashore. Sometimes a swamped boat goes down like a lump of lead—the cargo of salt crystals merges with the brine whence it came. Diving Cocheans far underwater heave out the beach stones and save the empty sacks; then floated, she continues her dancing career over the joyous Caribbean.

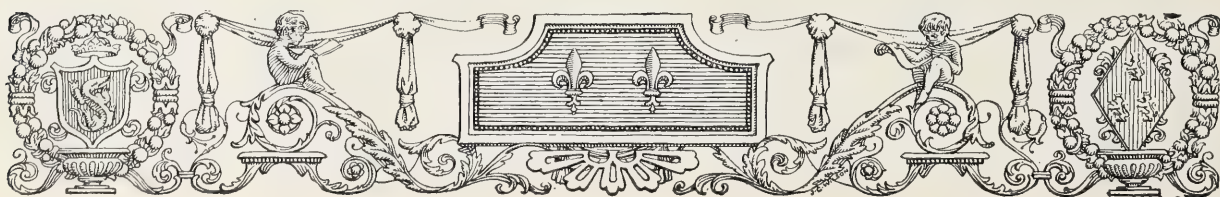
Working with the crews, I helped throw the last cargoes upon the low-settled deck and watched the little fleet sail back. Through a cloud-rift the fast-lowering sun spilled a flood of saffron and old-rose over somber gray-brown little Coche, picked out the straggling groups of *salineros* trudging the streak of golden sand to their little *cabañas* in San Pedro. Their two days of labor had resulted in 13,003 bags, weighting the old *Manzanares* with 1,430,330 additional pounds.

Overladen as she was, the difference in the specific gravity of the fresh water of the muddy Orinoco would cause her to settle deeper still—all due to the unreasonable orders of the officials.

"*Caramba!*" Old Sanchez could not conceal his disgust.

"Will she be able to cross the Barima Shoal and the Boca Grande?" I queried, as we swung along eastward between Coche and Marguerita.

"*Quien sabe!*"



Buffy's Hegira

BY MARIE MANNING



MOLLY BOOTHBY was worth waiting for: a nice, wholesome sort of girl, with a dimpled chin and appealing eyes that ought to have been listed under the head of "undue influence," since she had nothing to appeal from or for, having the most delightful home and as many blessings as were good for any one. The one thing about her that drove Tom Standish to frenzy was her equanimity; being a Boothby, she could hardly have escaped it, but Tom felt that to have it to the extent Molly did was little short of a crime.

The Boothby home itself, in its easy-going, delightful way, was ideal. No wonder the children never wanted to go away and "settle"; even the glimpse of it from the train window was heartening. It scrambled over the crest of a hill, commanding the best view of the valley; it had been added to and subtracted from; porches had multiplied, and the great rooms of the pre-Revolutionary period had been divided to meet the requirements of the Boothbys of three generations.

Clinton Boothby, the present head of the house, was a sculptor. The double-storied projecting "L" at the rear of the building was his special province, and here he fashioned those famous equestrian statues that have done so much to raise the standard of American art. At this particular time, the family circle had been increased by three models—an Indian, a buffalo, and a pure-bred Arabian horse rented by a Wild West Show to Boothby, who was going to use them in a heroic group illustrative of this Republic before the coming of the white man.

Tom Standish felt that he was a model, too—a model of patience—since this was his third journey from the Southwest to try and induce Molly to

return with him. She was, as usual, fluent in excuses; two years ago it had been that her mother had not been well, and last year her younger brother was to graduate from Princeton in June and she must be there. This year's excuse seemed to Tom maddening in its utter banality: she had accepted the presidency of the Gentlewoman's Co-operative League and proposed to organize a series of pageants for the uplift and amusement of the villagers, who were sadly lacking in artistic influence. In addition to the fostering of esthetic tendencies, the League had a Woman's Exchange side to its character where currant jam, cross-stitch guest-towels, fluffy layer-cake, and Irish crochet might be exchanged for coin of the realm if any one stood in need of them. Tom Standish, the six-footer, who had grown up on a ranch in Texas, could have endured any kind of human rival, but when it came to arguments about forsaking gentlewomen's jam and hand-painted oatmeal sets in his favor, he was too puzzled for words.

Molly would, in all probability, have been too busy to listen. Her head was full of schemes for a new pageant that would include the Indian, the Arabian horse, and maybe the buffalo, if he could be managed. But from the beginning both the Indian and the buffalo had refused to yield to that something in the Boothby character which was wont to win the confidence of man and beast alike. They had remained sullenly indifferent to the blandishments that had been lavished on them in a vain effort to break down the wall of distrust with which they had apparently surrounded themselves.

Mrs. Boothby and her daughter did not wonder that any one as dirty as "Lo" should feel unhappy. The Indian question, they felt, could have been settled years ago by the introduction of soap and porcelain tubs on their reserva-

tions. "Treat them as you would any other fellow-creature," Molly insisted, with the finality of youth, when her father proposed installing Lo in a tent near the house. "If it were June, father, I wouldn't have a word to say, but it's nearly October—he might take cold."

Thus Lo was given a room in the attic that no one ever used or was likely to use. It was a sort of Bluebeard chamber, in which had been stored all the outgrown "house beautiful" objects of several generations. Here were the "hand-painted" milkmaid stools, the plaques, the embroidered table-covers that Mrs. Boothby had industriously wrought as a girl and abandoned later as "impossible." Globes of wax flowers and "spatter-work," handicraft of earlier ancestresses, were here kept concealed, like crimes, yet left undestroyed for sentimental reasons.

Had Boothby been familiar with the esthetic horrors of the Bluebeard chamber, perhaps he would have understood better the Indian's expression of settled melancholy and utter limpness; but he had not been in the attic for years. Day after day he worked at Lo, but he might as well have tried to model a meal-sack for any spirit the red man put into his posing. The buffalo, too, seemed equally inert, and, beyond eating with great regularity everything that was put in his pen, continued apparently to nourish a grouch. Molly had about given up the idea of putting him in a pageant.

The joint melancholy of the twain was a source of keen disappointment to Jack and Billy, Clinton Boothby's grandsons and neighbors. They had become so accustomed to the animals that their grandfather used as models that they had grown to regard themselves as youthful Hagenbecks, and had begun to lord it over other boys who could not boast similar extensions of the family circle. What was the use of having such splendid properties as a buffalo and an Indian if they just humped around looking dull?

So Jack, being a resourceful child, with great powers of applying acquired knowledge, wondered what he could do to rouse the buffalo from his brooding melancholy—how to put a little zest in his life, make him worth bragging about.

Continuing this line of reasoning, he remembered having been told never to go near the field where the bull was kept with anything red on; now if a bull did not like red, why, indeed, should a buffalo?

When Jack made his preparations, he had perfect faith in the lock of the buffalo-pen. He was not seeking to revive the noble sport of the plains. He had, in fact, no organized hunt in mind when he presented himself at the back gate of his crony, Bobby Lincoln, and said, "Say, where's that old red sweater of yours?"

"In the dog-house."

"Say, you lend it to me."

"What fer?" demanded the friend, instantly on guard. There might be delightful usages to which a discarded sweater could be put; it didn't do to be recklessly generous.

"Ah, you can't do nuttin' wid it." In the absence of censorship Jack loved to talk like the boys who lived near the railroad tracks.

"The dickens I can't! What kin you do with it?"

"A lot you can't! Say, you tell me, has your grandfather got a buffalo—now you tell me that?"

"No, he ain't got no buffalo," drawled Robert, reluctantly mulcted of the humiliating truth.

"Well, I'm goin' to have a bull-fight with my grandfather's buffalo—there now!"

"Gee! Goody! Golly! Why didn't you say so at first? You needn't have that ole dog-sweater—the puppy's been sleeping on it; you can have m' Sunday sweater!"

"S it red?"

"Red's blood. Oh, say, le's begin right now. Where's your mother? Mine's out. Oh, why didn't you say so 'fore?"

"Now you don't fight a bull same's you do a boy; you have to be a matador and things like that, an' go into the ring and bow and wave your scarlet cloak; and then the bull he dashes at you; and that'll be all right with grandfather's buffalo, cause there's bars in front of his pen—great, big, strong bars what he can't break down."

"Oh, gee! I'm a-goin' for my best



THE EXILE FROM THE PRAIRIES PAID NO ATTENTION TO THE LONG-DISTANCE MATADORS

sweater, and, say, can't I be a matterdor, too? I'll wear the ole sweater, the one the puppy has."

"You can be my second assistant matador," said Jack, loftily, "and I'll wear your Sunday sweater."

The matadors did not waste much time on their toilets, the puppy was deprived of his bed, and an earnest but inglorious-looking matador stood waiting for his friend, who had new buttons to struggle with.

"You know I'm just a-lending you that sweater, not a-giving it to you," said the second assistant matador—not that he was in the least doubt as to his friend's understanding of the transaction, but that he wished to remind him of the transient state of his splendor.

The chief matador merely growled, "Ah, who don't know that," and with his trusty assistant made his way to the buffalo-pen. Not a soul was in sight. Not a single commanding, ordering, persuading grown-up, upsetting, according to his personality, the best-laid plans of boys and buffaloes.

The bull-fighters were each a trifle

hazy as to their respective formalities. They had heard of bowing and hand-kissing, but didn't think much of that; so arm-in-arm they strode to the pen and roared. The exile from the prairies at first paid no attention to the long-distance matadors, from whom he was separated by stout, iron-tipped locust bars, the whole fitted into a heavy door, fastened by a padlock.

"Shucks!" said the second assistant, "let's kick the door and roar at him!"

Buffy did not seem to think much of the self-introduction of the two matadors. He slightly turned his head in the direction of the sound, opened his mouth as if he were about to reply, and seemingly thought better of answering anything so jejune and feeble.

The matadors now scrambled up the barricade and accosted the buffalo in more challenging tones. Still nothing happened! It is sad to be a matador, full of fire and purpose, and not have your bull take you seriously. The knights of the ring were still regarding their prey, not knowing in the least what to do next, when the buffalo saw



"OUR BUFFALO IS LOOSE—RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!"

them. At first he regarded them as if they were a couple of flies that had lighted on the pen, but something about them impelled another glance; in a second he was up humping himself—the deadly insult of seeing red had been put upon him.

His blood-curdling roar was all that the most hardened matador could desire; it was more than the novices had anticipated. At the same moment, they saw with petrifying horror that the hasp by which the gate of the pen was fastened hung limply—some one had forgotten to lock it. They dropped rather than slid from the bars, and, pale and chattering, rushed for the nearest section of the corral fence and hurled themselves over it. Buffy could have overtaken them at a bound, but that he was carrying out

the best traditions of his family by working himself up with certain hunchings and head wallowings from a lesser to a greater fury, before assuming the first position for running amuck. So that when he finally emerged from the unlocked pen the matadors were nowhere in sight. They were bounding into the house, shrieking:

"Buffy's gone! He's gone!"

"Who's gone, dears?" inquired Mrs. Boothby, descending the stairs with the beautifully deliberate grace of Louise of Prussia. Never had the family equanimity appeared to be in better working order than when she repeated: "Who's gone, and why are you so excited?"

"Buffy—grandpa's buffalo!"

"Gone like the dickens!" amended the assistant matador. "He's busted his pen!"

Molly, beautiful and star-eyed, also wrapped in the constitutional serenity of the family, leaned over the banisters to inquire what was the matter. Her mother replied with cheerfulness that the buffalo was loose. It might have been a daily occurrence, the descent of a raging bison upon a village in the neighborhood of New York.

"It does seem as if Buffy could not have taken a more inconvenient time to escape, with not a man on the place—"

"We can telephone people that he's coming." Mrs. Boothby had the air of one doing her duty by a neighbor about to be surprised by a dinner guest.

"Or I might saddle that Arabian father is modeling; he's wonderful on the gallop."

"But is he safe?"

"Well, it's hardly decent to sit here enjoying a Morris-chair while our buffalo is running wild."

"We ought to take some risk, certainly, but think of your poor little hands— My dear, there's Lo, he must be in his room. He ought to be able to manage him beautifully."

So up-stairs to the Bluebeard chamber both ladies went. They knew that Lo was not posing, because Mr. Boothby had been called to New York. They rapped two or three times, then opened the door, but a dusty and neglected chamber of horrors awaited them. The bed had apparently not been disturbed for weeks. There was not the faintest sign that the room had been occupied since the noble red man was first given the freedom of the spatter-work, the hand-painted plaques, and the tufted pin-cushions.

"Why, he's never been here!" announced Mrs. Boothby with just the faintest diminution of the family equanimity. "We'll ask Katie," as a plump housemaid came up-stairs with her arms full of clean linen.

"Katie, do you know where the Indian

stays? He's not been occupying his room."

"I do, ma'am; he do be shlapin' each night wid the buffalo."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Sure, why should I be troublin' the likes av you wid where the likes av him shlapes! Sure the buffalo-pen's the place for him and the both of thim savuges together."

"Where is he now?"

"Sure the minnit Mr. Boothby sthops takin' his likeness, ma'am, he's off in the woods lightin' a bonfire."

"Mamma, I shall saddle that Arabian immediately, ride him down the village, and warn people about Buffy. I'll take the short-cut by the lane and head him off."

"Don't forget your gauntlets, Molly, or you'll ruin your hands."

"Do you mind getting me my gray pair, mamma, while I saddle him? I shall enjoy the ride famously; just the thing for me—my blue dress is getting a little tight. Don't bother to come down; throw the gloves out of the window—" Molly's speech trailed after her as she went down-stairs, in no indecent haste,



HE CHARGED ITS CRYSTAL WIND-SHIELD, AND SHIVERED IT TO ATOMS

but with the air of one whose errand was pleasantly pressing.

In a few minutes Molly was on the back of Sultan, taking the short-cut down the lane to head off Buffy. That personage was not specializing in speed, rather was he making a trial of muscle and knee action before getting really into action. But when he heard the ring of the Arabian's hoofs down the lane, Buffy drew in his head, as if about to turn a somersault, then shot forth his legs and ran lumpishly and stupidly, exactly as his friends and relatives run around the ring in that act of the Wild West Show set down as: "Wild and Thrilling Race of Positively the Last Herd of Buffalo in Existence!"

Molly on the back of Sultan was deciding that an escaped buffalo was the mildest of contretemps. The gallop was a wonderful tonic. If people would only not get fussed up over trifles! She glanced back. Buffy, with his nose to the ground, was thundering and snorting terribly. The much-advertised motor road that was oiled daily, and that had put up the price of real estate in the neighborhood, seemed to shake beneath him; he was looking appallingly dangerous. She must get farther ahead and warn people.

At this point, about twenty yards in front of her, she recognized old Mr. Jenks, whose twin social specialties were deafness and a maddening and inexorable tendency to discuss the weather. Mr. Jenks did not hear the hoofs of Sultan till they were fairly upon him. Molly made a megaphone of her hands and shouted: "Our buffalo is loose. Run for your life!"

"Did you say looks like rain? I don't think so, Miss Molly."

"Our *buffalo* is loose—right back of you."

"Looks like snow!—You're joking—"

Leaning down from the saddle, she grasped the astonished old gentleman by the shoulders and swung him, right-about face, to the actual moving-picture of the great North American bison devouring space! It was the sole occasion in the history of that community when old Mr. Jenks had no prognostications to offer on the weather. With

a speed scarcely inferior to that of the buffalo, he made a dash for an adjacent gate that happened to be open.

Molly and Buffy were soon neck to neck; she prodded Sultan with her heel, chirruping to him and begging him not to let himself be beaten by a door-mat, a sleighing-robe, one of a species all but extinct. Sultan responded gallantly, as one who had traditions to maintain. Then a motor-car went zigzagging by, carefully avoiding the informal Wild West Show, but weakly indulging itself in several purely ornamental honk-honks, which proved the last straw for Buffy. Like most people reduced to sedentary lives, Buffy, when really put on his mettle, overdid. The honk of that automobile was as a deadly insult. He charged its crystal wind-shield, shivered it to atoms, and expressed himself forcibly. Then Buffy and the motor parted, with a feeling of mutual respect, but the car, sadder and wiser, honked no adieu, and the buffalo resumed the chase with something of the first flush of adventure gone.

Less than half a mile in front of Molly stretched Main Street. Buffy in Main Street was an impossibility—no one could hope to negotiate a bison down that fussy little thoroughfare. There would be motors, there would be carriages, there would be wagons drawn by nervous horses, and there were two china-shops, in each or both of which Buffy might wrest the laurels from the bull of platitude. There were other marts of trade which presented possibilities equally alarming; the green-grocer was a great hand for a lavish open-air display, so was the fruit man, while an invasion of the Gentlewoman's Co-operative League, with the blue-and-white tea-room in the front, was too awful to think about.

The immediate prospect before Molly as she rode with comet-like speed down the main thoroughfare was a series of groups that formed and dissolved with kaleidoscopic rapidity—groups that formed as human curiosity impelled people to rush out to see what was happening, and dissolved when the merest glance seemed to satisfy them. With ease she held her own about fifty yards ahead of Buffy. Her ear, now

grown accustomed to the various sounds of which Buffy was capable, from the thunder of his hoofs to his snorts and bellowings, detected a new note in the orchestration—the hoofs of a horse keeping well alongside the fugitive. She turned her head and caught a glimpse of Tom Standish spurring along on a rangy Irish hunter.

For once in her life Molly, without a single reservation, was unaffectedly glad to see him. He could be depended on, in case Buffy got unmanageable, to turn the trick. On the other hand, the gallop had been so glorious, had put her in such riotous spirits, had given her her head to such an extent, that she was in no mood to be sent back; and this he would undoubtedly try to do. Her ear told her that the horse was gaining on the buffalo—a moment more and Tom was riding alongside of her.

"You're all right, thank Heaven! Now drop back and I'll round him up as soon as I can get a rope. There are some outside the hardware-store—"

"Why should I drop back? I just love it, and I've managed all right so far."

"Because," said Tom, severely, "you're not Mary, and he's not your little lamb following you to school."

"Thanks! Perhaps when you have time you'll also teach me how to tell the wild flowers from the birds."

"I wish I could teach you the difference between the splendid, courageous thing you have done and the utterly foolhardy risk you now persist in running."

"You're running one yourself. Be-

sides, I want to warn the Gentlewoman's League personally. They are having their Colonial exhibit—we've loaned them our spinet and our Lowestoft."

"Thanks for the tip," he said, with a quiet finality that made her take a second look at him. The next moment he



HE LIFTED THE COIL OF ROPE OFF THE HOOK

was shouting to the Greek fruit-man to put up his shutters, and waving to two old ladies driving a pet horse of twenty-two down Main Street to cut and run down an alleyway. The elderly trio safe, Standish spurred across the street in the direction of the hardware-store. His eye swept the unfrivolous display of shovels, ashcans, preserving-kettles, and chains hanging like useful stalactites about its door. There was rope, too, but the sour grapes of fable hung no higher. No knight of old, jousting in a tournament, ever aimed with greater

precision than Tom Standish riding at that coil of rope dangling from a second-story window of a hardware-store.

A group on a balcony opposite was more excited than he. Molly's heart was pounding in her throat when he rose and stood in his stirrups as the hunter carried him close to the goal. No—would he, after all? Swaying back slightly in his stirrups, he reached high, and with a deft turn of the wrist lifted the coil of rope off the hook! The balcony groups cheered, the window groups took it up, the street re-echoed with it—which was a mistake, for Buffy's nerves were raw, and he began a sort of tango, self-applauded with fierce bellowings.

The slight check caused by the hardware-store tournament had given Molly the lead by a few feet, but now she pulled up with Tom, neck to neck. He was doing things with the rope, never relaxing his vigilance on the road ahead, shouting warnings, untying the string that held the loops of hemp, making a slip-knot in one end with incredibly few fingers—dividing the ten between rope and reins—and presently a noose began to emerge. Working down the rope, he began wrapping the end opposite the noose over palm and elbow, and soon he was equipped with that "better half" of the plainsman—a lariat. Molly had watched him with the keen admiration a woman gives to genuine manual dexterity. Standish had not spoken to her since she had declined to "drop back." He had simply gone ahead, making preparations for she knew not what.

"Tom!"

"Yes," he answered.

"Tom, the reason I'm anxious about Buffy and the Exchange is that during their Colonial exhibit they've taken that vacant shop next door, and the whole front is open—he could rush right in."

"I call that sweet of them. Just the place to round him up. Of course he's likely to get mixed up with the tidies, but what is a tidy in a good cause?"

"Tom, you wouldn't?"

"Did you ever hear of a worm turning? Well, this represents a worm turning in collusion with a buffalo—quite a handsome acrobatic feat!" And to a boy on a bicycle he cried, "Other way!—a buffalo's loose."

"Think of poor Maria Endicott's canned peaches and Miss Salem's fairy-wedding cakes! They actually depend on them."

"I *am* thinking," he grinned with gusto. "And I'm also thinking of those frilly, ballety lamp-shades, also of the jars of gentlewomen's jam and the pans of chocolate fudge, each of which I could sue for alienation of affection—your affection. I've a deep personal grudge to settle with every one of them."

"Can't you see the frightful danger, the anxiety—?"

"No, I can't. Buffy's not modest; he announces himself a block off; the gentlewomen will merely bolt for the back door and find themselves enjoying the salubrious air of William Street."

"You are—" but she checked herself. "I've always thought bushels of you, Tom."

"Then you've taken a queer way of showing it. Now, don't palaver, Molly—it doesn't go with your type. The only way for you to save the lamp-shades and layer-cake is to turn back now—the Exchange is about a block and a half off."

"There will be quantities of people lunching there—defenseless women." Then, to an old lady shrieking from a second-story window to be told what was the matter, "Nothing is the matter, Miss Brooks, only our buffalo is loose. Defenseless women, Tom."

"I can just hear them ordering their chicken salad and vanilla ice-cream while Rome burns, or, rather, Buffy bounds."

"You mean to turn him in there unless I stop now?"

"Absolutely yes, if that's the only way I can insure your safety."

"Very well, then. Good-by." And she whirled her horse away with the family equanimity in full possession.

Tom swept her a salutation as deferential as if he had at his disposal all the time in the calendar, with no raging bison in the rear. Molly pulled her horse into a side street, and in a couple of minutes along came the roaring, bellowing, snorting disturber of refined village life, village life with the best traditions back of it.

Molly out of danger, Standish urged

his horse onto the sidewalk and gave the buffalo the right of way. The street was as clear as if newly swept by a cyclone. The inhabitants had sought second-story windows. In the meantime Standish had been doing things with that noosed coil of rope—getting it into positions that meant nothing in particular to these people of the effete East, but that would have signified much to any one in the habit of handling cattle or horses on the plains.

He let Buffy get ahead of him, perhaps twenty feet; then the coil of rope, wriggling and sinuous, stealthy as a snake, began its aerial pursuit. Once, twice, thrice it grazed the back of the fleeing buffalo, only to be pulled back for a better aim as the noose failed to fall true. Again Standish hauled in the rope, paying it out in ever-increasing circles with amazing deftness; it swung, it pursued, gaining with almost conscious intelligence on the couple of tons of rushing buffalo. In lithe undulations it flew—doubling, turning, twisting. Larger and larger grew the noose, one end of it sagged, it dropped over the uncouth head and shoulders, it tightened—and the fractious buffalo was a prisoner, a tugging, hauling thing at the end of a

tight line—his progress arrested exactly in front of the flaunting open front of the Gentlewoman's Co-operative League. Molly, who had been watching the proceedings in breathless suspense, wondered if Tom had deliberately let his victim run till he reached this critical situation.

Every community is full of near-heroes. These now rushed to the aid of Standish and his haul—all of them wanted to pull on the rope, to jerk the buffalo this way and that; but, thanking them heartily, he proceeded to put into execution a few standby tricks that all cattlemen know, and by loosening and tightening of the noose to induce Buffy to retrace his wild steps down Main Street. Standish saluted Molly in passing.

"Nothing at all; the merest trifle!" the sweep of his sombrero indicated; "you ought to see me do something really worth while."

A pulse near her heart rose chokingly, her eyes were dim—for once the family equanimity drooped. "He made me turn back—made me!" She looked after the slender, muscular figure sitting his horse with the ease of a plainsman, and hugged the enforced submission to



THE BUFFALO WAS A PRISONER, A TUGGING, HAULING THING AT THE END OF A TIGHT LINE

her heart; it was good to be taken in hand like that and to be made to mind.

Then she turned her horse toward that apple of her eye, the Gentlewoman's Co-operative League, to inquire for the gentle nerves and how they stood the shock, but she was not allowed to proceed far. She was stopped at every door and made to tell the story of the escaped buffalo, and these details increased and multiplied, till by the time she reached the League the gentlewomen had it that Molly had begun her mad ride on the buffalo's back, and all of them had to be set straight on that point.

Molly had not answered more than a few hundred questions before she became aware that the atmosphere of the League was imbued with a spirit of unfriendly criticism. The gentlewomen, who were all considerably older than she, would withdraw into little conspira-

tor-like groups and talk in undertones, and then emerge and recharge the air with fresh antagonism. And presently she learned the cause. It had been tossed about that she was trifling with that splendid young man who had not only saved their lives, but also their Colonial exhibit, their gentlewomen's jam, their cross-stitch, and all the works and poms and frivolities that were theirs. Three times had he come all the way from Texas to plead his cause, and thrice had she refused—ambition was ruining her, ambition to continue as president of the Gentlewoman's Co-operative League. Of course, she had started it, organized the pageants, induced the gentlewomen to leave their wares for sale, and thus had made herself dictator; but it was an office fitter for a matron than a young girl, and when her ruthless ambition caused her

to ruin another life besides her own it was time to protest.

They worked the climax up, like the conspirators in *Julius Cæsar*. Mrs. Lycurgus Y. Greggs, who was dying to replace Molly as president, made an able Brutus. Miss Boothby did not catch more than a flying word here and there, but the atmosphere of the League fairly sizzled with conspiracy. "And I move," said Mrs. Greggs, "that we get up a set of engrossed resolutions informing that splendid young man how deeply the League feels itself in his debt."

"He should be made to feel that the gentler sex has its softer side and that ambition does not rule us all," announced old Maria Penthorp, who, like Cassius, had a "lean and hungry look."



IT HAD BEEN TOSSED ABOUT THAT SHE WAS TRIFLING WITH THE YOUNG MAN

"Indeed, I hope you will." And Molly, who felt nearer to tears than the family equanimity had ever before permitted, excused herself and turned Sultan's head toward home.

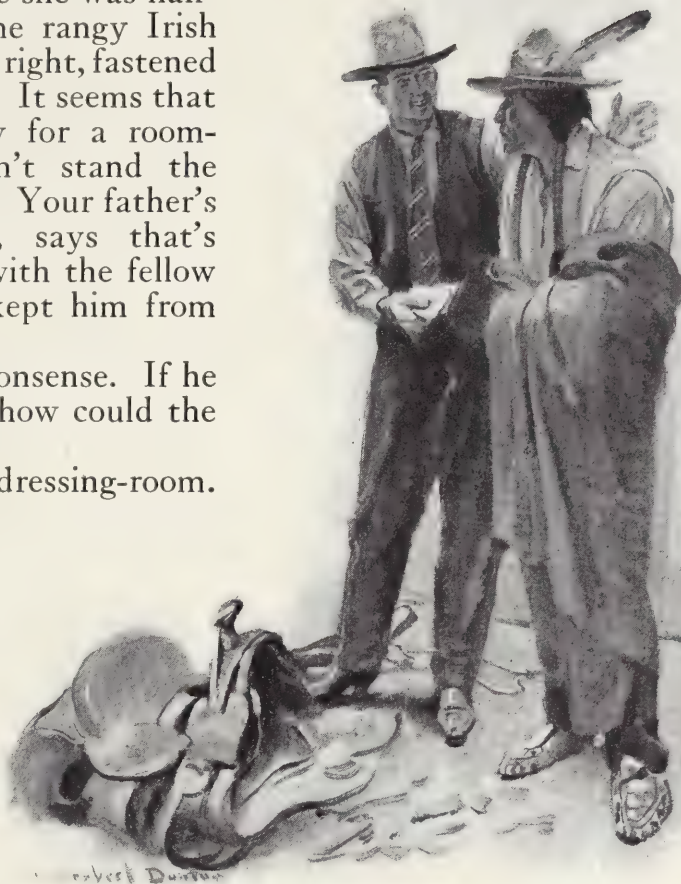
Standish met her before she was half-way there, still riding the rangy Irish hunter. "Well, Buffy's all right, fastened tight in his pen this time. It seems that Indian picked out Buffy for a roommate because he couldn't stand the knickknacks in the attic. Your father's laughed himself hoarse, says that's what's been the matter with the fellow all along—those things kept him from posing like a savage."

"That's just father's nonsense. If he didn't occupy the room, how could the things affect him—"

"He used it as a dressing-room. Really, Molly, I was sorry to be a brute to you and threaten the tidies and jam if you didn't turn back—but it was too risky."

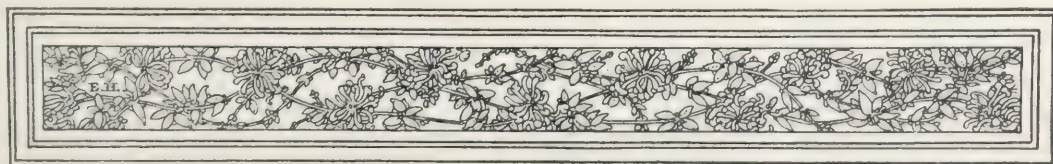
"Oh, I don't really care about the jam and the pageants; perhaps if you had turned in Buffy at the League it might have done them good, they are so set—"

Standish seized the occasion of her first adverse word toward the sacred League to begin to make love like a Viking, but apparently this strangely meek Molly, riding beside him, did not require such whirlwind love-making. Before they had reached the outer gate of the Boothby place she had promised to go back to Texas with him. In vain did he look for that sufficient-unto-itself quality, the equanimity that was accustomed to flutter like a banner in the blue. She seemed to have mislaid it, to have forgotten that it ever flaunted. Tom helped her off Sultan and she went into the house to tell her mother.




SLAPPED HIM ON THE BACK AND GAVE HIM TWENTY DOLLARS

But Tom was not as much amazed at the turn of events as "Lo, the poor Indian" when he discovered that his carelessness in neglecting to fasten in his fractious room-mate had resulted in a hunt that would not have shamed his ancestors. He expected some awful uprising on the part of these pale-faces, but the chief and his squaw had merely told him not to leave the gate unfastened again, and now here was this young pale-face man, who after he helped the young squaw off her horse, slapped him on the back, wrung his hand, and gave him twenty dollars. And these people thought the red man strange!



A Chat about Charles Dickens

BY HENRY FIELDING DICKENS, K.C.

AS the interest in Charles Dickens at all diminished of late years? Are the public still eager to know something about him from those who were in close touch with him? To these questions I think there can be but one answer. A recent experience of my own would have been enough to convince me of this, even if I had not been satisfied of it already. A short time ago I was invited as the guest of the evening to a dinner of the Whitefriars Club, a well-known club in London composed largely of journalists and men of letters. It is customary on such occasions (which are strictly private) for the guest of the evening to speak upon some topic of general interest chosen by himself. Being a little in doubt as to the choice of a subject suitable for the occasion, I consulted a prominent member of the club as to what kind of topic would be likely to prove most attractive to the audience I had to address. He did not hesitate for a moment. He told me in the plainest possible language that there was only one subject upon which they would expect me to speak, and that was the subject of my father; and he urged me to this course as being the one which would be most certain to give pleasure to the members of the club. I acted upon his advice—with a result which was highly gratifying to me. My audience followed my remarks with a sympathetic attention and a cordial approval which showed how greatly they were interested in the subject; while in the general discussion which ensued it became apparent to me how true and how deep was the reverence in which they held his memory. It has now been suggested to me by one who was present that what I said on that occasion would be likely to prove of equal interest to the general public as it did to the members of the

Whitefriars Club, and that I would do well to publish my remarks in the form of an article.

Upon reflection, I am inclined to think that he may be right, and that the public may care to know something about Charles Dickens from one of his sons who was in very close and dear relations with him. What I purpose, then, in this article, is to put on record some of the impressions about him which left the most lasting effect upon my mind; while I shall hope, at the same time, to discuss one aspect of his work which, up to a very short time ago, had received but very slight and inadequate treatment. I allude to his work as a journalist, the history of which contains much that is interesting and which is not, I think, familiar to the general public.

Now if I were asked what it was that had struck me most about my father I think I should unhesitatingly say that it was his extraordinary modesty. His nature was of the simplest; his absence of affectation or conceit surprising. When it is remembered how, at the age of twenty-four, he jumped to the very top of his profession and remained there to the end, no man could well have blamed him if he had shown some slight symptoms of having had his head turned. I can emphatically assert, from my knowledge of him, that there was a total absence of anything of the kind.

The next point about him which I should like to emphasize is his power of work. I do not suppose that there ever was a man who lived a more strenuous life than he did. This can be fairly gauged, to a certain extent, by his manuscripts alone; but no one can thoroughly realize it except those who were constantly in his company and knew his habits well. He had not the faculty or gift—call it what you will—which Anthony Trollope prided himself upon, of being able to “reel off” his three thousand words before breakfast. On the

contrary, Forster has told us of "the difficulties, physical as well as mental, on which he held the tenure of his imaginative life, which led to frequent strain and unconscious waste of what no man could less afford to spare."

Much of his work was done when he was far away from his desk during hours which, to others, might be regarded as hours of leisure. This is, I suppose, by no means uncommon with authors at times; but with him it was uncommon in that it was so continuous. I have myself walked with him, over and over again, for two or three hours at a stretch, in company with the dogs, through the lanes and orchards of Kent—in silence. I have accompanied him through the *Great Expectations* country; I have stood by his side in the churchyard where Pip was turned upside down by the convict; I have looked down with him upon the tombstone of "Pirrip," also "Georgiana, wife of the Above"; we have wandered together over the marsh country down by the river—that dark, flat wilderness, as he described it—without a word being exchanged between us. And yet, absorbed though he was in his thoughts, I believe my companionship was a source of consolation to him.

With such an imaginative disposition it is not to be wondered at that his nature was mercurial. He had strange fits of depression from time to time, but his vitality was extraordinary, and, except in those rare intervals, his animal spirits and the brightness of his nature were delightful to see.

He was haunted at times, as I suppose some people know, by a dread of failure, or of a sudden waning of his imaginative powers.

There is another feature of his character which cannot be too often or too seriously insisted upon—and that is his intense earnestness and thoroughness in everything he did. He said to me more than once: "My dear boy, *do everything at your best*. If you do that, neither I nor any one else can find fault with you, even if you fail; for myself, I can honestly say that I have taken as great pains with the smallest thing I ever did as with the biggest."

In giving advice to a young author, he said on one occasion: "If you want your public to believe in what you write you must believe in it yourself. When I am describing a scene I can as distinctly see what I am describing as I can see you now. So real are my characters to me that on one occasion I had fixed upon the course which one of them was to pursue. The character, however, got hold of me and made me do exactly the opposite to what I had intended; but I was so sure that he was right and I was wrong that I let him have his own way."

Whatever he did, either in work or at play, he always gave of his very best. He hated slackness or half-heartedness in any shape or form. As a host he was inimitable. It was here that his animal spirits proved so infectious, and he carried every one with him. Christmas-time at Gad's Hill was a time of merriment and brightness—a time sanctified by the presence of the great master of humor and the apostle of home and fireside. He was never happier than when he was giving pleasure to others; and I verily believe that no one enjoyed his own quaint conceits, at this time, more than he did himself.

I remember, on one such occasion, Hans Christian Andersen coming on a visit to Gad's Hill. I recall him well as a shy, somewhat awkward, ungainly, and yet lovable and interesting man, his time principally occupied in cutting out, in a most artistic manner, little paper figures of fairies and animals, or in surreptitiously crowning Wilkie Collins's wide-awake hat with garlands of daisies, in which the all-unconscious author of *The Woman in White* used to present himself to the gaze of the admiring villagers, to the intense delight of the mischievous sons of the house who accompanied him.

Another constant visitor to Gad's Hill was Charles Fechter, the great actor, whose principal amusement, when there, was to have violent quarrels with my youngest brother—then quite a small boy—over their games of chess. Of course there were many American visitors. On one occasion Longfellow, with a large and warm-hearted party, invaded the establishment for a few days. Of him

I have a delightful remembrance. A cheery, bright, strikingly intellectual personality—as much unlike the conventional poet as was Robert Browning. At the same time I remember resenting, with the perverseness of a boy, his description of me at that time as being “a student-looking youth.” Mr. and Mrs. Fields, Charles Eliot Norton, and Professor Lowell’s daughter, were some of the Americans who were the most welcome of guests. It would be impossible for me to attempt to make out a list of the visitors who came to Gad’s Hill. Suffice it to say that such a list would include the names, not only of those distinguished in literature, but in well-nigh every calling in life.

He was generally acknowledged to be one of the best speakers of his day. He spoke without notes, but never impromptu in the strict sense of the word, because he generally thought out very carefully the substance of what he was going to say. The advice he gave to me upon the art of public speaking was so true and so exhaustive that I feel I cannot do better than reproduce it here. The occasion arose out of a speech which I made at the Cambridge University Union Debating Society—which had received some notice from the press. He had seen the notice, and accordingly wrote me a letter dated the 17th of February, 1870, which was to the following effect:

I am extremely glad to hear that you have made such a good start at the Union. Take any amount of pains about it, open your mouth well and roundly, speak to the last person visible, and give yourself time.

One great speech of his I well remember. It was the occasion of his delivering his inaugural address as President of the Midland and Birmingham Institute. The hall was packed with artisans, and he won their confidence at once. It was a stirring speech at times, though it was mainly devoted to giving the members of the Institute advice which might, from its simplicity, have been regarded as almost commonplace had it not been couched in language intensely earnest and impressive. In the course of this speech he said:

To the students of your industrial classes

generally I have it in my mind first to commend the short motto in two words: Courage—Persevere. This is a motto of a friend and worker. Not because the eyes of Europe are upon them, for I don’t in the least believe it; nor because the eyes of England are upon them, for I don’t in the least believe it; not because their doings will be proclaimed with blast of trumpets at street corners, for no such musical performances will take place; nor because self-improvement is at all certain to lead to worldly success, but simply because it is good and right of itself, and because, being so, it does assuredly bring with it its own resources and its own rewards.

And then, passing on to another subject, he said:

To this I would superadd a little truth, which holds equally good of my own life and the life of every eminent man I have ever known. The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and in every pursuit is the quality of attention. My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention. Genius, vivacity, quickness of penetration, brilliancy in association of ideas—such mental qualities, like the qualities of the apparition of the externally armed head in “Macbeth,” will not be commanded; but attention, after due term of submissive service, always will.

How well do I remember the visits I paid with him next day to some of the large and important factories in Birmingham, and how the grimy workmen, stained with heat and toil, kept on stopping me as we passed to say, “Is that Charles Dickens?” This was not in the least to be wondered at, seeing that he was throughout his whole career a true friend of the poor; and that this was fully recognized by themselves the following little story will prove. The day after he died, a workman, walking into a tobacco-shop to buy his screw of tobacco, paid a tribute to his memory which should, in my judgment, rank as high as any one of the glowing tributes paid to him at the time, when, throwing his money on the counter, he said: “Charles Dickens is dead. We have lost our best friend.”

There is one other striking scene in

his life which stands out as clearly and distinctly to me now as though it happened only yesterday. This was his final appearance as a reader, which took place at St. James's Hall in March, 1870, shortly before he died. These readings had been a source of great delight as well as profit to him, though they entailed an enormous amount of labor and exhaustion, and materially tended to the shortening of his life. Of all the readings, the one which exhausted him most was "Sikes and Nancy," after reading which he was so overcome by the strain that he became practically speechless until he had restored his vitality by a light supper. Strong pressure was put upon him to induce him to abandon his intention of undertaking this overpowering effort, which was the cause of an ever-increasing drain upon his physical resources. But he was not to be deterred. He had given a trial reading to the members of the dramatic profession, which had, unfortunately, been received with such an extraordinary demonstration of enthusiasm as to make it quite impossible for him to resist the temptation of giving it for the benefit of the public at large. These series of public readings were four in number, namely: 1858-60, 1861-63, 1866-67, 1868-70 (which covers his readings both in America and England). Some weeks before the time fixed for his final reading he had been very ill, his series of readings had been peremptorily stopped for the time by his medical advisers, and he had suffered from grave symptoms which pointed to the paralysis which was eventually to overcome him. The result was that when the last night came he was greatly shaken, and, though this was unknown to his audience, was in fact a doomed man. Not that he realized this himself, nor did his bodily weakness impair in the slightest degree the power or the effect of his reading. He chose the *Christmas Carol* and the trial scene from *Pickwick*, and I do not think he ever made a stronger impression upon the minds of his hearers than he did on that memorable occasion. At last the reading was over and the end came which is so well described by Forster. In a few words of farewell he thanked

the public, and then in a voice of deep emotion he said: "From these garish lights I vanish now for evermore with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, affectionate farewell." What followed almost baffles description. I can only say that I have never seen a large mass of people so deeply or so genuinely moved.

He used to say—and indeed he has said it to me—that he believed that the man who had influenced him most was Thomas Carlyle. This somewhat surprised me. I could understand this in connection with his book, *The Tale of Two Cities*, but not when taken in its general sense. I gathered, however, that what he most admired in Carlyle was his sincerity and truth. I knew Carlyle. I had the privilege, when a young man, of seeing him once or twice, alone, at his house in Chelsea. On one occasion, after I had taken my degree in the mathematical tripos at Cambridge and he had been discussing my future career, he patted me on the back at parting and said, in his broad Scotch, "Waal, all I can wish you is just to do an honest man's work." It is interesting in this connection to recall to mind the well-known and familiar words in which Carlyle spoke of my father just after he died—"the good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens; every inch of him an honest man."

This, I think, is a convenient place in which to give three or four out of a large number of instances of my father's widespread popularity, as evidenced to myself at different times among all sorts and conditions of men. When I was an undergraduate at Cambridge I was asked by a friend of mine if I would like to meet Charles Kingsley. As I was a great admirer of his works, I said it would give me the greatest pleasure to do so. Accordingly, I was invited to a large luncheon-party at St. John's College. When I arrived I was introduced to Kingsley, but he did not catch my name, and shook hands with me as a matter of ordinary politeness. In the course of the luncheon some one asked me a question about my father, on hearing which Kingsley—who was seated at the other end of a long table—putting down his knife and fork, said, "Are you a son of Charles Dickens?" And on my an-

swering in the affirmative he came all the way round the table to shake me by the hand."

The next incident took place at Toronto, in Canada. I had been staying there with two of my daughters and we were going by rail to Niagara. When we arrived at the station I found the "boots" of the hotel with a hold-all under each arm and a bag in each hand, and I said to him, "Please take the wraps to my parlor-car—name, Dickens."

"In any way related?" he answered.

"Oh yes; I am a son."

Down went the hold-alls and the bags, and, holding out his hand to me, he said, "God bless you, sir!"

The scene shifts to Jamaica. Some years ago I had to go out to that island to represent several insurance offices in some very heavy litigation which arose out of the fires which followed upon the great earthquake which laid Kingston in ruins. One of the test cases was fought at Montego Bay, quite the other side of the island from Kingston. The litigation caused immense excitement, and the papers were full of the trial and published portraits of the counsel engaged. One morning between six and seven, when I was having my early morning walk, I saw a buggy with two comfortable-looking little black people inside it coming toward me. As it came abreast of me the buggy stopped and a little black man, leaning out of, it said:

"Mr. Dickens, sah?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Will you shake hands with us, sah?"

"Certainly—by all means."

So I first shook hands with his smiling little wife and then with his smiling little self, and then they both proceeded to tell me how greatly they loved my father's books, and, so far as I could judge, they had read them, every one.

But the most signal proof to me of his enduring popularity is afforded by the world-wide discussion which has been maintained and which is being still vigorously carried on with regard to the mystery of Edwin Drood. Was Edwin Drood murdered? Did Jasper kill him? Who was Datchery? Books have been written on these questions; reams of paper have been covered; every kind

of theory possible or impossible has been boldly put forward in elucidation of the story. Why, only recently a mock trial was held in London of one John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood, at which men of letters, acting as counsel on the one side and the other, pleaded before a jury of distinguished writers, of which Mr. George Bernard Shaw was the foreman, the presiding judge being Mr. G. K. Chesterton. I believe this trial was, in its inception, started quite seriously with a view to having the questions in dispute fairly argued out; but it soon—most unfortunately, as it appears to me—took the form of a farcical joke, and ended in a verdict of manslaughter, after which the learned judge proceeded to commit to prison every one present (except himself) for contempt of court.

Speaking for myself, I may say at once that I have no knowledge or information as to what my father's intentions were beyond that which is shared by the general public, though I must confess I hold strong views upon the subject. That Edwin Drood was murdered and that he met with his death at the hands of Jasper is, to my mind, as clear as noonday. My eldest brother, Charles, personally vouched for the fact that my father told him so in the plainest and most unequivocal language; John Forster tells us the same thing with equal clearness. It is quite idle to suggest that my father would have deceived these two, or that either Forster or my brother was trying to deceive the public. It seems to be equally clear that he never changed his mind, because when the book was well advanced he told Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., his illustrator, the same thing. The reason for his doing so was this: Jasper had always appeared in a small black tie; suddenly Fildes received instructions to draw him with a silk scarf with heavy folds, and upon Fildes asking whether there was any reason for such a change he received this answer: "Can you keep a secret? This scarf is necessary for Jasper to strangle Edwin Drood with."

In the face of these facts, apart altogether from the text, which I myself should have thought was pretty clear in itself, I am entirely at a loss to under-

stand how any doubt can have arisen on the subject. Then who was Datchery? Upon this question, again, the wildest suggestions have been made. Datchery was Edwin Drood himself; Datchery was Tartar; Datchery was Grewgious. Such suggestions as these savor so much of the comic that they may be put aside at once. But in addition to these, two other theories have been put forward, and so seriously maintained by reasoned arguments as to deserve somewhat closer consideration. The one is that Datchery was Helena Landless; the other that he was impersonated by Bazzard, Grewgious's clerk. I cannot myself quite understand why people should have been so keen to identify Datchery with one of the characters already introduced into the book. The work was not half finished. Why should not Datchery be a new character altogether—one of that detective class, or of some one with detective instincts which my father loved to describe and whose methods he knew so well. But Helena Landless as Datchery! Just think of it! Helena, with her peculiarly passionate, impulsive nature, with her strong physical characteristics, is supposed to have played the part of the quiet old buffer disguised only by a wig and blackened eyebrows and buttoned up in a tightish blue surtout; and her first action after assuming such a disguise was to have an interview with Jasper himself. The difficulties in the way of this theory appear to me to be insuperable, while the idea itself (if it was the idea of the author) has been characterized by Mr. Andrew Lang as being so singularly far-fetched and extravagant as to show a complete weakening and decay of his powers as a novelist. In *Edwin Drood* I fail altogether to see any signs of this. On the contrary, I have always thought that the book, though unequal in parts, contains some of his best work; and so far as any personal knowledge can throw light upon the matter, I entirely agree with what my sister has said, that his brain was more than usually clear and bright during the writing of it.

But probe the matter a little closer. Was it a woman such as Helena who could have played with the ass Sapsea in the clever way in which Datchery

did in the interview when Jasper was present? Surely it required a man of the world, and a very shrewd one, to elicit so cleverly the information which Datchery required. It was not Helena who, when Datchery was asked by the Princess Puffer (the opium woman) for Jasper's name, answered, in sententious language: "Surname, Jasper; Christian name, John—Mr. John Jasper." It was not Helena who said to herself in the privacy of Datchery's own room, "For a single Buffer of an easy temper living idly on his means, I have had rather a busy afternoon." But of course there is one fatal objection to the theory. When Datchery first appears at Cloisterham, in chapter eighteen, Helena Landless herself was still living in that town, and it is not till chapter twenty-two that she first appears in London. An effort has been made to surmount this difficulty by the astounding suggestion that chapter eighteen ought in fact to have been introduced after chapter twenty-two, and it is attempted to give color to this theory by the statement my father is said to have made to his sister-in-law that he had introduced Datchery too early in the book. That is not at all a correct description of what he did in fact say. He never suggested to her that he had introduced Datchery out of his proper place in the book; but that, having regard to the fact that he had still six more numbers to write, the whole story was advancing too rapidly. It was for this reason that he wrote a new scene, the manuscript of which was found among his papers after his death. That Helena Landless was destined to play a very prominent part in Jasper's ultimate downfall is clearly foreshadowed, but that she was to do it in this fantastic way I cannot bring myself for one moment to believe.

What is the real foundation upon which this theory is based? It is in reality this: that Neville Landless tells us that Helena, when a child, had dressed up in boy's clothes. This in itself does not point to much. It may be only a trait in her character; but assuming that it was intended to lay the foundation for some future action on her part, there is one highly significant detail of the illustrated cover

which, in my opinion, has an important bearing on this and should not be ignored. It is the figure of Jasper with a lantern, in what looks like the vaults of the cathedral, suddenly finding himself confronted in the dim light with a figure apparently made up to represent Edwin Drood, a sight which, in his half-dazed, opium-induced condition, might have made such an impression upon him as to lead to the discovery of his crime. Was this Helena Landless? I do not pretend to answer. I only suggest this theory as being quite as plausible—if not more plausible—than the other, and as one which would account equally well for the fact of her having once dressed up in boy's clothes being brought so prominently to our attention. As for the Bazzard theory, one has only to contrast Bazzard's manner and character with the breezy sprightliness of Datchery to see at once how absurd such a suggestion is. *Edwin Drood* has always had a very melancholy interest for me, for after my father had written the last line of the sixth number, before he was seized with the stroke from which he never rallied, he wrote me a letter which was the last communication I was ever to receive from him.

And now for a few words on the subject of the work which he did as a journalist. I wonder how many people there are who have any real knowledge of the nature, extent, or value of this work?

It is known, of course, that he started and edited the *Daily News* for a few weeks. It is common knowledge that he conducted *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, while the papers of *The Uncommercial Traveler* are familiar to most readers of Dickens; but beyond this little is known of his journalistic work. The idea of embarking on journalism in a periodical of his own was always an active one with him. It first showed itself in concrete form in 1845, when he had it in his mind to start a weekly paper to be called *The Cricket*, the main features of which were to be "sharp anatomization of humbug, jolly good temper, and a vein of generous reference to home and fireside." There

is a true Dickens ring about that—"anatomization of humbug, jolly good temper, home and fireside." These were, indeed, the keynotes of most of his work. However, this idea came to nothing; but it persisted, and took root in January, 1846, when he started the *Daily News*. But this, as is generally known, proved abortive so far as he himself was concerned. He found the work of editing a daily paper far too onerous, and his editorship came to an end at the expiration of a few weeks. But though it lay dormant for a while, this old and often-recurring fancy still possessed him until at last, in 1849, it took tangible and lasting shape in the production of *Household Words*; and it was from this date that his real work of journalism began, although he had in the early forties contributed some papers to the *Examiner*. A few of the articles he wrote in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* he selected himself for reproduction under the heading of "Reprinted Pieces," but as all the contributors to both these periodicals were anonymous, there was, beyond this, nothing which could give any indication of the extent or character of his own journalistic work.

The veil was lifted for the first time, in 1908, when a very interesting article by Mr. B. W. Matz (the editor of *The Dickensian*) appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "Dickens as a Journalist," to which Mr. Matz has kindly permitted me to refer. By this time the articles written by my father were clearly identified by means of the business books of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*; and these, together with his articles for the *Examiner*, were collected and reproduced in the National Edition of his works issued in that same year in two volumes, entitled *Miscellaneous Papers*. Some of these, of course, are of merely passing interest; but many of them are of great value, dealing, as they do, not merely with burning questions of social reform, but with well-nigh every conceivable topic of general interest.

It will not, I suppose, be denied that his books led to many social reforms. How far this was the intention of his writing, or how far the reform naturally

followed from what he wrote, has been a matter of much discussion, on which considerable light is thrown by one of the articles of which I am speaking, in which he is pressing for the improvement of the towns and the amendment of the dwellings of the poor; for in the course of that article he says:

Long before this journal came into existence we systematically tried to turn fiction to the good account of showing the preventable wretchedness and misery in which the mass of the people dwell, and of expressing again and again the conviction, founded upon observation, that the reform of their habitations must precede all other reforms, and that without it all other reforms must fail.

But whatever may have been the purpose of his novels, there can be no possible question as to the object with which he penned many of these articles. They are the work of an active and ardent social reformer of strong radical leaning, with a keen sense of the misery and wretchedness surrounding him and an earnest desire to force them upon the

attention of an apathetic and heedless world.

My father had one great and ever-present ambition and one which he imparted to Forster in language which has always struck me as being singularly pathetic and beautiful; so much so, in fact, that I do not think I can conclude this slight sketch more fittingly than by recalling the incident which is thus described by Forster:

When we met he was fresh from Venice, which had impressed him as the wonder and the new sensation of the world; but well do I remember how high above it all arose the hope that filled his mind. "Ah!" he said to me, "when I saw those places, how I thought that to leave one's hand upon the time, lastingly upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people which nothing could obliterate, would be to lift oneself above the dust of all the Doges in their graves, and stand upon a giant's staircase that Samson couldn't overthrow."

Most assuredly that workingman was right when he said of my father, "We have lost our best friend."

LOSS

BY DAVID MORTON

NAY, but the clean-lipped, merry rain
Will drip from drenchèd leaf and bough,
And greet the glad green grass again,
As it is doing now;

And light will live upon the hill
And great trees sway along the wind;
The stars will crowd above them still
When night grows warm and kind.

The shining seasons still will keep
Their trysts—and shall I never know?
O heart of me, how shall we sleep
When this is so?

Pearls

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD



IF any one else cares to add anything to the tale of the Pierce Parmenters, he is more than welcome. I don't know why I should have had it on my hands at all, save that odd things are always coming my way. Some minor power sees to it that I shall live in an emotional junk-shop: you can find pretty nearly any kind of second-hand tragedy you like if you care to wander about my premises. I seem to myself to be a "fence" for the Fates: the stolen things that people leave verbally on my hands, and then never come back to redeem! Now I've grown so much into the character that I melt them down or invent pedigrees for them, and sell them when I can. Of course there are a few queer, old-fashioned objects that no one will buy; they'll just rot away in the back of my shop. But I could melt down the Pierce Parmenters, and here they are. No one will trace the stuff unless he knows more about it than I do.

It was ironic enough that the Parmenters should have come to my place at all. Pierce Parmenter was a sculptor; and I can't, for the most part, endure artists. I like the created thing well enough—if it's really good—but I prefer the creator to be moldering in his grave. I don't want to have to think about him. As for studios, there's something tawdry in the best of them; and as for the kind of talk that goes on in them—well, I hate the artistic jargon worse than any other. I'd rather hear a plumber talk about his drains.

So, you see, I was not exactly predestined to like Pierce Parmenter or his little ways. And yet I did like him—and Mrs. Pierce, too. She seemed to me to stand chronic underfeeding about as gracefully as mortal woman could. The studio itself was less objectionable than most; it didn't look like a Turkish cor-

ner presided over by a fitful intelligence. It was a big, workman-like barn of a room in which Parmenter's clay didn't look out of place. They never talked about Parmenter's work; partly, I dare say, because it wasn't a cheerful subject. When I went there occasionally of an evening, and saw a big, unshapely mass hidden under wet cloths, I never asked after its health and they never vouchsafed information. Corinna, the one child, was a half-grown girl when I first knew them. She had nice, grave manners, and said very little: I imagine she was educated as casually as she was clothed. I gathered that the mere fact of her existence had always been a great worry to her parents. They were obviously fond of her; but she was a responsibility that, considering the high cost of living, they could hardly bear. Now and then Parmenter had a streak of luck—an order for something municipal or mortuary—and they would riot off to Europe on what was left after the rent was paid.

You see, I didn't know the Parmenters early; and most of the causes of things I have to guess at. But they bore the traits of a conventional past. I don't hear much gossip of the art world, but I should guess that he had taken prizes, and shown great promise, and married on the strength of what people said about him. She believed in him, I always fancied, in a quiet way, but thought it better taste not to ram him down people's throats. They never apologized for being so hard up; they never blamed the stupidity of the public. They would have muddled along well enough, I imagine, if it hadn't been for Corinna. Corinna was their perpetual punishment for having been impractical. Day by day, the fear of not giving Corinna her due was written blacker on their brows. . . . I am setting down all that I conscientiously can, because, in point of fact, the incidents of which this story

is made were never comprehensible to me. There must have been every kind of passion behind what actually happened, and yet I know no more than you what those passions were. I could only guess, and I record my impressions merely in order to give cleverer persons any clue there is. The Parmenters' surface, to the outsider's eye, was what I tell you.

By the time I had known the Parmenters for some years, their changeless plight took on, even to a casual observer like me, the aspect of development. They were so up against it, I suppose, that optimism seemed a blasphemy against the Most High. They didn't complain explicitly, but the mechanism creaked and groaned and threatened to wrench itself to pieces some fine day. Mrs. Parmenter's dresses were more luridly out of style than ever—even I could see that. She must have been clever with her needle, because, though they had always been poor, she had always looked, vaguely, at least, like other women. Now probably courage had forsaken her—or the price of thread had gone up. Corinna had a hungry expression and a perpetual cold in her head—from shivering in the studio, probably. Parmenter himself looked ready to murder anybody. I did offer to lend him money, as tactfully as I could, but unluckily he knew that I had no health and only a small annuity to live on. He wouldn't take it. "Once I would have, thanks," he said, "but now it would be too silly to call it a loan—it would be highway robbery." The only thing I could do was to invent feast-days and arrive, laden with fruits and sweets, at the dinner-hour. The Parmenters were no more "Bohemian" than poverty forced them to be; but I have always held that any one who lives in a studio is entitled, on occasion, to a certain lack of consideration. I did like the Parmenters, you see, though I hate artists; and I still like the unexpectedness of their fifth act. You could never have dreamed, before that came on, that there was any drama at all. But it makes the case practically insoluble—and is a rattling argument against the beautiful civilized tradition of consuming your own smoke on your own premises.

It was Corinna's birthday: the occasion on which that unlucky atom could count sixteen summers. "Sixteen winters would be more like it," I reflected at the confectioner's, for the essential wintriness of poverty has always been vivid to my mind. Confections were all very well, but one couldn't make a square meal of them. To ask the Parmenters to a restaurant was impossible, because the women wouldn't have any clothes they thought they could wear. Nor would they thank me for turning caterer-people in on them. A hamper and a cab was my decision; and I groaned for Paris, where these things seem more plausible. I didn't forewarn them; there was no such luck as their being able, themselves, to provide a feast for Corinna. Nor did it occur to me that any one else might be arriving with chicken and champagne under his arm. They had come to be the loneliest mortals of my acquaintance. I found myself regretting, as I drove through the dark side streets, that they had to keep up anything so expensive as a studio. I am sure that three-fourths of what they had went in rent. Yet space was the one thing Parmenter couldn't do without; they would always, if only for dignity's sake, have to be sacrificed to room for those huge clay effigies of failure. But these were no thoughts for Corinna's birthday. I hung the hamper on my arm and rang the bell.

Mrs. Parmenter opened the door—it was a long time since they had kept a servant. I had expected to have to apologize for bringing my dinner with me, but though Grace Parmenter took the situation in before I crossed the threshold—a hamper with a bottle sticking out of it tells its own story—she met it as gracefully as if she were Marie Antoinette at the Little Trianon.

"A party for Corinna! How charming!" And she drew me into the kitchenette. "We hadn't provided a thing—we've been so busy. And ten minutes ago I was saying just that to Pierce. What a beautiful picnic!" Her capable hands were already unpacking and disposing of the contents of the basket. "You've even brought ice for the champagne. Magnificent!"

I watched her as she moved swiftly

about the closet of a room. I was very grateful to have my action taken in the spirit of a "lark," though I hadn't wholly expected it. I had always found Grace Parmenter a simple, sympathetic creature on every ground but the domestic one. She guarded her own hearthstone as distrustfully as a cave-woman. Even with the excuse of Corinna, I had trembled a little. But to-night she was all civilization, with more than a hint of the great lady who can afford to accept a gift because she has herself bestowed so much more than she will ever receive. Even her faded *djibbah* looked like the whim of a woman who has her closets full of "creations." I took off my hat to Grace Parmenter: it was stunning to see her take a spurt like that. If she handled the food a little too lovingly and carefully—well, even that, somehow, had only the look of superfine manners. Finally she gave me a gentle push.

"Go into the studio and talk to the others. Keep them amused. This won't take long. Tell Corinna to set the table. She'll need every scrap of china we've got."

I rather dreaded to go into the studio. It was inconceivable that the man and the child should keep it up so beautifully as the woman did. But I saw, when I got in, that they had at least managed to pay Corinna the tribute of a wood fire; that Corinna was flushed, either with warmth or with excitement; and that Pierce Parmenter was actually walking up and down, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. The latest masterpiece (they may have been masterpieces, for all I know) was pushed into a corner, and, thanks to the hour, the fire, the unwonted number of candles, you wouldn't have known there was a north light in the place. The furniture, of course, was almost negligible, but I hadn't, for years, seen the room look so gay. They had, perhaps out of compliment to Corinna, clothed their shabbiness with spirit. Really, they *were* "good people," to pretend for that frail mite of a hostage that life could be gay. Of course it was their duty—no one has a right to launch a child into a world of immitigable gloom—but I hadn't blamed them, these last months, for finding their duty almost impossible.

I congratulated Corinna, gave her her mother's message, and slapped Parmenter on the shoulder. He responded in kind. It was like the old days when I had first known them—no, it wasn't: it was like some prehistoric time before I had met them, for he had never been like that. I wondered if he had a big order, at last, but decided that was impossible. Even Mrs. Parmenter couldn't have concealed that from me for five minutes. Anyhow, I was glad of the spirit that reigned, even if it was only a feverish bluff for Corinna's sake. I wouldn't think about the morrow, when the north light would come into its own again. I was very glad that I had brought champagne.

Between Corinna and her mother, dinner was soon ready. We sat down, almost merrily. There was some tinkling echo in their talk and laughter (I did my part, but I couldn't keep it up as they did) of the classic carelessness of Mürger's world. That must have been the mood, I told myself, in which they had incurred the responsibility of Corinna. Brave and dear and decent of them it was to resurrect it for her on her birthday. And yet, though I tried to ward off the reflection, it was, all of it, just a little too feverish. It hadn't the steady glow of assurance.

When the champagne was poured, I took a box out of my pocket. "They're 'scientific,' my child—not real, alas! But they are supposed to be as good as the hand of man can make them—guaranteed to look well round that charming neck of yours." And I tossed the string of pearls over to Corinna, opposite me.

"Oh, how good of you!" she stammered. And she fingered them absently.

I wondered if I had made a mistake; if I ought to have given her something warm to wear, instead. But, hang it! I couldn't have. The little necklace was my part in the beautiful bluff of Corinna's sixteenth birthday. My trinket had seemed to me, ever since I came into the studio, precisely like the Parmenters' gaiety: not the real thing, but the best imitation man could devise.

Then Corinna blushed penitently and put them on. They became her well, and lent an air to her shabby little blouse.

Mrs. Parmenter delayed, for a mo-



Drawn by Herman Pfeiffer

ALL THREE BENT THEIR HEADS OVER THE THING THAT LAY IN FRONT OF HIM

ment, to say anything graceful. She looked across to her husband. "They're becoming, aren't they, Pierce?"

He set his glass down with a crash (we were drinking that excellent wine out of thick kitchen tumblers). He, too, was flushed. They were all flushed, as if some common emotion thrilled them. I was embarrassed; I felt "out of it"; and instinctively put up my hand to my own cheek to see if my face felt hot. It didn't; my habitual pallor had presumably not forsaken me. But a curious, intangible barrier seemed to rise between them and me.

Parmenter, meanwhile, was feeling in the pocket of his worn Norfolk jacket. Presently he laid something down on the table beside him, with a cautious gesture. A biggish lump of discolored cotton lay for an instant before him, directly beneath the candle. Then he touched it again, unrolling the cotton. "How about these?" he asked. "Put them on, kid."

"Oh no!" broke from Mrs. Parmenter.

"Oh no—not *on*!" more feebly, from the girl.

And Parmenter's attempt to handle his treasure carelessly broke down. All three bent their heads over the thing that lay in front of him—with awe, worshippingly, quite forgetting me.

I leaned back to get my own head out of the circle. I could only wait for Parmenter to explain. I knew nothing about precious stones, but from the quality of the homage Parmenter's pearls drew I knew they must be real. They were Mammon in his most ethereal disguise; but none the less they brought oily greed into the eyes that were contemplating them. Even Corinna, shabby, frail, as ignorant of jewels as of Prester John, hung over them with parted lips.

"Put them on," said her father again, and held out the long necklace to her.

"Oh no! I should never be able to wear these—after." She curled her fingers round my gift upon her throat. Then she bit her lip and glanced at me apologetically.

Parmenter twisted the pearls in his strong white fingers, improvising a kind of cat's-cradle with them.

"Pierce, don't!" said Grace Parmenter, her face white.

I began to wonder if I shouldn't have to remind them that I didn't in the least understand what was going on. Whether the pearls had been with them for days or hours, they had had time to cast their spell. Already the religion of them seemed to be familiar to the three.

Suddenly Parmenter freed one of his hands from the milky coil. "More champagne for every one!" And he poured the stuff into our tumblers with his right hand, while his left hand held the pearls negligently. He lifted his glass and drank. Then he turned to me. "I forgot you didn't know about my great adventure. We must seem awful fools. Want a bit of melodrama to go on with?"

"I should think so!"

"Feel them! Lift them!" He placed the necklace in my hand. "Aren't they beauties?"

I fingered them carefully, and quite ignorantly. "I dare say they're very fine. I don't know a thing about pearls. Corinna's, over there, look just as good to me."

He snatched them back, with a laugh. "Corinna's? Very pretty; but do you mean to say you don't see the difference?"

"I can't say it would worry me."

"Look at them, man! Look at the skin; look at the luster; feel the weight! These are priceless."

"I hope they are yours." I spoke lightly. Parmenter had no right to a taste for pearls.

He made an inarticulate sound not unlike a groan. "I wish they were. I used to know something about jewels. They wouldn't be thrown away on me, I assure you. But, to the best of my belief, they belong to Mrs. Barry Bettelheim. You've heard of the lady?"

"If I've read the newspapers the last week, I have."

"Exactly." And Parmenter drained his glass and pushed his chair away from the table. "Come over into the sitting-room and have a cigarette, and I'll tell you about it."

"Don't tell it until we get through!" Corinna stood, eager, with a plate in each hand. But her mother called her curtly into the kitchenette. The sitting-room, however, was only a corner of the

studio not sufficiently removed from the dining-room end to prevent our talk from being audible to the two women as they passed to and fro; and the sculptor paid no attention to his daughter's request, perhaps for that reason. He laid the pearls carefully on the table while he lighted his cigarette, but took them up again immediately afterward—as if he couldn't bear to be separated from them, even by a few inches.

"Then you ought to have recognized these from the description. I did—bang off. Of course I knew, the minute I saw them, that they were the real thing. Beauties like that don't go unappreciated by a man of discernment. It's supposed to be, for connoisseurs, the finest string in America; and I believe it. Look at them!"

He held them under the lamp for me to see. Such is the influence of superstition that I, too, began to feel an esthetic—almost a moral—contempt for the rather pretty necklace I had given Corinna.

"But, confound it, where *did* you see them? How do they happen to be here? Aren't you afraid of the police?"

"I am." Grace Parmenter's voice came from the middle distance, where she hovered, bat-like in her trailing black *djibbah*, about the deserted dining-table.

"The police?" Pierce Parmenter laughed aloud. "They would have to be cleverer than apparently they are to trace anything to me. But it all goes to show what I've always believed: it's only to the spendthrift that luck comes. I took a taxi this morning. Imagine it!"

My face, in spite of me, may have shown that I couldn't imagine it, for he went on with a sort of jaunty embarrassment: "My arms were full of bundles. I had been doing errands for the family." He spared me the complete explanation; but I knew, as well as if he had told me, that his women folk aired their shabbiness in public as little as possible. "You remember the cloudburst we had in the middle of the day? It was either a taxi or having to get my only decent clothes elaborately pressed. I did some mental arithmetic and decided that a taxi was good economy. Besides, I had an important engagement this afternoon. See?"

I saw—it was very simple.

"Well, I made the most of my taxi. I spread out all my twopenny bundles on the seat, and pretended for half a mile that the damned thing belonged to me. It almost seemed as if it did." Parmenter chuckled. I believe for a moment the pride of the taxi made him forget the pearls. "When I got out, I gathered my belongings up; they slipped and sprawled, but I got them all in hand, finally, paid my man, made one dash through the rain into the house, and threw everything on the divan. I didn't look at my precious purchases for two hours afterward. When I did, I found that cotton roll curled up and gone to sleep in one of the wrapping-papers that had got loose and strayed over the seat of the cab. I opened it, wondering what I had bought that could have been wrapped up in soiled absorbent cotton. And, pat as you please, out rolled these beauties!"

Parmenter lighted another cigarette with quivering fingers.

"I didn't know the chauffeur's number, of course. I didn't take him from a taxi-stand. He wandered by, and I hailed him wildly, with one arm, without even looking at him. The rain was like a wall, at that moment, and my cheek was tucked comfortably against it. I couldn't have slewed round to scrutinize him if I had wanted to. Shouldn't know him from a wooden image if I ever saw him again. So—he won't bulk big in my official report. Only get him into trouble, probably." He cocked his eye at me, but I didn't answer. I wanted to get at something much more fundamental than Parmenter's attitude to the chauffeur.

The women had returned by this time. Grace Parmenter sat opposite me, on the other side of the table. A triangle of tarnished gold embroidery set in the neck of her shapeless garment relieved the faded whiteness of her throat. Below, the drapery flowed into shadow that the feeble lamplight did not touch. Corinna had placed herself on the arm of her father's chair, one arm curled round his neck.

"I take it, from the advertisements, that what Mrs. Barry Bettelheim wants is her necklace," he went on. "No

point in making a fortune for the detectives. What difference does it make how they got there? Some one must have had a blue funk, or they would have been after the taxi long ago, and I should have been followed up. But I really think the sooner I am rid of these things the better. If I had a bank-account of only three figures, I'd keep them."

"Pierce!" This came from the listless Mrs. Parmenter.

"Well, I would. You don't know what they've done to me. Time was when I thought I should some day hang a string like this round your neck, Grace. Fancy looking at diamonds when you can get pearls! Diamonds are all right for clasps and such, but I wouldn't take the Cullinan for a perfectly matched string like this. Pearls! They lead a man on like Artemis—be hanged to her!" He muttered the last words under his breath, and hung over the gems as they lay quiescent in the circle of light from the lamp.

I had never seen Pierce Parmenter like this; and I marveled not a little. It had long been known to me that every man's imagination has a weak spot. Deal him a light blow there, and you can lead him any crazy dance you like—if you don't kill him outright. But who could ever have guessed that Parmenter's point of psychic vulnerability would be pearls? Yes; it's one of the very queerest things that ever came my way. That futile, shabby studio; that worn and shabby woman opposite; that starved and shabby girl—and Parmenter, the shabby creator of that interior, drunk over a string of pearls that didn't belong to him; that were as far removed from him, in reality, as the original ooze whence the diver had risen. Who could have guessed?

I roused myself to speak, but Parmenter was going on with his murmured incantation.

"Think of the seas that were searched before these were gathered together! Sulu, the Persian Gulf, Shark's Bay, the Gambier Islands—no, those have a tinge of bronze; they wouldn't be admitted here—New Guinea! They've dredged the deep for beauty, and, my God! they've got it. *Meleagrina vulgaris*! And it hangs round the sallow neck of a

Mrs. Barry Bettelheim—a thin-chested woman with a voice like dried peas in a gourd, and not a single self-respecting curve in her body—a woman who would have to be modeled in brick!"

It is needless to point out that Parmenter knew nothing whatever of Mrs. Barry Bettelheim. It was needless to point it out to him. He was simply working himself up into a jealous lyric hatred of the woman to whom the pearls belonged. He had to believe her that sort of spectacle, or his pessimism would have been left in the lurch.

"If you are so sure that they are Mrs. Bettelheim's pearls, why don't you tell her so?"

"Sure? Man, I tell you I *know*. I don't expect you to know for yourself. I dare say you never saw a perfectly matched string before in your life, but I have—in Paris. And besides, I *know*, I tell you. I was brought up on them. My father taught me. He was a diamond merchant, until the family fortunes went to pot. I knew things about 'skin' and 'orient' before you were born. My mother had some beauties. The last of them went to pay her burial expenses."

He jerked the words out harshly. I hadn't meant to turn the poisoned barb in the wound; I had meant only to extract it. So I went on as soothingly as I could.

"Perhaps she's all you say, but in any case they belong to her."

"Oh!" He flung himself back in his chair. "She may be better than I think for—carats and carats better. But she isn't worth them. Who is? Grace there, perhaps."

He smiled wearily at his wife. "Grace's lines are perfect. I'd like to do her rising from the sea—with the pearls on." His voice still chanted.

"Pierce, stop talking nonsense!" Mrs. Parmenter colored authoritatively and leaned forward. Her eyes were shining, but not with the trance-like glitter of her husband's. He had the indescribable depersonalized look of the person controlled from without. Mrs. Bettelheim's necklace might have been a first-class hypnotist.

He shook himself a little. "Nonsense? Thank you, my dear! I'm talk-

ing according to the gospel of people with a sense of beauty. Don't begin, at this late date, to prate about heresy."

"I won't. But something has to be done, as you well know. If you don't do it soon, we may all get into trouble."

She spoke very quietly, trying evidently to break the "control." Corinna sat motionless, turning her dark eyes from one parent to the other.

Again he shook himself—as if to help his wife in her task.

"Of course. And therefore, violating every law of my nature, I'm going to try to borrow some money of my good friend here, so that I can take the early morning train to Chicago—before any of their damned clues get working. I know a lawyer-fellow there who'll see me through. By the day after to-morrow Mrs. Bettelheim shall have her pearls. If she looks like the Wrath of God in them, it isn't my fault."

"Money all you like, my dear fellow," I said. "But, after all, you don't know they're hers. Even experts are often deceived."

He gave me a glance of unutterable scorn. "The size, the number, the clasp—they all fit the published description. As for the stones themselves—oh, my God!" (he flung up his arms in angry despair) "how can I make this numskull realize that I know? I suppose you think that you could go into a department store and duplicate that marvel of the great deep!"

"Well, well, grant it, then," I murmured. "But aren't you afraid of your life to have the things in your pocket?"

He grew calmer. "No, I'm not. The people, whoever they are, had them for several days. Probably they were going to take them to Europe. They may have been under suspicion, for they haven't ventured to break the thing up and market any of them. It's no time to market them, for that matter, when the whole public is thinking pearls as hard as it can. If they know where they lost the things, it's evident they didn't dare to follow them up directly—more likely they're playing cross-tag all over town trying to find out where they did lose them. If they had known, and hadn't been frightened, they wouldn't have given me so much time as this to take them to head-

quarters. If they didn't know—well, then they're probably cutting one another's throats out of pure suspicion, in some low dive or other. No; I'm not afraid. At the same time, I'm not delaying any more than I have to."

"But, in Heaven's name, why *haven't* you taken them to headquarters?"

Parmenter flushed. "You can't understand the mere luxury of having them quietly here for a few hours? No? Well—let that pass. I want their journey back to Mrs. Barry Bettelheim to be as direct as possible. I don't want an endless tie-up with authorities here. I don't want anything to do with detectives until I've delivered the pearls. Then they can ask me anything they want to. And"—he faced me squarely—"I can't afford to behave like a nobleman in the matter; I want the reward. I want the whole of it, and I want it as soon as possible. If I arrive, introduced by a responsible person, I don't think there'll be much difficulty in getting it. Any one who has ever owned those pearls would give anything—up to their price—to get them back. Her neck's aching for 'em. And, fatuous though it may sound, I don't think I look like a thief. She'll stump up, as she's promised—in cold cash, I shouldn't wonder. Fifteen thousand isn't much, and I heartily wish I could afford to make her a handsome bow and refuse it. But I'm in a position where I can't. See?"

And Mrs. Parmenter, who had been listening tensely to her husband's speech, leaned back with an air of relief. "Do you see?" she echoed, turning to me. "The reward: that's what we have a right to. No one can say we haven't a right to that."

"No, of course not," I agreed. After all, one wouldn't blame the man in the street for taking a reward for honesty; and the street can hardly have been colder than Parmenter's studio. I wasn't going to cavil at the point of view. At the same time, I wished they would take it more lightly. They were too theatrical by half. The pearls had cast a spell—with their necessarily romantic life-history, their tale of deep waters and strange journeys and mortal greed—before that flawless company was assembled. Very pretty, all the sound and

light of that history, but too heady for a starving man. I was beginning to be hypnotized, too: the very candles of the studio seemed to give forth a milky, iridescent light. Those pearls were simply all over the place.

The end of it was that I left Parmenter money enough to go on to Chicago with—and that I turned up at his early train to make sure he hadn't been murdered in the night. He was right as could be; and even dank dawn in the big terminal couldn't dim the convinced gleam of his eyes. My conviction had lasted as well, and when he got on the train I was as unable as he to doubt that he was to swing straight across half a dozen States to a fifteen-thousand-dollar goal.

"Your luck has turned, Pierce," I murmured.

"Oh, they make or mar a man—those things!" he answered. And I was glad to recognize, as the train pulled out, that he had sense enough to be cryptic in his hour of triumph.

I turned up later in the day at the studio, but no one answered my ring. The fact that the women had gone out, while it disappointed, reassured me. I had been afraid of finding them in a wretched huddle of reaction. They could take care of themselves, I thought, if the wave of confidence had carried them out into the chill winter world. I didn't go again until I thought there had been time for them to hear from Parmenter in Chicago.

This time, again, my ring was unanswered, but I would not be foiled. I knew where this casual family left its door-key, and I let myself in.

For a moment I was so chilled by the atmosphere of the studio that I paid attention to nothing but fetching wood and lighting a fire. When the blaze was well started I looked about to find the least uncomfortable of the chairs. I knew it well: if you placed yourself in it at just the right angle, and didn't sit too long, you might escape a backache. There it was, over by the veiled masterpiece. (The pearls, such was their devilish power, had convinced me also that Pierce's things must be masterpieces.) It was filled with stuff—packages of every kind. I spun quickly round, so that the separate corners of the studio

defiled before me, like a moving-picture film. Everything was filled with packages: it was like the night before Christmas—boxes and bundles on every hand. Some of them had been opened, and inexplicable fragments of delicate hue surged softly over the edges. "They've looted the town!" I murmured. "Pierce must have got his reward."

I lifted a garment of flame-colored gauze, box and all, off the least laden chair, and sat down by the fire. It was all very well, I reflected, but at that rate they might be buying pearls themselves. I had been imagining solid improvements for the studio: sensible things, like electric light and upholstered furniture, and big rugs of a quiet pattern. The place was as cheerless as ever; the old sticks were the same, but a pair of small pearl-beaded slippers stood on the one cheap rug. "Pearls again!" I groaned to myself; and I began to be decidedly uncomfortable. It wasn't my business—oh no; but I seemed to be in the presence of temerity on a grand scale, and I felt involved as by some great natural upheaval. An earthquake or a tidal wave is every one's affair. It wasn't that I minimized the purchasing power of fifteen thousand; but the Parmenters seemed to me to have grown overweening on the strength of it. One can never afford to be overweening. And while I was thus cheerlessly musing, the door was flung open and Mrs. Parmenter and Corinna came in. One glance showed me that they were laden with more packages.

Grace Parmenter was flushed and excited, but unembarrassed, as she greeted me. Before she had disposed of her bundles she began to explain, in a voice at least two tones higher than any I had ever heard her use. She apologized for the disorder of the place, and swept things away, right and left, piling them up in corners with a careless hand. Then she flung off her long fur coat. "It isn't mine, you know," she laughed. "I borrowed it from Maisie Tyler to shop in. It's wonderful to be able to borrow again. For ages we haven't felt at liberty to. But I couldn't go to a decent shop in my rags. Corinna didn't matter; they were welcome to think her a *protégée* of mine."

She came over and warmed her hands at the fire I had built. "We went to Benton's. I used to have an account there always, though it's years since I've used it. Corinna, love"—she spoke to the girl over her shoulder—"go and change into something nice: that velvet thing we got yesterday." Corinna selected an armful of boxes and disappeared.

Grace Parmenter flung her head back. "Oh, to be civilized again!—it's wine to the spirit."

But I had to ask my burning question: "Then you've heard from Pierce?"

"From Pierce?" she echoed. "Not a word. There's hardly been time yet."

"But you're quite sure of the fifteen thousand?"

She looked at me incredulously.

"You don't mean that you aren't?"

"I'm not sure of anything in a world like this."

Her eyebrows went up a little scornfully. It was a new experience to be scorned by Mrs. Parmenter, and I tried to enjoy the experience. "My dear man, you didn't half appreciate those pearls. You didn't see how incapable they were of being anything but what they were. Ah, the beauties!" A long gluttonous sigh escaped her.

"Oh, I haven't yet lost faith in the pearls. Parmenter knows, I don't doubt."

"Knows—I should think he did! Didn't you see how he loved them? If he weren't such a *galantuomo*, I should have feared he would never part with them."

"You can trust Pierce to be honest, I think."

She laughed. "Pierce is honest enough. I'm afraid it's not *that* that would worry me. But suppose he didn't bring back the reward! Corinna needs it."

"Don't you need it more?"

"I? Oh, I'm dead and done for. I've nothing left but my figure—and I should have been fat by this time if I'd had enough to eat." It was the first time Grace Parmenter had ever explicitly admitted privation, and it was very strange to hear her do it thus, tossing it to me in the tone of gaiety, with her head flung back. "But Corinna—Corinna's a beau-

ty, if you but knew it. And if this hadn't turned up, I should presently have done something desperate, myself. No consideration of any sort would have prevented me much longer from giving Corinna what her beauty needed. I would have killed for that money!"

The maternal passion often manifests itself strangely; I had lived long enough to know that. But Grace Parmenter's passion seemed to me really in excess of what the case demanded. Corinna had, for years, been clothed like a stage orphan, and I had often been sorry; but I had never thought of Corinna as a princess in rags.

"Wait; you'll see." Mrs. Parmenter went on: "You don't believe me, because you've never seen her in a decent dress. I tell you she's a marvel. And I, who know what it is to lose everything God gave you for want of a few things out of the devil's storehouse—no, I wouldn't have put up with it much longer for Corinna. Pierce is done for, too; he'll never make good"—she said it as lightly as if she hadn't been posturing, for years, before the shrine—"but Corinna shall. He and I are failures, if you like. All the more reason why we shouldn't stand in our daughter's way. I said I would have killed for that money, did I? Well, I would. I'd have killed Pierce if necessary!" Her smile tried to take the edge off her statement, but it didn't wholly succeed; perhaps because her smile showed all her teeth. Was the cub worth the tigress's snap, I wondered. And I wondered, too, whether this was a mere brief delirium or whether it was an old madness working to the surface.

"How long have you felt this way?" I was very curious; I had to ask. And, apparently, she didn't mind saying anything.

She answered quite simply: "About two years, I fancy—ever since I saw that it was Corinna, and not we, who had the right to survive. Ever since I saw Corinna was going to be a tearing beauty."

"And what does her father feel?"

"Does any one know what Pierce feels?" She had grown very grave. "An unhappy person is very self-centered, you know. I fancy he may have had his

own particular hell; but mine has been so hot I haven't had a chance to explore his."

I said earlier that I never understood the Parmenters. Well, less than ever at that moment did I understand them. Apparently I had for years been tiptoeing ignorantly round a tragedy. It was too late now to pick up the threads of the plot; but I longed for Pierce Parmenter in the flesh. To me then, as always, he was the central figure of the drama.

"Corinna, where are you?" The mother's voice rang impatiently. She was in tremendous haste to produce her miracle, poor woman.

"Coming!" The voice was faint and preoccupied.

"And are all these things hers?" I waved my hand vaguely.

"Not quite all. We lost our heads. But most of them are." Then she bent her head to mine. "I really have some strength of character: I've never told her what her looks are worth. But now she'll know—she'll know for all time."

"And you aren't afraid of destiny?" I murmured.

"I believe in *her* destiny. There she comes." And instinctively we drew apart to watch the girl enter the studio.

Well, I had to say this for Grace Parmenter: however freely she might have eaten of the insane root, her eyes had remained clearer than any of ours. For Corinna, dressed in Benton's importations, was anything but the Corinna I had known. If I didn't see all that her mother saw in her, I saw enough at least to convince me that her mother's enthusiasm was only a little premature. Plump her out a little, and assure her of her fate, and she would be all that Grace Parmenter said. Her gawkiness had melted into grace; excitement had chased away her pallor; and instead of looking starved she looked mysterious. I never want to see a stage orphan again!

"You're very pretty, my child." I should have been turned neck and crop out of the studio if I hadn't said as much as that—or, at least, that's what I believed.

"*Pretty!*" murmured Grace Parmenter under her breath. "Come here. Your hat's wrong." And the mother's thin

hand pushed it to its proper angle. "Your hair needs to come *so*—but there's time enough to learn all that."

The longer my eyes rested on Corinna, the more they discovered in her. Yes, she was—she would be—exquisite. Then Mrs. Parmenter clapped her hands. "Your furs, child. Go and get them. This costume really needs them."

And Corinna, precociously in the spirit of the play, turned and ran. It may have been the high heels, or the unaccustomed length of skirt (I had never seen her in a dress that wasn't half-way up to her knees), or it may have been the mere excitement of the plunge for the furs—in any case, she tripped as she went, and knocked down her father's modeling-stand. The little clay figure on it went smashing to the floor, and Corinna stood, dismayed, above the powdery fragments.

"Never mind that. I'll sweep it up later." Mrs. Parmenter's voice rang out authoritatively, and her daughter disappeared into the bedroom. Then Mrs. Parmenter turned to me with a face of tragedy.

"It's a frightful pity," I hastened to say. "He's been working on it for a long time, hasn't he?"

"Oh, that? That doesn't matter," she murmured. "I was just thinking what hard luck it is she shouldn't have those pearls round her neck. She has just the skin for pearls—and so few dark-haired women have."

It was only too clear that my star would set in the sky in which Corinna's rose. Corinna's future made me feel very old. But there she was, back again, and I had to praise the silver furs that completed the frame. The indomitable mother not only led me to the water; she made me drink.

Then the bell jangled, and I reached for my hat and coat. I simply couldn't, glad as I was for my friend's luck, endure any more parcels. There was no weight, however, for this messenger to stagger under—he carried only a telegram. I signed for Mrs. Parmenter and sent the boy away, while she tore the envelope open. I put on my coat and took up my hat before I turned.

Grace Parmenter was holding the telegram in one hand and clutching the rickety table with the other. Her face

was lifelessly white; it showed, for the first time, all the ravages that she had been at such pitiful pains to conceal. Her features were left helpless in that instant; for Grace Parmenter's indomitable spirit was temporarily snuffed out. The hollows and sagging muscles told of hunger and weariness and premature age; all the little unlovely wrinkles about the eyes and mouth said, more plainly than my words can tell it, that resentment had followed close on unsatisfied desires. The eyes—they were both mad and dead. There was no health in that face; the pallor turned gray on the temples and yellow at the throat. She was simply a dangerous relic of sanity; and I saw like a flash that there must have been a well-nigh interminable prelude to the passionate moment I had just witnessed. That one glimpse of Grace Parmenter off her guard is the only clue I have ever had to what had preceded the sordid fifth act. Corinna, who had been a bore, was now an idol; and 'ware anything that stood in the way of her mother's idolatry! She had gone over to Baal, and, whatever was in the telegram, I pitied Pierce Parmenter. His wife, I was sure, cared for him now only as he could serve Corinna's beauty. I pitied Corinna a little, too; it was so clear that her mother intended to drain that cup till she found oblivion. She intended her daughter to have everything she hadn't had; and woe to Corinna if she refused to take from life a single thing that Grace Parmenter's empty hands coveted. It was sublime, if you like, that the mother could be content with the daughter's success; but it was going to be very hard on Corinna.

At last Mrs. Parmenter pulled herself together and held out the telegram to me. I scented disaster—the fumes of it were so strong in the air that I couldn't read the sulphurous yellow missive at once, and I stood helpless, holding it.

Corinna, who had been mutely watching from a distance, crept nearer. Her little moment was over, by the way. She shrank visibly within her toggery. I can't explain to you the odd change—as if she had been filling her lungs with confidence like ozone, and the supply was now withdrawn from the circumambient air. She might, a week since, have

looked to her mother like a princess in disguise; just now, she looked to me—poor thing!—like a goose-girl at court. I was sorry for the child, since so much was expected of her, and as yet she depended pathetically on others for her beauty. I couldn't look at her long.

"Hasn't Pierce got the reward?" No one wants to read a telegram that has produced such an effect. I preferred to take it, exaggerated, if necessary, from the victim.

"Oh yes, he's got it." Mrs. Parmenter's tone had no life in it.

"Well, then!" I exclaimed cheerfully. And I dropped my eyes on the words themselves.

Strength returned to Grace Parmenter as suddenly as it had left her. She began to pace up and down the studio with long, lunging steps, like an animal testing wind and limb before a contest. "The beast! The beast!" she murmured.

"What is it, mamma?" The wail broke from the overtaxed child.

"It's the last sin of a weak, wicked man!" Head up, Grace Parmenter proclaimed her interpretation of the telegram.

"Let me see!" And Corinna held out her hand.

I folded up the telegram and gave it back to Mrs. Parmenter. She thrust it into the bosom of her dress.

"I'm not going to give poison to my child," she declared. "And I won't curse him before you, either, my pet," she said, with a kind of insane gentleness.

"Why should you curse him at all?" I broke out. "He's probably had a bad time, too."

"I don't doubt it," she returned. "It used to be very bad, and I don't imagine it's got any better since he stopped talking to me about it." She spoke still with that insane gentleness. I could not, for the life of me, help thinking of a cunning lunatic who is very quiet before he springs at his keeper. Then I took pity on the helpless agony of the young creature.

"He is sending you a thousand dollars, Corinna, my love," I said. "And he's going away to the other side of the world for a little. But he'll come back, never fear. You and your mother will just have to wait for him quietly. Perhaps



Drawn by Herman Pfeiffer

HER INDOMITABLE SPIRIT WAS TEMPORARILY SNUFFED OUT

he'll do a masterpiece over in the Antipodes."

"Pierce? A masterpiece!" Mrs. Parmenter laughed. "Never, never, never. His brain wouldn't hold a masterpiece."

"Corinna, child, go and take off those hot things." I threw another log on the fire to justify my assumption of an overheated atmosphere. This was no talk for her to be hearing.

She slunk away like a ten-year-old. "Must I take them off?" She stood a moment in the doorway, slowly unwinding her furs.

"Of course." Mrs. Parmenter's tone was harsh, but her harshness was not intended for Corinna. "They'll have to go back. Why, we've spent nearly a thousand! Don't muss them. I'll keep something for looks, but it can't be much."

Corinna, still fingering the furs, disappeared.

"Can't I give her the furs?" I whispered.

"My good friend, you couldn't afford them."

I had no reply for that. Probably I couldn't.

"What are you going to do?" I had to ask Grace Parmenter that before I left. Every drop of my liking for her was gone, but I pitied her. Pity is only a black sediment at the bottom of the cup, though. I was aching to be gone.

"What you suggested—wait for Pierce." The ironic twang she gave the words was indescribable.

"What is he up to, do you think?"

She shrugged her shoulders recklessly. A worn seam in her sleeve ripped just a little. I can't tell you how tragic it made the gesture.

"He's off, somewhere, for more pearls. He is mad, perfectly mad."

"For more pearls? You don't find strings like Mrs. Barry Bettelheim's in the other hemisphere."

"No, but you might find the pearls themselves. That's my honest guess, anyhow. He always said if he had any money, he'd put it into jewels instead of bonds. If you care to follow him, I fancy you'll find him trafficking somewhere between Manila and New Guinea."

"But it's incredible!" I burst out.

"It's no more incredible than some of the people who went to Kimberley."

"Why do you defend him?" I really was curious.

"Defend him?" She turned on me. "If I told you in straight words what I think of him, you wouldn't consider me a decent woman! I'll never look on his face again—unless," she added, in a strange, speculative undertone, "he brings back a fortune for Corinna. For that, I'd almost take him back." She had sat down—for weariness, I guessed—and now she stretched her arms straight before her on the table. Her hands, limp and empty, lay palms upward.

"And you think he may?"

Mrs. Parmenter did not stir. Still in that beaten and broken attitude she gazed ahead of her at the blank wall of the studio. It was a sunless day; the north light was very chill. Her lips moved.

"I must hope it's why he's gone—if I'm not to loathe myself all my life for having been the wife of such a creature."

"Perhaps he has gone for a little respite—for a fresh idea. Perhaps he hopes to work."

"Does a sculptor go to the South Seas to work? It wouldn't have occurred to me. But Corinna and I, at least, will travel in the other direction. She shall have her chance."

"You mean Europe?"

"Yes, I mean Europe." She did not change her posture, but her voice grew stronger. "I'll find some cheaper place than this to live—and it sha'n't be a convent, either! My daughter is going to be seen, by people who won't take her loveliness so phlegmatically as you. There's nothing to pack. We'll go as soon as I get the money."

"You have that clear, at least?"

She looked at me with a bitter little smile. "He can pay the rent—out of his fourteen thousand. The landlord can take that thing"—she nodded, over her shoulder, at the statue under its damp cloth—"for security, if he likes. I sha'n't leave my address, but they're very welcome to find out my husband's, if they can."

Still I delayed my departure. "Have you anything besides the thousand?"

"I have the pitiful income on which we've all lived entirely during the last

three years. You can believe it's not much."

"The cad!" I couldn't, at the moment, think of any excuse for Parmenter's carrying away his immoral fourteen thousand.

Grace Parmenter rose slowly. "I'm not a just woman," she said. "I've had nothing to make me so. But if it will help you at all to know it, you are welcome to the fact that Pierce hates me."

"I don't believe it. And, anyhow, he doesn't hate Corinna."

"No; and that's where I score."

"How?"

She bent her lips to my ear, as if afraid of being overheard. "He doesn't know that the child's a beauty. He doesn't dream of her future. And now he has lost her forever. I have her; she's all mine."

"The woman's mad"—at last it went through my mind quite explicitly.

"No, I'm not," said Grace Parmenter.

"What?" I was startled.

"What you think—off my head. I have a notion Pierce is, though. The pearls did it."

Then she held out her hand. "Good-by. Corinna won't come out to see you again in her poor little rags—not when you've seen her as she should be. And she'll be cold in there. I must fetch her."

She walked with me to the door. "I'm not a just woman," Grace Parmenter said again. "There are many things I won't tell you that perhaps, if there were time, I ought; and a great many more that I couldn't tell you with all the time in the world. But you may take it from me that Pierce has gone for pearls."

"You mean money?"

"I mean pearls."

And she shut the door on me.

That is all I know about the Pierce Parmenters—all, I mean, that concerns the actual drama. A few fragments of mere chronicle have drifted in since I left the studio that afternoon, but for some years I've heard nothing. Mother and daughter did go to Europe; at least I suppose that is where they went. I was prevented, for a few days, from returning, and when I did get back there they had flown, the janitor knew neither how nor whither. I received the amount

of my loan to Parmenter in bills, by registered post, from San Francisco. The telegram had mentioned that he was sailing from that port for Manila. I have never heard another word from any of them—and virtually nothing about them. They weren't intimately connected with any other people that I knew, and no coincidence has, as yet, brought me news.

There must have been a great deal back of it all that I shall never know, for the thing makes no sense as it stands. What Pierce Parmenter may have said to his wife during the cheerless years, I don't know; or what he may have said in the last crucial hours before he left, with Mrs. Barry Bettelheim's necklace, for Chicago. Grace Parmenter as good as told me there were things I ought, if I were to understand, to know. There may have been madness in his family; he may have hated his wife so that he couldn't face her again, and preferred any cowardice to doing his conjugal and paternal duty; he may even have discovered Corinna privately, before his wife did, and have counted, callously, on her finding a fortune in her face; he may simply have been temporarily obsessed by the necklace and have waked up, sane and infinitely shamed, on some exotic reef—there's a choice of solutions for you. I have been royally perplexed for many years, and have always, in the end, come back to Grace Parmenter's, "He has gone for pearls," as to a sibyllic utterance. It's tantalizing to the last degree, but it's all I have to go on. Somehow, I believe he *did* go for pearls. But it's nearly ten years since I've heard anything, and you can see why I've melted the stuff down.

There's no chance now of a Parmenter's turning up at my place; and there are so many more fetching things about than this old problem of Pierce Parmenter that I wonder I haven't cleared it out before. Perhaps the reason I haven't is that I have always had—though at increasing intervals—a poignant memory of Corinna Parmenter in the doorway of her bedroom, slowly unwinding the silver furs that had to go back to Benton. If Benton could have seen that pitiful gesture, he'd have given them to her!

The Rabbit-pen

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON



IN a wire pen beside the gravel path, Fordyce, walking in the garden of his friend Harkness and imagining marriage, came upon a tragedy. A litter of new-born rabbits lay upon the straw scattered about the pen. They were blind; they were hairless; they were blue-black of body; they oscillated their heads in mute appeal. In the center of the pen lay one of the tiny things, dead. Above the little dead body a struggle went on. The mother rabbit fought the father furiously. A wild fire was in her eyes. She rushed at the huge fellow again and again.

The man who had written two successful novels stood trembling in the path. He saw the father rabbit and the furious little mother struggling in the midst of the new life scattered about the pen, and his hands shook and his lips grew white. He was afraid that the mother of the litter would be killed in the struggle. A cry of sympathy broke from his lips. "Help here! Help! There is murder being done!" he shouted.

Out at the back door of the house came Gretchen, the housekeeper. She ran rapidly down the gravel path. Seeing the struggle going on in the wire pen, she knelt, and, tearing open a little door, dragged the father rabbit out of the pen. In her strong grasp the father rabbit hung by his ears, huge and grotesque. He kicked out with his heels. Turning, she flung him through an open window into a child's play-house standing amid the shrubbery beside the path.

Fordyce stood in the path, looking at the little dead rabbit in the center of the pen. He thought that it should be taken away, and wondered how it might be done. He tried to think of himself reaching through the little door into the cage and taking the little blue-black dead thing into his hand; but the house-

keeper, coming from the child's play-house with a child's shovel in her hand, reached into the pen and threw the body over the shrubbery into the vegetable-garden beyond.

Fordyce followed her—the free-walking, straight-backed Gretchen—into the stable at the end of the gravel path. He heard her talking, in her bold, quick way, to Hans, the stableman. He wondered what she was saying that made Hans smile. He sat on a chair by the stable door, watching her as she walked back to the house.

Hans, the stableman, finished the righting of things in the home of the rabbits. The tragedy was effaced; the dead rabbit buried among the cabbages in the garden. Into the wire pen Hans put fresh, new straw. Fordyce wondered what Gretchen had said to Hans in that language. He was overcome by her efficiency. "She knew what to do, and yet, no doubt, like me, she knew nothing of rabbits," he thought, lost in wonder.

Hans came back into the stable and began again polishing the trimmings of a harness hanging on the wall. "He was trying to kill the young males," he explained in broken English.

Fordyce told Harkness of the affair of the rabbit-pen. "She was magnificent," he said. "She saved all of that new life while I stood by, trembling and impotent. I went up to my room and sat thinking of her. She should be spending her days caring for new life, making it fine and purposeful, and not be counting sheets and wrangling with the iceman for an old, worn-out newspaper hack like you."

Joe Harkness had laughed. "Same old sentimental, susceptible Frank," he had shouted, joyously. "Romancing about every woman you see, but keeping well clear of them, just the same."

Sitting on the wide veranda in the late afternoon, Fordyce read a book. He

was alone, so it was his own book. As he read, he wondered that so many thousands of people had failed to buy and appreciate it. Between paragraphs he became entangled in one of his own fancies—the charming fancies that never became realities. He imagined himself the proud husband of Gretchen, the housekeeper.

Fordyce was always being a proud husband. Scarcely a week passed without the experience. It was satisfying and complete. He felt now that he had never been prouder husband to a more beautiful or more capable woman than Gretchen. Gretchen was complete. She was a Brünnhilde. Her fine face, crowned by thick, smooth hair, and her quiet, efficient manner, brought a thrill of pride. He saw himself getting off the train in the evening at some Chicago suburb and walking through the shady streets to the frame house where Gretchen waited at the door.

Glancing up, his eyes rested on the wide emerald lawn. In the shrubbery, Hans, the stableman, worked with a pair of pruning-shears. Fordyce began thinking of the master of the house and its mistress, Ruth—the brown-eyed, soft-voiced Ruth with the boyish freckles. Joe, comrade of the struggling newspaper days, was married to pretty Ruth and her fortune, and went off to meetings of directors in the city, as he had done this afternoon. "Good old Joe," thought Fordyce, with a wave of tenderness. "For him no more uncertainties, no more heartaches."

From the nursery at the top of the house came the petulant voices of the children. They were refusing to be off to bed at the command of their mother, refusing to be quiet, as they had been refusing her commands all afternoon. They romped and shouted in the nursery, throwing things about. Fordyce could hear the clear, argumentative voice of the older boy.

"Don't be obstinate, mother," said the boy; "we will be quiet after a while."

The man sitting on the veranda could picture the gentle mother. She would be standing in the doorway of the nursery—the beautiful children's room with the pictures of ships on the walls—and there would be the vague, baffled, uncer-

tain look in her eyes. She would be trying to make herself severe and commanding, and the children would be defying her. The listening man closed his book with a bang. A shiver of impatience ran through him. "Damn!" he said, swiftly. "Damn!"

From below-stairs came the sharp, clicking sound of footsteps. A voice, firm and purposeful, called up to the nursery. "*Schweig!*" commanded the voice of Gretchen, the housekeeper.

Above-stairs all became quiet. The mother, coming slowly down, joined Fordyce on the veranda. They sat together discussing books. They talked of the work of educators among children.

"I can do nothing with my own children," said Ruth Harkness. "They look to that Gretchen for everything."

In the house Fordyce could hear the housekeeper moving about, up and down the stairs, and in and out of the living-room; he could see her through the windows and the open doors. She went about silently, putting the house in order. Above in the nursery all was peace and quiet.

Fordyce stayed on as a guest at Cottesbrooke, finishing his third book. With him stayed Gretchen, putting the house in order for the winter; Harkness, with Ruth, the two boys and the servants, had gone to the city home. It was autumn, and the brown leaves went dancing through the bare shrubbery on the lawn. In his overcoat Frank now sat on the veranda and looked at the hurrying leaves. He was being one of the leaves.

"I am dead and brown and without care, and that is I now being blown by the wind across the dead grass," he told himself.

At the end of the veranda, near the carriage entrance, stood his trunk. His brown bag was by his feet.

Out through the door of the house came Gretchen. She stood by the railing at the edge of the veranda, talking. "I am not satisfied with this family," she said. "I shall be leaving them. There is too much money."

She turned, waving her hand and talking vehemently. "It is of no account to save," she declared. "I am

best at the saving. In this house all summer I have made the butter for the table from cream that has spoiled. Things were wasted in the kitchen and I have stopped that. It has passed unnoticed. I know every sheet, every towel. Is it appreciated? Master Harkness and mistress—they do not know that I know, and do not care. The sour cream they would see thrown to the pig. Uh!—It is of no use to be saving here.”

Fordyce thought that he was near to being a real husband. It came into his mind to spring from his chair and beseech this frugal woman to come and save the soured cream in a frame house in a Chicago suburb. While he hesitated, she turned and disappeared into the house. “*Auf Wiedersehen!*” she called to him over her shoulder.

He went along the veranda and climbed into the carriage. He went slowly, looking back at the door through which she had disappeared. He was thinking of the day in the green summer when he had stood in the gravel path by the wire rabbit-pen, watching her straighten out the affair in the family of the rabbits. As on that day, he now felt strangely impotent and incapable. “I should be taking things into my own hands,” he reflected, while Hans drove the carriage along the road under the bare trees.

Now it was February, with the snow lying piled along the edges of the city streets. Sitting in the office of his friend Harkness, Fordyce, looking through the window, could see the lake, blue and cold and lonely.

Fordyce turned from the window to his friend, at work among the letters on the desk. “It is of no avail to look sternly and forbiddingly at me,” he said. “I will not go away. I have sold the book I wrote at your house, and have money in my pocket. Now I will take you to dine with me, and after the dinner I will get on a train and start on a trip to Germany. There is a reason why I should learn to speak the German language. I hear housekeepers talking to stablemen about the doings of rabbits in pens, and it gets into my mind that I don’t know what they say. They may whisper secrets of life in that language.

I have a wish to know everything, and I shall begin by knowing the German language. Perhaps I shall get me a wife over there and come home a proud and serious husband. It would be policy for you to drop letter-signing and come to dine with me while yet I am a free man.”

In the restaurant they had come to the cigars, and Harkness was talking of life in his house. He was talking intimately, as a man talks only to one who is near and dear to him.

“I have been unhappy,” said Harkness. “A struggle has gone on in which I have lost.”

His friend said nothing. Putting down his cigar, he fingered the thin stem of the glass that sat before him.

“In Germany I engaged Gretchen,” said Harkness, talking rapidly. “I got her for the management of our house and for the boys. They were unruly, and Ruth could do nothing with them. Also we thought it would be well for them to know the German language.

“In our house, after we got Gretchen, peace came. The boys stayed diligently at their lessons. When in the school-room at the top of the house they were unruly, Gretchen came to the foot of the stairs, ‘*Schweig!*’ she shouted, and they were intent upon their lessons.

“In the house Gretchen went about quietly. She did the work of the house thoroughly. When I came home in the evening the toys of the children no longer were scattered about underfoot. They were gathered into the boxes put into the nursery for the purpose.

“Our two boys sat quietly with us at the evening meal. When they had been well-mannered they looked for approval to Gretchen, who talked to them in German. Ruth did not speak German. She sat at the table, looking at the boys and at Gretchen. She was unhappy in her own home, but I did not know why.

“One evening when the boys had gone up-stairs with Gretchen she turned to me, saying intensely, ‘I *hate* German!’ I thought her over-tired. ‘You should see a physician for the nerves,’ I said.

“And then came Christmas. It was a German Christmas with German cakes and a tree for each of the boys. Gretchen and I had planned it one evening when Ruth was in bed with a headache.

"The gifts on our Christmas trees were magnificent. They were a surprise to me. Ruth and I had not believed in costly gifts, and now Ruth had loaded the trees with them. The trees were filled with toys, costly mechanical toys for each of our two boys. With them she had planned to win the boys.

"The boys were beside themselves with joy. They ran about the room shouting. They played with the elaborate toys upon the floor.

"Ruth took the gifts from the trees. In the shadow by the door stood Gretchen. She was silent. When the boys got the packages from the trees they ran to her, shouting, '*Mach' es auf! Mach' es auf! Tante Gretchen!*'

"I was happy. I thought we were having a beautiful Christmas. The annoyance I had felt at the magnificence of Ruth's gifts passed away.

"And then, in one moment, the struggle that had smoldered under the surface of the lives of the two women in my house burst forth. Ruth, my gentle Ruth, ran out into the middle of the floor, shouting in a shrill, high voice, 'Who is mother here? Whose children are these?'

"The two boys clung to the dress of Gretchen. They were frightened and cried. Gretchen went out of the room, taking them with her. I could hear her quick, firm footsteps on the stairs.

"Gretchen put the two boys into their white beds in the nursery. At her word they ceased weeping.

"In the center of the room they had left, lighted only by the little electric bulbs in the branches of the Christmas trees, stood Ruth. She stood in silence, looking at the floor, and trembling.

"I looked at the door through which our boys had gone at the command of Gretchen. I did not look at Ruth. A flame of indignation burned in me. I felt that I should like to take her by the shoulders and shake her."

Fordyce had never seen his friend so moved. Since his visit to Cottesbrooke he had been thinking of his old comrade as a man in a safe harbor—one peacefully becalmed behind the breakwater of Ruth and her fortune, passing his days untroubled, secure in his happiness.

"My Ruth is wonderful," declared Harkness, breaking in on these reflec-

tions. "She is all love and truth. To me she had been more dear than life. We have been married all these years, and still like a lover I dream of her at night. Sometimes I get out of bed and creep into her room, and, kneeling there in the darkness, I kiss the strands of her hair that lie loose upon the pillow.

"I do not understand why it is not with our boys as it is with me," he said, simply. "To myself I say, 'Her love should conquer all.'"

Before the mind of Fordyce was a different picture—the picture of a strong, straight-backed woman running down a gravel path to a wire rabbit-pen. He saw her reach through the door, and, taking the father rabbit by the ears, throw him through the window of the child's play-house. "She could settle the trouble in the rabbit's pen," he thought; "but this was another problem."

Harkness talked again. "I went to where Ruth stood trembling and took her in my arms," he said. "I made up my mind that I would send Gretchen back to Germany. It was my love for Ruth that had made my life. In a flash I saw how she had been crowded out of her place in her own home by that able, quiet, efficient woman."

Harkness turned his face away from the eyes of his friend. "She lay in my arms and I ran my hand over her hot little head," he said. "I couldn't keep it back any longer, Joe; I couldn't help saying it," she cried. "I have been a child, and I have lost a fight. If you will let me, I will try now to be a woman and a mother."

Fordyce took his eyes from the face of his friend. For relief he had been feeding an old fancy. He saw himself walking up a gravel path to the door of a German house. The house would be in a village, and there would be formal flower-plots by the side of the gravel path.

"To what place in Germany did she go, this Gretchen?" he demanded.

Harkness shook his head. "She married Hans, the stableman, and they went away together," he said. "In my house the mechanical toys from the Christmas tree lie about underfoot. We are planning to send our boys to a private school. They are pretty hard to control."

American Holidays

FRESH WATER AND INLAND VALLEYS

BY HARRISON RHODES



FOR the summer holidays America is equipped with two of the very best oceans, and in addition she is furnished with most of the fresh water in the world. The comparison here is made directly with Europe—for statistics as to the flow of the Amazon, the Zambesi, or the Yangtse-Kiang are of no importance in planning the ordinary six weeks' vacation. Europe has a few rivers which have been dredged till they will float a rowboat, and an occasional lake where a slow steamer, if it stops often enough, may make a six hours' run, while America is intersected by great rivers, dotted with lakes which are like dew upon the green countryside, and bounded along its northern frontier by blue inland seas, the noblest bodies of fresh water in the world.

In proud simplicity we call them merely the Great Lakes, but familiarity has perhaps made us lose something of that romantic boastful quality in the phrase which a foreigner might catch as he stood for the first time in his life on a beach by water that was not salt and strained his eyes toward a distant landless horizon. They are indeed the Great Lakes of the world, and the cataract where they pour their waters toward their last brother, Ontario, and the dis-

tant great river which at last carries them seaward to a worthy rival, the Atlantic, is the world's great Falls.

Niagara is the spectacular center of the whole great system of fresh waters flowing toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It was for a century the country's one Great Sight. No visiting foreigner dreamed of missing it; no American in foreign parts would have dared call himself an American unless he could tell how he had seen his land's greatest wonder toss its iridescent spray on high. "See Niagara first" was the unformulated maxim of those earlier days—the writer himself, as a boy, heard a briskly patriotic lady refuse a trip abroad solely on the plea that she had never seen Niagara Falls!



NIAGARA

There was something almost sacramental in the trip. Marriage, indeed, was scarcely legal or binding unless the visit to the altar was immediately supplemented by a trip to Niagara. Those were the days when the honeymoon was "what it used to be." Over Niagara's gorge and rushing waters it hung benignantly, always at its full. And in the corridors of the Falls hotels

the miserable unmarried for ever bruised their feet upon hymeneal rice. The "funny columns" of the newspapers could not have existed without the Niagara wedding-trip.

There was, indeed, a whole Cataract

literature, and even before you made their personal acquaintance you knew all about the Falls. You were already familiar with the name and style of every hotel and its rates (always "American plan"). You knew in which one it was possible, by an ingenious and agreeable contrivance of mirrors, to see the Falls even while dining. You had heard, at home, discussions among the more nervous as to the probability of sleep in hostelryes too near the cataract's roar. You were warned in advance against every wile and extortion of the famous robber-hackmen. And you knew already the fact—at once piquant and in-

tolerable—that there was literally no spot affording even the remotest glimpse of the Falls accessible without the payment of an admission fee. Indeed, so "brought up on" Niagara was every American of the old stock that something very like a sense of a previous existence by its side must have seized upon him as he arrived and tightened his money-belt at the station.

All this is no more. Fashions change in natural scenery as in everything else, and the "enterprising and cultivated tourist," who, according to the quaint 1855 *Guide Book to American Resorts*, could not fail to visit Niagara, might

now miss it with an easier conscience. The village streets are no longer faintly fragrant of orange blossoms, the brigands and their hacks are under municipal control, and the Falls themselves are nowadays to be observed gratis from every kind of National or State or Canadian park. The expenses of the visit are now wholly within the bounds of reason. But the old wild charm of extravagance, conflict, and adventure is gone. Shorn of something of their traditional glamour, the Falls now present themselves more baldly—to borrow from the rather cynical and acidulated phraseology of the present writer's grandfather—as, "after all, only water flowing over a precipice!" (One is reminded of Halleck's satirical poem on Niagara in which

The tailor made one single note,
"Gods, what a place to sponge a coat!")

For the present-day tourist there is, in short, nothing left except the appalling natural beauty of the great cataract—that, and the faintly lingering memories of its more romantic past.

As to the beauty of green water, rock, and spray, and the majesty of the river's plunge into the abyss, nothing more can be done here than to recall for the reader something of his own



WARNED IN ADVANCE OF EVERY WILE OF THE ROBBER-HACKMEN



Drawn by Howard Giles

DO SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNICS STILL GIVE THE SAME FINE, CARELESS RAPTURE AS OF OLD?

first tremendous impression. There was once, back in the twenties of the last century, a man who fell in love with the Falls—a queer, vagrant, poetical English gentleman named Francis Abbott, who lingered long, amorous months by their side till at last he won Niagara to some kind of a watery bridal in the Whirlpool Rapids. Though the useless tragedy of his death is pitiful enough, yet his life and the kind of spell the great waters cast upon him make a romantic page of local history. His ghost, clad in the picturesque fashion of that earlier day, would be now the best possible companion for rambles near the cataract.

The other ghosts which one might imagine haunting the great gorge would, for the most part, be engaged in various preposterous deeds of daring. Sam Patch—whose name now sounds like a comic invention—made some of his most famous leaps here. And the celebrated Blondin, if he is now remembered at all, is best remembered for his crossing of Niagara's chasm upon a tight-rope. Below, in the turmoil of waters, various aquatic heroes have guided the tiny *Maid of the Mist* to the very foot of the Falls, or, inclosed in strange harnessings, cast themselves into the rapids—if, indeed, they had not already attempted to go over the Falls in barrels or other protective gear.

Going over the Falls has always been tempting, both as a pastime and as a spectacle. Some fifteen to twenty thousand people gathered in the seventies to see the schooner *Michigan* slide to destruction over the cataract, and were much diverted by the antics of the animals placed on board, which in some instinctive way seemed to know their danger—such was the pleasing and humane taste of that so little remote period.

The Niagara River, though short, is a stream of richly varied life. Along its course fantastic deeds have been done and fantastic projects have flourished. One of the earliest was the famous Major Noah's plan for building upon Grand Island an ideal city for the Jewish population of the country. Its course may still be found to be past Utopia.

West from Buffalo huge ships go through the inland seas of summer-land,

past the vine-clad islands of Lake Erie—the wines of which keep alive a cheap cult of Bacchus in the Middle West; past Put-in-Bay, with its brave naval memories; up the beautiful strait by Detroit; through Lake St. Clair and its famous "flats" dotted with fishing and shooting club-houses and bungalows, into the broader reaches of Huron toward the storied island of Mackinac, where one may easily recapture something of the atmosphere of Indians, fur-traders, and the old French missionaries and *voyageurs*, or, if one prefers, sit comfortably in a hotel rocking-chair and see the whole summer pleasure traffic of this Northwestern world go by along the cross-roads of the Lakes.

From Mackinac—Michilimackinac (it is pleasant sometimes to give it its full title)—you may choose to go on to that great upper Superior, deep reservoir of waters, or south along Michigan to the smoky metropolis of the West. It is a huge fresh-water world of vacation idlers, popular indeed without being exactly fashionable or famous. Few people, for example, would name the lower peninsula of Michigan as one of the great holiday regions of the land. Yet, with gentle sand beaches, behind which lie peach-orchards, it represents for a whole Mid-Western and South-western people a cheap and accessible shore to which they flock by thousands. Even Chicago itself, little as it might suggest itself to most of us as a summer resort, has its own clientèle from the South and Southwest who establish themselves in suburban hotels by the lake's edge and give themselves up alternately to town pleasures and the magic of blue waters.

Below Niagara and past Ontario the waters of the Lakes sweep into the most lordly of American rivers, the St. Lawrence, at whose beginning is scattered the lovely archipelago of the Thousand Islands, a labyrinth of clear channels upon which skiffs float and brisk motor-boats are always dashing on their way toward remoter fishing-grounds and picnic lunches. The island region is not really wild, yet it has a pretty semblance of the wilderness. But its chief charm is probably that it seems to offer so freely fulfilment of one of childhood's



THE VINE-CLAD ISLANDS OF LAKE ERIE

dreams, a dream which does not fade with age—that of living proudly upon a small island of one's very own. There is something quite unreasonably attractive about the crowded islets around Alexandria Bay, the capital of the archipelago, where so many gentlemen—doubtless in ordinary life quite ordinary fellows—sit monarchs of their own domain. And if you cannot yourself be a king, it is something to be an envious tourist outside the royal gates.

The envious tourist generally floats away down the St. Lawrence, shoots the rapids, and finds himself, before he knows it, in Montreal and Quebec, in that

which, so legend has it, still lie in the cellars of St. John's. One of the pleasantest of the facts of the revised geography is that the United States is bounded on the north by England and France, as it is on the south by Spain.

The possession of the greatest lakes has not prevented us from making the most of the smallest. One of these tiny patches of water with which the writer made friends as a boy had even then undergone a delightful and significant change of name. It had started as the Little Pond—there was somewhere in the county a Big Pond, now dried up. Then, as its position by the new railroad

foreign America which is one of the pleasantest new discoveries of the holiday-maker. The main St. Lawrence route is of course an old and beaten track; if one may put it that way. But the enterprising and adventurous now bring in tales of tiny villages of an older world which have for centuries slept in summer sun and winter frost along that lower course of the great river, *doux pays de France* such as it is now hard to find in that real France across the sea. Campers and sportsmen push their way north from the St. Lawrence toward the iron coast of Labrador. Farther east from the Maine frontier we have begun to overrun the fair Acadian land, to reach the proud military and naval post of Halifax, and, beyond, the historic island of Cape Breton and remotest Newfoundland, famous for fish and game and for that amazing port and claret

gave it added importance, it became just The Pond. As such it sustained a few rowboats and was the occasional resort of rural lovers—it advanced to being Geauga Pond. And finally, when it became the favorite goal of excursionists from the city, it proudly called itself Geauga Lake and seemed to vie with the neighboring Erie. Its history is doubtless that of innumerable insignificant pond-holes all over the country—and with them, as with it, everything was owed to that great national institution, the Sunday-school picnic. To satisfy the increasing needs of Sunday-schools, the land was in those mid-decades of the century explored and opened up, and in the process millions of the children of the city got their first lesson in the beauties of the countryside.

Do Sunday-school picnics still give the same fine, careless rapture as of old, one wonders, or are town children nowadays too familiar with rural joys? There was the delicious early-morning start in a crowded, dirty, hot train. Then the boating, the bathing, the open-air gorge at midday; in the afternoon the adventurous exploration of wild woods and dangerous dells already perfectly well known from last year's picnic, and at last the exhausting return in a hotter, dirtier train. What now seems incredible discomfort attended this first opening of the window upon woodland and lake and river, but then the child forgave everything for the sake of the green view disclosed.

The picnic is not only one of the greatest, but one of the most American of our institutions—there might be a whole literature on its various forms, from Sunday-school

to Knights of Pythias and Liederkrantz or Schützenfest. At this moment, however, the writer's impulse is to set down a paragraph or two about the Pioneer Picnic, once a regular summer event through the Middle West—now, alas! probably gone like the pioneers themselves. It makes astonishingly vivid the country's youth to realize how short a time back the "first settlers" themselves were still alive, the men and women who had subdued the wilderness of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and now in a green old age could sit upon a platform and listen to a later generation's oratory in their praise. Even twenty-five years ago, every one west of the Alleghanies was still in amazing contact with the very



A RETREAT IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

beginnings of history—that he was once driven to a pioneer picnic behind oxen (the ox-span and a patriarchal and authentic early-settler grandfather both intentionally reminiscent of days gone by) seems to the writer now an episode incredibly romantic and remote, worth the attention of serious historians. Picnics are doubtless passing, along with other simpler last-century pleasures, but in groves and by absurd small lakes the pleasant memory of them still lingers.

There are larger lakes, too—old favorites with the vacationist—whose very

York. It is true that there, too, such edifying delights exist, but there is also a fairly serious dose of education to be imbibed, for Chautauqua does not forget that it calls itself a university. The Puritan conscience has always found it hard to take its pleasure singly. It is great fun to go to Chautauqua and to live in one of the thousand minute hutches called cottages. There are excellent boating and bathing, and there are pretty girls. But the best of it is that flirtation is somehow sanctified if she attends the same lecture-course with you, and even sentimental



THE AUDITORIUM AT CHAUTAUQUA

names, Champlain, George, and Chautauqua, it is pleasant to set down. Chautauqua is now a generic term in the language: any town may, so the advertisements say, have "a Chautauqua" for a week—a lightning cartoonist, a male quartet, a grand-opera singer, a humorous lecturing clergyman, and perhaps somebody from Washington, are all that is needed. But this *mélange* of amusement and education is an unfair sample of the draught from the original Pierian spring in western New

York. cherishing of her handkerchief next your heart is made permissible if with it she and several thousand other blameless maidens have administered the "Chautauqua salute" to some eminent lecturer. Chautauqua, indeed, is a world of contradictions—there the school-teacher is no longer a school-teacher, just as education is no longer education, nor pleasure pleasure. They even say now that Chautauqua is no longer Chautauqua, but such views will receive no encouragement here.

Rivers we possess in such abundance that we scarcely know them. The Hudson of course bears daily and nightly thousandsthrough its rich, cultivated, historic landscape, past the really thrilling beauty of West Point. But who goes down the Virginian James, by the crumbling mansions of our first aristocracy, or visits a hundred lovely forgotten streams? The exploration of America is but

just begun. It is still, for so many of us, the wilderness. The way in which we try to bring the simple existence of the wilderness to the very gates of the great cities is, in fact, one of our most engaging American traits. Only across the Hudson from the metropolis itself the stroller upon the Riverside Drive can see, under the shadow of the great cliffs of the Palisades, small white tents where imaginative youth is leading the life of Indian and trapper under a sky rosy at night with the city's lights. Camps are fun even if the opportunities for sport are only those afforded by sunfish and mud-turtles and water-lilies. A pleasant last summer's mem-

ory is of a small lake steamer touching at such a settlement, named after the implacable and violent Iroquois, where dozens of harmless boys in khaki crowded the dock calling out to the city-



A CHAUTAUQUA "HEAD-LINER"

dwellers on the decks with cheerful irony, "Taxi! Taxi!" and, "This way to the subway!"

Nothing is more grateful than the evidences of the simplicity that is still left in the land. It is pleasant to think that even the modern school-boy occasionally spends the summer as a "hired man" upon his uncle's farm, and that impecunious collegians still serve as waiters,

or even porters, at unpretentious freshwater hotels. (There was one once who gravely announced himself, in answer to an inquiry of a guest at his table, as "Mr. Potts," and as "Mr. Potts" was addressed during a whole summer. Since there can be no



GOAT ISLAND

doubt that he was crowned with laurels at graduation and is now the leading citizen of his community, this opportunity is seized to send him a friendly greeting across the years.) We



A CONFERENCE OVER THE MENU

talk much nowadays about the return to the land—but the truth is that we have not been away from it long. Grandfather or great-grandfather, if he was American, was almost surely on a farm by some rippling shallow river or some clear, small lake. We are not really “city folks.” Our home-coming to the country is still easy and in a simple two-weeks holiday we can drink of the very cup of rural magic.

The return to the American country has meant the rise of the American country house; it only becomes us at once modestly to admit that it has risen pretty high. And since philosophy is to be extracted, not only from the simple life, but from the more complicated domestic existence of the fashionable, country-house life deserves study—by preference in the regions near the metropolis, where it is most typical.

A notable point of such existence is that it is by no means modeled upon European customs. Nothing in the habits of the English country gentleman or the Continental nobleman could furnish just the blend of comfort and confusion in which our rural life goes on. We have grasped the fact which lies at the very heart of luxury—that it does not consist in sumptuous buildings nor lavish equipment, but rather in being able to do what you want when you want to. An ideal day, for example, in the life of a fashionable Long Island lady is when she invites guests to lunch, forgets them, proposes herself to another house for food, and *en route* for it encounters a pleasanter invitation and takes that—of course sending no word to her hostess and leaving her own guests to a meal improvised by her somewhat astonished cook.

The two chief aids to the delightful disorganization which now distinguishes the highest fashion have been the motor-car and the telephone. The former will take you anywhere in a jiffy, and the latter will make or break an engagement for you in less time. If your house guests begin to bore you—or themselves—of an afternoon, it is delightful to telephone to a neighbor and suggest that you will bring them all over to dine. And it is equally delicious to decide at a quarter before eight that it would be pleasanter to dine at home and to telephone to that effect.

Such simple perturbations are, as it were, within the reach of the meanest of God's millionaire creatures, while in benighted Europe—if one can trust reports—guests quite commonly expect to eat all their meals in the house in which they are stopping. How invigorating, by contrast, is the visiting of a modern young New-Yorker, who may quite conceivably have made his own arrangements before coming and will be solicitously asked by his hostess, on arrival, if he is free for any meals at home during his stay.

We simple folk may inquire how housekeeping is possible under such circumstances, what the monthly bills are, and what proportion of the servants retire to the peace of an insane-asylum at the season's end. It is really all easy enough, so they say, if you are foolish enough to want to do it. One gentleman begged of his wife just this one favor—that dinner for at least twelve should be cooked and ready to serve every evening at eight in his country house. Sometimes he might come out with guests, and sometimes, he admitted, he might be detained in town and leave his wife to dine off tea and toast upon a bedroom tray. But to feel sure that there would always be dinner if he wanted it was the only way he knew of getting any comfort out of his money or his country house. Doubtless if you cook plenty of food and always expect to add or subtract a few places at the table just as the soup is coming up, it grows easy enough.

One may celebrate here the most perfect of all butlers who could always in the hall delay the unexpected guest (invited, of course, but just for-



UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT CLIFFS OF THE PALISADES

gotten) who arrived after dinner had begun, until his place was hurriedly laid, so that the hostess in the dining-room could gracefully murmur something about knowing that he wouldn't have wanted them to wait for him.

Guests in this new country life must of course do their share. They fetch their own motors, for although the host does his best, no one with only five or six cars can really make his guests comfortable. They bring their own maids and valets, it goes without saying, and one host, encountering an unfamiliar manservant in the hall, is said to have been told that the stranger was one of the valets' valets! One lady, when she comes for longer than a week-end, is accompanied by her cook and butler in addition to her maid and chauffeur. This is really sensible, for if

you have any special breakfast fads or any health régime (the lovely lady in question lives almost entirely upon noodles) it is tiresome to have your food prepared by your friends' incompetent *chefs*. Of course if you send your hostess your diet-list ahead it is easier—many people find it worth while to telephone a menu, even for a single meal. A great deal, of course, can be managed with the modern vacuum bottles and canisters. One of the queens of society is said to arrive with an especially designed silver-gilt dinner-pail containing boiled rice, dried toast, Bulgarian sour milk, and other food requisites.

Such precautions to insure your own comfort while visiting are, it appears,

not merely permitted, but almost expected, in the highest circles. There remains, however, a considerable experimental region where ultra-luxurious and fashionable women are still working to reorganize country life on more rational lines. Some of these ladies, for example,

arrive with a trunk of their own bed-linen, their pillows, and their bath-room towels—an obvious step, one would say, nearer perfect comfort for the guest. Yet queer, reactionary people are found who say that this is not a compliment to the hostess; that it is, in fact, distinctly the opposite. Pioneers and martyrs for any cause have always met such opposition. Even though one feels it unnecessary, one would like here to encourage these devoted women at their work of civilization. If America in the twentieth century could really make visit-



THE NEGRO WAITER TO-DAY IS PASSING TOO

ing in other people's country houses anything but extreme physical agony, she would have made a historic contribution to the history of the race—would really have conquered the social, as she did earlier the physical wilderness.

As the country house rose, as it, in short, became more of a hotel, it was said that the country hotel fell—almost went out of existence. Here again the philosopher must distinguish between the physical and spiritual—meaning, of course, the social—aspects of the question. The hotel remains in existence; it has increased in numbers, and it has been decorated and plumbed and grill-roomed out of all likeness to its predecessors. But it is true that it has ceased

to exist as a social arena, as an institution which supplied not only board and lodging, but new friends, sweethearts, and wives as well. If to latter-day satirists of American society like Mr. Henry James the hotel still seems an enormous feature of the social landscape, how much more did it fill the field of vision for the nineteenth-century observer! N. P. Willis spoke smartly of all American summer hotels as having "too much paint, portico, parlor, piano, and pretension," and his phrase will even now recreate for the imaginative the agreeable publicity of those days. In some skit of 1851 the same blithe writer proposed some codification of the "rules for scraping acquaintances," since it was admitted by all that this was then the real object of hotel existence. It was the real object of such existence till a much later period. The best part of your summer holiday used to be your emergence from an accustomed social groove. You chose a resort where nature smiled and "nice people" gathered. These latter, you assumed, as a matter of course, would smile, too, after they had subjected you to a few days of discreet examination. There existed, in fact, Willis's desired code of scraping acquaintance; you did it through interest in a dog or a child, or you spoke as together

you consulted the thermometer or examined the hotel register. Almost immediately you exchanged verbally certificates of social authenticity, dwelling upon your happy relations with Mrs. Livingstone Jones, the leader of fashion in your own home town, and delicately insinuating the hope that your new friend's situation as regards Mrs. Snooks, similarly situated upon *her* native heath, was equally felicitous. If, in addition, you could discover that when passing through New York you had both stopped (vulgarily, "put up") at hotels of notable expensiveness, the trick was done—the hotel one stayed at in the metropolis was a much-trusted social indication in those days.

"Sociability" is of course a quality hard to kill, but the ideal of the ordinary hotel nowadays would not seem to extend beyond "armed neutrality" between the guests. One's interest in modern American hotels has come to be interest in their equipment, the arrival of bath-rooms for human beings, and the disappearance of the birds' tubs in which the covey of vegetables used to appear at dinner. The negro waiter, with his tray elegantly held above his head upon his up-turned palm, is going too—the one American example of indigenous charm in those who serve us.

Among the Pines

BY JAMES HERBERT MORSE

WHEN the true music of the soul is sung,
 Do they bend down—those princes of the quire,
 Immortal now, since they have left the lyre
 Either upon the mountain crags unstrung
 Or in primeval forests long uphung—
 With the sad South wind touched, or in the red
 Of sunsets sunk beneath the ocean bed?
 Do they who live behind the blue, among
 The invisible of Time, catch sweeter strain
 Than ours—hear from the soul what notes arise?
 Do they have power to sing earth's joy or pain
 And set it ringing in the ancient skies?
 I hear among the pines along the shore
 Strange breathings which the winds make evermore.

The Harvest of Fear

BY MARGARET DELAND

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—II

CHAPTER III



SYLVIA'S letter to her brother, brief as it was, went straight to Nicholas's angry heart, and brought a passionately hurt reply:

You girls are all right, I know. As for him—well, *I* have some decency, and as he is my father I won't say what I think of him.

Then he burst out about his wife: she was an angel of goodness and she had brought him into a church where he had at last found peace. She had helped him in a thousand ways. As for his father's will, what did he care? He could leave his money to the devil, if he wanted to—or he could take it with him, which would amount to the same thing! He (Nick) had Gertrude, who was "worth all the money in the world!"

"Sadie," Miss Sylvia said, "we ought to write *her*."

"Oh, impossible!" said Miss Sarah, shrinking; "we told father we wouldn't."

"No, we didn't," Sylvia said, with sudden slyness; "I only said we 'understood.' Well, I shall write to her, if you won't!"

She did. It was a cold letter. It could not be anything else, for such a marriage could only be shocking to Nick's family. Still, she did write to the new Mrs. Halsey, and the letter gave great pleasure. Nicholas answered it, because, he said, "Gert isn't much of a letter-writer, she's too busy being a good housekeeper." He inclosed a photograph of his wife, on the back of which he had written:

Gertrude Halsey: The best woman in the world!

N. H.

Below the exuberant lines, another hand had added, in round, painstaking letters:

He's just real foolish, but I just worship him, and he is the best man in the world.
G. H.

The two ladies, holding the *carte de visite* under the lamp, and studying the round, simple face, surmounted by a foolish hat, blushed at such lack of delicacy. How could she be so gushing! Ladies in Old Chester did not say they "worshipped" their excellent husbands.

"I suppose she means she is sincerely attached to him; and she is certainly pretty," Miss Sylvia admitted; "but—"

"But not a lady," the other sister murmured. And Sylvia, looking hard at the honest face, broke out:

"I don't care if she isn't a lady; she's good, and makes him happy!"

After that the correspondence became a matter of course; the only unusual thing about it was that Nick's letters never came in the letter-bag, and his sisters kept their own counsel in regard to their habit of going, once a week, to the post-office and asking if there was anything for them marked "To be called for." Except that the Misses Halsey had a new look in their gentle faces, a look of interest and happiness, and even sometimes of excitement, life in the Halsey house settled back into the old grooves. Sylvia read aloud to her father each night until her eyes saw double with fatigue, and Sadie supplemented the cook's efforts about the coffee or what not. Mr. Halsey was late for breakfast for the same cause which, in the last few years, had so often kept his daughters waiting for their morning meal; he hummed good old Presbyterian hymn-tunes as he and the dogs came down-stairs, and he took his two fingers of Monongahela, making his old remark about the drunkard's grave—a joke which William King told Dr. Lavendar would not be a joke if the lawyer kept the practice up much longer. He never

spoke of his son; and his son, in those letters which were "called for," never spoke of him. Nick had something better to talk about—his wife! And by and by—this was when the Halsey girls were most openly excited and happy—he had his two boys to talk about! The twins were born at the end of Nick's first year of married happiness. It was Miss Sylvia who told Lewis Halsey that he was a grandfather; Sarah, listening outside the library door, heard only a grunt; then, carelessly:

"That kind breed fast. I suppose there is an older child somewhere in the background?"

Sylvia, too simple to see the innuendo, said, "Oh, no! Why, they've only been married a year—" Then she understood, and blushed hotly. She was very angry as she flew out of the room, stumbling on the threshold over her sister, who had not realized that the door was to open so quickly. She took Sarah's arm and pulled her across the hall into the parlor. "Did you hear what he said? Oh, Sadie, how cruel in him! Poor, good Gertrude! I'll never tell him another thing about them!" she declared, hotly. It was a poor little retaliation, but it was the only one she could make. She repeated her reprisal when the first photograph of the twins arrived: "He sha'n't see it!" she said, fiercely—and felt that the babies were avenged. She and Sarah brooded and fluttered over the picture, which showed two round-eyed infants, with little bald heads bobbing against each other. They didn't have Nick's looks, or even their mother's rather common prettiness; they were just two little cuddling things, but the maiden aunts were almost tearful with maternal thrills.

"If I could only *see* them!" Miss Sadie sighed, her big, mild eyes misty with happiness.

"I'd like to see her, too," Sylvia said; "I've grown really fond of her."

"She doesn't know how to spell," Miss Sarah said.

"Well, I don't myself, very well," Sylvia declared, boldly.

But of course there was no possibility of seeing Nick's wife, or the babies, either. Even if their absence from home could have been explained, the Misses

Halsey had no money for a journey. The occasional generosity of the breakfast-table ought, perhaps, to have been saved up to meet some such emergency, but they were almost always sent stealthily to Gertrude to buy this or that "for the precious babies." In point of fact, Mrs. Nick spent the money for the stern necessities of rent and food quite as often as for the twins. For neither matrimony nor religion had changed Nick's nature: his church was a great comfort, and his wife a greater comfort, but he was still a rolling stone. He rolled from one business to another, and the last one was always going to be the best yet. But the intervals between the businesses grew longer. Nick kept a stiff upper lip, and loved his common Gertrude and his pudgy babies, and was tremendously happy, he told his sisters. He did not tell them that the strain and tug of trying to make a living was gradually undermining a system at best not robust, and since his marriage really delicate. It was Gertrude's letters, written in her round, painstaking hand, that made the two sisters anxious. By and by came one that terrified them:

He's that sick, I'm just scared about him. If I could take him down south maybe he'd get well; but we haven't got the money.

Sylvia's vow broke under that: "We *must* tell father! He can't refuse to help Nick now."

Miss Sarah sighed. "You don't know father."

"He'll be a murderer, if he won't help them!" cried Sylvia; and that very evening, at supper, she said, with breathless boldness: "Nick is very ill, sir. And—and they are so poor. Can't I—I mean won't you—I mean—they do need money so dreadfully, father."

Mr. Halsey put his plate down on the floor for Rover and Watch, then he looked at Sylvia with amused eyes. "There are many persons who need money in the world, Sylvia; but I don't feel called upon to supply it." Then he burst out, in a sort of scream, "Keep your mouths shut on that subject!" With an oath he pushed his chair back, so violently that it upset with a crash, and the door slammed behind him.

"Oh," said Sylvia; "oh! oh!" and hid her face in her hands.

"Sylly," her sister said, "there's my pearl breastpin; we can send it to Gertrude, and she can sell it."

Sylvia clutched at the idea. "So we can! And my topaz ring, too!"

The search for anything valuable among their modest possessions was a great relief to them; but the things they sent did not help Gertrude much—poor little old-fashioned bits of jewelry! A shell cameo pin, some hair bracelets with gold clasps; "the clasps are worth something," Sarah said; and two or three rings. But it was a comfort to the sisters to give all they had. This was just at the beginning of Nick's decline. As it went on, more and more rapidly, the frightened wife threw her husband's dignity, as well as her own, to the winds, and wrote to her father-in-law for help:

He'll die unless something is done. He don't know I'm writing, but won't you please—please—*please* forgive him, and send him some money? I promise I won't spend a cent of it on me or the children.

There were two splashes on the page that might have moved Nick's father, but they did not. Lewis Halsey, two years redder, two years more sodden, two years angrier, returned the letter to her without comment.

The way Gertrude took his brutality showed the quality of the woman Nick had married. Her dignity and anger were very noble. She wrote to her sisters-in-law, and told them what their father had said; she added, very simply:

He is a bad man, but he is hurting himself more than us. I am sorry for him, because he will be sorry when it is too late. When my Nick is dead he will be sorry.

Was he sorry? Who can say!

There came a day when the two sisters, weeping, went into the library. . . . Lewis Halsey had been working at his desk, but had risen, and with his hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth, was walking back and forth, thinking out a brief, and humming, cheerfully:

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise—

It was Sarah who handed him the despatch:

Nicholas is dead.—GERTRUDE.

He read it. Read it again, and handed it back. Then, without speaking, sat down at his desk and took up his pen.

"Father!" Sarah said; "oh, father, what—what shall we do?"

"I can tell you one thing to do," he said, quietly, and pointed to the door.

They fled—that pointing finger was violently compelling. They hurried out of the room, jostling against each other like two frightened pigeons, not daring to look behind them to see what he did. If they had looked they would have seen nothing but the steady movement of his pen across his paper, which certainly would not have revealed anything to them. At the end of an hour he stopped writing and glanced over his brief; then, with a shrug, tore it up and threw it in the waste-basket. Perhaps that might have revealed something.

That night, when the house had sunk into silence, Sylvia Halsey came into her sister's room; she sat down on the foot of Sarah's bed, shading her candle with one hand. "I'm going," she said, briefly.

"Oh, Sylvia dear! You can't! How can you?" poor Miss Sarah said. She sat up in bed, her arms around her knees and her face twitching nervously in the faint light that shone through Sylvia's fingers.

"I shall say I am going to Mercer to visit—oh, anybody; I can't think who, yet. The Rogers, I guess. But I will go right through to Philadelphia. I'll only stay for—for the funeral."

"If he were to find out!"

"He can't do anything worse to me than he has to Nick. And what do I care for his money, compared to Nick! Oh—my darling Nick!" She broke down, and for a moment they both cried. "I've got to go, sister," Sylvia said, wiping her eyes; "I couldn't stay away."

"But how about the money? It will cost fifty dollars at least, and if you ask him for so much as that, he'll want to know why you want it. There's no use just saying 'Mercer.' He knows you could go to Mercer and back, and do some shopping, and have fifty cents left over for the Rogers' chambermaid—for five dollars. But fifty dollars! Oh, Sylvia, it's impossible!"

"I shall get it," Sylvia said.

"How?" the other whispered, and leaned forward to hear the answer.

"I shall say I want to buy a new dress."

"But you don't!"

"Oh," said Sylvia, with somber passion, "I do—a *black one*. We have to have mourning; we only have the old crêpe veils we had when Aunt Nancy died. Oh, I know he'll give me the money—and I won't buy the dress. Sadie! I would go to Nick's funeral if I had to walk."

Miss Sarah fell back on her pillows and stared at her. "Sister!" she gasped; "but to say you are going to Mercer, when you mean to go to Philadelphia—why, Sylvia!"

"I *am* going to Mercer. There isn't any falsehood about that. I have to go to Mercer to get to Philadelphia."

Miss Sarah was speechless.

"You see, I don't say anything that isn't true. I merely don't say all that is true."

"Of course it is deceiving him."

"I can't help that."

"Oh, Sylly, ask Dr. Lavendar if it's right!"

Sylvia shook her head. "No; he might say something that would change my mind; I'll ask him—after I've done it."

Then she slipped away to her own room, and the house was silent again.

At breakfast the next morning she announced her purpose of "going to Mercer," and, paling, asked for fifty dollars: "I need a new dress, sir." Lewis Halsey was silent for a minute. Then he laughed.

"And I flattered myself that I had a white blackbird—a truthful woman! Well," he baited her, "I'll give it to you next week."

The color flew into her face. "I want to go to-day, father."

"It looks as if it were going to rain," he demurred, maliciously; "better wait a few days."

She was silent. "Well," he conceded, looking at her with cruel eyes, "go, if you want to. I suppose you'll take the morning stage? The afternoon coach gets into Mercer pretty late;—and the Eastern express leaves at four-thirty! Give my regards—to *the Rogers*," he said,

sardonically. "As for the fifty dollars, I don't carry fifty dollars in my trousers pocket! I'll leave a check for you on my desk in the library."

He went out of the room, stumbling over the dogs, but for once not swearing at them.

"He knows!" Sarah said, clasping her trembling hands.

Sylvia nodded. "But he's going to give me the money!" They watched him—a big, black figure, standing desolately in the sunshine—while George raised the hood of the buggy.

"He doesn't want to see people," Sarah whispered. When he drove off up the road they stole over to the library. The check lay on his writing-table.

"Oh," Sylvia said, with passionate relief, "it's for a hundred dollars—you can go, too!"

Sarah shook her head: "Give Gertrude the other fifty, to buy something for the little boys," she pleaded.

CHAPTER IV

OF course poor Sylvia's childish lie could not have deceived any one.

"She's going to the funeral," Lewis Halsey said to himself when he was writing the check. He smiled faintly: "The Rogers!" Sylvia was such a fool! But really he did not care much, one way or the other. "All women lie," he told himself, dully. Nicholas, whatever else he had done, had not lied. Well, Nicholas was dead. His face flushed darkly, as if some new anger sent the blood to his head. Death was Nicholas's last affront. To die, at thirty-five, with nothing achieved! Well, it was like all the rest of his career. Failure—failure! And the opportunities he had had—Backed by Lewis Halsey's ability and success, Lewis Halsey's son could have gone far. Instead—! the lawyer brought his fist down on the table with a violent word—what had he done? Disgraced himself: that wife! those children! Well, if he preferred to wallow, it was nothing to Lewis Halsey. And his death was nothing, either. But he wasn't a liar; he would say that for him; Nick wasn't a liar.

"But *she's* 'going to the Rogers'!" he said to himself, with a sudden laugh.

Then the flare of anger died, and dullness fell upon him. He rose, heavily, and went out to get into his buggy; this time he had no word for Betty, and no cigar for George; his eyes were stupid and his face sodden. "He's heard the news," George told himself.

It was a beautiful June morning of rain-washed air and warm, green pastures. The sumacs and elderberry bushes, and buttonwoods and locusts made pleasant shadows on the road, and, after they were once out of Old Chester, Betty was allowed to take her time. Perhaps that strange, dark anger at this last injury that his son had done him absorbed her master, for he let her plod along at her own gait; once she stood still to bite at a fly on her shining side, and once, delicately, like a lady holding aside her skirt, she drew over to the edge of the road to let a wagon pass. Sometimes she stopped to crop the blossoming grass growing close to the wheel-ruts. Unbidden, she paused at the watering-trough—a hollowed log, green with moss and dripping ferns—and took a long, cool drink. In Betty's dim brain there may have been some pleased astonishment that she did not feel the slap of an impatient rein. She stood there quite a long time, stamping in the mud and pebbles in front of the trough, and switching her tail so sharply that the reins caught under it and were pulled over the dashboard; they rested for a moment on the whiffle-tree, then dropped and dangled about her heels. Perhaps that reminded her of her duty, or else the flies were too troublesome, for she started briskly, and trotted for a while. But on the sunny pull up-hill she lounged again and took her time. An hour later, with the tangled reins dragging on the ground, she drew up in front of the small brick building with the Doric pillars from which the white paint was flecking off, and where Lewis Halsey's name on the brass door-plate was almost obliterated by years of polishing. She stood there, rubbing her soft nose against the iron horse's head on the hitching-post, stamping, and switching at the flies, until, by and by, one of the clerks looked out of the office window, and wondered at Mr. Halsey's leaving her in the heat to toss her head

until the bridle lathered her sleek neck. Then, suddenly, he noticed the reins, and even as he gaped at them, wondering, he saw the dark, huddling shape that had slipped sidewise on the seat of the buggy.

"Good Lord!" Mr. Robin said, and ran bareheaded out into the blazing sunshine. "Mr. Halsey!" he called; "*Mr. Halsey?*" But even as he called he saw the still face, and the fixed, open eyes. . . . Afterward the doctor said he might have been dead an hour; certainly Betty had taken her time in that pleasant walk along the shadowy, green road.

Half an hour after the clerk's discovery, while the doctor was still in the office, the morning stage from Old Chester, pulling through Upper Chester, passed the office door. A black-veiled figure was shrinking into the corner seat, her hands clasped hard together, her breath coming quickly. She kept her head turned away as they passed the little brick building; she did not see Betty standing at the hitching-post, nor did she notice that the front door, under its leaded fanlight, was open, and that a group of solemn people were standing, talking, about the door-steps. Not until the stage was well out of Upper Chester did Sylvia breathe freely. She had realized that her father had pierced the thin disguise of her deceit, and knew perfectly well that she meant to disobey him. He was capable, she thought, of stopping the stage on the public street and dragging her back to obedience! "He would love to do it," she said to herself, panting a little behind her long crêpe veil. She was incapable, in her simplicity, of realizing that he might have been too indifferent to her and to her conduct to contend with her courage. So she passed him by, hiding in the corner of the stage.

When she reached Mercer she stopped a minute at the Rogers'. "I said I was going to see them, so I must," she told herself—poor Sylvia preferred truth! Then she went to the railroad station, hours ahead of time, and bought her ticket to Philadelphia. It was as she was pacing up and down the platform, waiting for the train to back in, that she saw Mr. Rogers hurrying toward her. He



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

SHE KEPT HER HEAD TURNED AWAY AS THEY PASSED THE LITTLE BRICK BUILDING

was plainly agitated, and he held something in his hand.

"My dear Miss Sylvia! I am so distressed! I—I must ask you to prepare for bad news. This despatch came to my house just a few minutes ago. It—it is bad news, my dear young lady." He let the telegram tell her the rest. It was from Sarah, begging him to find her sister at the station and tell her that their father was dead and that she must come home.

Sylvia read the despatch with dazed eyes. The sudden confusion of ideas and purposes stunned her. Her father dead? No, it was Nick who was dead. And his funeral—she must go to Nick's funeral! But her *father*? She did not understand. What must she do? She stood in the big, noisy, dirty Union Station in Mercer, with people jostling past her, too overcome even to wipe away the tears that streamed down her face. Mr. Rogers stood beside her with patient sympathy.

"You had better take the afternoon stage back to Old Chester, dear Miss Sylvia," he said, kindly.

"But Nick?" she said; "my brother Nick? Oh, I must go to Gertrude and the babies. No, Sadie wants me! Oh, what shall I do? Oh, poor father!"

So, exclaiming and trembling, she let him lead her away; and by and by, in the late afternoon, she found herself in the stage again. She was keyed to such a pitch of courage in starting to go to her dead brother that the reaction of turning back left her almost indifferent to the terrifying news in Sarah's despatch. At first she really did not take it in; her mind was full of Nicholas, and of Gertrude—who was expecting her! It occurred to her that she ought to have telegraphed Gertrude in Mercer why she wasn't coming to the funeral. She must do it as soon as she got to Old Chester! Could she get it into ten words, she wondered; and counted the necessary words over once or twice on her fingers. She was glad she had money to pay for the despatch, because if she charged it, father would know it and would be angry and— Her mind crashed against the fact! He would never be angry again. He was dead!

"Oh!" she said, faintly; and one of

the passengers looked at her. After that, as the stage went rumbling along between the peaceful meadows and over the domed and wooded hills, she slowly realized what had happened. . . .

He must have died very, very suddenly. Perhaps in his office; perhaps, even, on his way to his office; this made her shudder—all alone! He may have fallen out of the buggy! Oh, horrible! Poor father! Was it the shock of the news about Nick? It must have been. She wished she had not spoken of him as she did to Sarah; for he may have been sorry he had been so severe? Oh, he *must* have been sorry! And now they were both dead; poor father, poor Nick!

Behind her shrouding crêpe she burst out crying. She smothered her sobs as well as she could, but the passengers looked at her curiously, and one of them whispered to his neighbor that "that lady had bad news just before she left Mercer."

The June twilight had fallen like a perfumed veil when the stage drew up at her father's house.

CHAPTER V

THEN came three empty days—days of lowered voices and darkened rooms and the scent of tuberose and lilies. The bereavement, which struck at the habits of life, but was not grief, the daughters could have borne; and the silent house, the horror of the suddenness, they could have borne, too; the thing they could not bear was the thought of Nick—Nick, buried without their tears and honor! And poor Gertrude, uncomfited by a sister's sympathy; and the precious babies, all unconscious of their loss.

They talked constantly of Nicholas and his little family, and once—it was the second day, when they were in the dining-room, having a meager, womanish supper together, Sylvia said suddenly, "Will—will Gertrude come and live with us?"

Sarah cried out at such a thought, at such a time. "Oh, Syll, how can you say such things now, when he is just dead? You know he would never have allowed us even to—to think of such a thing."

"But," Sylvia said, under her breath, "we can think what we please, now."

"Sister!" Miss Sarah protested.

They looked at each other, and the excitement in each face startled the other; for it was as Sylvia had said—they could think what they pleased! They could even say what they pleased. After a while, when things were settled, they could do what they pleased!

The recognition of freedom is a heady thing. These two ladies, who

had wept, and wept the more,
To think their grief would soon be o'er,

could not conceal from each other their consciousness of liberty. But such consciousness seemed a shameful thing to them both, so they hid it in lowered tones and phrases of sorrow.

Sylvia said nothing more of her ability to think what she pleased; but after a while in a subdued voice she said: "I wish we knew about the will. Sadie, don't you think he must have destroyed the old will and made one in Nick's favor?"

"If he didn't," Sarah reminded her, "we can share all we have with Gertrude."

"Yes," Sylvia said, "but the slight to Nick, the slight to poor Gertrude! But suppose he did destroy it, and didn't make a new one—you know that is possible—what then, Sadie?"

"Why," said Miss Sarah, falling back on her scanty knowledge of the law, "I suppose it would all come to us three children; so Gertrude, or at any rate, the boys, would get Nick's share."

"What I am hoping for is that he made a new will and forgave dear Nick."

"So am I," said Miss Sadie.

The funeral took place the next day, in a long, quiet rain. When the two daughters came back in the June twilight to the empty house—their house now—the senior clerk in Mr. Halsey's office was awaiting them to offer respectful sympathy, and ask, in a low voice, one or two questions as to the wishes of his late employer's daughters. He said that he had put all Mr. Halsey's papers together. "But I did not," he added, "come across the will. Doubtless it is in the desk in his library."

"You might look," Miss Sarah said.

They sat down in the parlor, with their thick veils still over their faces, and, holding each other's hands, waited while he looked.

It was a quarter of an hour before he came back to say, in a perplexed way, that he could not find the will in Mr. Halsey's desk. The two sisters squeezed each other's hands.

"I think he made a will," Sylvia said.

"I cannot speak authoritatively," Mr. Robin said, "but I am confident he did."

"Suppose," said Sylvia, "he didn't?"

"Then the estate would go to your father's heirs, my dear young lady; his three children. But, if I may say so, Mr. Halsey was much too careful a man to die intestate."

"But if he *did*?" Miss Sylvia insisted, "then my brother Nick would have a third?"

"Yes," Mr. Robin said; "or, rather, your brother's heirs would."

When they were alone, Sylvia's eyes were passionate with relief.

"Sadie! He didn't make that dreadful will! He just said what he did to—to scare us. So Gertrude will have Nick's share."

"Thank God!" said the older sister.

In the parlor that rainy evening, after the funeral, there was a curiously solemn moment. Miss Sarah had said something about dear father, and wept; then they fell silent; the windows were open, and the smell of new box and wet roses came in from the dark garden; they could hear the rain falling on the leaves of the great catalpas on either side of the porch. Suddenly, in the silence, came the pad of soft feet on the steps; Rover and Watch whined a little, then scratched at the front door. Instantly one of the sisters called out, sharply: "No, Watch!—No, Rover! You can't come into the house!"

And the other said, breathlessly, "No! They can't."

It was their declaration of independence. Immediately, in their natural voices they fell to talking of all the things they meant to do; and most of all, how they were going, as soon as they could settle things in the house, to Philadelphia, to see Gertrude—poor Gertrude!—and the little boys.

In the next few days the situation took definite shape: Lewis Halsey's will could not be found. The office, the bank, his library, an old desk in his bedroom, all had been searched, and no will appeared.

"It isn't like him not to have made a will," Mr. Robin said, over and over. "I can't understand it!"

"It doesn't really make any difference, does it?" Miss Sylvia asked.

"Probably not, so far as his family is concerned," Mr. Robin said.

It was the strangeness of such negligence, rather than any practical inconvenience resulting from it, that made people wonder and talk about it. William King commented on it to Dr. Lavendar, who looked very much surprised.

"Halsey not leave a will?" he said; "why, he must have! In fact, I happen to—" He paused.

"—to what, sir?" William asked.

"To think he did," said Dr. Lavendar, mildly. Dr. Lavendar was very mild sometimes. "And *that's* when he'll bite you, if you don't look out," poor, snubbed William said to himself.

As for Dr. Lavendar, when he went to see the two bereaved ladies he said, gravely, that he had heard that no will had as yet been found, and he was encouraged to hope that their father had destroyed the will he made after poor Nick's marriage.

"Oh," said Miss Sarah, blankly, "you think he made one, Dr. Lavendar?"

"Yes; he made one," said the old minister; "but it seems probable that he thought better of it and destroyed it. I am very thankful, for at that time he was angry; and an angry will is always an unjust one."

He sat there in Lewis Halsey's library, between the two sisters, and let them tell him what they meant to do.

"We've written to Gertrude that she is to live with us, and we told her that the boys will have all poor darling Nick's money, so she need never worry any more."

"Isn't that a little premature?" Dr. Lavendar said, gently; "of course, it is possible that somewhere—"

But the two sisters cried out, impetuously, no! it wasn't possible! They had looked everywhere.

"When I was a boy," said Dr. Lavendar, "and I lost my top, or a fish-hook, my mother used to say, 'Look in all the possible places, and then look in all the impossible places.'"

The sisters laughed. They were beginning to laugh a little now, for, in spite of their grief about Nick, there was this happiness of being able to help Nick's Gertrude. As for looking—"Oh yes; we've looked every place, possible and impossible," said Sylvia, contentedly; "there isn't any will."

It was with no idea of searching further for what they did not want to find that the next day Sylvia reminded her sister of what must be done. "I suppose we ought to look over his clothes, before we go to Philadelphia for Gertrude?"

Miss Sarah, shrinking from the task of all the generations, faltered that she supposed they ought.

They began the sorting out and laying aside that afternoon; the house was very still, and in his room their voices were stilled, too. They did their work with painstaking respect for his possessions: this pile of things for the gardener; that for George; a trunkful to go to Dr. Lavendar to be given to any poor man who might need them—"any worthy poor man," Miss Sarah amended.

"Yes," Sylvia said, lifting out the pile of handkerchiefs in the top drawer of the bureau. . . . *There it was!*

Openly, obviously, thrown in among some collars, hidden under a careless clutter of handkerchiefs. A long, folded, blue paper. It was unmistakable. It hardly needed the "Last Will and Testament" indorsed on the top. That it should have been in such a place was one of those incomprehensibly careless things which are done by careful men.

Sylvia Halsey, emptying the drawer, cried out in a sharp voice:

"Sarah! Here it is—oh, Sarah!" She held on to the edge of the drawer, looking down at that folded document; she was trembling all over. "What shall we do? *Here it is!*"

Miss Sarah was speechless.

"We must look at it," Sylvia said, passionately. "I *will* know!"

Deliberately, but with shaking hands, she broke the seals and began to read. Sarah, holding her breath, watched her.

Sylvia's face changed from anxiety to violent anger.

"Wicked!" she called out, loudly; "wicked! He calls Gertrude—he calls Nick's wife—that name! Oh, I won't have it! I won't bear it!" She threw the will on the floor and set her heel on it. "Wicked! Wicked! Read it; read his wicked will," she said.

Sarah picked the paper up and began to read it. In the middle of it, in her despair and shame, she sat down on the floor leaning her head against the bed, and groaned. In incisive words, brutal, cruel, insulting to his son and to the good and simple woman his son had married, Lewis Halsey had made that will which he believed "no lawyer this side of hell" could break. The two ladies, tingling from head to foot with horror and pain, did not realize the legal quality of the instrument before them, but they knew what it meant in relation to their brother's wife.

"Of course," said Sylvia, "we could give her a third of the income; we can't touch the principal, you see; but simply sharing the income wouldn't make up to Gertrude and the little boys, and our Nick, our dear, dear Nick! for the awful things father says. Oh," she said, suddenly, raising her clenched hands and looking up, "I hate you, father!"

She spoke through her shut teeth, and she looked exactly like Lewis Halsey. Sarah, crouching on the floor, cringed away from her.

"Oh, Sylvia, do stop!" she whispered.

Sylvia put out her hand and lifted her sister to her feet. "Now listen," she said, curtly. She picked up the will, and read a paragraph here and another there. Even to their ignorant ears, it was conclusive. He left the entire income of his estate to his daughters, but he forbade them, "on pain of his displeasure," to use any part of this income for their brother, or his heirs or assigns. Then followed a long paragraph, in involved and technical terms, as to the final disposal of the property.

"I can't understand all that," Sylvia said, skimming it with angry eyes; "it seems to be only another insult to Nick—a way of keeping the money from Gertrude and the little boys. I won't read it!"

"He can't stop us from using the income as we like," Miss Sarah said.

"No; though he tries to!—'on pain of his displeasure'! What do we care for his 'displeasure'! But, Sarah, don't you understand? Before we can get at the income, to give it to Gertrude, the will would have to go to probate; and then everybody would know what he said—know this dreadful lie about Nick's wife; about the little boys' mother—our sister!"

Miss Sarah was dumb.

"There is only one thing to do," Sylvia said, loudly.

Sarah Halsey nodded.

"We had better go down to the library," Sylvia said, in a low voice; "there's a fireplace there."

The two hurrying, furtive figures went swiftly down-stairs. In the library Sylvia said: "We'd better close the shutters. Somebody might look in."

"No," Sarah whispered; "because if any one saw the shutters shut—they might think—"

"So they might," Sylvia agreed; they closed the library door; there was a great jug of damask roses in the empty grate, and this they lifted, careful not to scatter the dark-red petals on the floor.

"You'd better stand at the window, Sarah, and don't let any one come near enough to the house to—see."

"Oh, Syllly," the older sister said, gratefully, "you are so brave! I *couldn't* do it!"

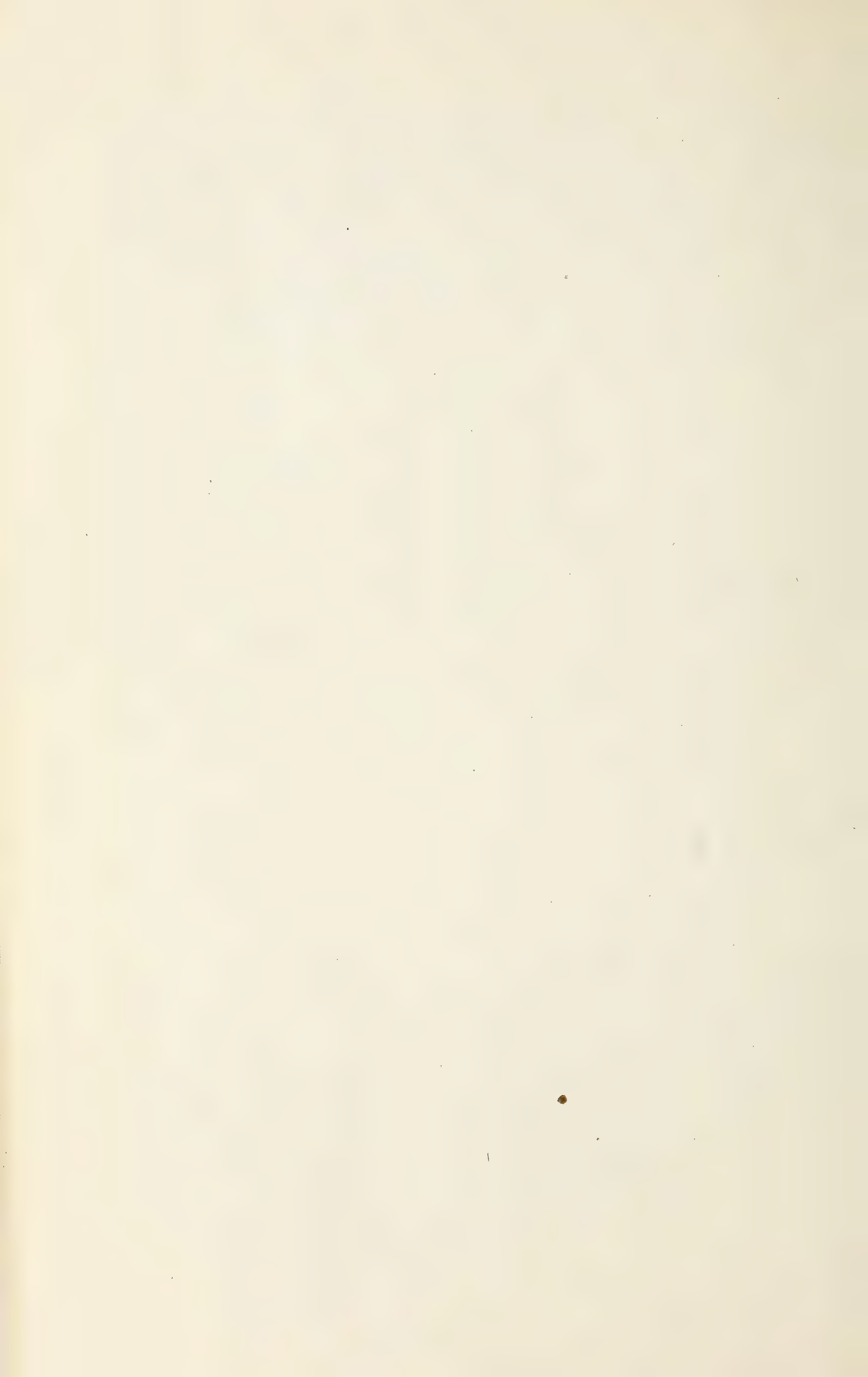
She went over to one of the long French windows that opened on to the porch, and stood there. Oh, how slow Sylvia was! Why didn't she—*do it*? She was just about to turn when she heard the sharp sound of tearing paper. Sheet after sheet torn across and dropped into the grate. Then came the striking of a match and the spurt of flame. A minute later there was the tiny crackle of fire and the smell of burning paper. Sarah leaned against the casement of the window; she could hear the muffled sound of her own heart above the faint sounds of the flames.

"It is done," Sylvia said at last, solemnly. The older woman was speechless. She came, trembling, across the room, and looked down at a little



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

WITH SHAKING HANDS SHE BROKE THE SEALS, AND BEGAN TO READ



charred heap in the grate. Sylvia was perfectly composed.

"We have done right, Sarah," she said; "you must never think but what we have done right."

"It is a crime, you know," Miss Sarah said, with dry lips.

"It isn't a crime to stop a crime!"

They had forgotten the open window now, and clung to each other, one crying, the other comforting; then, sharply, they sprang apart. There was a step on the path. Dr. Lavendar, under a big, green umbrella, with a palm-leaf fan in his hand, was coming up the path between the flower-beds.

Dr. Lavendar, on the porch, lowering his umbrella, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead, glanced through the open window. "Shall I come in?" he called; and without waiting for their reply he stepped over the low sill. "Busy?" he said. "I thought I would come and see how you were getting along."

"You are so kind, Dr. Lavendar," Sarah Halsey said, breathlessly.

"Well!" he said, chuckling, as his eye fell on the smoldering heap in the grate, "I should think eighty in the shade was warm enough for you without—" He stopped short, his face changing abruptly. He gave a quick look, first at one sister and then at the other. Neither spoke. A curling black cinder of paper fell from between the bars of the grate.

"Do sit down, sir," Sarah said, faintly.

But Dr. Lavendar walked over to the fireplace. The air tingled with silence. Then Miss Sarah said, with a sort of gasp: "It is so hot; won't you have a glass of water?"

"No," he said, gravely. Then he stooped and picked from the hearth a tiny scrap of blue paper. "You have been burning—*rubbish*?" he said. There was no answer. With the little piece of paper in his hand, Dr. Lavendar turned back and sat down on the sofa. There were a few vague words—about the heat, about the big strawberry that Willy King had found on his vines that morning and brought over on a fresh plantain leaf for Dr. Lavendar's breakfast, about anything but the "*rubbish*."

Gradually Sarah Halsey stopped trem-

bling. Sylvia, who had not spoken since he entered, and who, with every muscle and nerve on guard, was standing in front of the grate, her spreading skirts hiding everything behind her, relaxed a little; and as the friendly, simple talk went on, the color came slowly back into her strained, white face. It seemed hours to the two sisters, but it was only a very little while that the old man sat there, talking gently of ordinary things, but with his eyes plumbing theirs.

When at last he rose, saying, quietly, "Let me know if I can help you, girls," the sisters watched him go out into the sunshine, and then turned and sobbed in each other's arms.

"After this," Sylvia said—"after this, I'll be—I'll be—good."

"You've always been good!" the older woman comforted her. "Dr. Lavendar himself would not say anything else."

"Oh yes, he would," Sylvia said, her breath catching in her throat; "yes, he would! He would say that *this* happened because I have been a coward; oh, Sarah! a coward and—a liar. But he would have pity—he would know—he would remember—"

Dr. Lavendar, under the big green umbrella, plodded along the dusty road in the frowning preoccupation of that pity of which Sylvia Halsey was so sure. "Poor children!" he was saying to himself. "Poor girls! But it's Halsey's sin. He sowed fear. What other harvest could be reaped? But it must be the last harvest. The girls are my job, now."

In the dark coolness of his study he sipped a glass of water and looked at that scrap of blue paper. There was nothing written on it; not a single betraying word; it might be any kind of "*rubbish*"—no one could possibly be sure what kind.

"Ignorance is a great thing," Dr. Lavendar meditated; "certainly I don't *know*." He tore the paper up into minute scraps and sat holding them in his hand for several minutes. "That poor woman and her babies are provided for," he thought. "But suppose I had come ten minutes earlier!" Then he got up and dropped the little handful into his waste-basket.

The Disintegrator

BY MARY HEATON VORSE



WHEN they found him lying helpless by the roadside they picked him up and carried him to the "lock-up," for how did they know he was a prophet, that in his person he carried legend and romance? He could not have accomplished what he did had he made his entrance in a less spectacular manner.

The town had been "prohibition" so long that a drunken man lying in the open street, almost in the shadow of the town hall, sent a ripple through Greenhurst, Massachusetts. As long as the memory of living man could reach, those who got drunk did so in solitude or in the privacy of the back room of the Allen House. Here they were put to bed and kept quiet by Si Allen until they sobered up. Others went out of town. Thus was the god of Temperance worshiped and his name—or should I say her name—kept sacred. This is the reason that, lying drunk and unashamed in the light of day, the stranger slapped all the traditions of Greenhurst in the face, for Inebriety was no longer a jovial and noisy son of Bacchus, but sinister and secret, an eye-winking, chop-licking personage.

Gideon Howes's sense of humor was tickled by the event. He strolled into the Allen House and leaned against the opposite door-jamb from that occupied by the proprietor. During his residence abroad Howes, although a New-Englander of good family, had learned to be democratic. Like New England towns of its class, the social divisions of Greenhurst were definite and clear-cut.

"What sort of a fellow was it they arrested this morning?" Howes asked.

"Nice looking, they say," responded Allen, briefly, his speculative eyes upon the drug emporium. "Nice looking, clean-shaven, decent dressed; they say he was paralyzed for fair."

"Where did he get it?" asked Howes,

voicing the question that was agitating Greenhurst. "Been up against the soda-water?" Like all adult males of the younger generation and most of those of the older, Howes knew where you could "get it." Allen snorted a snort that was engendered partly by rage and partly by outraged trust. He and Mr. Richardson, proprietor of the drug-store, had come to an understanding as to who should dispense the *spiritus frumenti* the year before Mr. Richardson's son had gone to the legislature.

"There's your aunt," he vouchsafed.

"So she is; she's going to the jail."

On their way across the common were two ladies; one was Miss Amelia Titherington, and she clasped in her hand a sheaf of leaflets which even from that distance her nephew recognized as tracts. She was president of the Temperance Society, and had been informed no less than seven times by telephone of the event. She was accompanied by Miss Rose Nelligan, that flower-like person whom Howes had discovered in his excursions into democracy. Rose Nelligan had the freshness of a hawthorn-tree in full bloom, and her eyes were like blue-gray sapphires, and they were edged with dark rims; her hair had gleams of red-gold in its glossy wilderness. Now she was merry, now wistful; now she looked like a sweet, lovable woman, now she looked like an elfin fairy thing, the sort that had inspired the Celtic music and the Celtic stories. Her anger flamed hot and high for nothing at all, and tears sprang to her eyes at any tale of injustice; she was capable of fierce quarreling and heart-breakingly warm forgiveness, and her manner was ineffably New England. Her father, an Irishman from Sligo County, was a master-carpenter, and she taught school.

If you have ever lived in New England you know how many traditions had been shattered for Gideon's sake just at the mere mention of the fact that his aunt

was walking across the common on such an intimate errand as to reform a drunkard, accompanied by Miss Rose Nelligan. When bidden by her nephew to arise and call upon the fairest flower in New England, Miss Titherington had done so without a murmur. She was probably the one person of her class in all Greenhurst who could have made such advances to lovely Rose Nelligan, because Rose had had her heart broken when, on leaving high-school, she found that her friends belonging to the "real American families" faded from her. Rose had taken this defection of her friends deeply to heart, the wound had never healed, and this was why Gideon found her shy and hard to find as any of the lovely wood flowers she resembled. They were soon led into the presence of the delinquent, and not even the pallor of the morning-after had impaired his undeniable good looks. He was manly and up-standing; there was still such a look of the candor and innocence of youth about him that there burst from Miss Titherington's lips the spontaneous cry:

"Oh, my poor boy! Why did you do it?"

The poor boy was surprised at this exclamation, but he showed his obliging temperament immediately by answering, his candid eyes upon Miss Amelia:

"Ma'am, I love drink."

"You have made friends," said Miss Amelia, "with mankind's greatest enemy." She trembled like her name as she stood there; she was wounding her finest feelings in thus talking; it was horrible to her to invade the spiritual privacy of another, but her morals were stronger than herself; they drove her to this course. Something of this penetrated to the prisoner. He looked at her speculatively from behind the bars of the iron cell, which, like two other cells, was situated conveniently in the cellar of the town hall.

"I guess you never beat it to the bar," he remarked, "after a fierce day's work, when there wasn't no feelin' such as makes a man a man, and, after you had had your foot on the rail awhile, you felt like a human being again, or you wouldn't miscall drink so."

Rose, who was easily moved to mirth,

snickered; Gideon looked at the ceiling.

"Was that what brought you where you are?" inquired Miss Titherington.

"No, ma'am," said the inebriate. "Three reasons got me here, and, believe me, I was some paralyzed. One was I had been spending a week in a factory town agitating, the second reason was I wanted to feel like a god, and the third and real reason was that this is a temperance town. When I see that I'd come into a temperance town I just naturally would 've wanted to get full, anyway. I'd heard of temperance towns, but had never been in one; the thought that my free rights were bein' interfered with by laws made all the manhood in me rise, an' I got full. It was all too easy, but never again—in a prohibition town. I'll bring it with me another time. I never had a head like this; nothin' I ever drank, pure alcohol nor nothin', ever knocked me out like the kerosene that old guy sold me."

Amelia Titherington was trembling with indignation.

"Who sold you this poison?" she demanded. The prisoner rested his head in his hands and moved it wearily.

"The old geezer in the drug-store with the white-wool trimmings."

Then for the first time Gideon joined in the conversation. "You said you were agitating," he said. "What for, may I ask?"

"I'm an anarchist," replied the prisoner, wearily, and he closed his eyes. Miss Titherington, however, had already started for the door.

"What are you going to do, Aunt Amelia?" her nephew asked.

"Take steps," she replied, tartly, and with a briskness that one wouldn't have believed possible of her; and thus it was that the social fabric of Greenhurst was rent in twain.

It was in vain that all was done to shield the erring bulwark of the dominant party in Greenhurst, Mr. Philos D. Richardson. The unreasonableness of the Temperance Society proved again how little fitted are women for the ballot, and how no arguments can avail; they do not understand politics. In vain the husbands pointed out the pain Richardson's wife and daughter would feel, and

that election was nearing, and in vain they showed what a laughing-stock among its less temperate neighbors Greenhurst would seem. But these arguments availed nothing with the ladies.

They reckoned without the anarchist, Adolph Heffeling. On the witness-stand he seemed what they call in New England towns "lacking." He did not remember what he had said to the ladies. Miss Titherington, shivering, testified that the prisoner had obtained it from an "old geezer with white-wool trimmings." Rose Nelligan testified the same; so did Gideon; but Adolph Heffeling's mind remained vacant.

After the trial Gideon sought out Adolph.

"Why wouldn't you testify?" he asked.

"I don't believe in courts," replied the other.

"But," said Rose Nelligan, "you promised to tell the truth; you perjured yourself."

"They've got no right to make me promise to tell the truth, have they?" cried Adolph, with heat. "They've got no right to bring me here. The only reason I came was to save myself trouble. Why, I wouldn't send a man up for selling me knock-out drops. It isn't his fault; he's the victim of a bad social condition."

Rose looked at him in awe. "Don't you believe in anything?" she inquired.

"Yes," said Adolph, "I believe in not working for the present state, and I'm never going to do it again."

"How'll you live?" asked Rose, anxiously.

"I'd a lot rather starve than go against my principles. If a man's got principles, let him live up to them."

"I don't call not believing in work a principle," said Rose; "I call it being lazy."

"I suppose you don't," replied Adolph, sadly, "I suppose you don't. That's because you've never thought in your life; you've never had one little thought that belonged to you. You an' other creatures like you, looking sweet and delicate, can bear to live in a world where civilization kills just such sweet women as yourself without raising your voices in protest; and when any one

tells you to think, what do you do?" He spoke with a winning gentleness. "You get mad at me; you call me lazy because I make you think for a minute. It hurts people to think. You're comfortable, and you'd like to forget what sort of a world you're living in just because you an' your folks don't do any work."

"I *do* work," cried Rose. "I'm a school-teacher, and my father's a carpenter."

A gleam passed over Adolph's face. "Oh," said he, "I thought you was a lady."

Gideon laughed.

"You needn't laugh," said Adolph, with his gentle, sweet tone. "It takes a real weight off my mind; I'd rather be a sneak-thief than a lady. I couldn't bear to think of her being a lady; I liked her from the first, and any woman who works, even if it's at such a darn fool thing as teaching, is better than these blamed parasites. Schools are good for the poor, hard-working mothers, though of course they're bad for the children. I'm going along."

Then it was that Gideon first named Adolph. "There," he said, "there's the new spirit. There's Protest, and there are going to come hundreds and thousands of them. There were we three: I, the philosopher, knowing that I and my kind will have to go; you, the conservative; and he, the disintegrator."

"Didn't he have nice teeth?" asked Rose. "He didn't look to me as though he ever threw bombs."

Again Gideon laughed, joyously.

It was not long after this that Miss Amelia asked her nephew, as he came in for his cup of tea:

"Gideon, my dear, have you found out, as I asked you, if that drunken young anarchist is lurking around these woods?"

"If he is," said one of the three ladies taking tea with Miss Amelia, "I sha'n't sleep in my bed nights."

"Dear aunt," said Gideon, "I wish you wouldn't call my friend, Adolph Heffeling, a drunken anarchist. He's a very charming young fellow, most amusing and intelligent. It is true that he's camping temporarily down in Cornwall woods." A little shiver ran through

the assembly. Miss Amelia corroborated bravely:

"He's really a delightful personality, and if led into better paths—"

Then it was that Gideon tampered with the wheels of fate, for it was with malice and knowing his audience that he said: "His ideas and mode of living remind me so much of Thoreau. I suppose if you had had your way, auntie," he went on, sweetly, "you would have converted Thoreau, wouldn't you, and have had him live like everybody else?"

At this sacrilegious idea Miss Titherington flushed. "Indeed I would not have, Gideon dear," she protested. Thus was planted the seed of the flower that turned Adolph Heffeling from a drunken young anarchist into a prophet.

Although a small country town, Culture walked through the streets of Greenhurst unchecked. There were more cultured men per hundred inhabitants—that is, if you include the small and exclusive summer colony from Boston—than one would find per thousand in the average town of its size. Each one of these intelligent men heard within the week that Gideon Howes considered Adolph Heffeling a charming fellow. Greenhurst was going to run no risk of harboring an angel unawares; and, more than this, it enjoyed the distinction of having a private little prophet of its own. Few had ever before seen a real Radical face to face, and the things he had said stirred them. His commonplaces were their madresses, and, besides that, his manner was winning and he had the gift of deep sincerity; that, combined with his passion for propaganda and discussion, made Adolph easy of access.

Men who took an interest in him were many of them singularly good and gentle; many of them had lived lives as unadventurous as that of the average woman. It inflamed their imaginations to meet one who had stepped out of the frame of civilization as they knew it, who didn't need the support of the accustomed run of things to keep him alive. They enjoyed being treated by Adolph as though they were the robber barons of industry. They did not know that in conversation with Gideon Howes Adolph asked:

"What do those old hens want o' me? What makes 'em come down here?"

From the cultured ones Adolph's ideas permeated through the rest of the community, strangely garbed, grotesquely distorted, and losing none of their portentousness. Wherever a knot of men gathered—in the barber-shop or in Si Allen's back room—sooner or later the talk fell on Adolph. He was mad, he was a reprobate, yet his ideas floated through their talk. In the spacious drawing-rooms of Miss Titherington's friends they discussed him with keen intellectual joy.

Gideon Howes spent his leisure in aiding the Disintegrator. In the pool-room he led the conversation to the subject; he took a perverse joy in stirring up Greenhurst until it felt as though a fabulous danger dwelt in Cornwall woods. Wild talk began to float around. The Disintegrator was making bombs; his place was full of time-clocks. He was experimenting in nitroglycerin.

Meantime the Nelligans gained fast in notoriety, for Adolph dropped in there of an evening as any young fellow might. It happened just this way: he was walking past the Nelligan home one evening and Rose was sitting on the porch; Mr. Nelligan, in his shirt-sleeves, the soles of his socks turned to the street, smoked at peace. Adolph stopped a second, gazed at Rose's loveliness, and would have passed on when she commanded:

"Come in and tell me why you said what you did about the schools."

"You don't think poison and trash are good for children's stomachs, do you?" replied the indefatigable propagandist.

"No," replied Rose.

"Then why do you think the lies and useless things you teach 'em are good for their minds?"

"Right ye aire," joined in Mr. Nelligan. "I always told ye, Rosie, a boy was better off at work."

They were off. By the time Gideon dropped in, Rose was red with anger. Adolph was talking with his imperturbable gentleness.

"Oh, and the awful part of it is," she told Gideon afterward, "that some of the things he says are right."

"Of course they are," said Gideon, smiling philosophically.

"He's better than you are, anyway," flashed Rose, with the naïve logic of her sex. "*He* cares about something."

"I care about something; I care about you, Rose," answered Gideon, seriously. At this Rose stamped her foot.

For a little while the Plain People and the Aristocracy (let us be frank about it for once) went hand in hand in their interest. Then the stomach of the Plain People began to rise at the thought of Adolph. He derided freely all their fetishes—State, School, and Church alike. It affected them oddly to have the sure foundation of their world questioned. Moreover, all thought pained them.

Then it was that Miss Zella Allen complained to her brother, "I miss chickens!"

It was here that Town and Manor parted and went their separate ways. Just as the theory of Adolph as the Disintegrator, as the prophet of the future, was flowering in the minds of Amelia Titherington and her friends, Miss Zella Allen and her friends began muttering about him in sinister fashion. They could stand for dynamite being prepared for a distant capitalist, but not for their hens being prepared for a dynamiter's dinner.

"How does he live?" they wanted to know. "As fur's we know, he ain't got no means of support." The community began guessing that he had better move on or they would know the reason why.

When Gideon learned this he was sincerely shocked and pained. "Why," he argued, "Adolph's a bully chap, and haven't you all had more fun out of him than you have had out of anything in a month of Sundays? What are you going to talk about after you have hounded him away? Isn't this a free country?" he demanded.

"The country is free," some one opined, "but chickens ain't." This unworthy witticism pleased Gideon no more than the more dangerous growlings.

"What's he doing here, anyway? How do we know he ain't making bombs?"

"Great heavens!" he said to Rose, "they ought to pay him to stay."

"If he wants to stay, why doesn't he work?" Rose inquired.

"I don't wonder anarchists talk about the 'bourgeois,'" Gideon fumed.

"I'm a 'bourgeois,'" said Rose.

"Oh no, you are not," Gideon protested.

"What am I, then?" Rose wanted to know.

"I've told you a thousand times," said Gideon; "you're an angel."

"You never treat me seriously," she flamed.

"You're utterly adorable when you're angry," replied Gideon.

She stamped her foot, went in, and slammed the door. Gideon sat patiently on the steps and waited. Mr. Nelligan's voice came through the window: "Don't mind her, Mr. Howes; she's quarrelin' with you 'cause Adolph won't fight with her. Jawin' to a woman is the comfort that drink is to some of us men."

"Come out," called Gideon; "come back, Rose, and I'll tell you a scheme I've got about Adolph. I sha'n't let 'em run him out."

"I don't want to hear you or your schemes about Adolph," Miss Nelligan asserted. The unseen Mr. Nelligan chuckled.

"It's sore with him she is because he won't do what she tells him to; I like a man that can stand out against a woman."

"It's awful the way you men stand together! Shame on you for encouraging a young man to waste his life!" came from the heated Rose.

Meantime the Forwards Club, a luncheon club with a select membership of only fourteen, of which Miss Titherington was a member, conceived a bold idea. They were tired of hearing about the prophet at second hand. The plan was put to Gideon by his aunt.

"Why wouldn't he come up," she asked, "and give us a little talk? We want to know through what mental processes he arrived at his present conclusions." But here Gideon laughed almost rudely at the idea.

"You couldn't drive him with the ax, Aunt Amelia," he vulgarly remarked, and paused. "Perhaps," he said, "it is

just barely possible—I can't promise it, but I'll see what I can do. He would let you come down there."

"Oh, go on, Adolph," he urged his friend later. "Let 'em come down. You'll have the time of your life. Let a bunch of those parasites learn for once what you think of society, of which they are an unnecessary by-product. Go ahead and tell them that anarchists are the only Christians left and that most of them don't know it. Tell 'em about the people's impassioned cry for a wider life, for more life, and all that sort of thing. You'll never have a chance like that again. Go on. Tell them how shut in they have been. Oh, go on!"

A smile flickered over Adolph's countenance. "All right," he agreed.

It was a deep adventure of the spirit to them, although they never were grateful enough to him, to be sure; and why the value of the shake-up he gave them should have been lessened by what happened afterward I can't tell you. You must judge for yourself. None of them showed their surprise at finding Rose Nelligan already at the little shack. Most of them knew Rose, and they greeted her with whatever cordiality the occasion demanded.

Then Adolph arose, and they sat there while he deliberately tore to pieces their social structure. They listened to him with shivers running up their backs, sitting on wraps on the ground before him, while he, bareheaded, a stern and earnest young prophet, pointed out that they, of all creation, had the least right to live on the earth, that humanity groaned under the burden of supporting them and other women like them in idleness. He made them feel like duchesses of an aristocracy. He made them feel like sinners. What didn't he do for them? He was prodigal in his gifts, and yet for what happened none of them ever forgave him.

Before he had finished, the noise of men's voices came to them through the trees, a little angry rumble as of a distant mob, and upon this little assembly broke in the constable, Si Allen, some five outraged citizens, some fifteen curious ones, and a rabble of excited little boys; and they turned their faces on the astounding spectacle of all they

respected most, the best and promptest-paying people of Greenhurst, and Rose Nelligan, sitting upon the dry leaves at the feet, so to speak, of the loafer.

It was Gideon who first broke the silence. "May I inquire," said he, with the irritating politeness of the aristocrat, "what brings us the honor of your company?"

Here Si Allen's patience snapped; he had borne with Gideon's undesired companionship in silence; now he broke out:

"Yes, you may! We've come to tell him"—he jerked a vulgar thumb toward the direction of Adolph—"to leave! We don't want no drunken loafers makin' dynamite down to our woods."

"We're sorry to disturb these here ladies," put in the constable, "but it's quite a walk; and sence we're here—"

"But what's he done?" cried out Rose of the ready anger.

"The charge is vagrancy, Rosie," answered one of the men.

"It seems to me to be some misapprehension, gentlemen," Gideon gave forth, with lofty seriousness. Poor young man, he had never enjoyed himself more. "You could hardly arrest my guest on the charge of vagrancy. When I noticed your lack of courtesy to Mr. Hefflinger and your small-mindedness, I bought this tract of land and asked him to remain here."

"How does he support himself?" growled Si Allen.

"Yes, how?" chorused the thwarted crowd.

"It really isn't any of your business how any guest of mine derives his income," said Gideon, suavely, "and pardon me if I suggest that you yourselves are just at present violating the trespass laws. If we were not in the midst of a little social meeting I wouldn't hurry you so. Good afternoon!"

After the invaders had departed Adolph resumed:

"I guess I've said all I've got to say except one thing, and that's why I let you ladies come here this afternoon. Some of the girls of your families have been mean to my Rosie, an' I wanted her to hear me tell you just what I thought about you, because Rosie an' me are goin' to be married."

Though Gideon's heart stopped beat-

ing for a moment, it is a credit to his class that he never turned a hair, but smiled as the occasion demanded. A murmur ran through the group of middle-aged ladies; they had had intellectual excitement, adventure, and now romance. Alas! that it was to be so spoiled for them.

"Do you share your *fiancé's* beliefs, my dear, and are you going to live down here?" they inquired. They, too, wondered how he supported life. Perhaps by time-clocks, perhaps by selling explosives; but now it was Rose herself who blighted their illusions.

"Oh no," she dimpled. "We're not going to live down here. Adolph's going into business with pa; Adolph's a carpenter, you know!"

A perceptible pause made itself felt; a cold chill fell upon the assembly. Finally Miss Amelia chirped out:

"How lovely for you and your father!"

"Yes, so nice!" echoed some one else, and every one felt those sentiments to be inadequate. It was the stir that precedes departure. The prophet's mantle had fallen, disclosing an honest workman about to be married to Rose Nelligan. Fate and he had joked with them. It is one thing to be lectured by a predatory or—delightful thought!—possibly a bomb-throwing anarchist: to have one's social vices stripped bare before one, but

quite another to be brought down to Cornwall woods for the purpose of having Rose Nelligan hear her lover ease his mind, a person who at any time might be mending one's piazza or shingling one's roof.

After the club had departed, Gideon put his hand on Adolph's shoulder.

"I called you the Disintegrator," he said. "Forgive me; I was mistaken. *There's* the great disintegrator of the ages." He smiled toward Rose.

"Let me tell you, Mr. Gideon Howes," said Rose, her black brows publishing her displeasure, "Adolph's going to be just as much of an anarchist when he's married to me as he ever was."

"Sure," said Gideon, "sure. Talk's free. You can keep on talking, Adolph. You will be a 'quaint character' when you get old enough."

A look of dumb pleading came in Adolph's eyes. He had cared for his principles, you see, and had lived by them.

"You know how it is when you like a girl," he muttered.

"Yes, I know," said Gideon, and there was a forlorn note in his sympathy.

Rose the Disintegrator stood apart, half angry, half smiling, distractingly lovely.

"Are you coming along, Adolph?" she said. "Pa's waiting."

In Memory of a Dumb Friend

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

STRANGE that so small mortality should leave
So large an emptiness! for as we grieve
Your little life of seven happy years
Ended for us, one who could understand
Each subtle word, and answer hand with hand,
Had hardly taken greater toll of tears.

Yet why should we not mourn as for a friend?
That name was yours—if every man would spend
His life as well, earth were not hard to save.
Grant that God made your heart and brain but small,
What more has an archangel than his all?
And all God gave to you, to us you gave.

The Price of Love

A NOVEL

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

CHAPTER XVI (*Continued*)



ACHEL stared at the letter. It was the first letter she had seen written on the new note-paper, embossed with the address: "Bycars, Bursley." Louis would not have "Bycars Lane" on the note-paper, because "Bycars" alone was more vague and impressive; distant strangers might take it to be the name of a magnificent property. Her lips curled. She violently ripped the paper to bits and stuck them in the fire; a few fragments escaped and fluttered like snow onto the fender. She screwed up the envelope and flung it after the letter. Her face smarted and tingled as the blood rushed passionately to her head.

She thought, aghast: "Everything is over. He will never come back. He will never have enough moral force to come back. We haven't been married two months, and everything is over. And this is Easter Saturday. He wanted us to be at Llandudno or somewhere for Easter, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if he's gone there. Yes, he would be capable of that. And if it wasn't for the plaster on his face, he'd be capable of gallivanting on Llandudno pier this very night!"

She had no illusions as to him. She saw him as objectively as a god might have seen him.

And then she thought, with fury:

"Oh! What a fool I've been! What a little fool! Why didn't I listen to him? Why didn't I foresee? . . . No, I've *not* been a fool! I've not! I've not! What did I do wrong? Nothing! I couldn't have borne his explanations! . . . Explanations, indeed! Did he expect me to smile and kiss him after he'd told me he was a thief?"

And then she thought, in reference to his desertion: "It's not true. It can't be true."

She wanted to read the letter again, so that perhaps she might read something into it that was hopeful. But to read it again was impossible. She tried to recall its exact terms, and could not. She could only remember with certainty that the final words were, "Yours, L. F." Nevertheless, she knew that the thing was true; she knew by the weight within her breast, and the horrible nausea that almost overcame her self-control.

She whispered, alone in the room:

"Yes, it's true! And it's happened to me! . . . He's gone."

And not the ruin of her life, but the scandal of the affair, was the first matter that occupied her mind. She was too shaken yet to feel the full disaster. Her mind ran on little things. And just as once she had pictured herself self-conscious in the streets of Bursley as a young widow, so now she pictured herself in the far more appalling rôle of deserted wife. The scandal would be enormous. Nothing—no carefully invented fiction—would suffice to stifle it. She would never dare to show her face. She would be compelled to leave the district. And supposing a child came! Fears stabbed her. She felt tragically helpless as she stood there, facing a vision of future terrors. She had legal rights, of course. Her common-sense told her that. She remembered also that she possessed a father and a brother in America. But no legal rights and no relatives would avail against the mere simple negligent irresponsibility of Louis. In the end, she would have to rely on herself. All at once she recollected that she had promised to see after Julian's curtains.

She had almost no money. And how could the admiration of three men other than her husband (so enheartening a few

minutes earlier) serve her in the crisis? No amount of masculine admiration could mitigate the crudity of the fact that she had almost no money. Louis' illness had interrupted the normal course of domestic finance, if, indeed, a course could be called normal which had scarcely begun. Louis had not been to the works. Hence he had received no salary. And how much salary was due to him, and whether he was paid weekly or monthly, she knew not. Neither did she know whether his inheritance actually had been paid over to him by Thomas Batchgrew.

What she knew was that she had received no housekeeping allowance for more than a week, and that her recent payments to tradesmen had been made from a very small remaining supply of her own pre-nuptial money. Economically she was as dependent on Louis as a dog, and not more so; she had the dog's right to go forth and pick up a living. . . . Of course Louis would send her money. Louis was a gentleman—he was not a cad. Yes, but he was a very careless gentleman. She was once again filled with the bitter realization of his extreme irresponsibility.

She heard a noise in the back lobby, and started. It was Mrs. Tams, returned. Mrs. Tams had a key of her own, of which she was proud—an affair of about four inches in length and weighing over a quarter of a pound. It fitted the scullery door, and was indeed the very key with which Rachel had embroidered her lie to Thomas Batchgrew on the day after the robbery. Mrs. Tams always took pleasure in entering the house from the rear, without a sound. She was now coming into the parlor with the tray for high tea. No wonder that Rachel started. Here was the first on-set of the outer world.

Mrs. Tams came in, already perfectly transformed from a mother, mother-in-law, and grandmother into a parlor-maid with no human tie.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Tams."

"So ye've got back, ma'm!"

While Mrs. Tams laid the table with many grunts and creakings of the solid iron in her stays, Rachel sat by the fire, trying to seem in a casual, dreamy mood, cogitating upon what she must say.

"Will mester be down for tea, ma'm?" asked Mrs. Tams, who had excusably assumed that Louis was up-stairs.

And Rachel, forced now to defend, instead of attacking, blurted out:

"Oh! By the way, I was forgetting; Mr. Fores will not be in for tea."

Mrs. Tams, forgetting she was a parlor-maid, vociferated in amazement and protest:

"Not be in for tea, ma'm? And him as he is!" All her lately gathering suspicions were strengthened and multiplied.

Rachel had to continue as she had begun: "He's been called away on very urgent business. He simply had to go."

Mrs. Tams, intermitting her duties, stood still and gazed at Rachel.

"Was it far, ma'm, as he had for go?"

A simple question, and yet how difficult to answer plausibly!

"Yes—rather."

"I suppose he'll be back to-night, ma'm?"

"Oh yes, of course!" replied Rachel, in absurd haste. "But if he isn't, I'm not to worry, he said. But he fully expects to be. We scarcely had time to talk, you see. He was getting ready when I came in."

"A telegram, ma'm, I suppose it was?"

"Yes. . . . That is, I don't know whether there was a telegram first, or not. But he was called for, you see. A cab. I couldn't have let him go off walking, not as he is."

Mrs. Tams gave a gesture.

"I suppose I mun alter this 'ere table, then," said she, putting a cup and saucer back on the tray.

"Idiot! Idiot!" Rachel described herself to herself, when Mrs. Tams, very much troubled, had left the room. "By the way, I was forgetting"—couldn't I have told her better than that? She's known for a week that there's been something wrong, and now she's certainly guessed there's something dreadfully wrong. . . . Just look at all the silly lies I've told already. What will it be like to-morrow—and Monday? I wonder what my face looked like while I was telling her!"

She rushed up-stairs to discover what luggage Louis had taken with him. But

apparently he had taken nothing whatever. The trunk, the valise, and the various bags were all stacked in the empty attic, exactly as she had placed them. He must have gone off in a moment without any reflection or preparation.

And when Mrs. Tams served the solitary tea, Rachel was just as idiotic as before.

"By the way, Mrs. Tams," she began again. "Did you happen to tell Mr. Fores where I'd gone this afternoon? . . . You see, we'd no opportunity to discuss anything," she added, striving once more after verisimilitude.

"Yes'm. I told him when I took him his early cup o' tea."

"Did he ask you?"

"Now ye puzzle me, ma'm! I couldn't swear to it to save my life. But I told him."

"What did he say?" Rachel tried to smile.

"He didna say aught."

Rachel remained alone, to objugate Rachel. It was indeed only too obvious from Mrs. Tams's constrained and fussy demeanor that the old woman had divined the existence of serious trouble in the Fores household.

Some time after the empty ceremony of tea, Rachel sat in state in the parlor, dignified, self-controlled, pretending to sew, as she had pretended to eat and drink and, afterward, to have an important enterprise of classifying and rearranging her possessions in the wardrobe up-stairs. Let Mrs. Tams enter never so unexpectedly, Rachel was a fit spectacle for her, with a new work-basket by her side on the table, and her feet primly on a footstool, quite in the style of the late Mrs. Maldon, and a serious and sagacious look on her face that the fire and the gas combined to illuminate. She did not actually sew, but the threaded needle was ready in her hand to move convincingly at a second's notice, for Mrs. Tams was of a restless and inquisitive disposition that night.

Apparently secure between the drawn blinds, the fire, the Chesterfield, and the sideboard, Rachel was nevertheless ranging wide among vast desolate tracts of experience, and she was making singu-

lar discoveries. For example, it was not until she was alone in the parlor after tea that she discovered that during the whole of her interview with Julian Maldon in the afternoon she had never regarded him as a thief. And yet he was a thief—just as much as Louis! She had simply forgotten that he was a thief. He did not seem to be any the worse for being a thief. If he had shown the desire to explain to her by word of mouth the entire psychology of his theft, she would have listened with patience and sympathy; she would have encouraged him to rectitude. And yet Julian had no claim on her; he was not her husband; she did not love him. But because Louis was her husband, and had a claim on her, and had received all the proofs of her affection—therefore she must be merciless for Louis! She perceived the inconsistency; she perceived it with painful clearness. She had the impartial logic of the self-accuser. At intervals the self-accuser was flagellated and put to flight, but only to return stealthily and irresistibly. . . .

She had been wrong to take the £450 without a word. True, Louis had somewhat casually authorized her to return half of the sum to Julian, but the half was not the whole. And in any case she ought to have told Louis of her project. There could be no doubt that, immediately upon Mrs. Tams's going out, Louis had looked for the £450, and, in swift resentment at its disappearance, had determined to disappear also. He had been stung and stung again, past bearing (she argued), daily and hourly throughout the week, and the disappearance of the money had put an end to his patience. Such was the upshot, and she had brought it about!

She had imagined that she was waiting for destiny, but in fact she had been making destiny all the time, with her steely glances at Louis and her acrid, uncompromising tongue! . . . And did those other men really admire her? How, for instance, could Thomas Batchgrew admire her, seeing that he had suspected her of lies and concealment about the robbery? If it was on account of supposed lies and concealment that he admired her, then she rejected Thomas Batchgrew's admiration. . . .

The self-accuser and the self-deprecia-
tor in her grew so strong that Louis'
conduct soon became unexceptionable—
save for a minor point concerning a theft
of some five hundred pounds odd from
an old lady. And as for herself, she,
Rachel, was an over-righteous prig, an
interfering person, a blundering fool of
a woman, a cruel-hearted creature. And
Louis was just a poor, polite martyr who
had had the misfortune to pick up cer-
tain bank-notes that were not his.

Then the tide of judgment would
sweep back, and Rachel was the inno-
cent, righteous martyr again, and Louis
the villain. But not for long.

She cried passionately within her
brain: "I must have him. I must get
hold of him. I *must*!"

But when the brief fury of longing was
exhausted she would ask: "How can I
get hold of him? Where is he?" Then,
more forcibly: "What am I to do first?
Yes, what ought I to do? What is
wisest? He little guesses that he is kill-
ing me. If he had guessed, he wouldn't
have done it. But nothing will kill me!
I am as strong as a horse. I shall live
for ages. There's the worst of it all!
. . . And it's no use asking what I ought
to do, either, because nothing, nothing,
nothing would induce me to run after
him, even if I knew where to run to! I
would die first. I would live for a hun-
dred years in torture first. That's posi-
tive."

The hands of the clock, instead of
moving slowly, seemed to progress at a
prodigious rate. Mrs. Tams came in:

"Shall I lay mester's supper, ma'm?"

The idea of laying supper for the
master had naturally not occurred to
Rachel.

"Yes, please."

When the supper was laid, upon one-
half of the table, the sight of it almost
persuaded Rachel that Louis would be
bound to come—as though the waiting
supper must mysteriously magnetize him
out of the world beyond into the inti-
macy of the parlor.

And she thought, as she strove for the
hundredth time to recall the phrases of
the letter:

"'Perfectly satisfactory explanation!'
Suppose he *has* got a perfectly satisfac-
tory explanation! He must have. He

must have. If only he has, everything
would be all right. I'd apologize. I'd
almost go on my knees to him. . . .
And he was so ill all the time, too! . . .
But he's gone. It's too late now for the
explanation. Still, as soon as I hear
from him, I shall write and ask him for
it."

And in her mind she began to compose
a wondrous letter to him—a letter that
should preserve her own dignity while
salving his; a letter that should over-
whelm him with esteem for her.

She rang the bell. "Don't sit up,
Mrs. Tams."

And when she had satisfied herself
that Mrs. Tams with unwilling obedi-
ence had retired up-stairs, she began to
walk madly about the parlor (which had
an appearance at once very strange and
distressingly familiar), and to whisper
plaintively, and raging, and plaintively
again: "I must get him back. I cannot
bear this. It is too much for me. I *must*
get him back. It's all my fault." And
then she dropped on the Chesterfield in
a collapse, moaning: "No. It's no use
now."

And then she fancied that she heard
the gate creak, and a latch-key fum-
bling into the key-hole of the front door.
And one part of her brain said on behalf
of the rest: "I am mad. I am delirious."

It was a fact that Louis had caused to
be manufactured for his own use a new
latch-key. But it was impossible that
this latch-key should now be in the key-
hole. She was delirious. And then she
unmistakably heard the front door open.
Her heart jumped with the most afflict-
ing violence. She was ready to fall
onto the carpet, but seemed to be sus-
pended in the air. When she recognized
Louis' footsteps in the lobby tears burst
from her eyes in an impetuous torrent.

CHAPTER XVII

IN THE MONASTERY

WHEN Mrs. Tams brought in his
early cup of tea that Easter
Saturday afternoon, Louis had
no project whatever in his head, and he
was excessively, exasperatingly bored. A
quarter of an hour earlier he had finished
reading the novel which had been miti-

gating the worst tedium of his shamed convalescence, and the state of his mind was not improved by the fact that in his opinion the author of the novel had failed to fulfil clear promises—had, in fact, abused his trust. On the other hand, he felt very appreciably stronger, and his self-esteem was heightened by the complete correctness of his toilette. On that morning he had dressed himself with art and care for the first time since the accident. He enjoyed a little dandyism; dandified, he was a better man; the “fall” of a pair of trousers over the knee, the gloss of white wristbands, just showing beneath the new cloth of a well-cut sleeve—these phenomena not only pleased him but gave him confidence. And herein was the sole bright spot of his universe when Mrs. Tams entered.

He was rather curt with Mrs. Tams because she was two minutes late; for two endless minutes he had been cultivating the resentment of a man neglected and forgotten by every one of those whose business in life it is to succor, humor, and soothe him.

Mrs. Tams comprehended his mood with precision, and instantly. She hovered round him like a hen, indeed like a whole flock of hens, and when he savagely rebuffed her she developed from a flock of hens into a flight of angels.

“Missis said as I was to tell you as she’d gone to see Mr. Julian Maldon, sir,” said Mrs. Tams, in the way of general gossip.

Louis made no sign.

“Her didna say how soon her’d be back. I was for going out, sir, but I’ll stop in, sir, and willing—”

“What time are you supposed to go out?” Louis demanded, in a tone less inimical than his countenance.

“By rights, now, sir,” said Mrs. Tams, looking backward through the open door at the lobby clock.

“Well,” Louis remarked with liveliness, “if you aren’t outside this house in one minute, in sixty seconds, I shall put you out, neck and crop.”

Mrs. Tams smiled. His amiability was returning, he had done her the honor to tease her. She departed, all her “things” being ready in the kitchen. Even before she had gone Louis went quickly up-stairs, having drunk less than

half a cup of tea, and with extraordinary eagerness plunged into the bedroom and unlocked his private drawer. He both hoped and feared that the money which he had bestowed there after Julian’s historic visit would have vanished.

It had vanished.

The shock was unpleasant, but the discovery itself had a pleasant side, because it justified the theory which had sprung complete into his mind when he learnt where Rachel had gone, and also because it denuded Rachel of all reasonable claim to consideration. He had said to himself: “She has gone off to return half of that money to Julian—that’s what it is. And she’s capable of returning all of it to him!” . . . And she had done so. And she had not consulted him, Louis. He, then, was a nobody—zero in the house! She had deliberately filched the money from him, and to accomplish her purpose she had abstracted his keys, which he had left in his pocket. She must have stolen the notes several days before, perhaps a week before, when he was really seriously ill. She had used the keys and restored them to his pocket. Astounding baseness!

He murmured: “This finishes it. This really does finish it.”

He was immensely righteous as he stood alone in the bedroom in front of the rifled drawer. He was more than righteous—he was a martyr. He had done absolutely nothing that was wrong. He had not stolen money; he had not meant to steal; the more he examined his conduct, the more he was convinced that it had been throughout unexceptionable, whereas the conduct of Rachel . . .! At every point she had sinned. It was she, not he, who had burnt Mrs. Maldon’s hoard. Was it not monstrous that a woman should be so careless as to light a fire without noticing that a bundle of notes lay on the top of the coal? Besides, what affair was it of hers, anyway? It concerned himself, Mrs. Maldon, and Julian, alone. But she must needs interfere. She had not a penny to bless herself with, but he had magnanimously married her; and his reward was her inexcusable interference in his private business.

His accident was due solely to his

benevolence for her. If he had not been wheeling a bicycle procured for her, and on his way to buy her a new bicycle, the accident would never have occurred. But had she shown any gratitude? None. It was true that he had vaguely authorized her to return half of the money replaced by the contrite Julian; but no date for doing so had been fixed, and assuredly she had no pretext whatever for dealing with all of it. That she should go to Julian Maldon with either the half or the whole of the money without previously informing him and obtaining the ratification of his permission was simply scandalous. And that she should sneakily search his pockets for keys, commit a burglary in his drawer, and sneakily put the keys back was outrageous, infamous, utterly intolerable.

He said, "I'll teach you a lesson, my lady, once for all."

Then he went down-stairs. The kitchen was empty; Mrs. Tams had gone. But between the kitchen and the parlor he changed his course, and ran up-stairs again to the drawer, which he pulled wide open. At the back of it there ought to have been an envelope containing £20 in notes, balance of an advance payment from old Batchgrew. The envelope was there with its contents. Rachel had left the envelope. "Good of her!" he ejaculated with sarcasm. He put the money in his pocket-book, and descended to finish his tea, which he drank up excitedly.

A dubious scheme was hypnotizing him. He was a man well acquainted with the hypnotism of dubious schemes. He knew all the symptoms. He fought against the magic influence, and then, as always, yielded himself deliberately and voluptuously to it. He would go away. He would not wait; he would go at once, in a moment. She deserved as much, if not more. He knew not where he should go; a thousand reasons against going assailed him; but he would go. He must go. He could no longer stand, even for a single hour, her harshness, her air of moral superiority, her adamant obstinacy. He missed terribly her candid worship of him, to which he had grown accustomed and which had become nearly a necessity of his existence.

He could not live with an eternal critic; the prospect was totally inconceivable. He wanted love, and he wanted admiring love, and without it marriage was meaningless to him, a mere imprisonment.

So he would go. He could not and would not pack; to pack would distress him and bore him; he would go as he was. He could buy what he needed. The shops—his kind of shops—were closed, and would remain closed till Tuesday. Nevertheless, he would go. He could buy the indispensable at Faulkner's establishment on the platform at Knype railway station, conveniently opposite the Five Towns Hotel. He had determined to go to the Five Towns Hotel that night. He had no immediate resources beyond the £20, but he would telegraph to Batchgrew, who had not yet transferred to him the inheritance, to pay money into his bank early on Tuesday; if he were compelled to draw a check he would cross it, and then it could not possibly be presented before Wednesday morning.

At all costs he would go. His face was still plastered; but he would go, and he would go far, no matter where! The chief thing was to go. The world was calling him. The magic of the dubious scheme held him fast. And in all other respects he was free—free as impulse. He would go. He was not yet quite recovered, not quite strong. . . . Yes, he was all right; he was very strong! And he would go.

He put on his hat and his spring overcoat. Then he thought of the propriety of leaving a letter behind him—not for Rachel's sake, but to insist on his own dignity and to spoil hers. He wrote the letter, read it through with satisfaction, and quitted the house, shutting the door cheerfully, but with a trembling hand. Lest he might meet Rachel on her way home he went up the lane instead of down, and, finding himself near the station, took a train to Knype—traveling first-class. The glorious estate of the bachelor was his once more.

The Five Towns Hotel stood theoretically in the borough of Hanbridge, but in fact it was in neither Hanbridge nor Knype, but "opposite Knype station," on the quiet side of Knype station, far

away from any urban traffic; the gross roar of the electric trams running between Knype and Hanbridge could not be heard from the great portico of the hotel. It is true that the hotel primarily existed on its proximity to the railway center of the Five Towns. But it had outgrown its historic origin, and would have moderately flourished even had the North Staffordshire railway been annihilated. By its sober grandeur and its excellent cooking it had taken its place as the first hotel in the district. It had actually no rival. Heroic, sublime efforts had been made in the center of Hanbridge to overthrow the pre-eminence of the Five Towns Hotel. The forlorn result of one of these efforts—so immense was it!—had been bought by the municipality and turned into a Town Hall—supreme instance of the Five Towns' habit of "making things do!" No effort succeeded. Men would still travel from the ends of the Five Towns to the bar, the billiard-rooms, the banqueting-halls of the Five Towns Hotel, where every public or semi-public ceremonial that included conviviality was obliged to happen if it truly respected itself.

The Five Towns Hotel had made fortunes, and still made them. It was large and imposing and somber. The architect, who knew his business, had designed staircases, corridors, and accidental alcoves on the scale of a palace; so that privacy amid publicity could always be found within its walls. It was superficially old-fashioned, and in reality modern. It had a genuine *chef*, with sub-*chefs*, good waiters whose sole weakness was linguistic, and an apartment of carved oak with a vast counterfeit eye that looked down on you from the ceiling. It was ready for anything—a reception to celebrate the nuptials of a maid, a lunch to a Cabinet minister with an axe to grind in the district, or a sale by auction of house-property with wine *ad libitum* to encourage bids.

But its chief social use was perhaps as a retreat for men who were tired of a world inhabited by two sexes. Sundry of the great hotels of Britain have forgotten this ancient function, and are as full of frills, lace, color, and soft giggles as a London restaurant, so that in Man-

chester, Liverpool, and Glasgow a man in these days has no safe retreat except the gloominess of a provincial club. The Five Towns Hotel had held fast to old tradition in this respect. Ladies were certainly now and then to be seen there, for it was a hotel and as such enjoyed much custom. But in the main it resembled a monastery. Men breathed with a new freedom as they entered it. Commandments reigned there, and their authority was enforced; but they were not precisely the tables of Moses. The enormous pretense which men practise for the true benefit of women was abandoned in the Five Towns Hotel. Domestic sultans who never joked in the drawing-room would crack with laughter in the Five Towns Hotel, and make others crack, too. Old men would meet young men on equal terms, and feel rather pleased at their own ability to do so. And young men shed their youth there, displaying the huge stock of wisdom and sharp cynicism which by hard work they had acquired in an incredibly short time. Indeed, the hotel was a wonderful institution, and a source of satisfaction to half a county.

It was almost as one returned from the dead that Louis Fores entered the Five Towns Hotel on Easter Saturday afternoon, for in his celibate prime he had been a habitu  of the place. He had a thrill; and he knew that he would be noticed, were it only as the hero and victim of a street accident; a few remaining plasters still drew attention to his recent history. At the same time, the thrill which affected him was not entirely pleasurable, for he was frightened by what he had done: by the letter written to Rachel, by his abandonment of her, and also by the prospect of what he meant to do. The resulting situation would certainly be scandalous in a high degree, and tongues would dwell on the extreme brevity of the period of marriage. The scandal would resound mightily. And Louis hated scandal, and had always had a genuine desire for respectability. . . . Then he reassured himself. "Pooh! What do I care?" Besides, it was not his fault. He was utterly blameless; Rachel alone was the sinner. She had brought disaster upon herself. On

the previous Saturday he had given her fair warning by getting up out of bed in his weakness and leaving the house—more from instinct than from any set plan. But she would not take a hint. She would not learn. Very good! The thought of his inheritance and of his freedom uplifted him till he became nearly a god.

Owing to the Easter holidays the hotel was less bright and worldly than usual. Moreover, Saturday was never one of its brilliant days of the week. In the twilight of a subsidiary lounge, illuminated by one early electric spark, a waiter stood alone amid great basket-chairs and wicker-tables. Louis knew the waiter, as did every man-about-town; but Louis imagined that he knew him better than most; the waiter gave a similar impression to all impressionable young men.

"How do you do, Krupp?" Louis greeted him, with kind familiarity.

"Good afternoon, sir."

It was perhaps the hazard of his name that had given the waiter a singular prestige in the district. Krupp is a great and an unforgettable name, wherever you go. And also it offers people a chance to be jocose with facility. A hundred habitués had made the same joke to Krupp about Krupp's name, and each had supposed himself to be humorous in an original manner. Krupp received the jocularities with the enigmatic good-fellow air with which he received everything. None knew whether Krupp admired or disdained, loved or hated, the Five Towns and the English character. He was a foreigner from some vague frontier of Switzerland, possessing no language of his own but a patois, and speaking other languages less than perfectly. He had been a figure in the Five Towns Hotel for over twenty years. He was an efficient waiter; yet he had never risen on the staff, and was still just the lounge or billiard-room waiter that he had always been—and apparently content with destiny.

Louis asked brusquely, as one who has no time to waste, "Will Faulkner's be open?"

Krupp bent down and glanced through an interstice of a partition at a clock in the corridor. "Yes, sir," he said, with calm certainty.

Louis, pleased, thought, "This man is a fine waiter." Somehow Krupp made it seem as if by the force of his will he had forced Faulkner's to be open—in order to oblige Mr. Fores.

"Because," said Louis, casually, "I've no luggage, not a rag, and I want to buy a few things, and no other place 'll be open."

"Yes, sir," said Krupp, mysterious, and quite incurious. He did not even ask, "Do you wish a room, sir?"

"Heard about my accident, I suppose?" Louis went on, a little surprised that Krupp should make no sympathetic reference to his plasters.

Krupp became instantly sympathetic, yet keeping his customary reserve.

"Yes, sir. And I am pleased to see you are recovered," he said, with the faint, indefinable foreign accent and the lack of idiom which combined to deprive his remarks of any human quality.

"Well," said Louis, not quite prepared to admit that the affair had gone so smoothly as Krupp appeared to imply, "I can tell you I've had a pretty bad time. I really ought not to be here now, but—" He stopped.

"Strange it should happen to you, sir. A gentleman who was in here the other day said that in his opinion you were one of the cleverest cyclists in the Five Towns."

Louis naturally inquired, "Who was that?"

"I could not say, sir. Not one of our regular customers, sir," with a touch of mild depreciation. "A dark gentleman, with a beard, a little lame, I fancy." As Krupp had invented the gentleman and his opinion to meet the occasion, he was right in depriving him of the rank of a regular customer.

"Oh!" murmured Louis. "By the way, has Mr. Gibbs come yet?"

"Mr. Gibbs, sir?"

"Yes, an American. I have an appointment with him this afternoon. If he comes in while I'm over at Faulkner's just tell him, will you? I think he's stopping at the Majestic."

The Majestic being the latest rival hotel at Hanbridge, Krupp raised his eyebrows in a peculiar way and nodded his head.

Just as Krupp had invented a gentleman, so now Louis was inventing one. Neither Krupp nor Louis guessed the inventive act of the other. Krupp's act was a caprice, a piece of embroidery, charming and unnecessary. But Louis was inventing with serious intent, for he had to make his presence at the Five Towns Hotel on Easter Saturday seem natural and inevitable.

"And also I want the Cunard list of sailings, and the White Star, too. There's a Cunard boat from Liverpool on Monday, isn't there?"

"I don't *think* so, sir," said Krupp, "but I'll see."

"I understood from Mr. Gibbs there was. And I'm going to Liverpool by that early train to-morrow."

"Sunday, sir?"

"Yes, I must be in Liverpool to-morrow night."

Louis went across to the station to Faulkner's. He considered that he was doing very well. And, after all, why not go to America—not on Monday, for he was quite aware that no boat left on Monday—but in a few days, after he had received the whole sum that Thomas Batchgrew held for him? He could quite plausibly depart on urgent business connected with new capitalistic projects. He could quite plausibly remain in America as long as convenient. America beckoned to him. He remembered all the appetizing accounts that he had ever heard from American commercial travelers of Broadway and Fifth Avenue—incredible streets. In America he might treble, quadruple, his already vast capital. The romance of the idea intoxicated him.

When he got back from Faulkner's with a parcel (which he threw to the cloak-room attendant to keep) he felt startlingly hungry, and, despite the early hour, he ordered a steak in the grill-room; and not a steak merely, but all the accoutrements of a steak, with beverages to match. And to be on the safe side he paid for the meal at once, with a check for ten pounds, receiving the change in gold and silver, and thus increasing his available cash to about thirty pounds. Then in the lounge, with Cuban cigar smoke in his eyes, and

Krupp discoursing to him of all conceivable Atlantic liners, he wrote a letter to Thomas Batchgrew and marked it "Very urgent"; which was simple prudence on his part, for he had drawn a check for ten pounds on a non-existent bank-balance. At last, as Mr. Gibbs had not arrived, he said he would stroll up to the Majestic. He had not yet engaged a room; he seemed to hesitate before that decisive act. . . .

Then it was that, in the corridor immediately outside the lounge, he encountered Jim Horrocleave. The look in Jim Horrocleave's ferocious eye shocked him. Louis had almost forgotten his employer, and the sudden spectacle of him was disconcerting.

"Hello, Fores!" said Horrocleave very sardonically, with no other greeting. "I thought ye were too ill to move." No word of sympathy in the matter of the accident! Simply the tone of an employer somehow aggrieved.

"I'm out to-day for the first time. Had to come down here on a matter—"

Horrocleave spoke lower, and even more sardonically: "I hear ye're off to America."

Louis looked through the fretted partition at the figure of Krupp alone in the lounge. And Horrocleave also looked at Krupp. And Krupp looked back with his enigmatic gaze, perhaps scornful, perhaps indifferent, perhaps secretly appreciative—but in any case profoundly foreign and aloof and sinister.

"Well—" Louis began, at a disadvantage. "Who says I'm off to America?"

Horrocleave advanced his chin and clenched a fist.

"Don't you go!" said he. "If ye did, ye might be brought back by the scruff o' the neck. You mark my words and come down to the works to-morrow morning — *to-morrow*, ye understand!" He was breathing quickly. Then a malicious grin seemed to pass over his face as his glance rested for an instant on Louis' plasters. The next instant he walked away, and Louis heard him at the cloak-room counter barking the one word, "Mackintosh."

Louis understood, only too completely. During his absence from the works, Horrocleave had amused himself by critically examining the old petty-cash book.

That was all, and it was enough. Good-bye to romance, to adventure, to the freedom of the larger world! The one course to pursue was to return home, to deny (as was easy) that the notion of going to America had ever occurred to him, or even the notion of putting up at the hotel, and with such dignity as he could assume to restore to Horrocleave the total sum abstracted. With care and luck he might yet save his reputation. It was impossible that Horrocleave should prosecute. And what was seventy odd pounds, after all? He was master of thousands.

If he could but have walked straight out of the hotel! But he could not. His dignity, the most precious of all his possessions, had to be maintained. Possibly Krupp had overheard the conversation, or divined its nature. He strolled back into the lounge.

"A Benedictine," he ordered, casually, and, neatly pulling up his trousers at the knee, sank into a basket-chair and crossed his legs, while blowing forth much smoke.

"Yes, sir."

When Krupp brought the tiny glass, Louis paid for it without looking at him, and gave a good tip. Ah! He would have liked to peer into Krupp's inmost mind and know exactly how Krupp had been discussing him with Jim Horrocleave. He would have liked to tell Krupp in cutting tones that waiters had no right to chatter to one customer about another. And then he would have liked to destroy Krupp. But he could not. His godlike dignity would not permit him to show by even the slightest gesture that he had been inconvenienced. The next moment he perceived that Providence had been watching over him. If he had gone to America unknown to Horrocleave, Horrocleave might indeed have proved seriously awkward. . . . Extradition—was there such a word, and such a thing? He finished the Benedictine, went to the cloak-room and obtained his hat, coat, stick, and parcel; and the hovering Krupp helped him with his overcoat, and, as destiny cast him out of the dear retreat which a little earlier he had entered with such pleasurable anticipations, he was followed down the corridor by the aloof, disinterested gaze of

the Swiss, whose enigma no Staffordshire man had ever penetrated.

CHAPTER XVIII

MRS. TAMS'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR

IN the house at Bycars, where he arrived tardily after circuitous wanderings, Louis first of all dropped the parcel from Faulkner's into the oak chest, raising and lowering the lid without any noise. Once, in the train in Bleakridge tunnel, he had almost thrown the parcel out of the carriage onto the line, as though it were in some subtle way a piece of evidence against him; but, aided by his vanity, he had resisted the impulse. Why, indeed, should he be afraid of a parcel of linen? Had he not the right to buy linen when and how he chose? Then he removed his hat and coat, hung them carefully in their proper place, smoothed his hair, and walked straight into the parlor. He had a considerable gift of behaving as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened when the contrary was the case. Nobody could have guessed from his features that he was calculating and recalculating the chances of immediate imprisonment, and that each successive calculation disagreed with the previous one; at one moment the chances were less than one in a hundred, less than one in a million; at another they increased and multiplied themselves into tragic certainty.

When Rachel heard him in the lobby her sudden tears were tears of joy and deliverance. She did not try to restrain them as she stole back to her chair. She ignored all her reasonings against him, and lived only in the fact that he had returned. And she was triumphant. She thought: "Now that he is in the house, he is mine. I have him. He cannot escape me. In a caress I shall cancel all the past since his accident. So long as I can hold him I don't care." Her soul dissolved in softness toward him; even her body seemed to melt also, till, instead of being a strong, sturdy girl, she was a living tentacular endearment and naught else.

But when, with disconcerting quickness, he came into the room, she hardened again in spite of herself. She

simply could not display her feelings. Upbringing, habit, environment were too much for her, and spontaneity was checked. Had she been alone with a dog she would have spent herself passionately on the dog, imaginatively transforming the dog into Louis; but the sight of Louis in person congealed her, so that she became a hard mass with just a tiny core of fire somewhere within.

"Why cannot I jump up and fall on his neck?" she asked herself, angrily. But she could not.

She controlled her tears, and began to argue mentally whether Louis had come home because he could not keep away from her, or for base purposes of his own. She was conscious of a desire to greet him sarcastically with the remark, "So you've come back, after all!" It was a wilful, insensate desire; but there it was. She shut her lips on it, not without difficulty.

"I've kept some supper for you," she said, with averted head. She wanted to make her voice kind, but it would not obey her. It was neither kind nor unkind. There were tears in it, however.

They did not look at each other.

"Why did you keep supper for me?" he mumbled.

"I thought you might find you weren't well enough to travel," she answered, thoughtfully, with her face still bent over the work which she was spoiling with every clumsy, feverish stitch.

This surprising and ingenious untruth came from her without the slightest effort. It seemed to invent itself.

"Well," said Louis; "I don't happen to want any supper." His accent was slightly but definitely inimical. He perceived that he had an advantage, and he decided to press it.

Rachel also perceived this, and she thought, resentfully: "How cruel he is! How mean he is!" She hated and loved him simultaneously. She foresaw that peace must be preceded by the horrors of war, and she was discouraged. Though determined that he should not escape from the room unreconciled, she was ready to inflict dreadful injuries on him, as he on her. They now regarded each other askance, furtively, as dire enemies.

Louis, being deficient in common-sense, thought of nothing but the imme-

diate victory. He well knew that, in case of trouble with Jim Horrocleave, he might be forced to humble himself before his wife, and that present arrogance would only intensify future difficulties. Also, he had easily divined that the woman opposite to him was a softer Rachel than the one he had left, and very ready for pacific compromise. Nevertheless, in his polite, patient way, he would persist in keeping the attitude of an ill-used saint with a most clear grievance. And more than this, he wanted to appear absolutely consistent, even in coming home again. Could he have recalled the precise terms of his letter, he would have contrived to interpret them so as to include the possibility of his return that night. He fully intended to be the perfect male.

Drawing his cigarette-case and match-box from his hip pocket, by means of the silver cable which attached them to his person, he carefully lit a cigarette and rose to put the spent match in the fire. While at the hearth he looked at his plastered face in the glass, critically and dispassionately, as though he had nothing else in the world to do. Then his eye caught some bits of paper in the fender—fragments of his letter which Rachel had cast into the fire and onto the hearth. He stooped, picked up one white piece, gazed at it, dropped it, picked up another, gazed at it, dropped it, fastidiously.

"Hm!" he said, faintly.

Then he stood again at his full height and blew smoke profusely about the mantelpiece. He was very close to Rachel, and above her. He could see the top of her bent, mysterious head; he could see all the changing curves of her breast as she breathed. He knew intimately her frock, the rings on her hand, the buckle on her shoe. He knew the whole feel of the room—the buzz of the gas, the peculiarities of the wall-paper, the thick curtain over the door to his right, the folds of the table-cloth. And in his infelicity and in his resentment against Rachel he savored it all not without pleasure. The mere inviolable solitude with this young, strange, provocative woman in the night beyond the town stimulated him into a sort of zest of living.

There was a small sound from the

young woman; her breathing was checked; she had choked down a dry sob. This signal, so faint and so dramatic in the stillness of the parlor, at once intimidated and encouraged him.

"What have you done with that money?" he asked, in a cold voice.

"What money?" Rachel replied, low, without raising her head. Her hand had ceased to move the needle.

"You know what money."

"I took it to Julian, of course."

"Why did you take it to Julian?"

"We agreed I should, last week—you yourself said so—don't you remember?" Her tones acquired some confidence.

"No, I don't remember. I remember something was said about letting him have half of it. Did you give him half or all of it?"

"I gave him all of it."

"I like that! I like that!" Louis remarked, sarcastically. "I like your nerve. You do it on the sly. You don't say a word to me; and, not content with that, you give him all of it. Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you ask me for the money?"

Rachel offered no answer.

Louis proceeded with more vivacity, "And did he take it?"

"I made him."

"What? All of it? What reason did you give? How did you explain things?"

"I told him you'd had the rest of the money, of course, so it was all right. It wouldn't have been fair to him if some one hadn't told him."

Louis now seriously convinced himself that his grievance was tremendous, unexampled in the whole history of marriage.

"Well," said he, with high, gloomy dignity, "it may interest you to know that I didn't have the rest of the money. . . . If I'd had it, what do you suppose I've done with it? . . . Over five hundred pounds, indeed!"

"Then what—?"

"I don't think I want any of your 'Then what's.' You wouldn't listen before, so why should you be told now? However, I expect I must teach you a lesson—though it's too late."

Rachel did not move. She heard him say that he had discovered the bank-notes at night, under the chair on the landing. "I took charge of them. I

collared them, for the time being," he said. "I happened to be counting them when you knocked at my bedroom door. I admit I was rather taken aback. I didn't want you to see the notes. I didn't see any reason why you should know anything about my aunt's carelessness. You must remember you were only a paid employee then. I was close to the fireplace. I just scrunched them up in my hand and dropped them behind the fire-screen. Of course I meant to pick them up again instantly you'd gone. Well, you didn't go. You seemed as if you wouldn't go. I had to run for the doctor. There was no help for it. Even then I never dreamt you intended to light the fire in that room. It never occurred to me for a second. . . . And I should have thought anybody lighting a fire couldn't have helped seeing a thing like a ball of bank-notes on the top of the grate. I should have thought so. But it seems I was wrong. When I got back of course the whole blooming thing was up the chimney. Well, there you are! What was I to do? I ask you that."

He paused. Rachel sobbed.

"Of course," he continued, with savage quietude, "you may say I might have forced you to listen to me this last week. I might. But why should I? Why should I beg and pray? If you didn't know the whole story a week ago, is it my fault? I'm not one to ask twice. I can't go on my knees and beg to be listened to. Some fellows could, perhaps, but not me!"

Rachel was overwhelmed. The discovery that it was she herself, pharisaical and unyielding, who had been immediately responsible for the disappearance of the bank-notes almost dazed her. And simultaneously the rehabilitation of her idol drowned her in bliss. She was so glad to be at fault, so ravished at being able to respect him again, that the very ecstasy of existing seemed likely to put an end to her existence. Her physical sensations were such as she might have experienced if her heart had swiftly sunk away out of her bosom and left an empty space there that gasped. She glanced up at Louis.

"I'm so sorry!" she breathed.

Louis did not move, nor did his features relax in the slightest.

With one hand raised in appeal, surrender, abandonment, and the other on the arm of her chair, and her work slipping to the floor, she half rose toward him.

"You can't tell how sorry I am!" she murmured. Her eyes were liquid. "Louis!"

"And well you may be, if you'll excuse me saying so!" answered Louis, frigidly.

He was confirmed in his illusory but tremendous grievance. The fundamental lack of generosity in him was exposed. Inexperienced though he was in women, he saw in Rachel, then, just as if he had been twenty years older, the woman who lightly imagines that the past can be wiped out with a soft tone, an endearment, a tear, a touching appeal. He would not let her off so easily. She had horribly lacerated his dignity for a week—he could recall every single hurt—and he was not going to allow himself to recover in a minute. His dignity required a gradual convalescence. He was utterly unaffected by her wistful charm.

Rachel moved her hand somewhat toward his, and then hesitated. The set hardness of his face was incredible to her. Her head began to swim. She thought, "I shall really die if this continues."

"Louis—don't!" she besought him, plaintively.

He walked deliberately away and nervously played with an "ornament" on the sideboard.

"And let me tell you another thing," said he, slowly. "If you think I came back to-night because I couldn't do without you, you're mistaken. I'm going out again at once."

She said to herself, "He has killed me." The room circled round her, gathering speed, and Louis with it. The emptiness in her bosom was intolerable.

Louis saw her face turning paler and paler, till it was, really, almost as white as the table-cloth. She fell back into the chair, her arms limp and lifeless.

"Confound the girl!" he thought. "She's going to faint now! What an infernal nuisance!"

Compunction, instead of softening him made him angry with himself. He felt awkward, at a loss, furious.

"Mrs. Tams!" he called out, and hurried from the room. "Mrs. Tams!" As he went out he was rather startled to find that the door had not been quite closed. In the lobby he called again, "Mrs. Tams!"

The kitchen gas showed a speck of blue. He had not noticed it when he came into the house; the kitchen door must have been shut, then. He looked up the stairs. He could discern that the door of Mrs. Tams's bedroom, at the top, was open, and that there was no light in the room. Puzzled, he rushed to the kitchen, and snatched at his hat as he went, sticking it anyhow on his head.

"Eh, mester, what ever's amiss?"

With these alarmed words Mrs. Tams appeared suddenly from behind the kitchen door; she seemed a little out of breath, as far as Louis could hear; he could not see her very well. The thought flashed through his mind. "She's been listening at doors."

"Oh! There you are," he said, with an effort at ordinariness of demeanor. "Just go in to Mrs. Fores, will you? Something's the matter with her. It's nothing, but I have to go out."

Mrs. Tams answered, trembling: "Nay, mester. I'm none going to interfere. I go into no parlor."

"But I tell you she's fainting."

"Ye'd happen better look after her yeself, Mr. Louis," said Mrs. Tams in a queer voice.

"But don't you understand I've got to go out?"

He was astounded and most seriously disconcerted by Mrs. Tams's very singular behavior.

"If ye'll excuse me being so bold, sir," said Mrs. Tams, "ye ought for be right well ashamed o' yeself. And that I'll say with my dying breath."

She dropped onto the hard Windsor chair, and, lifting her apron, began to whimper.

Louis could feel himself blushing.

"It seems to me you'd better look out for a fresh situation," he remarked, curtly, as he turned to leave the kitchen.

"Happen I had, mester," Mrs. Tams agreed, sadly; and then with fire: "But I go into no parlor. You get back to her, mester. Going out again at this time o' night, and missis as her is! If you stop

where a husband ought for be, her'll soon mend, I warrant."

He went back, cursing all women, because he had no alternative but to go back. He dared not do otherwise. . . . It was only a swoon. But was it only a swoon? Suppose . . . ! He was afraid of public opinion; he was afraid of Mrs. Tams's opinion. Mrs. Tams had pierced him. He went back, dashing his hat onto the oak chest.

Rachel was lying on the hearth-rug, one arm stretched nonchalantly over the fender and the hand close to the fire. Her face was whiter than any face he had ever seen, living or dead. He shook; the inanimate figure with the disarranged clothes and hair, prone and deserted there in the solitude of the warm familiar room, struck terror into him. He bent down; he knelt down and drew the arm away from the fire. He knew not in the least what was the proper thing to do; and naturally the first impulse of his ignorance was to raise her body from the ground. But she was so heavy, so appallingly inert, that, fortunately, he could not do so, and he let her head subside again.

Then he remembered that the proper thing to do in these cases was to loosen the clothes round the neck; but he could not loosen her bodice because it was fastened behind and the hooks were so difficult. He jumped to the window and opened it. The blind curved inward like a sail under the cold entering breeze. When he returned to Rachel he thought he noticed the faintest pinky flush in her cheeks. And suddenly she gave a deep sigh. He knelt again. There was something about the line of her waist that, without any warning, seemed to him ineffably tender, wistful, girlish, seductive. Her whole figure began to exert the same charm over him. Even her frock, which nevertheless was not even her second-best, took on a quality that in its simplicity bewitched him. He recalled her wonderful gesture as she lighted his cigarette on the night when he first saw her in her kitchen; and his memory of it thrilled him. . . . Rachel opened her eyes and sighed deeply once more. He fanned her with a handkerchief drawn from his sleeve.

"Louis!" she murmured in a tired baby's voice, after a few moments.

He thought: "It's a good thing I didn't go out, and I'm glad Mrs. Tams isn't here blundering about."

"You're better," he said, mildly.

She raised her arms and clasped him, dragging him to her with a force that was amazing under the circumstances. They kissed; their faces were merged for a long time. Then she pushed him a little away, and, guarding his shoulders with her hands, examined his face, and smiled pathetically.

"Call me Louise," she whispered.

"Silly little thing! Shall I get you some water?"

"Call me Louise!"

"Louise!"

CHAPTER XIX

RACHEL AND MR. HORROCLEAVE

THE next morning, Sunday, Rachel had a fancy to superintend in person the boiling of Louis' breakfast egg. For a week past Louis had not been having his usual breakfast, but on this morning the ideal life was recommencing in loveliest perfection for Rachel; the usual breakfast was to be resumed; and she remembered that in the past the sacred egg had seldom, if ever, been done to a turn by Mrs. Tams. Mrs. Tams, indeed, could not divide a minute into halves, and was apt to regard a preference for a certain consistency in a boiled egg as merely finicking and negligible. To Mrs. Tams a fresh egg was a fresh egg, and there was no more to be said.

Rachel entered the kitchen like a radiance. She was dressed with special care, rather too obviously so, in order that she might be worthy to walk by Louis' side to church. She was going with him to church gladly, because he had rented the pew and she desired to please him by an alert gladness in subscribing to his wishes; it was not enough for her just to do what he wanted. Her eyes glittered above the darkened lower lids; her gaze was self-conscious and yet bold; a faint languor showed beneath her happy energy. But there was no sign that on the previous evening she had been indisposed.

Mrs. Tams was respectfully maternal,

but preoccupied. She fetched the egg for Rachel, and Rachel, having deposited it in a cooking-spoon, held it over the small black saucepan of incontestably boiling water until the hand of the clock precisely covered a minute mark, whereupon she deftly slipped the egg into the saucepan; the water ceased to boil for a few seconds and then bubbled up again. And amid the heavenly frizzling of bacon and the odor of her own special coffee Rachel stood sternly watching the clock while Mrs. Tams rattled plates and did the last deeds before serving the meal. Then Mrs. Tams paused and said:

"I don't hardly like to tell ye, ma'm—I didn't hardly like to tell ye last night when ye were worried like—no, and I dunna like now like, but it's like as if what must be—I must give ye notice to leave. I canna stop here no longer."

Rachel turned to her, protesting:

"Now, Mrs. Tams, what *are* you talking about? I thought you were perfectly happy here."

"So I am, ma'm. Nobody could wish for a better place. I'm sure I've no fault to find. But it's like as if what must be."

"But what's the matter?"

"Well, ma'm, it's Emmy." (Emmy was Mrs. Tams's daughter, and the mother of her favorite grandchild.) "Emmy and all on 'em seem to think it'll be better all round if I don't take a regular situation, so as I can be more free for 'em, and they'll all look after me i' my old age. I s'll get my old house back, and be among 'em all. There's so many on 'em."

Every sentence contained a lie. And the aged creature went on lying to the same pattern until she had created quite a web of convincing detail—more than enough to persuade her mistress that she was in earnest, foolishly in earnest, that she didn't know on which side her bread was buttered, and that the poorer classes in general had no common-sense.

"You're all alike," said the wise Rachel.

"I'm very sorry, ma'm."

"And what am I to do? It's very annoying for me, you know. I thought you were a permanency."

"Yes, ma'm."

"I should like to give your daughters

and daughters-in-law a piece of my mind. . . . Good heavens! Give me that cooking-spoon, quick!"

She nipped the egg out of the saucepan; it was already several seconds overdone.

"It isn't as if I could keep you on as a charwoman," said Rachel; "I must have some one all the time, and I couldn't do with a charwoman as well."

"No, ma'm! It's like as if what must be."

"Well, I hope you'll think it over. I must say I didn't expect this from you, Mrs. Tams."

Mrs. Tams put her lips together and bent obstinately over a tray.

Rachel said to herself: "Oh, she really means to leave! I can see that. She's made up her mind. . . . I shall never trust any servant again. Never!"

She was perhaps a little hurt (for she considered that she had much benefited Mrs. Tams), and a little perturbed for the future. But in her heart she did not care. She would not have cared if the house had fallen in, or if her native land had been invaded and enslaved by a foreign army. She was at peace with Louis. He was hers. She felt that her lien on him was strengthened.

The breakfast steaming and odorous on the table, and Rachel all tingling in front of her tray, awaited the descent of the master of the house. The Sunday morning post, placed in its proper position by Mrs. Tams, consisted of a letter and a post-card. Rachel stretched her arm across the table to examine them. The former had a legal aspect. It was a foolscap envelope addressed to Mrs. Maldon. Rachel opened it. A type-written circular within respectfully pointed out to Mrs. Maldon that if she had only followed the writer's advice, given gratis a few weeks earlier, she would have made £125 net profit by spending £35 in the purchase of an option on Canadian Pacific Railway shares. The statement was supported by the official figures of the Stock Exchange, which none could question. "Can you afford to neglect such advice in future?" the writers asked Mrs. Maldon, and went on to suggest that she should send them £45 to buy an option on "Shells," which were guar-

anted to rise nine points in less than a month.

Mystified, half sceptical, and half credulous, Rachel reflected casually that the world was full of strange phenomena. She wondered what "Shells" were, and why the writers should keep on writing to a woman who had been dead for ages. She carefully burnt both the circular and the envelope.

And then she looked at the post-card, which was addressed to "Louis Fores, Esq." As it was a post-card, she was entitled to read it. She read: "Shall expect you at the works in the morning at ten. Jas. Horrocleave." She thought it rather harsh and oppressive on the part of Mr. Horrocleave to expect Louis to attend at the works on Bank Holiday—and so soon after his illness, too! How did Mr. Horrocleave know that Louis was sufficiently recovered to be able to go to the works at all?

Louis came, rubbing his hands, which for an instant he warmed at the fire. He was elegantly dressed. The mere sight of him somehow thrilled Rachel. His deportment, his politeness, his charming good nature were as striking as ever. The one or two stripes (flesh-colored now, not whitish) on his face were not too obvious, and, indeed, rather increased the interest of his features. The horrible week was forgotten, erased from history, though Rachel would recollect that even at the worst crisis of it Louis had scarcely once failed in politeness of speech. It was she who had been impolite—not once, but often. Louis had never raged. She was contrite, and her penitence intensified her desire to please, to solace, to obey. When she realized that it was she who had burnt that enormous sum in bank-notes, she went cold in the spine.

Not that she cared twopence for the enormous sum, really, now that concord was established! No, her little flutters of honest remorse were constantly disappearing in the immense exultant joy of being alive and of contemplating her idol. Louis sat down. She smiled at him. He smiled back. But in his exquisite demeanor there was a faint reserve of melancholy which persisted. She had not yet that morning been able to put it to flight; she counted, however, on doing so very soon, and in the mean-

time it did not daunt her. After all, was it not natural?

She began:

"I say, what do you think? Mrs. Tams has given me notice."

She pretended to be aggrieved and to be worried, but essential joy shone through these absurd masks. Moreover, she found a certain naïve satisfaction in being a mistress with cares, a mistress to whom "notice" had to be given, and who would have to make serious inquiry into the character of future candidates for her employment.

Louis raised his eyebrows.

"Don't you think it's a shame?"

"Oh," said he, cautiously, "you'll get somebody else as good, *and* better. What's she leaving for?"

Rachel repeated Mrs. Tams's rigmale.

"Ah!" murmured Louis.

He was rather sorry for Mrs. Tams. His good nature was active enough that morning. But he was glad that she had taken the initiative. And he was content that she should go. After the scene of the previous night, their relations could not again have been exactly what the relations between master and servant ought to be. And further, "you never know what women wouldn't tell one another," even mistress and maid, maid and mistress. Yes, he preferred that she should leave. He admired her and regretted the hardship on the old woman—and that was an end of it! What could he do to ease her? The only thing to do would be to tell her privately that so far as he was concerned she might stay. But he had no intention of doing aught so foolish. It was strange, but he was entirely unconscious of any obligation to her for the immense service she had rendered him. His conclusion was that some people have to be martyrs. And in this he was deeply right.

Rachel, misreading his expression, thought that he did not wish to be bothered with household details. She recalled some gratuitous advice half humorously offered to her by a middle-aged lady at her reception, "Never talk servants to your men." She had thought, at the time, "I shall talk everything with *my* husband." But she considered that she was wiser now.

"By the way," she said, in a new tone, "there's a post-card for you. I've read it. Couldn't help."

Louis read the post-card. He paled, and Rachel noticed his pallor. The fact was that in his mind he had simply shelved, and shelved again, the threat of James Horrocleave. He had sincerely desired to tell a large portion of the truth to Rachel, taking advantage of her soft mood; but he could not; he could not force his mouth to open on the subject. In some hours he had quite forgotten the danger—he was capable of such feats—then it reasserted itself and he gazed at it, fascinated and helpless. When Rachel, to please him and prove her subjugation, had suggested that they should go to church—"for the Easter morning service"—he had concurred, knowing, nevertheless, that he dared not fail to meet Horrocleave at the works. On the whole, though it gave him a shock, he was relieved that Horrocleave had sent the post-card and that Rachel had seen it. But he still was quite unable to decide what to do.

"It's a nice thing, him asking you to go to the works on a Bank holiday like that!" Rachel remarked.

Louis answered: "It's not to-morrow he wants me. It's to-day."

"Sunday?" she exclaimed.

"Yes. I met him for a second yesterday afternoon, and he told me then. This was just a reminder. He must have sent it off last night. A good thing he did send it, though. I'd quite forgotten."

"But what is it? What does he want you to go on Sunday for?"

Louis shrugged his shoulders, as if to intimate that nothing that Horrocleave did ought to surprise anybody.

"Then what about church?"

Louis replied on the spur of the moment:

"You go there by yourself. I'll meet you there. I can easily be there by eleven."

"But I don't know the pew."

"They'll show you your pew, all right, never fear."

"I shall wait in the churchyard."

"Very well. So long as it isn't raining."

She kissed him fervently when he departed.

Long before it was time to leave for church, she had a practical and beautiful idea—one of those ideas that occur to young women in love. Instead of waiting for Louis in the churchyard she would call for him at the works, which was not fifty yards off the direct route to St. Luke's. By this means she would save herself from the possibility of inconvenience within the precincts of the church, and she would also prevent the conscienceless Mr. Horrocleave from keeping Louis in the office all the morning. She wondered that the idea had not occurred to Louis, who was very gifted in such matters as the arrangement of rendezvous.

She started in good time because she wanted to walk without hurry and to ponder. The morning, though imperfect and sunless, had in it some quality of the spring, which the buoyant youth of Rachel instantly discovered and tasted in triumph. Moreover, the spirit of a festival was abroad, and visible in the costumes and faces of passers-by; and it was the first festival of the year. Rachel responded to it eagerly, mingling her happiness with the general exultation. She was intensely, unreasonably happy. She knew that she was unreasonably happy; and she did not mind.

When she turned into Friendly Street, the big, black, double gates of the works were shut, but in one of them a little door stood ajar. She pushed it, stooped, and entered the twilight of the archway. The office door was shut. She walked uncertain up the archway and into the yard, and through a dirty window on her left she could dimly discern a man gesticulating. She decided that he must be Horrocleave. She hesitated, and then, slightly confused, thought, "Perhaps I'd better go back to the archway and knock at the office door."

In the inner office, among art-lusterware, ink-stained wood, dusty papers, and dirt, Jim Horrocleave banged down a petty-cash book onto Louis' desk. His hat was at the back of his head, and his eyes blazed at Louis, who stood somewhat limply, with a hesitant, foolish, faint smile on his face.

"That's enough!" said Horrocleave, fiercely. "I haven't had patience to go

all through it. But that's enough. I needn't tell ye I suspected ye last year, but ye put me off. And I was too busy to take the trouble to go into it. However, I've had a fair chance while you've been away." He gave a sneering laugh. "I'll tell ye what put me onto ye again, if you've a mind to know. The weekly expenses went down as soon as ye thought I had suspicions. Ye weren't clever enough to keep 'em up. Well, what have ye got to say for yeself, seeing ye aren't on yer way to America?"

"I never meant to go to America," said Louis. "Why should I go to America?"

"Ask me another. Then ye confess?"

"I don't," said Louis.

"Oh! Ye don't!" Horrocleave sat down and put his hands on his outstretched knees.

"There may be mistakes in the petty-cash book. I don't say there aren't. Any one who keeps a petty-cash book stands to lose. If he's too busy at the moment to enter up a payment, he may forget it—and there you are! He's out of pocket. Of course," Louis added, with a certain loftiness, "as you're making a fuss about it I'll pay up for anything that's wrong . . . whatever the sum is. If you make it out to be a hundred pounds, I'll pay up."

Horrocleave growled: "Oh, so ye'll pay up, will ye? And suppose I won't let ye pay up? What shall ye do then?"

Louis, now quite convinced that Horrocleave was only bullying, retorted, calmly: "It's I that ought to ask you that question."

The accuser was exasperated.

"A couple o' years in quod will be about your mark, I'm thinking," he said.

Whereupon Louis was suddenly inspired to answer: "Yes. And supposing I was to begin to talk about illicit commissions?"

Horrocleave jumped up with such ferocious violence that Louis drew back, startled. The recent Act of Parliament, making a crime of secret commissions to customers' employees, had been a blow to the trade in art-luster-ware, and it was no secret in the inner office that Horrocleave, resenting its interference with the natural course of business, had more than once discreetly flouted it,

and thus "technically" transgressed the criminal law. Horrocleave used to defend and justify himself by the use of that word "technical." Louis' polite and unpremeditated threat enraged him to an extreme degree. He was the savage infuriate. He cared for no consequences, even consequences to himself. He hated Louis because Louis was spick and span, and quiet, and because Louis had been palmed off on him by Louis' unscrupulous respectable relatives as an honest man.

"Now thou'st done for thyself!" he cried, in the dialect. "Thou'st done for thyself! And I'll have thee by the heels for embezzlement, and blackmail as well." He waved his arms. "May God strike me if I give thee any quarter after that! I'll—"

He stopped with open mouth, disturbed by the perception of a highly strange phenomenon beyond the window. He looked and saw Rachel in the yard. For a moment he thought that Louis had planned to use his wife as a shield in the affair if the worst should come to the worst. But Rachel's appearance simultaneously showed him that he was wrong. She was the very mirror of happy confidence. And she seemed so young, and so obviously just married; and so girlish and so womanish at the same time; and her frock was so fresh, and her hat so pert against the heavy disorder of the yard, and her eyes were unconsciously so wistful—that Horrocleave caught his breath. He contrasted Rachel with Mrs. Horrocleave, her complete antithesis, and at once felt very sorry for himself and very scornful of Mrs. Horrocleave, and melting with worshipful sympathy for Rachel.

"Yer wife's in the yard," he whispered in a different tone.

"My wife!" Louis was gravely alarmed; all his manner altered.

"Hast told her anything of this?"

"I should think I hadn't."

"Ye must pay me, and I'll give ye notice to leave," said Horrocleave, quickly, in a queer, quiet voice. The wrath was driven out of him. The mere apparition of Rachel had saved her husband.

A silence.

Rachel had disappeared. Then there



Painting by C. E. Chambers

"LOUIS AND I ARE GOING TO PART COMPANY, MRS. FORES"

was a distant tapping. Neither of the men spoke or moved. They could hear the outer door open and light footfalls in the outer office.

"Anybody here?" It was Rachel's voice, timid.

"Come in, come in!" Horrocleave roared.

She entered, blushing, excusing herself, glancing from one to the other, and by her spotless Easter finery emphasizing the squalor of the den.

In a few minutes Horrocleave was saying to Rachel, rather apologetically:

"Louis and I are going to part company, Mrs. Fores. I can't keep him on. His wages are too high for me. It won't run to it. Th' truth is, I'm going to chuck this art business. It doesn't pay. Art, as they call it, 's no good in th' pottery trade."

Rachel said, "So that's what you wanted to see him about on a Sunday morning, is it, Mr. Horrocleave?"

She was a little hurt at the slight on her husband, but the wife in her was persuaded that the loss would be Mr. Horrocleave's. She foresaw that Louis would now want to use his capital in some commercial undertaking of his own; and she was afraid of the prospect. Still, it had to be faced, and she would face it. He would probably do well as his own master. During a whole horrible week her judgment on him had been unjustly severe, and she did not mean to fall into the same sin again. She thought with respect of his artistic gifts, which she was too inartistic to appreciate. Yes, the chances were that he would succeed admirably.

She walked him off to church, giving Horrocleave a perfunctory good-by. And as, shoulder to shoulder, they descended toward St. Luke's, she looked sideways at Louis and fed her passion stealthily with the sight. True, even in those moments, she had heart enough left to think of others besides.

She hoped that John's Ernest would find a suitable mate. She remembered that she had Julian's curtains to attend to. She continued to think kindly of Thomas Batchgrew, and she chid herself for having thought of him in her distant inexperienced youth, of six months earlier, as *that man*. And, regretting that

Mrs. Tams—at her age, too!—could be so foolish, she determined to look after Mrs. Tams also, if need should arise. But these solitudes were mere downy trifles floating on the surface of her profound absorption in Louis. And in the depths of that absorption she felt secure, and her courage laughed at the menace of life (though the notion of braving a churchful of people did intimidate the bride). Yet she judged Louis realistically and not sentimentally. She was not conspicuously blind to any aspect of his character; nor had the tremendous revulsion of the previous night transformed him into another and a more heavenly being for her. She admitted frankly to herself that he was not blameless in the dark affair of the bank-notes. She would not deny that in some ways he was untrustworthy, and might be capable of acts of which the consequences were usually terrible. His irresponsibility was notorious. And, being impulsive herself, she had no mercy for his impulsiveness. As for his common-sense, was not her burning of the circular addressed to Mrs. Maldon a sufficient commentary on it?

She was well aware that Louis' sins of omission and commission might violently shock people of a certain temperament—people of her own temperament in particular. These people, however, would fail to see the other side of Louis. If she herself had merely heard of Louis, instead of knowing him, she would probably have set him down as undesirable. But she knew him. His good qualities seemed to her to overwhelm the others. His charm, his elegance, his affectionateness, his nice speech, his courtesy, his quick wit, his worldliness—she really considered it extraordinary that a plain, blunt girl, such as she, should have had the luck to please him. It was indeed almost miraculous.

If he had faults—and he had—she preferred them (proudly and passionately) to the faults of scores of other women's husbands. He was not a brute, nor even a boor nor a savage—thousands of savages ranged free and terror-striking in the Five Towns. Even when vexed and furious he could control himself. It was possible to share his daily life and see him in all his social moods without being

humiliated. He was not a clodhopper; watch him from the bow-window of a morning as he walked down the street! He did not drink; he was not a beast. He was not mean. He might scatter money, but he was not mean. In fact, except that one sinister streak in his nature, she could detect no fault. There was danger in that streak. . . . Well, there was danger in every man. She would accept it; she would watch it. Had she not long since reconciled herself to the prospect of an everlasting vigil?

She did not care what any one said, really she did not care! He was the man she wanted; the whole rest of the world was nothing in comparison to him. He was irresistible. She had wanted him, and she would always want him, as he was. She had won him

and she would keep him, as he was, whatever the future might hold. The past was the past; the opening chapter of her marriage was definitely finished and its drama done. She was ready for the future. One tragedy alone could overthrow her—Louis' death. She simply could not and would not conceive existence without him. She would face anything but that. . . . Besides, he was not *really* untrustworthy—only weak! She faltered and recovered. "He's mine and I wouldn't have him altered for the world. I don't want him perfect. If anything goes wrong, well, let it go wrong! I'm his wife. I'm his!" And as, slightly raising her confident chin in the street, she thus undertook to pay the price of love, there was something divine about Rachel's face.

[THE END.]

You and I

BY DORA READ GOODALE

WE shall not scale the lofty height,
 You or I,
 With panting breast and straining sight
 To glimpse the City of Delight
 Whereof we dreamed on many a night
 Of golden stars, in years gone by;
 We shall not see it, you or I.

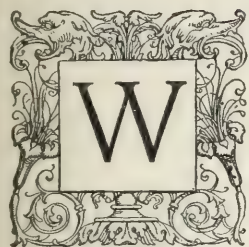
We shall not tire the tongue of Fame,
 You or I;
 Shall never prove a hero's aim;
 Nor honor those from whom we came;
 Nor leave to sons a gallant name
 And princely portion, when we die;
 Nor sleep remembered, you or I.

Yet this, at least, we'll claim for ours,
 You and I,
 Of Heaven's lore: To find sweet flowers
 In jagged rocks; and glowing hours
 In tedious years; to spend our powers
 With all who will, and none deny;
 To say in all things: *You and I.*

The Variable Sun

BY C. G. ABBOT

Director of the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution



WHEN the late Dr. S. P. Langley became secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, one of the first things he did was to found the Astrophysical Observatory. As its name indicates, the work of the observatory relates to the study of the physics of the heavenly bodies. Astrophysical observatories deal with the brightness, temperature, composition, motions of approach or recession, internal motions of circulation, and internal pressures of the sun and stars. The Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory has limited its observations almost exclusively to the sun. Inasmuch as all growth and warmth upon the earth depend on the rays of the sun, it might reasonably be expected that things of great importance would be disclosed by studies of solar radiation. Congress accepted this view, and has maintained the Astrophysical Observatory since 1891 by small annual appropriations.

While still Director of the old Allegheny Observatory, Dr. Langley had become absorbed in the measurement of solar radiation, and had invented for the purpose an electrical thermometer, which he named the bolometer (ray-measurer). The bolometer is so extremely sensitive that changes of temperature of a millionth of a degree can be measured with it. Armed with this powerful—but in those days extremely capricious—instrument, he conducted a famous expedition to California in 1881. Near the top of Mount Whitney, the highest mountain in the United States, he measured the heating of the sun's rays as a whole, and also in all parts of the solar spectrum; and compared the transparency of the wonderfully clear mountain air with that of the dust-laden air below.

The first work of the Astrophysical

Observatory at Washington was the perfecting and, if one may say so, the pacifying of the bolometer. It was automatically recorded, and its irregularities were so far subdued that no more difficulty is now found in its use than in the use of an ordinary thermometer. With this improved instrument we mapped the sun's spectrum in the part beyond the red, where the eye can see nothing, and the ordinary photographic plate records nothing, but where, nevertheless, a very large part of the sun's energy lies. When this work was published, we turned in 1902 to Langley's old problem of measuring the heat of the sun, the distribution of its radiant energy in the spectrum, the transparency of the air to its different rays, and other associated matters. In the very next year, 1903, we came upon evidence that the sun's radiation varies by as much as ten per cent., and that the earth's temperature is affected by such solar changes. Ten years have since been spent in the proof and study of solar variability. The story of the work will carry us from the Pacific Ocean to the Sahara Desert, and from sea-level to the summit of Mount Whitney, almost three miles above the sea.

The sun's rays are more complex than they appear. In the rainbow, nature gives us an impure solar spectrum. A much better one can be formed in the laboratory by allowing a beam of sunlight to pass through a vertical slit and thence upon a glass prism. By this means the band of spectrum colors is formed out of the white sunlight, and may be brought to a sharp focus by a lens or concave mirror.

Neither the eye nor the photographic plate can accurately estimate the relative amounts of energy in the several parts of the spectrum, but the bolometer does so. The bolometer consists of a

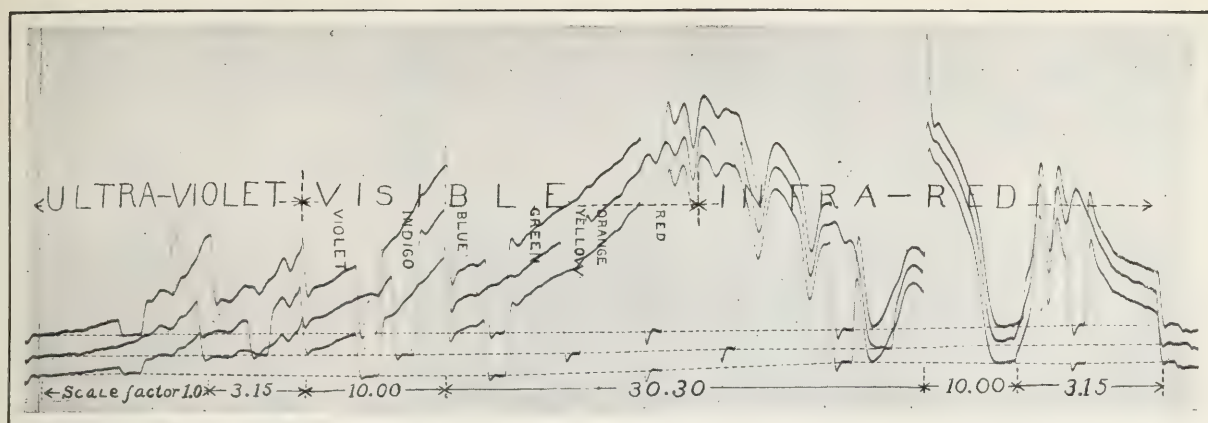
pair of vertical tapes of platinum, each about half an inch long, $1/250$ inch wide, and $1/1,000$ inch thick. The tapes are blackened upon their front surfaces with lampblack. One is hidden from view by a screen, the other exposed. When the rays of the spectrum fall upon the bolometer, the exposed tape absorbs them and becomes warmer than its hidden neighbor. The two tapes form part of an electrical circuit, called a Wheatstone's bridge, which contains a highly sensitive galvanometer. Thus when the exposed tape of the bolometer is warmed, a small electric current is caused to flow through the galvanometer, and to deflect its magnetic-needle system. This magnetic-needle system is suspended by a fiber of rock-crystal $1/15,000$ inch in diameter, and it carries a tiny mirror no larger than the head of a pin. Thus the tiny magnets and the little mirror are free to turn horizontally under the slightest force. A beam of light is reflected from this mirror upon a photographic plate which is moved vertically by clockwork. When the solar spectrum is moved along from the violet toward the red, the warming of the bolometer causes the spot of light reflected by the galvanometer to move horizontally across the photographic plate, but the simultaneous vertical motion of the plate draws the record out into a line called a bolograph.

The accompanying diagram shows the variations of energy in different parts of the solar spectrum as recorded by the bolometer. Three curves are shown corresponding to different times of the day. The height of the curved lines above the straight horizontal lines below is the index of the intensity of the rays. As there are great differences between the intensities of the different parts of the spectrum, changes of scale are made at the places marked (*). The reader must imagine the several stretches of curve made taller in the proportions indicated by the numbers, so as to bring the whole spectrum to the same scale. It will be seen that the bolometer measures the spectrum far beyond what the eye sees in the violet and in the red. It is a curious thought that if the eye could see these invisible rays they would seem to possess colors

unknown to us. What these would be the reader must imagine for himself. The dark lines in the spectrum due to the absorption of rays are shown in the bolograph by depressions; for they are of course colder than the adjoining regions of the spectrum. Some great bands of absorption are shown beyond the red end of the visible spectrum. These are caused by the absorption of the water vapor in the earth's atmosphere.

Measurements of the sun's rays as a whole, not as resolved into the spectrum, do not require such a sensitive instrument as the bolometer. Several new instruments for that purpose, called pyrheliometers (literally, "heat-of-the-sun-measurers"), have been invented and tested at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory. About twenty-five copies of our instruments have been prepared and standardized at the Smithsonian Institution, and furnished at cost on request of various foreign government bureaus, observatories, and individuals, in Europe and North and South America.

The heating of the sun is measured in "calories per square centimeter per minute." This is a formidable expression, but its meaning can be explained. Imagine a cube of water one centimeter (about $3/8$ inch) on edge. Suppose this cube to be exposed so that sun-rays shine vertically upon one side of it. Thus the area exposed to the sun would be one square centimeter. Imagine that all the sun's rays could be absorbed in the water, none being lost by reflection, and none transmitted entirely through the cube. (This could be partially accomplished by putting India-ink in the water.) Suppose further that the surroundings could be warmed exactly as fast as the sun warmed the water, so that there would be no loss or gain of heat by the water except from the sun. Let the experiment be continued one minute. Then the number of degrees of the Centigrade scale (1° Centigrade is $1^{\circ}4/5$ Fahrenheit) by which the temperature of the water-cube increased, would be the intensity of the solar heating in "calories per square centimeter per minute." At sea-level, and near midday, this number is usually between 1.0 and 1.5, and on a high mountain



VARIATIONS OF HEAT IN THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE SOLAR SPECTRUM AS MEASURED BY THE BOLOMETER

may reach 1.7. If we could make the observation outside the atmosphere, in March or September, when the sun is at its mean distance, the value would be about 1.93. This is called "the solar constant of radiation." But, as we shall see, it is not quite a constant, after all.

Unfortunately, the Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks, and their astronomical successors down to about the year 1830, had, so far as we know, no pyrheliometers. There was no bolometer until 1880, and no automatic photographic registration of it until 1891. Measurements of the solar radiation accurate to one per cent. have been made only since 1902. Thus we are unfortunately debarred from knowing if the sun is more or less bright now than it was in former centuries. The only indication we have along this line is that similar crops are grown now to those that were grown thousands of years ago, in Egypt, for instance. This leads to the presumption that the temperature has not changed much in historic time. Geology goes still further, and shows that on the whole the temperature of the earth has changed only a few degrees, or tens of degrees at most, for millions of years.

But the earth's temperature is a rough and untrustworthy measure of solar radiation. Moreover, there have been from time to time periods of unusual warmth or cold during historical times, not to mention the periods of glaciation accepted by geologists. Hence the field is open for the study of the intensity of the sun's rays to see if they are nearly uniform, or subject to variation from day to day and from year to year. Other

stars are variable. Why should not our star, the sun, be so? Indeed, the eleven-year-period fluctuations of the numbers of sun-spots is an indication, and even a proof, of solar variation. Apart from the possibility that the study may yield an explanation of the periods of unusual warmth and cold, and aid the meteorologists in their forecasts and the farmers in their planting, it is but doing as we would like to have been done by to leave to posterity an exact record of the intensity of the sun's rays in our time. Thus the future astronomer of a few centuries, or thousands of years, hence may be able to answer the question we ask vainly: Does the sun's heat increase or diminish as time goes on?

To obtain results worth while we must in some way avoid the influence of our atmosphere. If it were possible to measure with the pyrheliometer on the moon, beyond our air, with its load of water-vapor, haze, and clouds, we should have what we want. Fortunately there is a way to estimate the atmospheric losses at cloudless stations.

Consider for a moment the following diagram representing the earth and the layer of atmosphere encircling it. In the morning the observer at A sees the sun through a long layer of air, A B; but as the sun mounts higher (due to the earth's daily rotation on its axis) the air-path shortens to the length A C. Accordingly, if measurements are made, beginning in early morning when the sun is low, so that the path of its rays in the air is long, and continuing toward noon when the sun is high and the air-path shorter,

the observer can estimate, from the increase of intensity of the sun's rays which he finds to attend this known decrease in the length of the air-path, what further increase of the intensity would occur if the air-path were decreased to zero, or, in other words, if the air were removed altogether. This, of course, requires that no clouds or haze shall develop during the observations. Also it is necessary to investigate the growth of intensity of each part of the spectrum separately, for the atmosphere weakens the different spectral rays in varying degrees. It is this selective weakening action of the atmosphere on solar rays which forces us to employ the bolometer, and renders the investigation tenfold more tedious than it otherwise would be. The necessary observations may be completed by one observer in three hours; but it requires about twenty-five hours of computation to reduce the spectrobolometric observations of one day, so as to determine the intensity of sunlight as it would be outside our atmosphere.

In 1903 we had the first intimations of the variability of the sun, resulting from Washington observations. The work of 1903 and 1904 showed that the climate of Washington was too cloudy to permit us to prove the matter conclusively there. In 1905, by invitation of Director Hale, of the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, the writer established on Mount Wilson a temporary observatory for measuring the "solar constant of radiation." Work was continued there in 1906, 1908, and every year thereafter. In November, 1908, having found by several years' experience that the climate of Mount Wilson is highly favor-

able to the work, the Smithsonian Institution leased from the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory a plot of ground one hundred feet square (in horizontal projection) overlooking cañons nearly a thousand feet deep, and erected there a permanent observing station. Observers' quarters were erected near by during the year 1908.

A comparison of observations made simultaneously at Washington and at Mount Wilson in 1905 and 1906 showed that, although there are great differences between the pyrheliometer readings at the two stations, owing to the greater density of the air above Washington, yet, when allowing for the atmosphere, the results closely agree. This gave confidence in the work, for Washington is at sea-level, Mount Wilson at over one mile elevation. But it seemed best to test the work still further. Accordingly,

in 1908, 1909, and 1910 the writer made observations on the very summit of Mount Whitney, at 14,502 feet elevation, while his colleagues, Messrs. Fowle, Aldrich, Ingersoll, observed simultaneously at Mount Wilson. The results confirmed the soundness of the work. For though great differences existed between the pyrheliometer readings at Mount Whitney and Mount Wilson, yet when allowing for the atmosphere the results were in almost exact accord.

During all this time the Mount Wilson work had continued to furnish indications of solar variability. Let us review the evidence as it then stood. A few observations at Washington in 1903 had indicated a fall of 10 per cent. in the solar radiation, beginning about March 25th of that year. The temperatures of

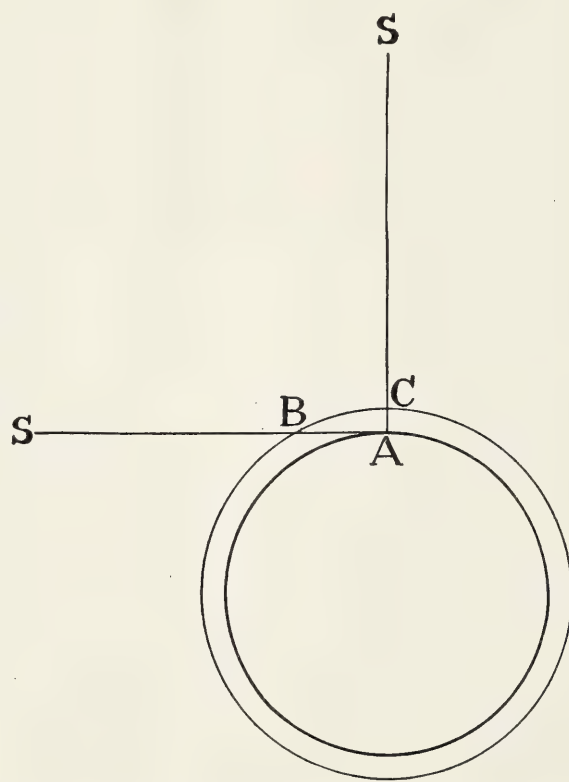


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE GREATER DISTANCE THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE TRAVERSED BY THE SUN-RAYS AT MORNING THAN AT NOON

the north temperate zone had been investigated and seemed to have fallen correspondingly. Day by day the intensity of the solar radiation had been measured at Mount Wilson for five years beginning with 1905, and similar fluctuations, in irregular intervals, but often of a week or ten days in period, and of irregular magnitudes, sometimes reaching 10 per cent., had been indicated. Three explanations were possible: either these fluctuations were accidental errors of measurement, or they were due to disturbances in our atmosphere not eliminated, or they were solar. But they could not be wholly due to accidental errors of measurement, for solar-constant values were found to march by regular steps from high to low values and return, and did not skip back and forth in disorder as they would have done generally if merely accidental. Secondly, the close accord of solar-constant measures at sea-level, at one mile elevation, and at nearly three miles elevation, shown by observations at Washington, at Mount Wilson, and at Mount Whitney, seemed to show that in fact the influence of the atmosphere is eliminated, and therefore the fluctuations are not to be ascribed to atmospheric origin. Hence the presumption was strong in 1910 that the sun is an irregularly variable star.

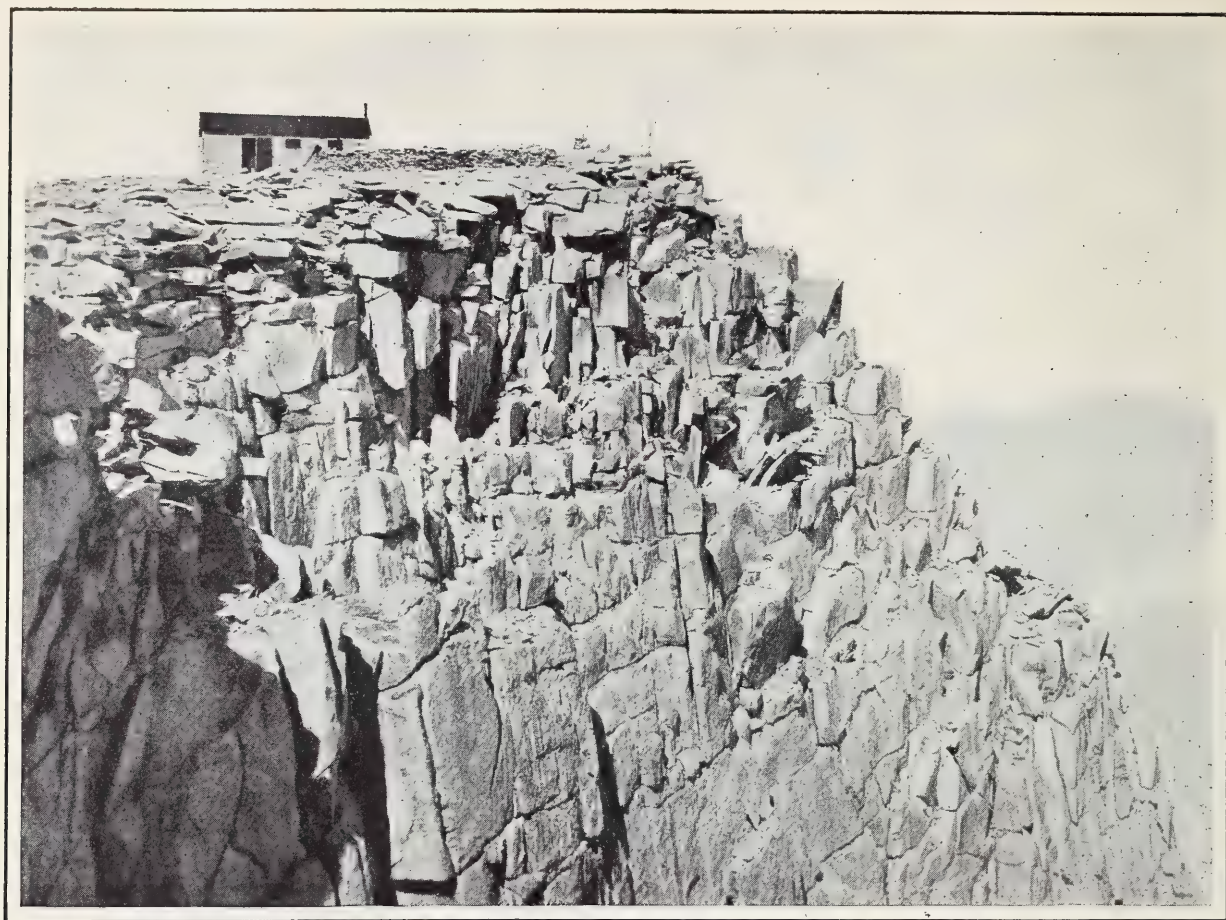
A conclusion so remarkable required complete verification. But one proof seemed inadequate. A second observing-station must be established, so far from Mount Wilson that the atmospheric disturbances could not generally be the same at the two stations on the



SMITHSONIAN SOLAR OBSERVATION STATION ON MOUNT WILSON

same day; and the solar constant must be measured daily from both stations for a long period, until sufficient evidence had been secured. The opinions of about twenty of the most eminent astronomers of the world were obtained on the question whether such an expedition would probably yield results justifying the expense. All were agreed that it would do so, and most of them urged it heartily. These views were submitted to Congress and led to the appropriation of \$5,000 for the expedition. A Mexican expedition was contemplated. Preparations for work in southern Mexico were almost complete, when the outbreak of insurrection, and the reported sack of the very town which it was proposed to occupy, caused the diversion of the expedition to Algeria.

In July, 1911, the writer landed at Algiers with thirty-three cases of appa-



OBSERVATION QUARTERS ON MOUNT WHITNEY

ratus, comprising a complete outfit of spectro-bolometer and pyrhelimeter for measuring the solar constant of radiation. Great assistance was given by Vice-Consul Boisson in arranging for the station, which by advice of Director Gonnessiat of the Observatory of Algiers was located about fifty miles south of Algiers. By favor of Director de Mestral, of the Ecole Roudil, a site was obtained at Bassour, a little hamlet situated about thirty-seven hundred feet above sea-level on a rolling plateau.

Observations were begun about August 25th and continued until November 20, 1911. Owing to unexpectedly cloudy conditions at both Bassour and Mount Wilson, an insufficient number of coincident observing days were secured in this period, and the Algerian expedition was renewed from May to September, 1912.

In 1912 the work was hindered and came near being made useless by the eruption of the volcano of Katmai in Alaska, June 6 and 7, 1912. Traces of the presence of dust from this volcano

appeared at Bassour on June 19th, and at Mount Wilson on June 21st. In July and August the volcanic haze became very thick, so much so that the brightness of the sun, as observed by the pyrhelimeter, became reduced by about 20 per cent. Part of this loss of radiation in the direct sunbeam was compensated for by the increased brightness of skylight due to the reflection of the dust particles. But it is believed that in August, 1912, the solar heat available to warm the northern hemisphere of the earth¹ was reduced by about ten per cent. on account of the Alaskan volcanic eruption of June. Reports from many stations in America and Europe show that the volcanic dust greatly diminished the direct rays of the sun as late as January, 1913, and according to Mount Wilson observations its effect was perceptible in October, 1913. Investigations of Abbot and Fowle and of

¹ Measurements at Arequipa, in Peru, of August, 1912, to February, 1913, do not seem to indicate the presence of the volcanic dust in the southern hemisphere.

Humphreys seem to prove that other great volcanic outbreaks of former years have had similar results, and have led to the cooling of the earth by quite perceptible degrees.

We now come to sum up the results of the California-Algeria expeditions of 1911 and 1912. The intensity of the sun's radiation as it would be outside of the earth's atmosphere at mean solar distance was determined independently at both stations on seventy-five different days. Owing to the presence of clouds or excessive volcanic haze at one or both stations on twenty-three days there remained values of only fifty-two days suitable for comparison. The mean of all these values at Mount Wilson is 1.919 calories per square centimeter per minute, and the mean at Bassour 1.906 calories. Thus there is no appreciable difference due to the station. The mean of twenty values of 1911 is for Mount Wilson 1.900 and for Bassour 1.886 calories. For 1912, thirty-two values give for Mount Wilson 1.931, for Bassour 1.919 calories, so that both stations agree in showing higher values in 1912 than in 1911. When the results for the

two stations for the individual days are compared, we find that the average difference between values obtained at the two places is only 1.6 per cent. Both stations unite in showing high values on certain days, low ones on others. The maximum change of solar radiation indicated by both stations exceeds 10 per cent., and changes of 7 per cent. are several times indicated.

In short, notwithstanding the obstacles made by clouds and volcanic haze, the expeditions proved successful. Observations at two stations, separated by one-third of the earth's circumference, agree in showing that on certain days the sun's radiation was above the mean and on others below it. Thus the short-period irregular fluctuation of the sun's radiation is established. The chart on page 267 gives the results obtained at Mount Wilson in the year 1909, and is typical of the solar variations which seem to be continually going on. We may say that fluctuations of from 2 to 10 per cent. in irregular periods of a week or ten days seem to be usually affecting the quantity of heat which the earth receives from the sun.



THE AUTHOR'S SOLAR OBSERVATION STATION AT BASSOUR, ALGERIA

But this short, irregular variability is not the only solar change revealed by these studies. For many years it has been known that sun-spots occur with alternate abundance and scarcity in a sort of irregularly rhythmic progression, having a definite average period of years. Thus in the years 1860, 1871, 1884, 1894, 1906 there were many sun-spots, but in the years 1867, 1879, 1890, 1902, 1912 few or none at all. The mean period of about eleven years is widely departed from during individual periods. Thus sun-spot maximum periods occurred in 1816, 1829, and 1837, the first pair separated by 13.5 years and the second by only 7.3 years. The rise of "spottedness" from minimum to maximum is generally much quicker than the fall from maximum to minimum, and the time when spots are very few is generally longer than that when they are most numerous.

These peculiarities are quite analogous to the changes of brightness of the variable star Myra in the constellation Cetus. This star varies irregularly with a mean period of 331.6 days and a change of brightness sometimes reaching seven magnitudes. Individual cycles of change differ widely from the mean values. The increase of brightness is more rapid than the decrease. In view of these striking similarities between the fluctuations of the sun-spot numbers and the variability of Myra, it would not be surprising if the sun were found also to increase in brightness as the number of sun-spots increases.

Such proves, indeed, to be the fact. A comparison between the march of spottedness of the sun and the values of the "solar constant of radiation" determined at Mount Wilson from 1905 to 1912 shows that the solar radiation is in general higher when sun-spots are more plentiful. The spottedness of the sun is commonly expressed in terms of an arbitrary scale called "Wolf's sun-spot numbers." On this scale the change from minimum to average maximum sun-spot conditions is about one hundred numbers. Such a change appears to be accompanied by an increase of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the solar heat received by the earth. Thus in addition to the irregular fluctuations of a few days'

period proved by the California-Algeria expeditions of 1911 and 1912, the Mount Wilson results show that the sun goes through a change of brightness analogous to that of the star Myra, in connection with the eleven-year sun-spot cycle.

It will naturally occur to the reader that these variations of the sun must have some influence on the temperature of the earth, and so they do. But here a very curious thing is found. Studies of Koppen and others have shown that the temperature of the earth generally is more than 1° Fahrenheit *lower* when sun-spots are at their maximum. From what has gone before we would naturally expect the temperature to be *higher* at sun-spot maximum, and studies of the writer would indicate that $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. increase in solar radiation might cause a rise of about 3° or 4° Fahrenheit in the earth's temperature. The reason for this discrepancy is not yet known, but there is a hint which may lead to an explanation. Dr. Magelssen, of Christiania, in Norway, has made a study of the temperatures of Christiania and Berlin, and he finds that the influence of sun-spots on temperature at these two far-northern stations is *greatest in winter when the sun is most of the time below their horizons*. Thus it seems that there must be an indirect influence associated with sun-spots, contrary and greater in its effect than the increase in the sun's radiation. This indirect influence diminishes the earth's temperature when spots are numerous, despite the greater quantity of heat the sun is then sending. Such an indirect action might be the production of increased cloudiness on the earth, and this in turn might be caused by an increased bombardment of the earth by electric charges, or ions, such as are thought by some to be emitted by the sun. I do not urge these views, but merely suggest them. The explanation of the curious relation of solar spottedness, solar radiation, and terrestrial temperature awaits future investigation.

It will doubtless occur to some readers that the mere darkening of the sun's surface by the spots ought to decrease, not increase, the sun's radiation. This is true, but the total area of the sun covered by spots at average spot maxima is only about $1/500$ of the sun's disk.

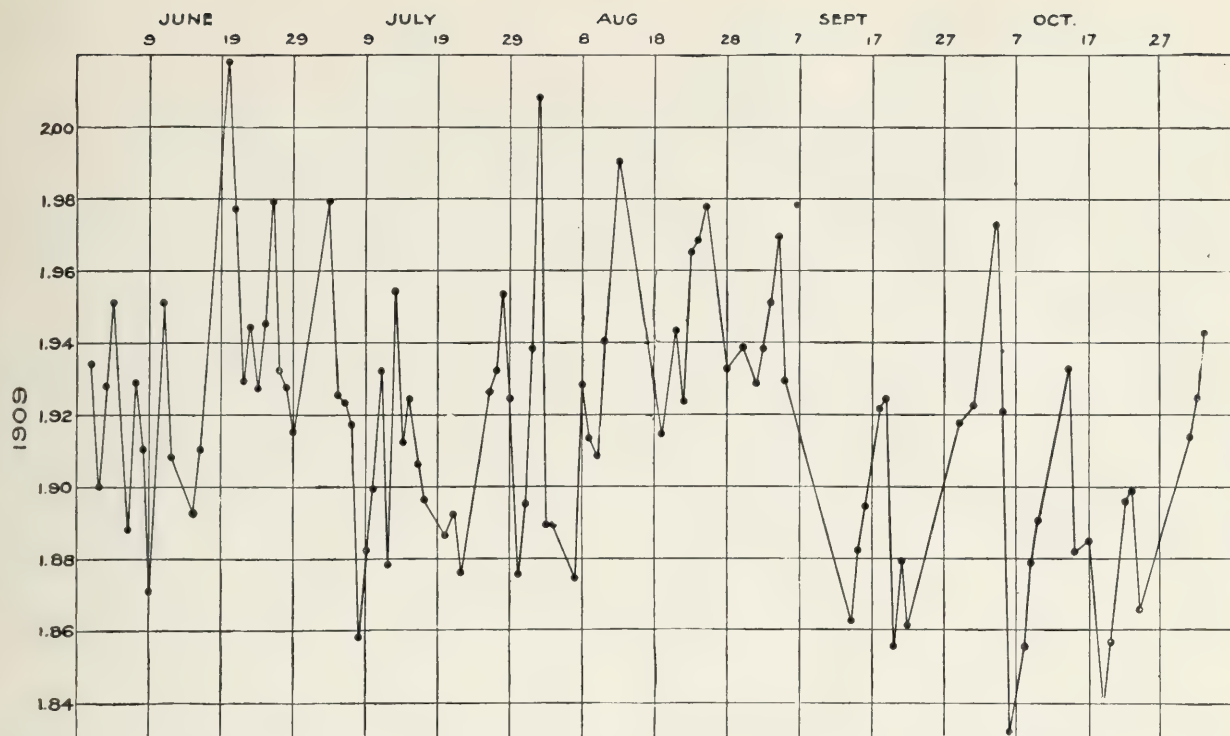


CHART SHOWING SOLAR-CONSTANT VALUES AS RECORDED AT MOUNT WILSON

This is not sufficient to be perceptible in solar radiation measurements, even if the spots were absolutely dark. In fact, they are about half as bright as the general surface of the sun, so that their direct influence is to reduce solar radiation by only $1/1,000$ part of itself. It may make the increase of solar radiation attending the increase of solar activity shown by sun-spots appear more reasonable if we recall that many other kinds of solar phenomena are also stimulated at sun-spot maximum. We may liken conditions in the sun to those of a fire, where the stirring of coals brings hotter surfaces to the outside and thus increases the warmth felt.

Returning now to the irregular solar changes of a few days' period, it will be asked if they, too, affect our climate. Undoubtedly they do, but as it is still less than a year since the solar irregularity was definitely proved, no thorough study of its effect on terrestrial climate has yet been made. Indeed, it will be a study hedged about with difficulties. The presence of clouds, oceans, mountains, volcanoes, and other disturbing influences all tend to obscure the direct effects of solar changes. If the sun's variations were regular in period, their effects on climate would doubtless be

readily perceived. Their irregularity, while not diminishing their real importance, will make the recognition of their influence difficult and tedious. At present the systematic measurement of solar radiation is confined to a very few observatories, of which only two or three possess the equipment for observing the energy of the solar spectrum. Before much further progress can be made, several well-equipped stations, at widely separated points on the earth's surface, must join in observing the sun's radiation, so as to furnish daily records for comparison.

Although astronomy receives perhaps a more generous support than any of the other sciences, despite the fact that most astronomical observations and discoveries have absolutely no bearing on the price of the necessities and luxuries of life, no question is more often asked of the student of astronomy than this: Of what value is your work? The general answer to such inquiries might be: In a world filled with intelligent human beings, it would be shameful if none tried to learn more about the universe we live in. It is not to be expected that all men, or even a large proportion of them, should be engaged in astronomical investigations; but surely *some* ought to

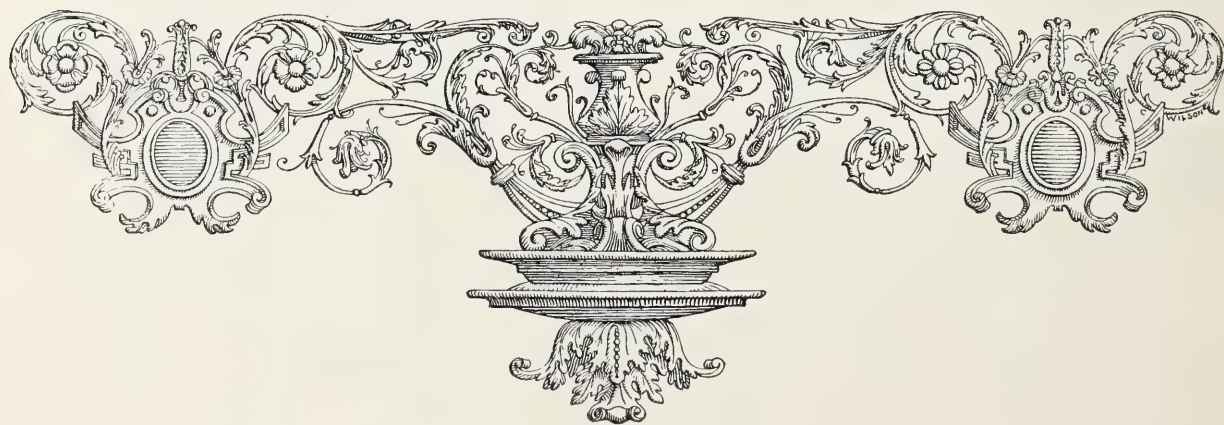
be. As there are many who appreciate art, though few are great artists, and many who appreciate music, though few are great composers, so there must be many who appreciate knowledge of the universe, and are broadened by it, although not themselves engaged in astronomical investigation. For the sake of the intelligent and interested public, astronomical investigations should go on.

But in the case of the sun there are more reasons for thorough study than in the case of the stars. First of all, the sun is the only one of the stars near enough for detailed investigation. What we learn about the sun is immediately utilized to broaden our knowledge of the stars. Secondly, the sun is the controller of the system of planets of which the earth is one. Therefore we have a personal interest in him, as in a neighbor, more than in the host of other stars remote and little known. Thirdly, the sun's light and heat promote all life, both vegetable and animal, upon the earth, and have supplied or are supplying, directly or indirectly, all the great sources of power we possess. Hence in a very unusual and peculiar fashion we are interested in the study of the sun's radiation.

It is even probable that these studies will have a money value far beyond the cost. In the Agricultural Department at Washington, and under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution, in the Desert Botanical Laboratory at Tucson, Arizona, there are in progress investigations of the relation of the sun's radiation to the growth of plants. In both places

they are using apparatus designed, constructed, and tested at the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution. Several years ago the writer received a letter from the Director of the Desert Botanical Laboratory inquiring how much radiation a leaf would receive at different hours of the day. After an exchange of correspondence, the question was made more definite, and it was desired to know for Tucson and for a station one thousand feet above Tucson, on March 21st, how much radiation would fall upon two different leaves, the first horizontal, the second vertical and pointing north and south; and of this radiation how much would come directly from the sun, and how much from the sky. All of this information the writer was able to furnish from the results of the solar investigations of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory of Washington and Mount Wilson. It would have been possible to go further and to supply the information in detail for any desired color of light. Dr. McDougal, in a letter of thanks, said he believed no such information had ever been available to a botanist before.

We may, I believe, look for the time, within a few years, when scientific agriculturists will employ the results of study of solar radiation for the improvement of well-known useful plants. When this occurs, such investigations as we make will be appreciated not only by those who take an interest in the universe they live in, but by those whose only concern appears to be to make it gainful.



"Maybe Wild Parsnips"

BY KEENE ABBOTT

THAT big German, Max Leiber, had a bullet-hole in him. Even the farm-house he had stolidly entered seemed to have taken on an affrighted look. Two of the windows, catching the morning sun and throwing it off in a white flame, were like eyes glassily staring.

Gus Ropez saw them, and he did not like their looks. Hidden away in a corn-field, close to his neighbor's house, he peered covertly at the disquieting sight.

The day grew hot. It was haying-time, but the mules and horses had been put back into the barn. Deadened by straw, their hoofs, stamping off flies, sounded dully upon the floor of the stalls. By the house a flock of impatient chickens had crowded close to the kitchen door, while a cock, with scarlet comb a-tremble, went boldly strutting up the porch steps. The tickingsounds his feet made upon the wood accented sharply the ominous silence of the house. It even seemed to Ropez that the farm-dog, in the hole he had dug for himself under the edge of the corn-crib,

where he lay panting and showing the pink of his mouth, was breathing unnaturally, laboriously, like a man gasping in death.

Crouching close to the ground, Ropez took note of everything. He waited. All day long he waited. Night fell, and he was still waiting.

But it was not until the darkness of early day before the dawn that his long term of espionage was rewarded. Finally a dry, scraping sound rasped the silence. The kitchen door had opened and a yellow spark appeared, came slowly out, revealing itself presently as a lantern, with a pair of legs moving beside it.

Leiber! If not Leiber, who else? . . . So then he was not dead, that big Ger-



HE TOOK UP THE LINES AND SET OUT

man. But he walked slowly, and his woman came with him. Her skirt could be seen, all yellow on one side by the light of the lantern.

They went into the barn. There was the clink of halter-chains, the squeak of harness, the click and rattle of the hames. Presently, too, there was the thud of hoofs upon the dirt floor.

What next? Were they going to "hitch up," and perhaps drive to town?

No—after all, it was only Leiber who was going. He was going by himself. With the woman holding the lantern, he laboriously climbed to the seat of the farm-wagon that was a black shape in the darkness. He took up the lines and set out, driving carefully, very slowly, the woman going ahead with the lantern to open the gate at the end of the lane. The clack and rumble of the ponderous vehicle, sluggishly moving, reverberated far into the black and sultry silence of the prairie.

Meanwhile a papery rustle awoke in the corn-field—not a breeze, but a man running and stumbling through the furrows, the stiff leaves swishing against him. It was the watcher hurriedly leaving his hiding-place.

Down he sank on the ground at the edge of the field; like a tumbleweed he rolled under the lowermost strand of the barbed-wire fence; then plunged to his feet and hastened on, coming out presently upon the main-traveled road. It was thick with dust. His running was soundless, as though he were shod with velvet pads, and in his wake hung a dry and torpid blur. For in this hour of pulseless heat the dust was not whiffed up; it was like an oozing fog; it crawled, it climbed, it languidly subsided, as if crushed down by the pressure of silence.

Despite the heat, Ropez felt cold. A chill had shuddered through his body, for it is a solemn thing, this running on ahead of a man who has a bullet in him. Who knows? Perhaps Leiber might be badly hurt. He might even fall off the wagon-seat.

Ropez halted. Better not to run any farther; better to wait here, wait until that mule-team, slowly traveling, should come up with him. He might even say to the German: "Hey, there, Leiber;

how goes it? Can you stand the trip all right?"

That would be good—yes, a fine thing to say! Only how can you do it?—talk like that to a bully, a scoundrel, a big devil of a Dutchman?

It seemed altogether unreasonable. For all that, Ropez stood still. In the gray of the morning he stopped beside the road, resolutely waiting for the wagon to come by.

Eventually it came—it passed. The spring seat canted down on one side under the massive and stalwart figure of the driver. The German looked straight ahead. Ropez might have been a fence-post, a stump, a clod, for all the notice he received from that Nebraska farmer of heroic mold.

In his turn the small man, the little Bohemian standing there by the roadside, pretended not to notice the wagoner. A gray specter he looked, as motionless as a scarecrow while he peered off across a flat field. It was a stubble-field, cinnamon-colored with the russet brightening of the east. A plowed furrow at the remote edge looked like a band of black velvet.

Ropez had meant to speak, but he could not bring himself that far. Now he wished he had said something insulting. True, he could still do it; he could yell out a bad name, or do some swearing. In point of fact, he was ashamed of himself—ashamed of the softness that was in him. Devoutly he wished that he had not been seen here. It seemed cowardly.

He said to himself: "That big devil; he is not much hurt!"

And he spat with contempt into the dust. At the same time he was uneasy about something he had seen. On the breast of the farmer's striped shirt, near the right shoulder, there was a pink blotch, a wet and spreading stain. The sight of it had a curious effect upon Ropez. Reluctantly, despising himself for the thing he was doing, he began to follow along after the wagon. But he no longer had the impulse of running on into the town to notify the doctor. Now he was grown critical.

"Why shouldn't that Dutchman send his woman to fetch the doctor? He wants to save expense, that's why. He's

that stingy! And for that he is maybe killing himself. What if he starts the blood flowing, with the shaking up he gets on the wagon-seat? Such a thing to do! That's what he's like; he did not even want to bother with a doctor. Right now it may be that he is not going to be looked after. Maybe he is only on his way to make a complaint to the sheriff. That's the kind of a man *he* is! Never mind about the doctor; it's the sheriff he wants."

All right, then! If that's how it is, all right!

Ropez began to follow faster behind the wagon. Brave and resolute, he hurried on. He would see the sheriff. He would give himself up. He would explain everything about the nasty fuss in the hay-field, and thus and so, and how this was the way of it.

But if it should turn out to be a bad hurt—very bad, mortal! Of a sudden the heart of the little Bohemian began to beat once more with violence, as if

he were still running. Abruptly, pricked on by the same impulse that had hurried him out of the corn-field, he set off at a rapid pace; he sped through a meadow, he took short cuts, swinging along at a determined stride, that he might reach the town long before the wagon should arrive.

Once there and on the doorstep of the doctor's house, he hesitated, drew away, looked at the green-shuttered windows, passed by, and presently returned. This time he timorously pulled a knob that jangled a bell somewhere within.

The door was opened by a barefooted boy of ten. With shirt dripping and overalls pasted to his body, he looked as though he might have been cooling himself with a shower-bath from the garden-hose. "Want to see the doctor?" he asked, and his question had the dictatorial unction common to office-boys, whether they be of the city or of a prairie town.

"Is he here—the doctor?"



ROPEZ MIGHT HAVE BEEN A FENCE-POST FOR ALL THE NOTICE HE RECEIVED

The man stood by the door, the whites of his eyes contrasting strangely with his dark face, all grimed with dust and smirched with beard.

Opening a door to the right of the passage, the boy said, "In there."

The room was quite dark. Nothing could be seen at first except a spurt of rays through a shutter's chink—rays that struck through some trembling water-drops and so spread upon the wall a quivering spot of rainbow light. Doubtless the boy in the dripping shirt had been wetting the outside of the office in order to cool the temperature within.

Here, stretched out on the floor with a bed-quilt under him, lay the country doctor, in his chubby hand a palm-leaf fan whose oval expanse, faintly yellow, was languidly waving. Probably the veteran practitioner had been out on a night call and was trying to sleep late.

"Good day, sir," he said, languidly sitting up.

Ropez remained by the door. He was breathing hard, he had a scared look, and his right hand kept pulling at the stubby, dusty fingers of his left.

"You . . . you . . . you know me, I expect."

"Sit down, won't you? Let me see: you are . . .?"

"Ropez—Gus Ropez."

"Yes, yes; it's you, eh? Well, how are you?"

The visitor did not reply; neither did he sit down. He only lowered his head, still standing by the door.

"Well, how about it? Want me out at your place? Another baby?"

No, not that. Huskily Ropez said so, and he cautiously sank down upon a chair, only to start to his feet with abrupt agility as the approach of a distant wagon made itself heard in the room. Then, the vehicle having passed, he weakly folded down once more upon the chair.

"That ain't him," he gulped. "But he should be coming here, all the same, that Max Leiber."

The German's name, solemnly spoken, roused in the doctor a vague intimation of what might have been passing out yonder in the country.

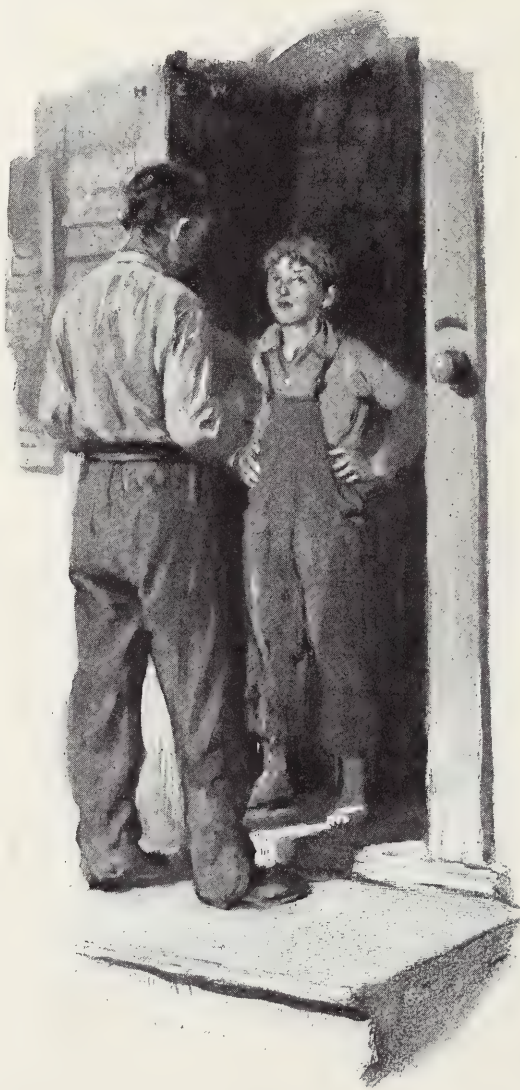
"What, another row?" he asked, and reflectively added: "Queer you can't get on together. Ought to be good neighbors, you two men. . . . Is he hurt?"

"He is hurt."

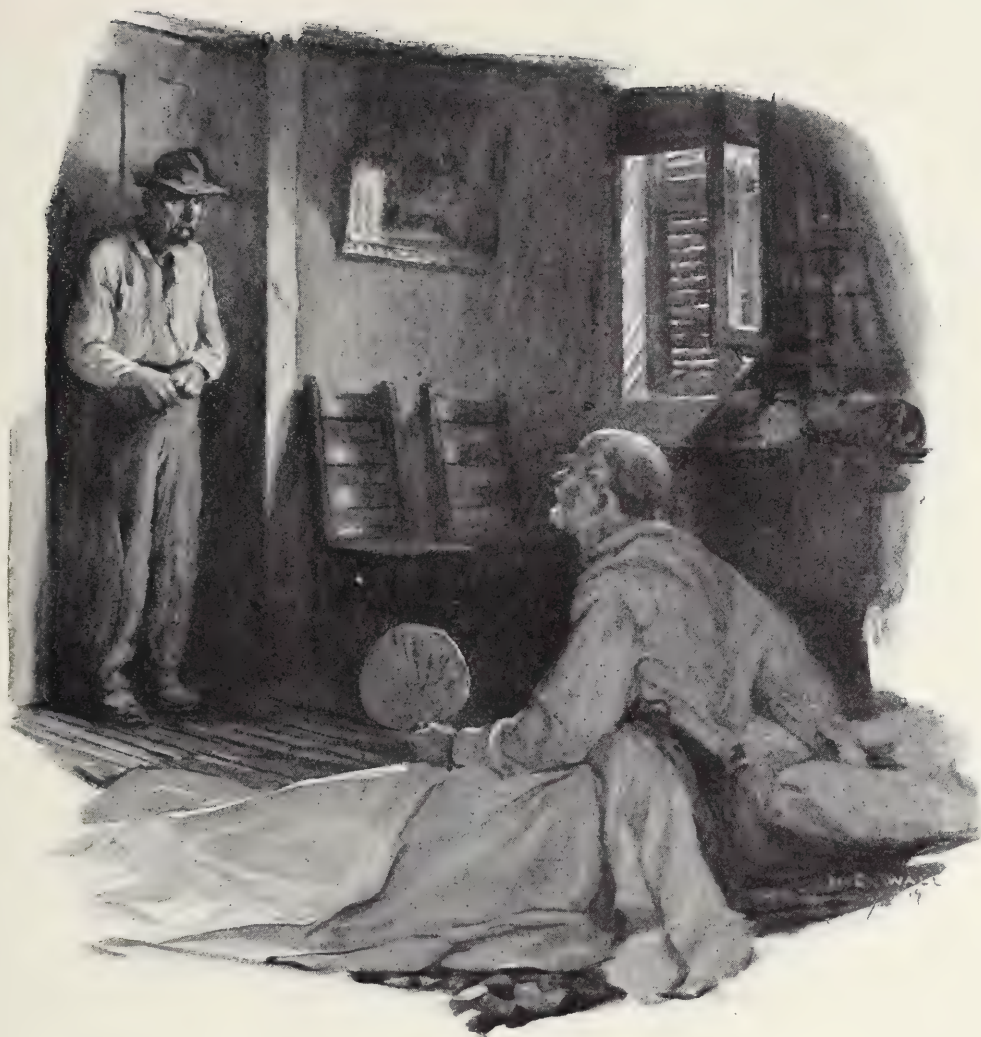
"How?"

Ropez did not reply. Rasping a heavy hand across the back of his neck, he sat staring at the floor, between his dust-powdered shoes.

The doctor, meanwhile, called his housekeeper, instructed her to heat a kettle of water, and straightway began sundry preparations for a surgical case. While setting out upon a stand a roll of cotton, some bandages, and a yellow bottle of iodoform, he said with mandatory brusqueness:



"WANT TO SEE THE DOCTOR?"



ROPEZ REMAINED BY THE DOOR, AND HIS RIGHT HAND KEPT PULLING AT THE FINGERS OF HIS LEFT

"Now, Gus, you're to tell me about this. Leiber is coming here, you say. How do you know he is?"

"He ain't dead. Can't be!" Ropez insisted.

"You seem to have hurried on ahead of him," said the doctor. "Rode these fourteen miles to do it!"

"Rode?" The visitor shook his head. "No, I . . . They are putting up hay, the woman and the boy. They need the horses. Can't spare me no horse."

Leaning sidewise, the little Bohemian squeezed a thick hand into his hip-pocket. And he brought forth a revolver, pearl-handled, small, brilliantly new.

"Such a thing!" he whispered, exhibiting the weapon that was like a harmless toy in the expanse of his massive and calloused hand. "A thing like that—it

—it don't kill people." Imploringly he looked into the doctor's eyes, adding earnestly: "Not amount to anything. So small a gun, you see. Such a *awful* small gun! Belongs to my boy. Dam' little fool to have a gun. What for should boys have a gun?"

The doctor said: "You borrowed that from your boy. You shot your neighbor. Well, how many times? What part of the body?"

"I am cutting grass," said Ropez; "on my land, understand. It is *my* land. But he say, that big Dutchman—"

"Never mind that. What happened?—that's what I want to know."

"But he say, that big devil—"

Vigorously and irritably the doctor struck his chubby hands together. "I know you, Gus Ropez! You quarrel; you *like* to quarrel. So does Leiber.

You fuss about this and that. First it's about four balls of binder twine, then about a broken fence-post, and Lord knows what! And now . . . Where did he get hit? Tell me that!"

But a man like Ropez cannot be hurried; he must tell his story, all of it, in his own way.

"I am cutting grass. He is grabbing me right off the seat of those mower machine. Yes, zur; that's how it is. I get awful bad shake-up. And when a man shake you up . . . Me, I don't like that. He kicks, too. It ain't good. I get despise on a man if he kick me."

"Wash up," ordered the doctor, opening the door into the lavatory. "Give yourself a good scrubbing. I may want you to help me."

Soon afterward a ponderous rumble jarred the windows of the doctor's office. A heavy farmer's wagon, drawn by a team of sturdy black mules, was coming up to the hitching-rack. The brake squeaked, the driver twisted the reins about the iron handle and got down from the spring seat, descending in three cautious steps, treading first on the polished tire of the wheel, then upon the grease-stained hub, then upon the ground.

"How goes it, Max? Come right in!" the doctor called from the window.

The farmer did not speak, but nodded gravely and deliberately. He wore a straw hat, cinnamon-colored overalls, and a striped blue shirt. He was the kind of man who could lift a beamed hay-rack—lift it and put it into place on his wagon—a feat that would ordinarily require the strength of two men or three.

Now, when he slowly entered the doctor's office, he brought with him a brown crock, with a white cloth tied over it.

"Some butter for you," he said. "Not such a good butter as sometimes."

Thanking him as he accepted the gift, the doctor said, "Your wife makes fine butter."

"Fine? Well, maybe, sometimes. But now there is too much heat for butter. It spoils butter—so much heat."

"What ails you, Max? You're looking sallow."

"Yes, I—and the woman, too—ain't in such good shape. Should have a

tonic, I guess. And then there is Ludwig. He is five years old now, and all broke out with pimples. Weed-poisoning, I shouldn't wonder. Maybe wild parsnips, but I don't know if it *is* wild parsnips."

Silence ensued. Steam rose from the porcelain tray on the table, and the room began to smell of carbolic, exhaled from the basin where surgical instruments were being sterilized.

"Say, doctor," the farmer heavily inquired, "do you think it is wild parsnips?"

Putting into the water some flexible probes of German silver, the doctor said: "Pull off your shirt. I'll have a look at you."

Reluctantly and shamefacedly the stalwart farmer slowly shed the garment over his head, wincing with pain as he got his right arm out of the sleeve. "I got hurt a little," he explained, and grinned.

A bullet wound, apparently, is something a man should not bother about.

"When did this happen?" the doctor inquired.

"Yesterday it happened; that is, about six of the clock in the morning it happened."

The surgeon whistled, then shook his head till his fat cheeks quivered.

"Hm! Tell me, Max Leiber, what you were thinking of, to wait all this while!"

"It is a little hole, you see; not much of a place," said Leiber. "But yesterday I didn't work. I didn't feel like working. I even felt very bad."

"Well, listen to me, my friend: don't you blame anybody but yourself if this turns out all wrong. You're in a bad way, if you want to know it—down-right bad."

"So?" The powerful man looked at the doctor in blue-eyed astonishment, then fell to muttering: "Such a little punch! Hardly nothing of a punch. See that!—just a trifle, you see."

The doctor scolded: "Leaving a wound undressed, a gun-shot wound in this kind of weather—hm, you great imbecile! There's inflammation, I tell you; there's infection!"

Owlishly the German winked. "That can't be so."

"It is so."

"But how, then, *how* can it be so. Only yesterday . . . yesterday morning, in the hay-field. And him cutting grass on *my* land, that crazy Bohunk!"

"Don't call names. Gus Ropez came to tell me about you. He is sorry. He walked all the way. And now I am going to have him in to help me."

"He is going to . . . *who* is?"

"Why, your neighbor."

"August Ropez?"

"Of course."

"He is going to help?"

"I must have somebody."

"Have him?—that dirty little Bohemian? *Him?*"

"Sit still."

"No; give me my shirt!"

The door of the lavatory opened and Ropez entered. He came, not timorously as before, but boldly and firmly.

The German did not get up. He sat very still, bare to the waist, his pink-white Northman's flesh a marvel of muscled perfection, despite the disfiguring blemish in the chest. For a time he glowered upon the intruder, then turned away his eyes.

Nothing was said. Straightway the operation began: the probing, the locating of the bullet under the right armpit, the deft incision, the recovery of the leaden ball.

As surgeon's assistant the Bohemian did fairly well, only growing a little faint and dizzy at first at the sight of blood. He brought hot water, held the basin, held the instruments, promptly

handed the doctor each article as it was needed. Then, the wound dressed and the bandages adjusted, Ropez even helped the injured man to put on his shirt.

Leiber said nothing. All this while he had said nothing. And now, catching up his straw hat, he started away; but having opened the door, he suddenly halted. He had fallen into a brown study. Long he stood thinking, thinking; and he stared at the wall, he stared at the floor, he scratched his head, he finally put on his hat.

"Don't go," said the doctor. "You're in no condition to ride home in the hot sun."

The German, apparently, did not hear. He began to turn away; he pivoted slowly and ponderously, like a great dredging-machine. Then, without speaking, he clumped heavily out of the office. Brisk as a squirrel, Ropez followed him, hurried on ahead of him and untied the mules from the hitching-rack. This done, he was starting off down the street when the doctor called after him:

"Hold on, Gus! What's your hurry?"

"I gotta go," said Ropez.

"Go where?"

"To the court-house, the sheriff's office. Mebbe I gotta be throwed in jail."

He looked inquiringly at the big German, who remained both glum and dumb. But the doctor decisively suggested: "Better get in the wagon, along



"SOME BUTTER FOR YOU," HE SAID



THE TWO MEN WENT THEIR WAY INTO THE SILENCES OF THE OPEN COUNTRY

with Max. He may need you to drive for him before he gets home."

Ropez promptly took his place on the wagon-seat, but before he could reach the lines Leiber had them in his hand. He drove away, neither speaking nor noticing his companion.

Down the street they went, steadily approaching the county court-house, a brick building with a dome and a putty-colored image of Justice with her sword and her balance. The wagon having come opposite that tin-roofed structure, Ropez said:

"If you stay here, then I should tell the sheriff to come down?"

The big German cleared his throat, saying briefly, with a deep voice: "Why tell him?"

"You, Leiber, you not have to climb the stairs."

The team had not stopped. Leiber clucked to the mules, cautiously slapping their backs with the reins. And nothing more was said.

Together, side by side on the wagon-seat, the two men went their way out of the little town, into the silences of the open country. Once, in that long drive, the big German said to his neighbor:

"Och, there is Ludwig I have forgot! He should, maybe, have had some medicine. He is five years old now, and broke out with pimples. Weed-poisoning, I shouldn't wonder. Maybe it is wild parsnips. Say, Ropez, how you think it is? Do you think it is wild parsnips?"

Over the Meadow

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

LOVE came over the summer meadow
Gaily singing,
All was sunlight, never a shadow
Darkly clinging.

Dazed with beauty and song and laughter,
Love went dreaming,
Drenched in light, before and after,
Glowing and gleaming.

Never a darkness, never a shade
Upon the meadow . . .
Saving the one his own step made—
Love's own shadow.



PALACE OF THE POPES

Avignon, Legendary and Real

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

FEW names on the haunted map of the world are so bathed in the moonlight of history as that of Avignon. Yet it might almost seem that the name means more to the stranger within her gates than to France, or, at all events, to the French Republic. Nations—such as England and America—often accused of lack of reverence toward the monuments of their past, could hardly, I think, match the vandalism despite which Avignon still remains beautiful, still preserves, like some much-erased and profanely scribbled palimpsest, the gold and purple of her indestructible legend.

Mistral himself has lamented this "carelessness" of Avignon toward her sacred heritage, in lines for which I am

indebted to Mr. Cook's translation. "Avignon!" he cries, "St. Peter's foster-daughter, who saw his boat at anchor in her port, and bore his keys upon her belt of battlements; Avignon! that beauteous city, with her unbound tresses tossed by the mistral's blast, who has seen the splendor of so glorious a past, yet has kept nothing of it but a forgetful carelessness. . . ."

They had a mayor of Avignon till but a year or two ago who seriously advocated the leveling of the noble fortified wall, built by Innocent VI., which, with its embattled gateways and its thirty-nine towers, still fences off Avignon from the rest of the world, and, as one approaches it in the twilight, still preserves for the imagination the illusion of a walled medieval city, with arquebussed watchmen pacing its ramparts, and with



FOURTEENTH-CENTURY RAMPARTS

arsenals of huge stones, boiling oil, and molten lead, in readiness for the scaling-ladders of the would-be invader. That unimaginative mayor had his way to the extent of destroying a small portion of those dream-ramparts; but, happily, the expiration of the term of his office put an end to his criminal destructiveness; and, at length, a spirit is awake in Avignon such as that which animates *Les Amis de Paris*, a spirit which, it is to be hoped, will keep in check any future Philistine impulses, as it is doing its best to repair earlier depredations.

Yet those ramparts that were strong enough to protect the citizens of Avignon against the ravages of the "Free Com-

panies," and to give pause even to the redoubtable Bertrand du Guesclin himself, have not been able, as we found, passing under the machicolated gateway by which one enters upon the Rue de la République—the central street of Avignon—to keep out certain triumphant modernities, or vulgarities, all very well in their place, but curiously anachronistic, to say the least, in a city whose name seems to concentrate all haughty and poetic distinction. Yes! as we passed under the Porte St. Lazare, and were merged into a sudden unexpected glare and jostle of a street which, on that particular evening, seemed rather coarsely to be living up to its democratic name, the first glare that caught our eyes was the electrically strident façade of a cinema, decorated with highly colored melodramatic posters of—"Arizona Bill"!

We were in Avignon! the city where Petrarch is said to have seen Laura for the first time, in the hush and wonder of the nunnery church of St. Claire, a city, too, that claims Laura's tomb—stories which, though probably legendary, possess what one might call substantial imaginative truth. It was along this same street—then less painfully named—that the beautiful Queen Jeanne of Naples rode, surrounded by her glittering court, to face her dramatic trial for the murder of her husband before Clement VI., a pope too enamoured of beauty, and too learned in "the gay science," to believe ill of so lovely a face—the less so as Queen Jeanne was prepared to prove her

innocence by the sale of Avignon, a fief of hers which Clement particularly coveted, a sale afterward concluded for eighty thousand gold florins.

Rienzi, with the shadow of his doom upon him, once rode up this same street, where now the cinematograph monopolists of France are with the aid of electricity energetically doing their share in the vulgarization of the world. Perhaps that iconoclastic mayor was right, after all! Why keep the old walls, when there is so little left of the old spirit? Cinemas and ragtime—in Avignon! It was a depressing thought, and our knapsacks seemed to sit heavier on our shoulders because of it, as we jostled our way through the commonalty of that republican street, glittering with vulgar shop windows of a too familiar modernity, seeking a lodging that might retain some vestiges of congruity in that mitered, medieval town of sanctuaries and kings.

It is one of the many charms of French cities, and particularly, as we were soon gratefully to learn, of Avignon, that

behind the most commonplace-looking house-front, or long stretch of apparently meaningless wall, bearing the ubiquitous legend "*défense d'afficher*," there lie hidden green gardens and hushed secrecies of peace and undreamed-of tranquillities. Sometimes, through a half-opened door, one catches a glimpse of a fairy fountain playing on a patch of a sunlit lawn bordered with narcissus and gilly-flower, an enchanted stillness and freshness cloistered there, as with hushed finger on its lip, amid all the strident modernity.

Such a haven was suddenly revealed to us in that disheartening Rue de la République, as, coming at length to a quiet doorway with the discreet inscription "*Maison de Famille*," we pulled at an old-fashioned brass knob, and heard a bell ringing as only bells ring in the midst of spacious, silent interiors. When at length the leisurely footsteps that we heard echoing toward us along stone-paved passages halted, and one of the great oak doors swung slowly open, we found ourselves looking, with an unspeakable gratitude, into the solitude of



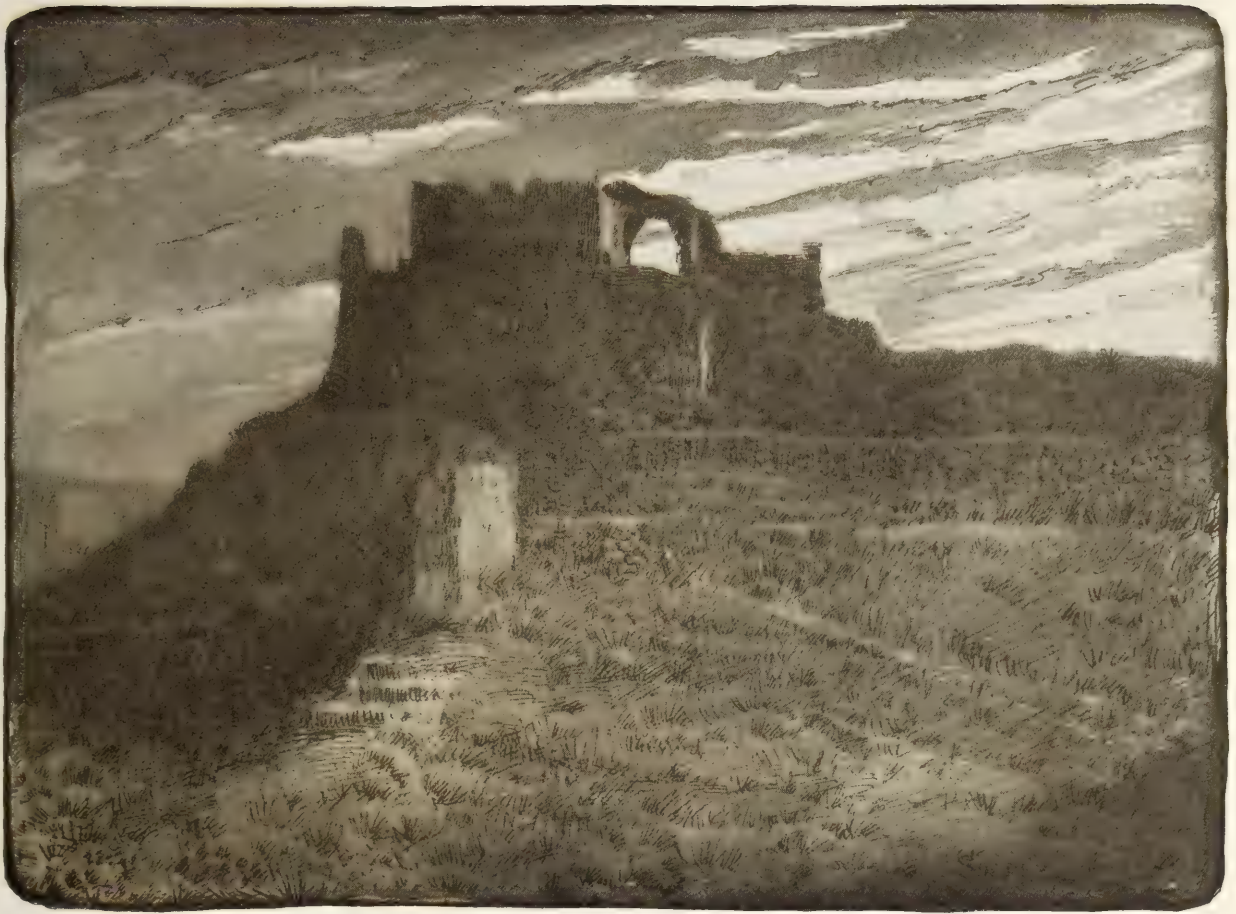
AUDIENCE HALL—PALACE OF THE POPES

a hall with a fireplace glowing quietly—for it was still wintry, in spite of all the almond-blossoms, and we were not yet out of the zone of the mistral—and silence that ascended by mysterious stone staircases into lofty dimness to rambling corridors; for the peace upon which we had at last so happily stumbled was that of an aforetime Jesuit monastery, which, though now a *maison de famille*, still preserved something like a monastic calm. This was largely due, as we were later to understand, to the pervading influence of a gentle English lady, whose property the place had become, including among its various buildings a beautiful church, now the sanctuary of Anglican visitors to Avignon, the charming old chaplain of which was soon to become our friend. As we sat down to dinner in the lofty hall which had once been the refectory of the brothers, we were reminded of the atmosphere of soft-voiced welcome which had been so grateful to John Inglesant, when, on the business of his Sacred Majesty King Charles the First, he arrived at Little Gidding. That night we went to sleep to the sound of mellow chimes in ancient belfries, reminding us that Avignon is still one of the strongholds of Holy Church, and in the morning our ears were greeted with the rustle of leaves and the sweet piping of black-caps coming up through our open windows from the old garden shut in from the rest of the world by the wings of the great rambling house and its stately church, a garden pungent with the smell of box and quaint with old fountains and moss-grown statues in shady corners.

In this happy haven we rested a few days from our wayfaring—for the spell of its peace was irresistible—only emerging to make pilgrimages to the various still remaining immortalities of the city itself, and those others, no less august and romantic to the inquisitive, within walking distance in the neighboring countryside. Most of these pilgrimages have been made so often, and been described by so many writers, with such “wealth of detail,” historic and descriptive, that, of course, it would be as idle as unnecessary for me to attempt to describe them anew—at all events, within the limits of this knapsack note-book.

A lifetime and ten volumes folio would hardly suffice to gather up the part-colored, incongruously associated impressions and memories of a city, whose records constitute a history of the French popes, which was practically the history of Europe for a century and a half. Another incongruity meets you in the square on your way up to the Palace of the Popes—a statue of the “brave brillon” of Henri Quatre; and in a cemetery on its eastern limits the pilgrim may visit the grave of John Stuart Mill.

No! I shall make no attempt to describe the Palace of the Popes. We have all seen it in pictures; we know how superbly it stands, at once a sanctuary and a fortress—more that, it seems to the eye—of the church militant, on the Roches des Doms, the rocky plateau that, to the west of the city, rises some three hundred feet above the Rhone, and not only dominates the city at its feet, but the plains of the surrounding country. To any one who is, or who has ever called himself, a Christian, it must be, I think, the most impressive Christian monument in the world—not forgetting St. Peter's. Naturally, therefore, it has not fared very well at the hands of the French Republic, by whom it was used as a soldiers' barracks from 1812 to 1906, during which time it was treated as the soldiery, whether that of a Cromwellian Puritan commonwealth, or that of an atheistic French republic, have always delighted to treat beautiful and distinguished buildings. But voices in protest seem at last to have gained a hearing. It is late in the day—too late for those frescos of Simone Memmi, of which but pathetic patches of color and fragments of design remain—yet at last what architects can do to retrieve a century's iconoclasm is being done. The dormitory floors have vanished, so that the height and general noble proportions of Queen Jeanne's hall of trial can now be appreciated; and those common rectangular windows looking out on to the great court are once more giving place to conscience-stricken restorations of the old pointed windows. For this one gives thanks; yet one's astonishment and indignation remain, and even now one is glad to leave the interior of the Palace of



RUINS OF THE CHÂTEAU OF PETRARCH

the Popes, and, contemplating it from without, in its comparatively uninjured magnificence, to reflect how little damage soldiers seem capable of doing to noble buildings when they attack them with violence from the outside compared with that done by them when, quartered inside, in times of peace, they stretch their legs and make themselves at home.

One memory, however, we have of the interior of the Palace of the Popes, the memory of its official guardian, M. Vassel, another true poet of the *Félibres*—of whom, indeed, Mistral himself had spoken, and whose fame as a *chansonnier* particularly at the floral fêtes of the *Félibres* held yearly in Arles or Avignon—is known throughout the Midi. We had a letter of introduction from his brother *Félibre*, M. Bouquet of Les Beaux. Therefore, we had been given a more than customary welcome at the Palace of the Popes, and heard from the lips and the heart of a man that loved it more than mere guide and guide-books can tell. But, over and above

this, M. Vassel is a friend of the gentle English lady whose guest we were at our cloistral *maison de famille*, and, as we bade good-by to him, under the escutcheoned gateway of his frowning towers, we were glad to learn that he was coming to sing to us one evening in our Anglican refectory. And, true enough, he came, and what a picture he made as he entered the hall, with a sort of splendid abandon, mandolin under his arm, great slouch hat over his strong Provençal eyes and smart white beard and mustache, his soldier-like figure garbed in black corduroys that had quite a touch of the dandy about them—poet and grand seigneur, if ever a man was; handsome and distinguished and devil-may-care—and seventy years old.

M. Vassel could not be persuaded to sing his own songs. He would only sing the songs of his master, Frédéric Mistral, and a song or two of Aubanel and Roumanille, statues to whom were close by in Avignon square as he sang. M. Vassel held us so charmed—you should



ENTRANCE TO THE CHÂTEAU—VILLENUEVE-LES-AVIGNON

have heard the youthful fire and passion that that troubadour of seventy could put into an *aubade*—that we forgot, as in a dream, the passage of time. But, presently, the cavalier and his lady that stand for ever, like giant toys, high up in the tower of the Hôtel de Ville, striking the hours, were heard striking the hour of eleven, and M. Vassel rose to say good night.

"Before you go," pleaded several voices, "sing us the old song of the 'Pont d'Avignon.'"

M. Vassel had already slipped his mandolin into its case, but with his quiet grand-seigneurial air of acquiescence he took it out again, and sang to us the old rhyme that children all over the world have sung since they were babies:

*Sur le pont d'Avignon
L'on y danse tout en rond.
Les beaux messieurs font comme ça,
Et puis encore comme ça. . . .*

We shall never forget M. Vassel, and

trust he will keep us also in remembrance.

It would be hard to say which has made Avignon more famous, the stern palace of its popes or that quaint catch of childish song whose origin the learned can only conjecture. Perhaps it is a reminiscence, Mr. Cook suggests, of the splendid water-fêtes Clement VI. was wont to provide for his royal visitors. However that be, it seems still, like some spirit of disembodied gaiety, to haunt with aery laughter the noble fragment of the old bridge of Saint-Bénézet, whose arches now come to an abrupt ending midway the swift, masterful current of the Rhone. Once it used to stretch its twenty-three arches across the alluvial island of Barthelasse, to the tower of Philippe le Bel, which guarded its western end, and still stands, strong and threatening as ever, at the foot of the hill which ascends to Villeneuve-les-Avignon, once the country-place of the popes, and where again stands another

tremendous castle, where, too, you can find the desecrated but still lovely remains of the Chartreuse du Val de Bénédiction. Those, alas! I can but mention here, and to seek them you must cross a modern suspension-bridge, for the old bridge leads to them no more. Fortunately, one exquisite feature of the old bridge has not gone, one peculiarly stirring to the imagination: the tiny chapel dedicated to Saint-Bénézet, who, toward the end of the twelfth century, says popular legend, was miraculously responsible for its building. Bridges were very serious matters in those days, so that the Brotherhood of Bridge-Builders was something like a sacred order. Men had long desired a bridge over the Rhone at Avignon, but up till 1177 there had seemed insuperable obstacles to its building. Then it was that "the word of Christ" came to a little

shepherd boy of twelve who kept his mother's flock near Viviers, commanding him to go to the bishop of Avignon and say that the Lord had sent him to build the bridge. The little lad went in fear and trembling, yet strong in faith, and told his story, but all it availed was to anger the bishop, who ordered him off to a dungeon in care of an officer of the guard. "What!" cried this officer, "can a little beggar-boy do what neither God nor St. Peter, neither St. Paul nor the Emperor Charlemagne, has been able to accomplish?" Little Bénézet, however, persisted, till, at length, the officer, pointing to a huge block of stone which thirty men could scarcely have lifted, said that if the lad could, "as a beginning," lift that stone and carry it to the riverside, then all would believe that God had sent him. Having duly prayed, the little lad lifted the block "as



LA PONT SAINT-BÉNÉZET

easily as any pebble," and, carrying it down to the riverside, placed it where the foundations of the first arch were afterward laid. So, little Bénézet came to be canonized, and, for a long period, his body rested in the little

because, as is surely natural at such a shrine, the entrance to the sacred valley is beset with the booths of the souvenir-sellers, the beauty of one of the loveliest spots on earth is gone and the spell of its memory broken. Whoever

should say this must surely have had strange eyes for that tremendous dramatic gorge, and that vast purple cavern hollowed out beneath limestone cliffs, six hundred and fifty feet of towering horror, and brimming with unfathomable deeps of clearest water, Petrarch's "fountain"; or have forgotten, as finally the stream from that fountain makes its way through indescribable boulders to the peaceful village of L'Ile-sur-Sorgue, what a singing it makes, and what a freshness it spreads around. Never, it seemed to us, was such loveliness of living water before in the world. Well might Petrarch write of it in his immortal words as "*chiare, fresche, e dolci acque*." We filled a little phial with it—for we thought it well might be the veritable elixir of life—and, as we did so, we called to mind how, sixty-seven years



FONTAINE DE VAUCLUSE

chapel on the bridge which he thus miraculously brought into being.

Another bridge, the miracle of an earlier and different Rome—the Pont du Gard—was our goal, a day of sunlit pilgrimage, which must here remain unwritten; as must also that other day we journeyed on pious pilgrimage indeed to Vaucluse. Of this last, however, let me say this much: allow no one to persuade you, as I have seen written, that

before, two other famous lovers, own kin to Petrarch and Laura, had climbed that rocky valley on their wonderful honeymoon—Robert and Elizabeth Browning—and we recalled the pretty anecdote which tells how "Mr. Browning took his wife up in his arms, and, carrying her across the shallow, curling water, seated her on a rock that rose throne-like in the middle of the stream."

In Step

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER



NEVER hear people saying that, after all, home and children make up the rightful sphere of woman without thinking of Flora Loomis. Not that there is anything in the life of Flora Loomis so obviously in point either way; it is merely that whenever the subject comes up—and nowadays one hears it everywhere—I find that my subconscious mind has instantly established the connection, and—I am thinking of Flora Loomis.

If I had known her more intimately it is probable that I might better trace the connection, for it surely existed. But our lives, mine and Flora Loomis's, touched only at irregular intervals, often years apart. I have seen her in all but four times; yet those times have been like the four acts of a play, as coherent, as complete, with the climax in the third act, where it properly belongs, as if I had been sitting still in my seat at the theater during the long intermissions, with the lapse of years only a printed line on the programme.

It was the autumn that I visited sister Martha out in Indiana. Just what it was that occasioned her going to the school to see Bobby's teacher I do not now remember, though I do recall that her mission was entirely friendly. At any rate, Martha went one day to "talk it over" with the teacher, and I went along.

We reached the school-house just as the children were going in from the afternoon intermission. They were lined up before the entrance, according to classes, waiting for the signal. At the head of the broad steps stood a thin teacher in a straight black skirt and a figured silk shirtwaist. She held in her hand a small call-bell.

"That," said Martha, as we waited, "is Bobby's teacher, Miss Loomis."

The sunlight caught the nickel of the bell in her hand, but glinted off again abruptly, as if the stiff, dark little figure had been a non-conductor of light. She stood without moving, looking sternly down at the two long lines. A foot was drawn in here, a restive hand brought forcibly down to the side—and Miss Loomis kept her eyes uncompromisingly focused upon them until the lines took on a look of stiff rigidity. Then she struck the call-bell. Inside the lower hall some one played a march on a piano. She struck the bell again sharply, and the long lines began to mark time; another tap of the nickel bell, and the little bodies lost their rigidity, the lines flowed forward easily, gracefully, in perfect time to the music.

The children did not look up or smile as they passed Miss Loomis. They seemed even to quicken pace as they went by, so that more than one gave a little shuffle just afterward to catch step again. When they were all in, Martha and I followed, and found Miss Loomis in the hall holding by the shoulder a young boy whom she had called out of the line. He was a handsome, manly little fellow, and had evidently succeeded in clearing himself of the charge she had brought against him, for he was looking up into her face eagerly for vindication.

"I *didn't* at all," he said, finally, and as if to bring her response.

"Then see that you *don't*," she said, without the least softening of expression, and giving his shoulder a little push toward the door of the class-room. Surprise, resentment, and anger were in the lad's face, while the blood mounted to his temples as he flung through the door and out of sight.

Miss Loomis turned to Martha as if, being the mother of a pupil, she were a natural enemy. Even when Martha explained her errand, which was perfectly peaceful, there was no relaxing of that

attitude. She was not an uncommon type—the sort of woman one can never imagine as having friends or relatives, or, indeed, connections of any kind; an isolated personality, whose nature seemed made up of elements chemically antagonistic to the rest of mankind. As for her age, she was not, and looked as if she had never been, under thirty.

They talked for only a few moments, while I stood by wondering at Martha's good nature, for Miss Loomis stiffly refused to grant a single point; jumping, it seemed, at the conclusion that Martha was there to argue, to complain, when she had in reality precisely the opposite intent, coming as she had to confer with her, to get and act upon her suggestion. But Miss Loomis was one of those persons who believe authority consists in denial.

"If we allowed that," I remember hearing her say, "we should have no system whatever." Martha made another effort to explain that she was not contending, that she was only wanting her opinion in the matter. "Yes, I know," said Miss Loomis, with a little unfriendly metallic smile, as if she tolerated the stupidity of parents merely because it came in with her other duties, "but we could have parents here every day about such things if we allowed it in this case."

Martha saw it was no use then, and in her most gracious manner said good-by, and hoped she had not kept Miss Loomis too long from her class. The only response was another perfunctory smile that seemed to dismiss an unpleasant visitor and an unpleasant subject as well.

As we walked home we laughed a good deal about the interview and talked generalities about the type. In the end Martha was silent for a little, and then said, as if she had been thinking it out, and with more than a touch of pity in her voice, "Poor little creature." Martha herself was most happily married, and had three of the most beautiful children in the world.

"Don't waste your sympathy, Martha," I said; "she's thinking precisely the same thing of you."

"I haven't the least doubt of it"—Martha's tone had not changed—"but you know, she seems to be so—out

of step with life, somehow." That so perfectly expressed her that I think, beyond my saying so to Martha, who always had a faculty for the right phrase that amounted almost to genius, we said very little more about Miss Loomis.

Naturally enough, I did not see her again during my stay; indeed, the incident made only the most casual impression upon my mind, and I should probably never have thought of Miss Loomis again had it not been for subsequent events.

I was at home in New York about three years later, and going one day to call upon an old girlhood friend whom I had not seen for many years, and who was starting West within a few days to join her husband. Neither of us knew that the other had been living in New York, and we had only run across each other by chance the week before; so we had planned a good gossipy afternoon for this particular day, the only time Mary would have free before her departure. When I reached the house Mary met me at the door hatted and gloved for the street.

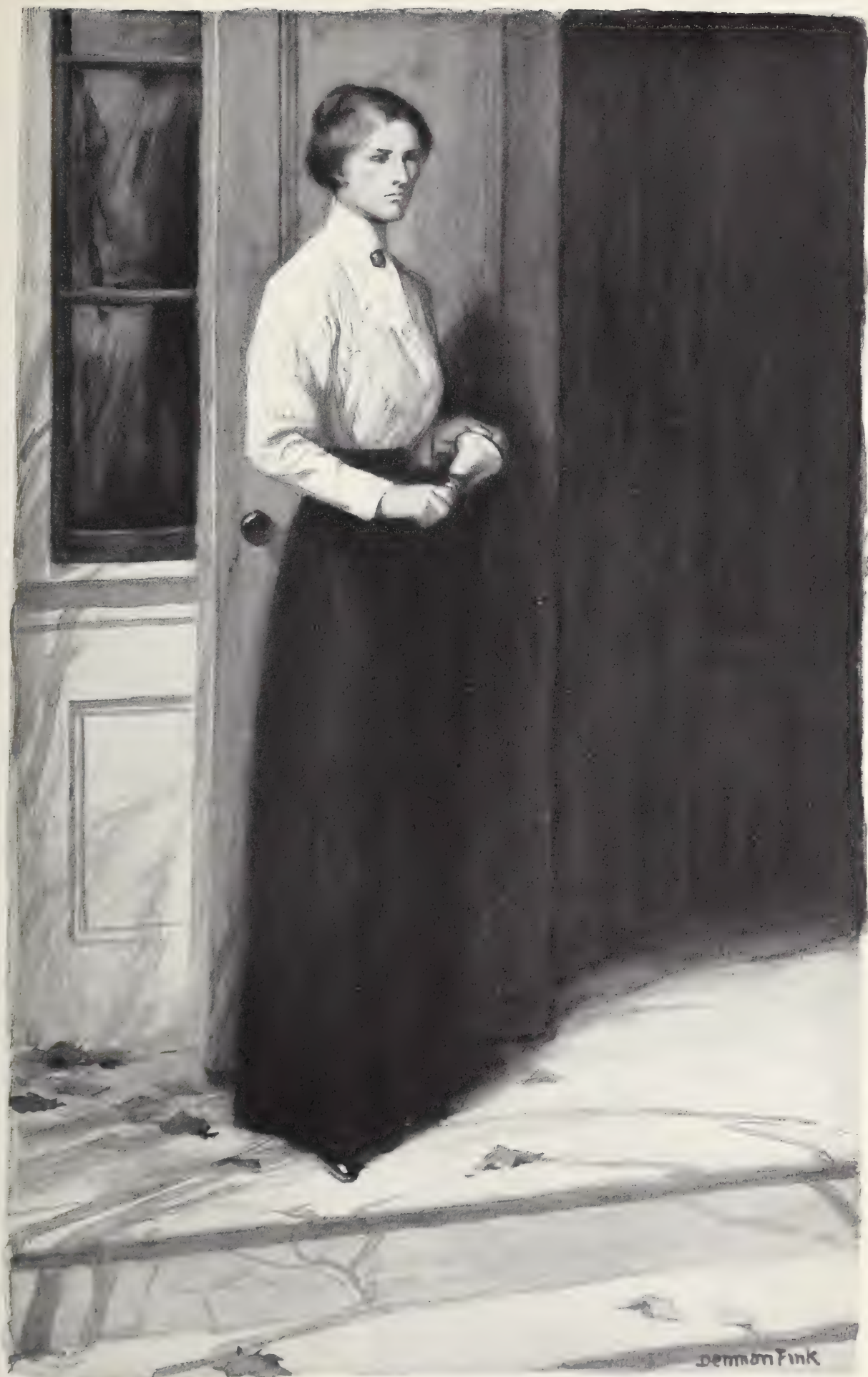
"My dear! I'd completely forgotten that I'd promised to meet some people at Mrs. Branson's tea—just a few minutes—you don't mind—" One never "minded" anything Mary did, somehow. "You're coming right along with me; and then we'll go on down-town and have dinner some place—"

"But I don't know Mrs. Branson!"

Mary swept my objection aside, as if it had been a cobweb, with a wave of her hand, and a look that accused me of insinuating that she didn't know where she was asking me to go. "Oh, I've telephoned her you were coming," she said; "she'll let you in."

Mary was one of those tempestuous people who swoop down upon you like a whirlwind and carry you along with them whether you will or no; and you usually will. So we were on our way before I could think of another objection—at any rate, one that would hold with Mary.

It was queer that ten minutes before I had never heard of Mrs. Branson, yet here I was going to tea at her house with Mary Sanford; it *was* queer, but one



Drawn by Denman Fink

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

MISS LOOMIS WAS LOOKING STERNLY DOWN AT THE TWO LONG LINES

always found oneself doing something totally unexpected five minutes after meeting Mary Sanford.

A dozen obvious subtleties marked the Bransons' apartment as the home of people not long married. Everything fitted perfectly into place, but nothing had *grown* there.

"Darling apartment, isn't it?" Mary said to me, *sotto voce*, as we went in. She could not have described it better; it was "darling."

Ten or twelve women were grouped about the room, and the hostess was pouring tea at a low table of the very latest make; none of the tea-things had the shine worn off.

She rose and came to meet us—a little dark-haired woman in a very feminine dress of some soft pale-blue stuff. Her hair was parted in the middle and done low on her neck—a pretty enough girlish fashion, but I remember thinking that it only served to emphasize the fact that Mrs. Branson was no longer girlish.

"I'm *so* glad you brought her," she was saying, in answer to Mary's introduction and explanation of me.

She had retained my hand, and was leading me into the room in the most friendly manner possible.

"There's no formality here, you know," she said, turning and smiling; "we're the most unconventional people in the world."

Her air was exactly that of a woman brought up in the most conventional social environment, but who was only now freeing herself of formality, to whom it was something new and very vivacious to be informal. All that was in the way she said it, and yet I had the instant feeling that the implication was deliberate, and that it was not true. I was astonished by the idea almost as much as if I had heard myself openly accusing her of falsehood; the notion was entirely without foundation, but once in my mind it continued to pique my curiosity.

She introduced me to the other women there, Mary's particular friend, Grace Trask, among them; then she gave me tea, and while I made a pretense of chatting with the others I was in reality watching Mrs. Branson. And

all the time it grew—the feeling of there being something counterfeit about her; she was constantly creating a counterfeit impression of a personality. It was not what she said or what she did, it was what she conveyed, what she left to the imagination, that I felt to be a falsehood. She was like a clever and subtle fictionist creating atmosphere by *not* saying the thing. I could see she had created it for the others there.

Even her slightest remark seemed to carry the same sort of double intent. It wasn't intended to be taken literally—when it was in fact the literal truth. Every one, to be sure, indulges in that sort of falsehood occasionally, but generally it is about something of importance, something that would make a difference. What puzzled me was her reason, and I found myself feeling unaccountably sorry for her. And surely that was an absurdity.

She seemed faintly to stir a memory, just vaguely, but not to rouse it into life.

"What is it about her?" I asked myself. "She's cordial, she's sincere enough apparently; but she doesn't ring true—she's like some one singing the least bit off key—" I was groping for the right phrase, the figure. "She's one of them, right enough, but she seems somehow—out of step—" Instantly, then, it flashed upon me: the stiff little teacher at the head of the school-house steps holding the nickel call-bell; and it was what Martha had said afterward, when we were coming away—"She always seems so out of step with life."

So that was who she was—Miss Loomis! I felt stunned, as if I had made a tremendous discovery; yet without any conscious reason at all I had not the least desire to communicate the discovery to any other person, least of all to her. I wanted more than ever to watch her. Her slightest word, even the way she poured the tea and handed the cups around, repudiated her past.

Surely she was acting the most subtle of rôles—and dressing it, too. It was then that I noticed the blue stockings, just matching the dress, and the low-heeled patent-leather slippers. Now if there is anything so feminine as pale-blue stockings, I cannot imagine it. They seemed somehow the supreme fraud.

What sort of man could have married her? And when? And, most of all, under what circumstances? For one felt there must have been "circumstances." I sought out Mary across the room.

"Who is Mr. Branson?" I asked her.

"Who is he?" She looked a bit bewildered. "Why, he has something to do with contracting—lumber, I believe, and materials. Very successful, too."

"Old?"

"No; about her age, I should say."

"Good-looking?"

"Yes, in his way; you know, just the sort you'd expect a clinging feminine little woman like Mrs. Branson to marry—big and clean-looking, honest eyes, fresh, good skin; and he's very devoted to her."

"Married long?"

"Not a year yet. It was quite a romance. He stopped at some little place out West where she was spending the summer; they fell in love—first sight, I think—and within a month were married and on their way East." Haste, then, had been a conspicuous part of the "circumstances."

Mary and I made our way back by degrees to the tea-table.

"Exactly how long have you been married, Mrs. Branson?" Mary began. "Anne here has been asking me—"

"You see, I knew you were a bride," I said, partly to see how she would take it. And I was rewarded.

"Oh!" She dropped her head almost coyly, acknowledging things I had not said, and I knew she was trying to give the impression that she was blushing; but I knew also that she was *not* blushing. "It will be a year the seventeenth of this month," she told me, and then added, "It was just a year ago last Tuesday that we met."

"Oh!" I drew her on. "Romance, then!"

"It was Charles," she explained; "he's always impetuous—even about little things; he'll always be just a boy."

"Mrs. Sanford tells me you are from the West," I said, intending to test her. She brightened.

"Oh yes; I'm a Western girl—Indiana."

"Indiana!" I repeated, pressing her. "What place?"

She gave me a queer, sharp little glance, but my expression was merely one of polite inquiry.

"Muncie," she said, losing interest a little.

I could not resist. "Muncie! Why, I visited a sister in Muncie three winters ago; and do you know, I've been puzzling over where I could have met you ever since I came in. You must know my sister, Mrs. Cobb?"

The poor woman looked positively frightened, and began pouring a cup of tea for no one at all. It gave her time to muster her forces.

"Cobb?" she said. "No, I don't know her." It had the effect of dismissing the subject, but my curiosity had the better of my sympathy; and, after all, how should I know that she was hiding anything?

"You must have seen the children, the eldest boy especially; he's such a handsome fellow—about high-school age now—everybody notices him—"

She tried to keep the entreaty out of her eyes, to pretend to be casual; evidently she was trying to decide how much I knew. But, for that matter, what was there to know? I saw her master herself, and I knew she had arrived at some decision. She looked directly into my eyes and asked, entirely ignoring my remark about the children, "When did you say you were there?"

"In the fall of 1910," I said.

"Then I *couldn't* have met you, for I was away during all that fall and winter."

For an instant I was too astonished to think. I stood looking stupidly at the brake where my quarry had eluded me. I had been so close upon her, and she had suddenly disappeared down a hole before my eyes, and because it was so unexpected, so adroit, it was difficult to realize that I had been outwitted.

After that until we left she was like a child surprised by a grown-up in the midst of a pretentious and rather absurd game.

The freedom and spontaneity had gone out of her make-believe. No one else saw it, to be sure; but every time I came near I could see how uncomfortable I was making her. It was as if she feared I might expose her.



Drawn by Denman Fink

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

IT WAS AS IF SHE HAD ENLISTED HER VERY SOUL IN THE FRAUD

I made only one more attempt to discover her. I selected the least analytic of the women there and made an inquiry, burying the question deep in a lot of inconsequential conversation, so that no one would remember it: "Was Mrs. Branson ever a teacher?" The lady I addressed said, "Not that I've ever heard, though teaching would have suited her perfectly, she so loves children." There came vividly before me the face of the little fellow in the hall that day at the school.

It was art, her acting; the audience believed in the very spirit of her impersonation. I found myself wondering whether she had "sunk herself in the part," and the rôle acted itself; but no, I had seen her that day at the school, and I knew that every line, every gesture, every facial expression, and every bit of "business" would have to be studied, worked over, perfected. It was a stupendous task, but she had accomplished it. It carried conviction.

All during dinner that evening, while Mary and I gossiped of old times and old friends, my thoughts continually went off at a tangent on some new conjecture about Flora Loomis. Mary went West then, and I had no further occasion to meet Mrs. Branson.

It was in August of the following summer that I saw her for the third time. I had gone for the week-end to a pretty place on the Long Island shore, and the morning after my arrival I went out into the garden of the hotel, fronting the sea. Here and there white-aproned nurse-maids had the daintiest of children out for the morning air. They made spots of color on the green lawn and under the trees, and I sat down a little way off to watch them. How much joy, I thought, mothers do relinquish to nurse-maids!

Presently there came toward me across the lawn a nurse pushing a baby-carriage. A lady walked at the side, now and then looking down at the baby and stooping to adjust a blanket. The little group moved slowly, and blended with the general scene.

They halted under the tree next to the one under which I sat; the mother spread a dainty white comfort on the grass, sat

down, and arranged her skirts, while the nurse-girl lifted the baby down to her. I had not until then separated them from the picture as a whole; but at that moment something struck me as familiar about the mother. With all the force of an electric shock I recognized her. It was Mrs. Branson. A queer, half-sick feeling took hold of me.

It was not the idea of her having a child that struck me as incongruous; it was the idea of a child having her for a mother! She was absorbed in the baby, putting on its little blue jacket, tying the little kid bootees more snugly, and all the while going on in that absurd baby talk that is such a pretty officiousness in very young mothers. Could it be possible that it was not her child, I wondered; and then I saw the fierceness with which she held the little body close to her own, as if she would clutch its naked spirit in her two thin hands. There was no longer any doubt. There was something showy, aggressive, about her motherhood, as if she were saying: "See, I am a mother; and, more, I am that most enviable of God's creatures, a young mother with her first-born." Yet I had that same impression of falsity, of acting, that I had felt that day in her house a year before. It was if anything heightened, almost as if she had this time enlisted her very soul in the fraud; as if she held the child as proof that she was in reality young, tender, loving, womanly—the thing, in short, she was pretending to be.

She made a nest of pillows and set the baby in it, and I turned my attention from her to the child. Immediately I began to think that the whole thing was fabric of my imagination—no child's face ever bore such indisputable evidence as that! It was the expression of the little face that spoke straight to one's heart; an expression of such weariness, such helpless combat against some too-powerful foe as one seldom sees on the faces of even very old people. As if it had been lured into life by false promises.

Presently it leaned forward, both little hands outstretched to the cool, moist grass. Its eyes brightened, and the look I had noticed fled from its face; it was suddenly all baby, eager for a new plaything. But only for an instant, for the

mother saw, and caught him back by the dress, calling him her little rogue, and "mother's rascal," who *would* run away. She held him up in her arms again, greedily; and I had a sensation of suffocation as I watched her. I could see that she was veritably sapping the child's life away.

For a half-hour I watched them, and never during that time did she leave the child to itself for more than two minutes. It was at the end of the half-hour that I saw the man Mary Sanford had described coming across the grass toward them. Then Mrs. Branson turned and saw him. "Here's daddy!" she cried, catching up the baby again and signaling to the nurse-girl to gather up the things. Mr. Branson smiled, but said nothing that I could catch when he came up, and she let him take the baby from her arms without a word. The baby had set up a little fretful whine, but ceased now, and I had a distinct sense of thankfulness for his calmness, his strength, and his quietness, as he moved off with them, holding the child firmly and protectingly in his arms.

I went back to the city without seeing them again. . . .

It was one day during the midwinter holidays that Bella Cunningham and I met them face to face walking along the Avenue. Mrs. Branson was in deep mourning, and looked better, younger than I had ever seen her. She leaned just perceptibly on her husband's arm. He seemed older, less buoyant, less calm than before; but even now he looked younger than she. It did not surprise me to see her in black; I knew instinctively that the baby was dead.

I suppose I stared as they passed, for Bella asked: "You know them?"

"Yes," I said; "it's a Mr. and Mrs. Branson; they've just lost their baby." And then involuntarily I added, "How she's changed!"

"Grief always ages a woman so much more than a man," Bella observed.

I turned and looked after them. Perhaps it was Bella's remark, and perhaps it was the queer, settled look on Mrs. Branson's face, an expression I had not seen there before; but it was suddenly clear to me that she had, as nearly as was possible for her, caught step with life.

Nothing That Can Die

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

NOTHING that we deem can die
Has any thought of death:
The mortal thing, without a sigh—
Without reproachful plaint or cry—
Yields scarcely conscious breath;
The coming sleep to it the same
As that from which it all-unknowing came.

But spirit cannot so resign
A hope that o'er the depths of sorrow
Like to a star remains: a sign
That strengthens, by its beam divine,
To-day with promise of To-morrow!
Nay; longing, vital, and foreseeing,
Itself becomes a pledge of deathless being.

With the Poor Emigrants to America

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM



AT Easter, 1912, I was with seven thousand Russian peasants at the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem. On Easter Day, 1913, I arrived with a shipload of Russians at New York and so accomplished in two consecutive years two very different kinds of pilgrimage and followed up two very significant life-movements in the history of the world to-day. One of these belongs to the old life of Europe, showing the life of the Middle Ages as it still survives under the conservative régime of the Czars; the other is fraught with all the possibilities of the future in the making of the New America. Each of these movements is as important, it seems to me, as any event in modern history.

It was in March that I decided to follow up the emigration movement to America, and with that purpose sought out Israel Kahan, the well-known immigration agent in the East End of London. He transhipped Russians coming *via* Libau and London, and could tell me just when to expect a large detachment of the subjects of the Czar.

He would do nothing for me without an introduction, without knowing exactly with whom he had to deal. I might be a political spy. The arm of the Czar was long, and he could ruin men's lives even in America.

I mentioned the name of a well-known revolutionary anarchist and militant suffragette. He said a letter from her would suffice. So I went and explained my predicament to my Russian friend, and she wrote me a note to a mysterious revolutionary who was living above Israel's shop. This missive, when presented, was promptly taken as a full credential. Israel at once agreed that he was ready to be of any service to me he could. A large party of Russians was coming soon, not Russian Jews, but real Russian

peasants, and he would let me know as soon as he could just when they might be expected. I returned to my ordinary avocations, and every now and then rang up I. K. on the telephone and asked, Had the Russians come? When were they coming? At last the intelligence came: "They are just arriving. Hurry down to Hayes wharf at once."

The news took me in the midst of other things, but I dropped all and rushed to London Bridge. There, at Tooley Street, I witnessed one of the happenings you'd never think were going on in London.

A long procession of Russian peasants was just filing out from the miserable steamship *Perm*. They were in black, white, and brown sheepskins and in astrakhan hats; some in blue blouses and peak hats, some in brightly embroidered linen shirts; none wore collars, but some had new, shiny bowlers on which the litter and dust of the port was continually falling, bowlers which they had evidently purchased from German hawkers who had come on board at some point in the journey; the women wore sheepskins also, many of them, and their heads were covered with shawls; they had their babies sewn up in little red quilts. Besides these there were pretty town girls and Jewesses dressed in cottons and serges and cheap hats. There were few old people and many young ones, and they carried under their arms clumsy, red-painted wooden boxes and baskets from which kettles and saucepans dangled. On their backs they had sacks, and in their hands several of them had crusts of bread picked up in their hurry as they were hustled from their berths and through the messroom. Some of the sacks on their backs, as I afterward saw, contained nothing but crusts of white and black bread, on which they trusted to live on the voyage and during the first weeks in America!

They were all rather bewildered for

the moment, and a trifle anxious about the customs officers.

"What is this town?"

"For what are the customs men looking?"

"Where is our agent—the man they said would be here?"

I entered into conversation with them, and over and over again answered the question, "What is this town?" I told them it was London.

"Is it a beautiful town?" they asked.

"Is it a large town?"

"Do we have to go in a train?"

"How far is it?"

"Look at my ticket. What does it say?"

They made a miscellaneous crowd on the quay-side, and I talked to them freely, answered their questions, and in turn put questions of my own. They came from all parts of Russia, even from remote parts, and were going to just as diverse places in America—to villages in Minnesota, in Michigan, in Iowa; to New York, to Boston, to Chicago. I realized the meaning of the phrase, "the magic word Chicago." I told them how many people there were in London, how much dock laborers get a week, pointed out the Tower Bridge, and calmed them about the non-appearance of their agent. I knew him, and if he didn't turn up I would lead them to him. They might be calm; he knew Russian; he would arrange all for them.

At last a representative of my East End friend appeared—David the Jew. He was known to all the dockers as David, but he had a gilt I. K. on the collar of his coat, wore a collar, had his hair brushed, and was a person of tremendous importance to the eager and humble emigrants. Not a Jew, no! No Jew has authority in Russia. No Jew looked like David, and so the patient Christians, when he rated them, and shouted to them, and cursed them, like a herdsman driving home a contrary lot of cows and sheep and pigs, thought him a great official.

Another Jew appeared, in a green hat and fancy waistcoat, and he produced a sheaf of papers and began a roll-call in one of the empty warehouses of the dock. Each peasant as his name was called was ticked off and was allowed to gather

up his belongings and bolt through the warehouse as if to catch a train. I passed to the other side and found a series of vans and brakes waiting. Into these the emigrants were guided, and they took their seats with great satisfaction, clambering in from all sides and nearly pulling the frail vehicles to pieces.

The van-men jested after their knowledge of jests and put their arms round the pretty girls' waists. David rushed to and fro, fretting and scolding. Loafers and clerks collected to look at the girls.

"Why does that old man look at us so? He ought to be ashamed of himself," said a pretty Moscow girl to me. "He is dressed like twenty or twenty-five, but he is quite old. How quizzically he looks at us."

"He is forty."

"Sixty!"

"That's a pretty one," said a young man whose firm imported Koslof eggs.

"What does he say?"

"He says that you are pretty."

"Tell him I thank him for the compliment, but he is not interesting—he has not a mustache."

All the vans were filled, and there was a noise and a smell of Russia in the grim and dreary dockyard, and such a chatter of young men and women, all very excited. At last David got them all in order. I stepped up myself, and one by one we went off through the East End of the city.

We went to St. Pancras station. On the way one of the peasants stepped down from his brake and, entering a Jewish hat-shop, bought himself a soft green felt and put his astrakhan hat away in his sack. He was the subject of some mirth and also of some envy in the crowd that sat down to coffee and bread-and-butter at the great Midland terminus. Under the terms of their tickets the emigrants were fed all the way from Libau to New York without extra charge.

They were all going from Liverpool—some by one line, some by another. As the majority were going on a certain preferred line, I went to I. K. and booked a passage on that line. There was much to arrange and write, my sack to pack, and many good-bys to utter—all in the briefest space of time.



RUSSIAN EMIGRANTS IN EVERY SORT OF HEADGEAR

At midnight I returned to the station and took my seat in the last train for Liverpool. Till the moment before departure I had a compartment to myself, but away down at the back of the train were coach after coach of Russians, all stretched in their sheepskins on the narrow seats and on the floor, with their children in the string cradles of the parcel-racks. They were crowded with bundles and baskets and kettles and saucepans, and yet they had disposed themselves to sleep. As I walked along the corridor I heard the chorus of heavy breathing and snoring. In one of the end carriages a woman was on her knees praying—prostrating and crossing herself. As we moved out of St. Pancras I felt as I did when upon the Pilgrim boat going to Jerusalem, and I said to myself with a thrill: “We have mysterious passengers on board.” The sleeping Russians gave an atmosphere to the English train. It was like the peculiar feeling that comes to the other people in a house when news is given down-stairs that a new baby has arrived.

In a thunder-storm, with a high gale and showers of blinding hail and snow, with occasional flashing forth of amazing sunshine, to be followed by deepest gloom of threatening cloud, we collected on

the quay—English, Russians, Jews, Germans, Swedes, Finns, all staring at one another curiously and trying to understand languages we had never heard before. Three hundred yards out in the harbor stood the red-funneled Cunarder, and we waited impatiently for the boat which should take us alongside. We carried baskets and portmanteaus in our strained hands; most of us were wearing heavy cloaks, and some had sacks upon our backs, so we were all very ready to rush aboard the ferryboat and dump our burdens on its damp decks. What a stampede there was—people pushing into portmanteaus, baskets pushing into people! At last we had all crossed the little gangway, and all that remained on shore were the few relatives and friends who had come to see the English off. This pathetic little crowd sang ragtime songs, waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and shouted. There was a bandying of farewells:

“Ta-ta, ta-taa!”

“No more stamp-licking!”

“Ta-taa, ole Lloyd George!”

“Good luck, old boy!”

The foreign people looked on and smiled non-comprehendingly; the English and Americans huzzaed and grinned, then away we went over the water, and thoughts of England passed rapidly

away in the interest of coming nearer to civilization's toy, the great liner. We felt the romance of ocean travel and also the tremulous fear which the ocean inspires. Then as we lay in the lee of the vast, steep, soot-colored liner each of us thought of a recent disaster at sea and of the passengers who went down with her into the abyss.

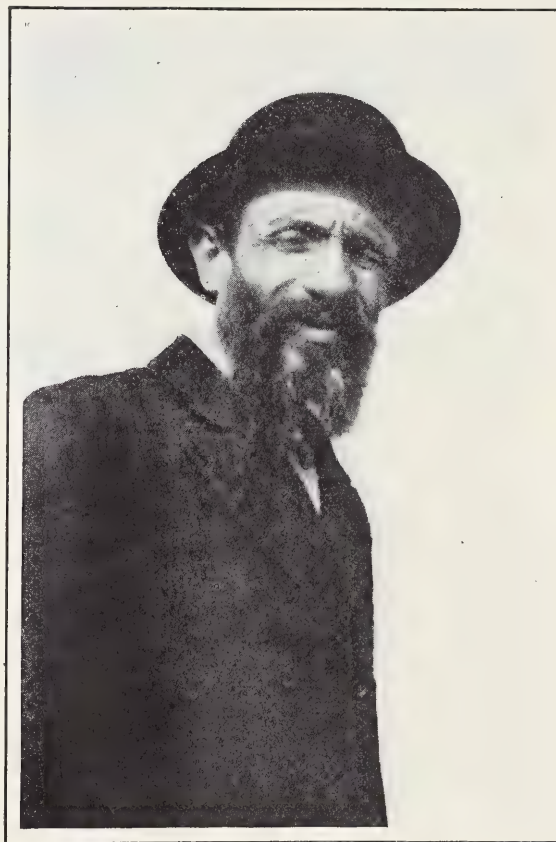
The vastness of the liner made our ferryboat look like a match-box. A door opened in the towering wall and a little gangway came out of it like a tongue coming out of a mouth. We all picked up our bags and baggage and pushed and squirmed along this narrow footway that led into the mouth of the steamer and away down into its vast, cavernous, hungry stomach. English, Russians, Jews, Germans, Poles, Swedes, Finns, Flemings, Spaniards, Italians, Canadians passed along and disappeared—among them all, I myself.

There were fifteen hundred of us, and each man and woman, still carrying in hand-bags and baskets, filed past a doctor and two assistants and was cursorily examined for diseases of the eye or skin.

"Hats and gloves off!" was our first greeting on the liner. We marched slowly up to the medical trio and each one as he passed had his eyelid seized by the doctor and turned inside out with a little instrument. They were looking for trachoma. For the rest, the passing of hands through our hair and examination of our skin for signs of scabies was not so rough, and the cleaner-looking people were not molested.

Still carrying our baggage, we took our medical-inspection cards and had them stamped by a young man on duty for that purpose. Then we were shown our berths.

There was a spring bed for each person, a towel, a bar of soap, and a life-preserver. The berths were arranged two, four, and six in a cabin. Married couples could have a room to themselves, but for the rest men and women were kept in different sets of cabins. British were put together, Scandinavians together, Russians and Jews. It was so arranged that the people in the cabins understood one another's language. Notices on the walls warned that all emigrants would be vaccinated on deck, whether they had been vaccinated before or not; that all couples making love



A PILGRIM FROM RUSSIA

too warmly would be married compulsorily at New York if the authorities deemed it fit, or should be fined or imprisoned; that smoking was not allowed except on the upper deck, and so on. The cabins were a glittering, shining white, small and box-like; they possessed wash-basins, but not water. There were general lavatories where you might wash in hot or cold water, and there were bathrooms which were locked and never used. Each cabin had a little mirror. The cabins were steam-heated. Fresh air was to be found on the fore and after decks, except in time of storm, when this issue was barred up. In time of storm the smell was necessarily atrocious, for most of the people were very sick. We had, however, a great quantity of dark space to ourselves and could prowl into

the most lonesome parts of the vessel. Spooning couples were always to be found in dark recesses, and sailors would come and curse them in the English language. There were parts of the ship wholly given over to dancing, and others to horse-play and feats of strength. There was an immense dining-room with antechambers, and there, to the sound of the jangling dinner-bell echoing and wandering far or near over the ship, we assembled to meals.

The emigrants flocked into the mess-room from the four doors to twenty immense tables spread with knives and forks and toppling platters of bread. Nearly all the men came in in their hats—in black, glistening, ringlety sheepskin hats; in fur caps; in bowlers; in sombreros; in peak hats with high crowns; in Austrian cloth hats; in caps so green that the wearers could only be Irish. Most of the young men were curious to see what girls there were on board and looked eagerly to the daintily clad Swedish women, blond and auburn-haired beauties in tight-fitting, speckless jerseys. The British girls came in in their poor cotton dresses, or old silk ones, things that had once looked grand for Sunday wear, but now bore miserable crippled hooks and eyes, threadbare seams, gaping fastenings—cheerful daughters of John Bull traipsing along in the shabbiest of floppy old boots. Then there were the dark and somewhat forward Jewesses, talking animatedly with little Jew men in queer-shaped trousers and skimpy coats; there were slatternly-looking Italian women with their children, intent on being at home in whatever circumstances. There was a party of shapely and attractive Austrian girls that arrested attention from the others, and a regular scramble to try and sit next to them. No one

ever saw a greater miscellaneity of peoples brought together by accident. I sat between a sheepskin-wrapped peasant wife from the depths of Russia, and a neat Danish engineer. Opposite me were two cowboys going back to the Far West; a dandified Spanish Jew sat next them on one hand, and two Norwegians in voluminous knitted jackets on the other. At the next table was a row of boisterous Flemings, with huge caps and gaudy scarfs. There were Americans, spruce and smart and polite; there were Italians, swarthy and dirty, having their black felt hats on their heads all through the meal and resting their elbows on the table as if they'd just come into a public house in their native land. There were gentle youths in shirts which women folk had embroidered in Little Russia; there were black-bearded Jewish patriarchs in their gaberdines.

A strange gathering of seekers, despairers, wanderers, pioneers, criminals,



THE ETERNAL CONCERTINA

scapegoats. I thought of all the reasons that had brought these various folk together to form a little America. From Great Britain it is so often the drunkard who is sent. Some young fellow turns out to be wilder than the rest of his family; he won't settle down to the sober, righteous, and godly life that has been the destiny of the others; he is likely to disgrace respectability—so parents or friends give him his passage-money and a little capital and send him away across the sea. With the drunkard go the young forger or embezzler whose shame has been covered up and hidden, but who can get no "character" from his last employer. Then there are the unemployed and those discontented with their jobs, the out-of-works, the men who have seen no prospect in the old land and felt no freedom. There are the wanderers, the rovers, the wastrels so-called, who have never been able to settle down; there are also the prudent and thoughtful men who have read of better conditions and go simply to take advantage of them. There are those who are there almost against their will, persuaded by the agents of the shipping companies and the various people interested to keep up the flow of people into America. There are the women who are going out to their sweethearts to be married, and the wives who are going to the husbands who have made good; there are the girls who have got into trouble at home and have slid away to America to hide their shame; there are girls going to be domestic servants, and girls doomed to walk the streets—all sitting down together, equals, at a table where no grace is said but the whisper of hope which rises from each heart.

They are nearly all young people, and have loving mothers and fathers in the background, and friends, and sweethearts, some of them. There are some lonely ones who have none to care for them in all the world. There are young men who are following a lucky star and who will never be so poor again in their lives, boys who have guardian angels who will never let them injure their foot on the ground, boys who have in their favor good fairies, boys and girls who have old folk praying for them. And

there is the prodigal son, as well as the too prodigal daughter. There are youngest brothers in plenty, going to win the princess in a way their elder brothers never thought of; young Hans is there, Aladdin, Aschenpüttel, Norwegian Ivan Durak. The Angel of Life is there; there is also the Angel of Death.

We all broke bread together and became thereby one body—a little American nation in ourselves. Had the rest of the world's people been lost we could have run a civilization by ourselves. We had peasants to till the soil, colliers to give us fuel, weavers and spinners to make cloth, tailors to sew it into garments, comely girls of all nations to be our wives; we had clerks and shopkeepers and Jews with which to make cities; musicians and music-hall artists to divert us, and an author to write about it all.

Mugs half full of celery soup were thrown at us; not a chunk of bread on the table was less than an inch thick; the hash of gristly beef and warm potato was what would not have been tolerated in the poorest restaurant, but we set ourselves to eat it, knowing that trials in plenty awaited us and that the time might come when we would be starving. The Swedes and the British were finicky, the Russians and the Jews ate voraciously, as if they'd never seen anything so good in their lives.

The peasant woman next to me crossed herself before and after the meal; her Russian compatriots removed their hats, and some of them said grace in a whisper to themselves. But most ate even with their hats on and most with their hands dirty. You would not say we ate as if in the presence of God and with the memory of prayers and of heartbreak still in our minds, yet this meal was for the seeing eye a religious ceremony, a very real first communion. The rough food so roughly dispensed was the bread and wine, making us all of one body and of one spirit in America. Henceforth all these people would come nearer and nearer to one another as Americans, and drift farther and farther from the old nations to which they belonged. They would marry one another, British and Jewish, Swedish and Irish, Russian and German; they would always be eating

at America's board, speaking America's language, their children learning America's ideals in America's schools. Even from the most aboriginal, illiterate Russian on board one day must come a little child, his grandson or great-grandson, who will have forgotten Russia and every custom of that land; whose heart will thrill to America's idea as if he had himself begotten it.

We all began to know one another, to talk, to dance, to sing, to play together. All the cabins buzzed with chatter, and along the decks young couples began to find one another out and to walk arm in arm. Two dreamy Norwegians produced concertinas and without persuasion sat down in dark corners and played dance music for hours, for days. Rough men danced with one another, and the more fortunate ones danced with the girls, dance after dance, endlessly. The buffets were crowded with navvies clamoring for beer; the smoking-rooms were full of excited gamblers thumbing filthy cards. The first deck was wholly in electric light; you mounted to the second and it was all in shadow; you went higher still and you came to daylight. You could spend your waking hours on any of these levels, but the lower you went the warmer it was. On the electric-light deck were to be found the cleaner and more respectable passengers; they sat and talked in the messroom, played the piano, sang songs. Up above them all the hooligans rushed about, and there also, in the shadow, in the many recesses and dark, empty corners, boys and girls were making love to one another, looking moonily at one another under the influence of the love-spell, kissing furtively, and making envious the passers-by who had left their girls behind them. It was also on this deck that the wild

couples danced and the card-players shuffled and dealt. Up on the open deck were the sad people and those who loved to pace to and fro to the march music of the racing steamer and the breaking waves.



OUR PARTY OF FLEMINGS

I was soon much sought for. When the Russian-speaking people found out I had their language they followed me everywhere, asking elementary questions about life and work and wages in America. Even after I had gone to bed and was fast asleep my cabin door would open and some woolly-faced Little Russian would cry out:

"Gospodin Graham, forgive me, please; I have a little prayer to make

you. Write me also a letter to a farmer."

I had written for several of them notes which they might present at their journey's end.

All day long I was in converse with Russians, Poles, Jews, Georgians, Lithuanians, Finns.

"Look at these Russian fatheads [duraki]," said a young Jew. "Why do they go to America? Why do they leave their native land to go to a country where they will be exploited by every one?"

"Why do you leave it, then?" asks a Russian.

"Because I have no rights there."

"Have we rights?"

"If I had your rights in Russia I'd never leave that country. I'd find something to do would make me richer than I could ever be in America."

There were three or four peasants around, and another rejoined, "But you could have our rights if you wished."

Whereupon I broke in:

"But only by renouncing the Jewish faith."

"That is exactly the truth," said the Jew.

"Yes," said a Russian called Alexy Mitrophanovitch, "he can have all our rights if he renounces his faith."

"If I am baptized to get your rights, what use is that to you. Why do Christians ask for such an empty thing?"

"All the same," said another Russian, "in going to America you will break your faith and so will we. I have heard how it happens. And they don't keep the saints' days there."

Alexy Mitrophanovitch was a fine, tall, healthy-looking peasant workman in a black sheepskin. With him, and as an inseparable, walked a broad-faced Gorky-like tramp in a dusty peak hat. The latter was called Yoosha.

"You see all I've got," said Alexy to me, "is just what I stand up in. Not a copeck of my own in my pocket, and not a basket of clothes. My friend Yoosha is lending me eighty rubles so as to pass the officials at New York, but of course I give it back to him when we pass the barrier. We worked together at Astrakhan."

"Have you a bride in Russia?"

No, he was alone. He did not think to marry; but he had a father and mother. At Astrakhan he had been three thousand versts away from his village home, so he wouldn't be so much farther away in America.

He was going to a village in Wisconsin. A mate of his had written that work was good there, and he and his mate had decided to go. They would seek the same farmer, a German, Mr. Joseph Stamb. Would I perhaps write a letter in English to Mr. Stamb? . . .

Both he and Yoosha took communion before leaving Astrakhan. I asked Alexy whether he thought he was going to break his faith as the other Russians had said to the Jew. How was he going to live without his Czar and his Church?

He struck his breast and said: "There, that is where my church is! However far away I go I am no farther from God!"

Would he go back to Russia?

He would like to go back to die there.

"Tell me," said he, "do they burn dead bodies in America? I would not like my body to be burned. It was made of earth and should return to the earth."

The man who slept parallel with me in my cabin was an English collier from the North Country. He had been a bad boy in the old country and his father had helped him off to America. Whenever he had a chance he talked of whippet-racing and breeds and prizes and his pet dog.

"As soon as Ah get tha monny Ah'll enter that dawg aht Sheffield. Ah took 'er to Durby; they wawn't look at 'er there. There's no dawg 's can stan' agin 'er. At Durby they run the rabbits in the dusk an' the little dawg as 'ad the start could see 'em, but oun moight 'a' been at Bradford, fur all she could see. Ah'll bet yer that dawg's either dead or run away. She fair lived fer me. Every night she slep' in my bed. Ef Ah locked 'er aht, she kick up such a rah. Then I open the door an' in she'd come straight an' jump into bed an' snuggle 'erself up an' fall asleep. . . ."

The dirtiest cabins in the ship were allotted to the Russians and the Jews, and down there at nine at night the Slavs were saying their prayers while just above them we British were singing comic songs or listening to them. Most



ENTERING THE PROMISED LAND

of us, I reckon, also said our prayers later on, quietly, under our sheets, for we were below the surface very solitary, much in need of the comfort of an all-seeing Father.

The weather was stormy and the boat lost thirty-six hours on the way over. The skies were mostly gray; the wind swept the vessel and the sea deluged her. The storm on the third night considerably reduced the gaiety of the ship; all night long we rolled to and fro, listening to the crash of the waves and the chorus of the spring mattresses creaking in all the cabins. My boy who had left the "dawg" behind him got badly "queered up." He said it was "mackerel as done it," a certain warm, evil-looking mackerel that had been served him for tea on the Tuesday evening. Indeed, the food served us was not of a sort calculated to prepare us for an Atlantic storm—roast corned beef, sausage and mash, dubious eggs, atrocious tea that tasted strongly of soda, unappetizing butter, ice-cream. On tumultuous Tuesday the last thing we ate was ice-cream! We all felt pretty abject on Wednesday morning.

Our sickness was the stewards' opportunity. They interviewed us, sold us bovril and hawked plates of decent ham and eggs, purloined from the second-class table or their own mess. The Brit-

ish found the journey hard to bear, though they didn't suffer so much as the Poles and the Austrians and the Russians. I found the whole journey comparatively comfortable, stormy weather having no effect on me, and this being neither my first nor worst journey. Any one who has traveled with the Russian pilgrims from Constantinople to Joppa in bad weather has nothing to fear from any shipboard horror in any class on any sea.

Only two of the Russians went through the storm happily—Alexy and Yoosha. They had worked for long periods on the Caspian Sea in a little boat, almost capsizing each moment as they strained at their draughts of salmon and sturgeon; one moment deep down among the seas, the next plunging upward, shooting over the waves, stopping short, slithering around—as they graphically described it to me.

When the storm subsided the pale and convalescent emigrants came up-stairs to get sea air and save themselves from further illness. Corpse-like women lay on benches, on the coiled rope, on the stairs, uttering not a word, with scarce interest to exist. Other women were being walked up and down by their young men.

Next morning when I was up forward

with my kodak, one of the young ladies who had been ill was being tossed in a blanket with a young Irish lad of whom she was fond, while four companions were laughing and bandying remarks. Life only hides itself when these folk are ill; they will survive more than seasickness.

The white dawn is haggard behind us over the black waves, and our great, strong boat goes thundering away ahead of the sun. It is mid-Atlantic, and we stare into the same great circle of hungry emptiness as did Columbus and his mariners. Our gaze yearns for land, but finds none; it rests sadly on the solitary places of the ocean, on the forlorn waves lifting themselves far away, falling into nothingness and then wandering to rebirth.

Nothing is happening in the wide ocean. The minutes add themselves and become hours. We know ourselves far from home and we cannot say how far from the goal, but still very far, and there is no turning back.

The ocean is retreating behind us with storm scud and smoke of foam threshed out from our riven road. Vast theaters of waves are falling away behind us and slipping out of our ken backward into the homeward horizon. Above us the sky is gray and the sea also is gray, waving now and then a miserable flag of green.

What an empty ocean! There is nothing happening in it but our ship. And for me that ship is just part of my own purpose: there is nothing happening but what I willed. The slanting red funnels are full of purpose, and the volumes of smoke that fly backward are like our sighs, regrets, hopes, despairs, the outward sign of the fire that is driving us on.

I was much in demand among the Russians on Friday and Saturday, for they wanted to take the English language by storm at the week-end. I taught Alexy by writing out words for him, and six or seven peasants had copied from him and were busy conning "man," "woman," "farm," "work," "give me," "please," "bread," "meat," "is," "Mister," "show," "and," "how much," "little," "more," "half," "good,"

"bad," the numbers, and so on. They pronounced these words with willing gusto and made phrases for themselves, calling out to me:

"Show me worrk, pleeze."

"Wer is Meester Stamb?"

"Khao match eez bread?"

"Give mee haaf."

Alexy tried his English on one of the waiters at dinner-time.

"Littel met, give mee more met."

The steward grinned appreciatively and told him to lie down and be quiet.

Maxim Holost and his sister were accompanied by a grizzled peasant of sixty or so, wearing a high sugar-loaf hat sloping back from an aged, wrinkled brow. This was Satiron Federovitch, the only old man on deck. His black cloak, deep-lined with wadding, was buttoned right up to his throat, and the simplicity of his attire and the elemental lines of his face gave him a look of imperturbable calm. Asked why he was going to America, he said that almost every one else in the village had gone before him. A Russian village had, as it were, vanished from the Russian countryside and from the Russian map and had transplanted itself to Dakota. Poor old graybeard, he didn't want to go at all, but all his friends and relatives had gone and he felt he must follow.

Holost told every one how at Libau the officials doubted the genuineness of his passport and he had to telegraph to his village police, at his own expense, to verify his age and appearance. The authorities didn't relish the idea of such a fine young man being lost by any chance to the army. If only they had as much care for the villages as they have for their legions!

I was up betimes on Saturday morning and watched the vessel glide out of the darkness of night into the dusk of the dawn. The electric light up in the mainmast, the eye of the mast, squinted lividly in the half-light, and the great phantom-like ship seemed as if cut out of shiny white and blood-red cardboard as it moved forward toward the west. The smoke from the funnels lay in two long streamers to the horizon and the rising sun made a sooty shadow under it on the gleaming waves. As the night-cloud vanished a great wind sprang up, blow-

ing off America. Old Satiron was coming laboriously up-stairs, and he slipped out on to the deck incautiously.

"Gee whizz!" The mocking American wind caught his astrakhan hat and gave it to the sea. Poor old Satiron, he'll turn up in Dakota with a derby on, perhaps.

Saturday was a day of preparation. We packed our things, we wrote letters to catch the mail, we were medically inspected—some of us were vaccinated. All the girls had to take off their blouses and the young men their coats, and we filed past a doctor and two assistants. One man washed each bare arm with a brush and some acid. The doctor looked and examined. The other assistant stood with lymph and lancet and rapidly jabbed us. The operation was performed at an amazing pace and was only an unpleasant formality. Many of those who were thus vaccinated got their neighbors to suck out the vaccine directly they returned to their cabins. This was what the boy who had left the dog behind him did.

On Saturday night there was a concert at which all the steerage were present and in which any one who liked took part. But English music-hall songs had all the platform—no foreign musicians participated.

Sunday was Easter day and I was up in the dark hours of the morning and saw the dawn. Sunrise showed the clouds in the east, but in north and south and west the other clouds still lay asleep. Up on the after-deck of the great tireless steamer little groups of cloaked and muffled emigrants stood gazing over the now familiar ocean. We knew it was our last day on the ship and that before the dawn on the morrow we should be at the American shore. How fittingly was it Easter, first day of resurrection, festive day of spring, day of promise and hope, the anniversary of happy days, of first communions!

In the wan east the shadowy wings of

gulls were flickering. The blood-red sun was just coming into view, streaked and segmented with blackest cloud. He was striving with night, fighting, and at last gaining the victory. High above the east and the wide circle of glory stood hundreds of attendant cloudlets, arrayed by the sun in robes of lovely tinting, and they fled before him with messages for us. Then, astonishing thing, the sun disappeared entirely into shadow. Night seemed to have won the victory. But we knew night could not prevail.

The sun reappeared almost at once, in resplendent silver, now a rim, in a moment a perfect shield. The shield had for sign a maiden, and from her bosom a lovely light flooded forth upon the world. The light enveloped us—it was divine.

But the victory still waited. All the wavelets of the eastern sea were living in the morning, dancing and mingling, bewildering, baffling, delighting, but the west lay all unconquered, a great black ocean of waves, each edged with signs of foam, as if docketed and numbered. All seemed fixed and rigid in death. The sun disappeared again and reappeared anew, and this time he threw into the world ocher and fire. The wide half-circle of the east steamed an ochreous radiance to the zenith. The sun was pallid against the beauty he had shed; the lenses of the eye fainted upon the unearthly whiteness. It was hard to look upon the splendid one, but only at that moment might he be seen with the traces of his mystery upon him. Now he was in his grave-clothes, all glistening white, but at noon he would be sitting on the right hand of God.

Easter!


Next night, a few hours after I had lain down to sleep, Maxim Holost put his head in at my cabin and cried out: "America! Come up and see the lights of America!"

And without waiting for me to follow he rushed away to repeat the message to others—"America! America!"



The Lady Who Wore the Willow

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY

HE lady who lived next door was very much better. Helen was glad. She was a very pretty lady, and her name was Miss Edith Conway, and she wore soft-colored dresses of green and rose and blue. They all did something very pleasant to her, Helen had noticed. The blue dresses made her eyes bluer, and the green ones turned them green, but the rose color only matched her cheeks and showed you exactly how pink they were.

When she went riding in an automobile she wore a long greeny-blue veil that made her look like a mermaid. But she didn't go riding in an automobile any more, and her cheeks had stopped being pink. She hadn't been exactly sick abed. She hadn't had measles or chicken-pox or anything *contageious* so you couldn't go to see her; she had just been shut up in the house with some kind of sickness that made people put up their eyebrows and whisper with their heads close together.

But to-day she had walked down to the corner of the street and back, and smiled at a bunch of violets that Helen had offered her, quite as if there were nothing the matter with her.

Helen's aunt spoke of her witheringly.

"I'm ashamed for my sex," she said, "when I see a woman in this day and age who has so little backbone."

Helen knew that this didn't mean that there was anything the matter with her spine. It was only when she was a much littler girl that she would have thought that. But still it puzzled her. If you were sick you couldn't have backbone about getting well; that is, the spots didn't go away, however much backbone you had. No one had blamed her when she had the earache after chicken-pox, even when she had screamed out with pain and thrown the hot-water bag on the floor and burst it.

Helen's family were all very healthy and fat. For a long time Helen had been refusing bread and potatoes at the same meal, and trying mental telepathy on her mother whenever she took a second helping of either. Helen was very thin herself, but you couldn't begin too early, when you belonged to a fat family like the Dickinsons.

She always listened carefully to any recipes for getting thinner. She thought it would be a good thing for the lady next door if she *would* eat bread and potatoes together, and drink a lot of water with her meals. Some day, if she could get over being afraid to go and call on her, she meant to tell her so.

"How's our neighbor?" Uncle Alfred asked, squinting up his eyes in the way he had when he meant to say something funny—he wasn't very funny, ever—"Still wearing the willow?"

"She's able to sit up and take a little nourishment," Brother Bobby answered. He needn't be so pleased with himself, Helen reflected. He was growing out of his short trousers in a way that made him look perfectly *redic'lous*. She was glad when Uncle Alfred snubbed him.

"I was speaking to your Aunt Alice, Bobby," he said, without squinting up his eyes at all.

"And o' course I couldn't hear anything you was saying." But Bobby didn't speak very loud, and he was out in the hall, anyway, before he said it. Helen stuck out her tongue at him.

"He needn't put on so many airs with me," Bobby went on; "everybody knows that Edith Conway's feller give her the slip last month. Broke the engagement because he was going to marry a trained nurse. Everybody give her the merry ha-ha, and she took to her bed. There's mush for you!"

"Well, if that's all—" Helen said.

"They tell everything they know before us kids." Bobby was still thinking of Uncle Alfred. "And then they get

high-toned the minute we show signs of human intelligence."

Helen would have liked to ask him more about Miss Edith, but Bobby would never answer questions, or let you talk very much. He liked to say all that was being said himself. Her feller gave her the slip. That was what they were all so sly and mysterious about. And it made her sick because she had been so terribly hurt in her feelings. But why was it that everybody blamed her?

Helen went over that afternoon to call on Miss Conway. She was upstairs in her big, sunny bedroom, lying back in a stuffed chair and writing a letter on the chair-arm.

"I brought you a banana," Helen said; "I was glad to see you getting out this morning."

Miss Edith smiled. Then she tore the letter on her lap across in two pieces. "That was very good of you," she said.

Helen put the banana down on the bureau.

"Bananas are so fattening," she said. She couldn't think of anything else to say.

Miss Edith had been crying. There was a little wet dab of handkerchief on the other chair-arm. "Once something happened to me that made me feel so badly that I went and crawled under the dining-room table, and stayed there all the afternoon," Helen added, after a little.

"Did you?"

Helen had never told anybody about the dining-room table before. Uncle Alfred had promised to take her to Boston for her Easter holidays, and then had forgotten he had asked her, and had taken Bobby instead—who would rather have gone to a ball-game.

"I cried," Helen said. "I cried all the time I was under there."

"Did you?" asked Miss Edith again. "I think I had better go now," Helen said, after a few minutes more.

Miss Edith tore the letter on her lap across a good many more times, and crumpled it up in her hand. Helen stood in the door and looked back at her. Then she remembered what Mary, the second girl, said to gentlemen in the Park when she left them.

"I bid you a very good afternoon," she said.

"Oh! good afternoon," said Miss Edith.

Down-stairs, Mrs. Conway, a tall lady with a great many teeth filled with gold (though Helen knew that gold in teeth wasn't very stylish), and Miss Edith's sister, asked her if "Edith had taken an interest in her, and what they had talked about."

"We talked about—a thing I did once," Helen told them, "and about a banana."

"Did the poor child really talk to you?" Miss Edith's sister wasn't pretty, like Miss Edith. She was an old maid. Miss Edith was twenty-three, and wouldn't be an old maid until she was twenty-five, anyway.

"She was very polite."

As Helen shut the door, she heard Mrs. Conway saying: "Well, I'm glad she's taking an interest in somebody, if it's only that Dickinson child. I can't understand why a daughter of mine should have so little *pride*."

The next time Helen called, she took a little custard in a cup with a little cherry in the middle. The cherry was there to hide a little hole she had made when she had expected to eat the custard herself. It was only a candy cherry, from one of mother's boxes of candy. Cook had caught her when she tried to



A CUSTARD IN A CUP WITH
A CHERRY IN THE MIDDLE

get a *merry-cheno* one from the bottle in the pantry.

This time Miss Edith had more conversation. She told Helen about some twin dolls she had once, and a red corduroy suit, with black fur on it, that she wore when she was a little girl like Helen.

"Did you get your letter written?" Helen asked her by and by, to change the subject.

"My letter?"

"The one you was tearing up when I was here before."

"Was I tearing up a letter when you were here before?" Her smile stopped, and all the pretty sparkle went out of her eyes. "No, I didn't get it written," she said, and looked quite sick again. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, and two big tears pushed themselves out from beneath her eyelids.

"I don't think you ought to have more pride," Helen said, suddenly. "I guess you do the best you can, anyway."

Helen had a very sick kitty once,

that died of distemper, and when it opened its eyes and looked at her it had looked very much the way Miss Edith was looking at her now.

"Pride!" she burst out. "*Pride?* Is that what they're saying?"

"I think you've got a plenty," Helen insisted.

"Pride! I don't dare to be proud. If I had any pride I should hate him. If I hated him I should die—"

"Should you?" Helen asked, miserably. Then she added, a little more cheerfully, "If he's any like Uncle Alfred you'll be glad, after a while, that he did give you the slip. You can't put any dependence on Uncle Alfred."

"I'm afraid he was a good deal like Uncle Alfred." Miss Edith began to cry in good earnest. Helen rose.

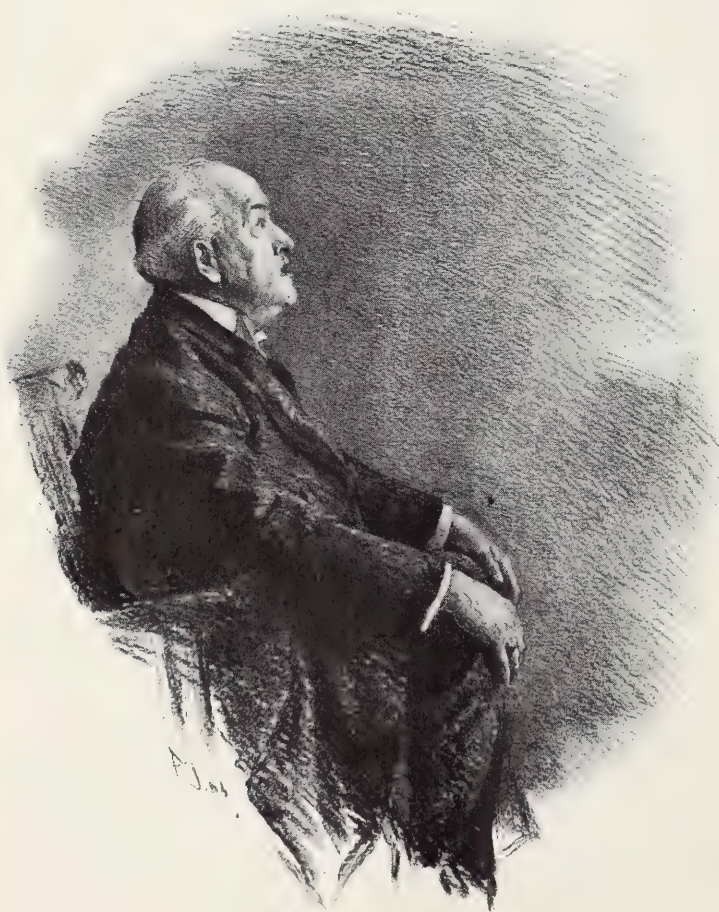
"I hope you won't think anything more about it," she said. "It doesn't do any good to cry." Even to herself her voice sounded like her Aunt Alice's. "I bid you a very good afternoon."

This time she courtesied.

"I'm coming again very soon," she told Mrs. Conway at the foot of the stairs, "and the things we talked about was *confyden-tial*, so I would like it very much if you would please not ask me." Miss Edith would not have gold teeth, even when she was as old as her mother, Helen felt sure.

She called very often after that—almost every afternoon. She had very interesting visits. She found out that Miss Edith wasn't anxious to have any pride, or any backbone, or to make her sex stop being ashamed of her. She was just trying to keep her faith in things, and go on living. She was trying hardest of all not to blame *him* too much. It was the only way she could keep from getting it all wrong, she said.

Sometimes Helen thought, from the way she spoke, that the "*him*" meant God, and sometimes she thought



THE DOCTOR SAT IN THE CHAIR BY THE WINDOW, AND BLUSHED AND PERSPIRED



"I THINK YOU ARE ALL THE CRUELEST PEOPLE I EVER KNEW"

it meant the "feller" that had given her the slip, but she didn't like to ask. You could only tell by the H being capital, if you saw it in writing.

It made Miss Edith very sick to try not to blame *him* all the time, but Helen understood that she was likely to die if she did blame him, and that, of course, would have been very hard for her. Whenever she cried, Helen went away and left her. She didn't like to see people cry, and it was really better for them if you left them alone when they did it. But she always went back the next day with something just as fattening as she could find, which she felt was a very helpful way of saying she was sorry.

She and Bobby had a fight about it. He taunted her with "going to see a love-sick girl."

But it was very hard to have a real friend that you went to see every day, and know that everybody was either blaming or poking fun at her—a friend that said cross-your-heart things to you, not asking you not to tell, but expecting you to know that you mustn't. How could a lady help it if her gentleman friend—the second girl said "feller" was vulgar—gave her the slip? Why wasn't it *him* that people poked fun at and blamed, and *critercrised*, instead of poor Miss Edith, who wasn't even trying to behave the way that every one thought she ought to? All she wanted was to be left quite alone, and not be asked to eat or to talk, because eating and talking both choked her, except a very little at a time, when she wasn't being bothered. She was only trying to be gentle and

kind, and not to let her trouble harden her; and if they wouldn't keep clattering up the stairs all the time, it would be easier.

Helen reported this to Mrs. Conway, who said that the "dear child must be roused just the same at all costs."

So one day Mrs. Conway and Miss Conway's sister and the fat doctor who lived down the street all tried to rouse her together. It was awful. Helen happened to be calling when they came upstairs, and Mrs. Conway tried to send her away, but poor Miss Edith put her arm around her and held her there.

The fat doctor sat in the chair by the window and blushed, and perspired on his forehead; but Mrs. Conway and the old-maid Conway sister just got up close to Miss Edith and began on her.

Mrs. Conway talked about her pride again, and kept asking her where was it, and why couldn't she think of her mother a little instead of going into a decline and worrying them all to death about a man who had never cared anything for her; and Miss Conway hushed Mrs. Conway up, and started talking herself, about *femer-ine-independance*, and living your own life, and being superior about everything that happened to you; and the fat doctor coughed and said that little girls whose toys were broken must be brave little girls and not make unnecessary trouble for kind nurses and friends.

Helen thought for a minute he meant her, because that seemed like such a queer way to talk to a grown-up lady that you were only the doctor of. Then they all talked together and told Miss Edith that she wasn't really sick at all, and it was very wrong of her to behave as if she was and be a burden to every one. And Miss Edith got very pale and trembling and held Helen very tight. Then she pushed her away and stood up, and said to Mrs. Conway and old-maid Conway and that awful fat doctor:

"I think you are all the cruelest people I ever knew, and the stupidest, and if you don't get out of my room and leave me here alone I shall jump out of that window."

And they went away then, shaking their heads and sighing.

Soon after this Uncle Alfred really in-

vited Helen to go to Boston for a weekend. Monday was going to be a *regal* holiday, and she could stay over three days in a real hotel, and go down in the elevator to all her meals. At first she wasn't going, because if anybody disappoints you about anything it isn't so much fun to do it the next time; but Bobby would go if she didn't.

So she packed her own child's-size suit-case, and went to say good-by to Miss Edith. She found her very quiet and pale, and even a little bit of talking choked her. The rousing had been a very bad failure indeed. She thought about it all the way to Boston, while Uncle Alfred was in the smoker, and she sat up in a real parlor-car chair and looked out of the window.

The hotel was lovely, and she had a *mag-hogany* bed with four posts to it, like at grandma's, only shiny-new.

Almost the first person who came to see them was Uncle Robert. It had been more than a year since she had seen him, for he had been at the *Londonoffice* all that time. He was the best uncle or aunt she had, and she was so excited when he came that she could hear her heart beating quite plainly.

He was not so fat as Uncle Alfred, but he was fat some, and taller and much better looking. He had light goldish hair, and his face was very sunburnt beneath it. His eyes were a good kind of blue, and when he laughed he really said Ha-ha! the way they write it down in the stories.

In a very short time after they had been talking Helen told him all about Edith Conway. She had never told any one anything about Miss Edith before, but she was so very worried she wanted Uncle Robert's advice. She didn't mean to tell him the cross-your-heart things, but some of them slipped out when he asked her questions. Talking to Uncle wasn't like telling *confydential* things, though—it was like talking to yourself or saying your prayers. When she was all through Uncle Robert's eyes blazed out fire, and he walked up and down the room very quickly, and said:

"So some sneak of a fellow has done little Edith Conway!" And then he clenched his hands and got very red in the face and called out very excitedly:

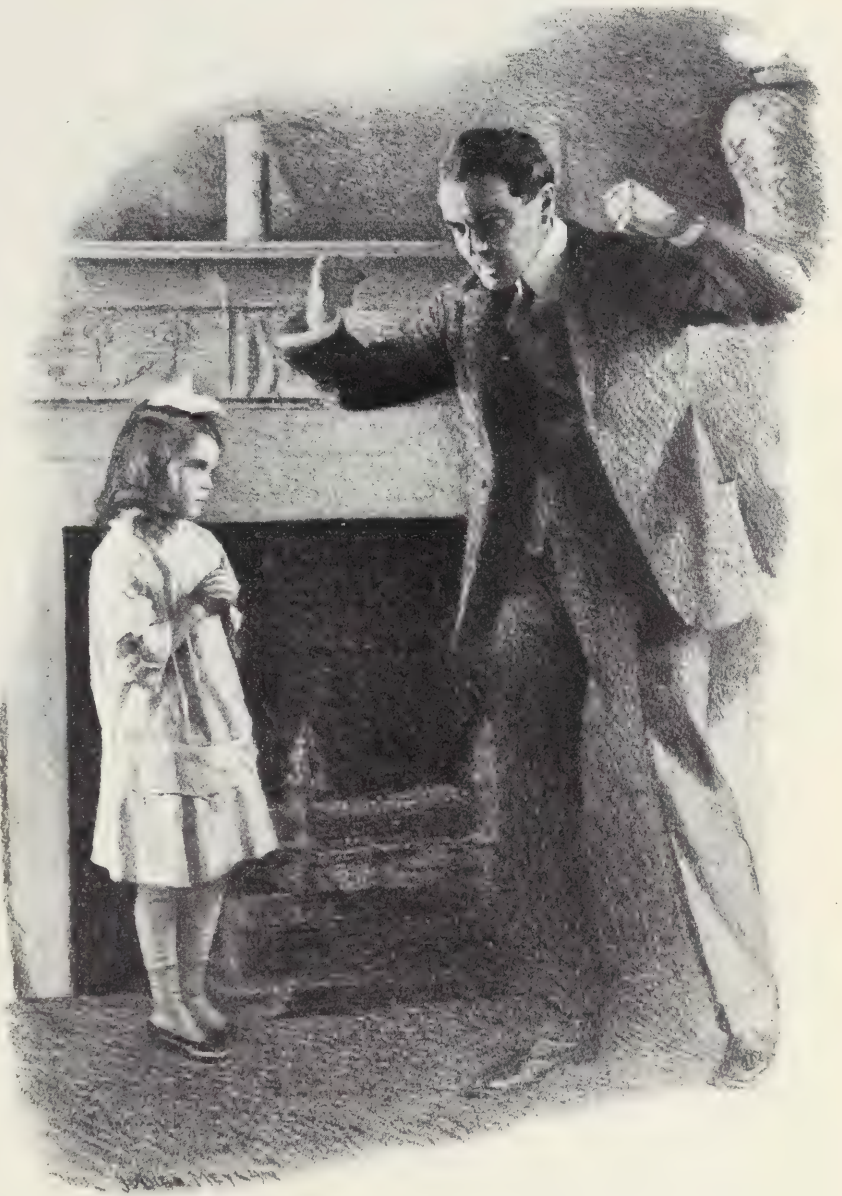
"Damn him! Damn him! Damn him!" Then after a while he got calm, and he said, without apologizing at all for his swearing—though Aunt Alice wouldn't have got over it for a long time if she had known it—"And the last time I saw her she had long chestnut pig-tails down her back, and she wouldn't have hurt a fly if she could possibly have avoided it."

"She wouldn't hurt a fly now," Helen cried, eagerly. She had a very good time in Boston. She rode around in taxicabs between her two uncles, and she went to two theaters. In one of them was a very funny man who did juggling with a whole breakfast-table, and threw eggs and cream-jugs and coffee-cups in the air, with his family to catch them.

But when she went home it was Uncle Robert who took her. An important business appointment kept Uncle Alfred in Boston Monday night, and he was obliged to confide her to the tender mercies of his brother. Uncle Robert didn't go into the smoker at all, but stayed in the parlor-car and told her stories, and when he got home with her to Everton he stayed and made them all a perfectly lovely visit.

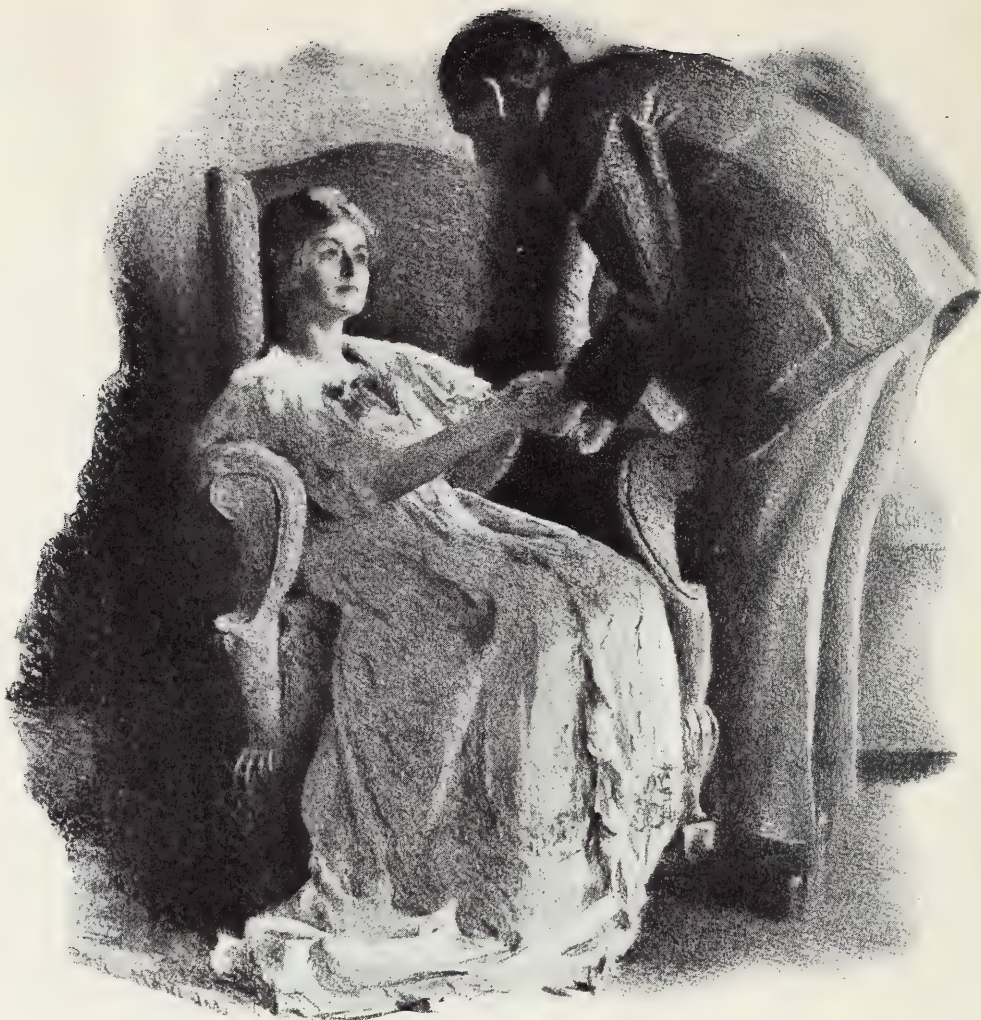
When he had been there a few days Helen took him to call at the Conways'. Miss Edith was not seeing any one. That was a disappointment; but Uncle Robert sent up word that he was coming up to see her. His father had been a physician, he said, and he had made so many professional calls with him that he felt qualified to make one without him

on this occasion—besides, the patient was such a very old friend. This seemed queer to Helen, because her grandfather, who was the only father Uncle Robert had, had been a *Congregationeral* minister.



HE CLENCHED HIS HANDS AND CALLED OUT EXCITEDLY

Mrs. Conway said she was thankful to anybody who could make Edith see them; but after they had waited a long while and he didn't come down, she got nervous, and sent Helen up to see about it. She stood in the door a minute before they saw her. Miss Edith was in the frilly rose-colored wrapper Helen loved the best. She was sitting in the big stuffed chair, and Uncle Robert was bending over her and holding her hands.



SHE WAS SITTING ON THE BIG STUFFED CHAIR AND UNCLE ROBERT WAS BENDING OVER HER

"Sure he's worth believing in," he was saying. "Don't let any one tell you he wasn't. I don't know him at all, but from what you tell me he seems to have behaved uncommonly well in an exceedingly trying situation. There is no reason why you should try to feel any differently about it." Then he smiled very briskly. "We'll start on that drive to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock precisely."

"Helen," Miss Edith said, after Uncle Robert had left them, "did you tell Mr. Dickinson about me and my trouble?"

Helen quivered. Had she done something that Miss Edith had to begin trying not to hate *her* for, she wondered.

"Yes," she said, "I told him."

Miss Edith's eyes were shining, and there was a little pink spot on both of her cheeks. That was the way she had looked that day when she threatened to jump out of the window.

"I am very sorry," Helen said. "I thought perhaps he could think of a better kind of rousing."

But Miss Edith didn't seem to hear her. "He was wonderful!" she said, "wonderful! I didn't know there was a man like that in the world."

"I guess there isn't," Helen agreed, "only *but* Uncle Robert."

But in a few minutes Miss Edith put her hand over her eyes.

"Oh, it isn't any use," she said. "Nobody cares, really. Mr. Dickinson probably despises me like all the rest, only he is kinder."

"No, he doesn't," Helen said; "he doesn't, truly. He doesn't blame you for not blaming *him* at all."

"He thinks he behaved—well," said Miss Edith, beginning to cry a little. "I—I want him to think so, but if he thinks that, he must despise me."

"Well, he doesn't"—it slipped out

before she had time to think about it; "he despises him—the feller. He's mad at him just the same as I am mad at him, for making you so much trouble. He walked round the table and swore at him."

"What did he say?" Miss Edith didn't look angry at all, only kind of breathless and excited.

"He said, 'Damn him! Damn him! Damn him!'"

Then Miss Edith did a very peculiar thing for a sick lady. She clutched Helen by the shoulders till she hurt her.

"Did he? Did he? Did he?" she cried. "Oh, now I shall get well!" And she threw her head back and laughed till the sobs shook her.

"Yes, sir, in seven years," said Uncle

Robert. (This was almost a year later.) "Seven years from yesterday, I shall be able to present you to your new Aunt Edith."

"Seven years seems an awfully long time to me," Helen said, "but perhaps you don't mind it so much when you're so old already."

Uncle Robert looked at her earnestly.

"You really think seven months would be a more desirable period, do you? I'll tell you what we'll do, Helen. At the expiration of six months and twenty-nine days we'll make an agreement to tell her so. But in the mean time, young lady"—he pinched her cheek and then kissed it—"we've got to do some of the niftiest work of our lives, and don't you forget it."

"I won't," said Helen, gravely.

Sorrow's Shadow

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

SOME days, when I am dressed in shimmer-stuff,
With yellow roses at my breast and hair;
When just the air and sunlight seem enough
To make the whole world delicately rare;
When people love me, and I them, and all
My heart is like a hill-brook's lilting call:


Then, if I pass Her, in her dim black dress,
With heavy eyelids darkened by old tears,
I feel a sudden clutch of loneliness:

I stare down vistas of unsparkling years,
And there behold myself, clad close in black,
With tired brows, thin hands, and aching back.


Oh, Sorrow's Shadow! let me be awhile!

Wreck not my happy yellow roses: set
No watch upon my sudden cry and smile.

Why should I not forget—ah, half-forget!—
That Sorrow's Self will meet me some strange day,
And take my hand, nor let me dance away?



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



"AND what," the reader said, with an accent of mocking challenge, "are you going to write about this time?"

"Oh," we responded with characteristic gaiety, "the last thing, of course."

"And that is?"

"Naturally the last thing we have been reading. But there are two of it, and apparently of such diverse interest and significance that our success in uniting them in one appeal to you will be more than commonly gratifying."

"Then, if you will be a little less mystical, just what is it you are talking about?"

"About the careers and qualities of two most typical Americans, the one alive, with the promise of many useful activities in life and literature within him, and the other alive in the record of as great and generous things as any in our history."

"Oh, now," the reader breathed, with the relief of one who has guessed a riddle, "you are talking of Mr. Brand Whitlock's autobiography, *Forty Years of It*, and Mrs. Mary Thacher Higginson's memoir of Thomas Wentworth Higginson?"

"Of what other last things could we talk, after we had been reading these? There are certain books in every epoch which eclipse by their human interest the literary interest of all the other books, and these are two such books. When you have yielded to their claim, you have very little allegiance left for the novels and the poems and travels and histories, though you may own their worth in their way. As often happens with us, we delayed a little in reading them, perhaps because we felt so sure of our surrender to them that we preferred to play about before making our capitulation, and wished to experience the minor charm of the books they would leave with so slight attraction for us. In fact, we read the Whitlock book two-

thirds through before we read the Higginson book at a go, and then returned to *Forty Years of It*, rejoicing in the verification of all the prophetic intimations we had experienced in the story of the belated Parliamentary colonel."

"Now you are becoming mystical again!" the reader protested.

"Not at all, or at least not avoidably. We mean the light which the Higginson career throws upon the Whitlock career, and shows the one continuous with the other in the evolution of the American nature. Nature is not just the word we want, but we will let it stand for the present, or till we can think of a better. Meantime we will say that in the differing effect of these two Americans we have an esthetic proposition transmuted into something ethical, and again into something political. It is the question of the Romantic and the Realistic—"

"Ah, now!" the reader interrupted, "you are going to be worse than mystical; you are going to be offensive."

"Not at all," we contended. "The time when these terms as statements of different ideals in art could embattle their partisans for reciprocal slaughter is long past, and we can now peacefully recognize that they accurately state facts of character and springs of action as no other terms can state them. There was another fact of character and spring of action which antedated the Romantic, as the Romantic antedated the Realistic, and this was the Classic."

"Worse and worse!" the reader groaned.

"No, no; do not despair as yet," we entreated. "We are going merely to ask you to suppose that in our civic affairs the Classic motive prevailed before and throughout our War for Independence, and the Romantic before and throughout our Civil War, and the Realistic throughout the whole period since. Doesn't this say something to you which seems to bear on the proposition before us?"

"The proposition of an essential parity in the continuous American nature of two Americans whose part in our affairs is as worthy study in their difference of ideal as any two who could well be paralleled and contrasted?"

"Go on," the reader assented.

"Well, we will say then that our War of Independence possessed us of the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, at least such of us as were white, or were not 'held to service'; the Civil War emancipated to the same right even those who had darkled in our forgetfulness of them as bound with them; and then to the Classic and the Romantic there seemed nothing more to be done for the race which high hopes and high tariffs could not do. It was at this auspicious moment that the Realistic sense of things began to penetrate the hearts and minds of men, to harden them and cloud them, if you please, or to soften and illumine them if also you please. People began to see that life and the pursuit of happiness had their difficulties even in the universal liberty we enjoyed, that even the darkling, forgotten brethren whom the Union had been re-established to free, were not in the possession of rights so inalienable that they could not be deprived of them. With the expansion of the great industries great industrial troubles began to rear their awful forms, and threaten the shrinking dividends with their hydra-headed—"

"Oh, come!" the reader interposed. "Is this an I. W. W. meeting?"

"Not at all. It is a gathering of peaceful capitalists in a bank parlor, hard-headed business men who like to recognize facts. It is an assembly of men whose ideal of themselves is that which Mr. Whitlock represents in his story of *Forty Years of It*."

"But he declares that such men opposed him and his predecessor Golden Rule Jones in their successive elections to the mayoralty of Toledo with every and all the means at their command. How, then, can you say that he represents their ideal of themselves?"

"There is that apparent contradiction. But it is hardly his fault that their ideal of themselves is not quite the reality. We certainly don't claim that he repre-

sented both in his four terms as mayor of Toledo, which might have been repeated at his pleasure if literature and the hope of greater work in it had not been his greater pleasure."

"Yes, but where is the parallel between such a mischievous dreamer as the successor of Golden Rule Jones and such a belated Parliamentary colonel as Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who was an Abolitionist from the first, and lost no chance to fight for the fugitive slave, and then led a regiment of slaves against their masters in the war for freedom?"

"Ah, what a Romanticist you are!" we exclaimed with a tolerant smile. "But you are not a final Romanticist, for if you were you would go back of the Parliamentary colonel to the sunny days and flowery ways of bondage, with the benign owner holding in loving fee the contented chattels, who rejoiced to behold in him a tender father (sometimes literally a father, but always a father). You stop short of that ideal, and you are not a final Romanticist; and our Parliamentary colonel was himself far from a final Romanticist. He was always Romantic, for he was always a hero, but when the Civil War was over, and the industrial troubles began to rear their awful forms, the Realist who always lurks somewhere below the surface in the hero, if the hero is an American, felt that somehow the enfranchisement of the human race had not been perfectly accomplished. There is nothing more interesting, nothing more characteristic of a man whom, in spite of certain foibles, we must see more and more one of our great men, than the courage with which he dealt with this feeling, and asked himself what next was to be done for humanity. He was not afraid even of the specter of Socialism which had begun to announce itself the deliverer, and he had moments of asking himself whether he should not be a Socialist. He could not be definitely so, for no man is born for all time, or else there would be no use in any one's dying; we would not need to make room for our successors. Mr. Whitlock himself stops short of Socialism or of being a Socialist."

"I wondered if you would admit it," the reader said.

"Oh, we are tolerably honest, when we are brought to book, or inadvertently bring ourselves. Perhaps we would even admit that the difference between these two men is not so much temperamental as contemporamental—if we mean anything by such a word."

"It is one of your vices to use words which you cannot mean anything by," the reader observed.

"Well, you at least know what we mean by a word which we tried to find in the dictionary and were forced by our failure to invent. You understand perfectly that their difference was more temporal than spiritual."

"Now you are coming nearer it. Yes, I will allow something of that kind. And yet it seems to me that my Parliamentary colonel is essentially different from your ex-mayor of Toledo."

"No, only superficially different. Both are novelists, but my ex-mayor is a real novelist, as you will own if you read his *Thirteenth District* and his *Turn of the Balance*, and your colonel was not a real novelist, as you will own if you read his *Oldport Romance*. The fiction of each is distinctively of its period, but the motive of each fictionist is more or less, but always importantly, of the other's period as well as his own. That is to say, Thomas Wentworth Higginson was of such a humanity, and such a faith in humanity, that his activities in its behalf could not be kept to the years of his prime or his middle life; they continued down to his latest years in aspiration and conservation. This was the beautifullest part of his Romanticism; to the last he idealized the duty which from the first he rendered with an eager and unstinted devotion. At the beginning he preached the good fight, and to the end he fought it. His story is one which no Realist would wish to minify; rather he would wish to find it out to its furthest implication and to magnify it; any artist of the great, true school might be glad to make that heroic story the matter of his art. All the same, such an artist must own that mainly it is of the day that is done, and that in the day that is and that is to come the life stories must be homelier, simpler, sadder. Hereafter it cannot be that as soldiers of an army with ban-

ners, triumphing with drums and trumpets, the servants of the cause of man shall arrive at their goal. The tragedy of the struggle will not be of the old, obvious cast of the revolutions in the past when resistance to tyrants could show gloriously as obedience to God, but it will hide the patient face of enduring doubt till something like science brings the time when His will shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

"Doesn't this sound something like the I. W. W. again?" the reader put in.

"So much the better for the I. W. W., then!" we retorted. "We are putting in words, clumsy enough, the fine significance of Mr. Whitlock's closing chapters. He is so far from believing in force, except the force of reason, that he does not believe people can be made to do good, or hardly even kept from doing evil. He is, so far as we have noticed, the first to observe that neither the Easy Chair, which goes by electricity, nor the thousands and thousands of stone pens, large and little, all over the land, have availed to purify our morals or to prevent us from committing crime when we are so circumstanced or conditioned as to feel the overwhelming need of it. He does not think that vice even can be policed away, or that strong drink or the strange woman can be banished by law; and these melancholy convictions of his are not the opinions of the cynic or the sentimentalist, but are the conclusions of a life which, though comparatively short, began to be confronted with the facts in the case very shortly after its beginning. He grew up in a peaceful little Ohio town, in a Southern tradition made over in the likeness of a Northern conscience against slavery, and in due or undue time he went from the shelter of a Methodist home to face the realities of the world as a newspaper reporter in Chicago. It was after full, or full enough, experience of these that he took up the study of law in his native state, and in the city of Toledo became the right hand of that strange magistrate and strange man known as Golden Rule Jones, who had the droll idea that people could really be *taught*, but never *made* to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them, and so became a byword

both with those who hated and those who loved him. The young Ohio attorney was of a different make intellectually, but not morally, from the Welsh miner grown rich in hard work and honest business, and when Sam Jones died the young attorney found out by his learning in the law how to reverse the decisions of the Ohio courts, and to establish the autonomous city which can no longer be hindered by hampering legislation or judicial opinion from doing the best for its people. This great achievement is so modestly recorded in Mr. Whitlock's book that one might easily miss its meaning or fail of its measure, but it is part of Ohio history as well as part of his biography, and it is known how, when Jones died, Mr. Whitlock succeeded him in his office again and again, and again and yet again, until, to save his soul alive for authorship, he would have no more of magistracy. In his office he followed the tradition of Sam Jones, but not with the pungent poetic originality of the Welshman. It could only happen once in that magistracy that any one should have Jones's chance, when a deputation of ladies and ministers asked him to do something about the strange women just then rather swarming in Toledo, to suggest that they should each take into their families, as he would take into his, one of those wretched girls and try to reclaim her. They departed from him perhaps more in anger than in sorrow; but when they made something like the same demand upon the young magistrate, he could only return them a less dramatic answer in a public letter substantially repeated here in his autobiography."

"And can *nothing* be done about the strange woman?" the reader asked.

"Why not by law, not by force, if you will believe Mr. Whitlock. He seems to think that her evil, like every other social evil, can be abated only by civilization, by education, by better conditions and circumstances, which shall begin with her origin, for she is mostly weak-minded as well as weak-moraled. But this is now generally recognized, and he claims no originality in it. What he could probably claim greater originality in is his rancor against Puritanism, or what he calls so, for want of a closer-fitting

term. He recognizes that as something which has existed in all religions and all times: as the idea that men can be reformed by the strong hand, that the race, always young and needing control, can be scourged forward by the schoolmaster's rod rather than led by his kindly hand. He says he would not undertake to write the history of Puritanism, for it would be too large a contract, but he would like to write the history of American Puritanism."

"And do you think he would do it fairly?"

"Very likely not. It is hard to be just to the thing we hate. It doesn't much matter whether we have just cause to hate it or not—"

"You think that the Parliamentary colonel would write it better?"

"We haven't said so, even if we think so. But we should like to have had such a history from him. We feel sure that, however it criticized himself, it would be fearless. He was never afraid."

"And it would not be pessimistic?"

"Why, what is pessimistic?"

"Generally speaking, I don't know. Nobody knows. But I know *who* is pessimistic: your Mr. Brand Whitlock!"

"Because he does not believe in the rule of force? That sort of pessimism was preached from the Mount two thousand years ago."

"Ah, you can't get out of it that way! If you deny that he is a pessimist, you can't deny that he is a sentimentalist. Think of a city magistrate who approved of taking away the policemen's clubs, and then himself took away their canes, and gave them white cotton gloves instead, as a badge of office."

"There is a great deal in what you say," we admitted, sadly. "The question remains whether Toledo was a worse or better city after the constables left off clubs and canes and put on white cotton gloves. Whether in the long run it is safest to trust all men or some men. Whether with the light of each other's time the Parliamentary colonel and the ex-mayor would not have been essentially the same. Whether—"

"Now," the reader said, rising to go away, "you are a sentimentalist yourself, or, which is the same thing, a cynic; and certainly you are a pessimist."



EDITOR'S STUDY

AS education proceeds, even in the public school, if there are stimulating teachers, the pupils feel an incentive to go on, not because of urgent pressure from behind, but because of the zest of pursuit, the joy of mental development, and the widening prospect.

Learning by rote is interesting as a kind of conquest, an athletics of memory. To do a sum in compound interest, partial payments, or proportion is to overcome a difficulty—burdensome enough without being ingeniously exaggerated by the text-book—and gives the pupil a consciousness of mastery. The very first steps—reading and spelling—as mere processes do not impress the little child with any significance, and it is hard to get the dull ones over at all; but reading soon becomes a means of conveying images and stories, and spelling is accompanied by definitions; the child has a sense of getting on in his conscious life, and rejoices in it.

In geography and history, while memory is exercised, the mental scope includes the physical and human world to a considerable extent, and the imagination is awakened by dramatic disclosures of humanity. In these studies, as also in natural history and chemistry, advantageous use may be made of the cinematograph for a more accurate presentment as well as for a more vivid imaginative appeal. The process of crystallization, presented in this way, is the real thing instead of a verbal description of it; it is a living wonder, and leads on to further exploration as no driving could urge. A fully equipped public school, with a generous extension of its courses, and conducted by men and women who are, as we call them, “natural teachers,” will test the pupils as to their mental limitations and dispositions and will increase tenfold the number of those who will continue their studies beyond the course, besides giving those who are for any reason prevented from

going on an impulse for such self-improvement as will make them mentally more inspiring parents to a new generation. No boy or girl should leave the public school with delight that the “demnition grind” is over.

Among the attractions of this extended course, and in the line of those we have mentioned, should be the interest awakened in books—so many now, and so attractive—supplementary to the more advanced studies. Every public school should have a well-selected library, including, besides books of information, the best classics; and the use of these books should be expected of the pupils, at least to such an extent that the desire and pleasure of reading shall be cultivated in them, with some sense of the significance and value of the treasury of knowledge thus open to them. Teachers who in the early part of the course have perforce been content to exact and wait have in this advanced stage the more positive satisfaction of leading and guidance; it is here that they openly illustrate their qualifications to teach.

But how is it possible, even in ten years—if that many are to be allowed to the public-school period—to include all this complex variation of the pursuit of knowledge? It would not be quite fair to the teachers to say that a satisfactory accomplishment depends wholly upon them. Some pupils—in the advance of general enlightenment their number will be less—are handicapped by heredity, and a much larger proportion seem obstinately indisposed to any mental effort. Both of these classes require special attention, so special as not to be allowed to retard the progress of the others. The merely perfunctory teacher will simply neglect them. But such a teacher—a too common type—will contribute little to the progress of any pupil, at any stage. The teacher who is really stimulating, and himself full of enthusiasm,

will have marvelous results to show. The pupils who eagerly respond to his call, and even those whose indifference he is able to break up, will do more in four years than ordinarily is done in eight. Even their "cramming" will seem part of a digestive process. They will find, outside of their studies and normal physical exercises, abundant time for reading good literature.

The situation which confronts all educational institutions to-day, excepting those which are purely technical, is clearly presented in Professor Henry Seidel Canby's article on "The Undergraduate," where he is treating it in its relation to colleges and universities. Stated briefly it is this: Parents do not desire broad intellectual culture for their children, nor does society stimulate such a desire.

All good parents desire for their children better economic and social conditions than they have had themselves; and they are willing to make sacrifices, painful in very many cases to witness, for the realization of their hopes. These afford a bright contrast to the sordid fathers and mothers whose children are in a state of peonage, and who rebel against compulsory education. They are worldly but unselfish parents who maintain a standard of respectability, which, however, is consistent with an inverted perspective of real values. The poorest of them are always in danger of identifying Christianity with the keeping up of appearances, as the more successful of them often identify it with Progress.

This is the superficial view. There is much that lies beneath—a powerful leaven transforming human dispositions and furnishing an index of a creative social evolution going on—an index quite evident to the optimistic interpreter of contemporary humanity, but not dominantly apparent in the demands at present made by home and society directly upon the rising generation, and through it upon our liberal institutions of learning. These demands give little hope to those teachers who are true apostles of culture.

Such teachers in our colleges naturally become discouraged after years of un-

availing effort to change the situation. In every new Freshman class they find mostly refractory material, for the purpose which chiefly engages their enthusiasm—the promotion of a culture broad and deep enough to enrich life as well as to subserve its utilities; to minister to disinterested aspirations in the lines of creative thought and activity. They ask: What is to become of American philosophy, statesmanship, and literature? What is to become of American life, if its aims and values are to be determined by our undergraduates?

Perhaps these teachers have reason to complain that the college itself, in its prevailing atmosphere and in its requirements, is not fully supporting their aims; that many of their fellow-professors, in the maturity of their experience, have learned to take classes as they come and to expect less of them. There is no way of fixing the requirements for entrance so as to test the applicant's disposition toward scholarship or his promise of any achievement beyond what is barely necessary to secure his diploma. His preparation for entrance is usually just adequate to meet the demands, and often he must enter subject to "conditions." This handicap may fall even upon the diligent student who has had to work his way under difficulties and must still do so.

No teacher would complain or suffer discouragement if students who have had the best chances showed as eager zest for intellectual development as those who have so hardly contested every step of the way. Surely liberality of means ought to insure liberal ends—larger purpose and accomplishment. But as the case stands, those who conduct our colleges, originally established for the liberalization of learning, do confront a discouraging situation.

It is this. Their classes, ever growing in numbers, are largely made up of young men who are bound to have the time of their lives. These classes grow larger from year to year in good part because of the hopes held out for such a time. They are here at the more "liberal" universities, rather than at those more technical established by the several states, partly because of a well-earned prestige not wholly negligible for

the adornment of gilded youth, but chiefly because of certain "college activities" associated with secret fraternities, athletic contests, and other means for the cultivation of social graces and gentlemanly pleasures.

We are not indicting these classes. In any of them there are real students sufficient in number and in the excellence of their work to reflect credit upon both class and college, and among these are some of the rich as well as of the poor. There are other "activities" than those we have mentioned, and of a purely intellectual character, some of them promoted in other than Greek-letter societies but not wholly absent from those; and some of them displayed to the world in magazines and reviews, one of which at least ranks with the best of its type anywhere published. And the buoyant expression of generous youth in the social life of the college and in athletics, while, as a matter of fact, it has insensibly grown to proportions that narrow the scope left open to intellectual activity, need not inevitably have come into that excess; and it carries with it necessarily no other dissipation than that which characterizes refined society generally.

The boy who is liberally brought up—that is, liberally supplied with means for the full enjoyment of what this refined society regards as the noblest things in life—comes to a corresponding definition of a liberal education, as that which gives him the widest room for the perfection of such an ideal. The light-hearted obduracy of his attitude toward study, as so irksome a burden that any diligence for it involves a kind of ignominy, is disconcerting. It began in the sort of high-school to which liberal parents send their sons, who make it the fashion to brand as a "grind" any student trying for a scholarship. Study being so against the grain, the fact that so many of this generous order of youth, however grudgingly, do actually earn their diplomas justly deserves admiration. The expectations of their parents, though never fixed upon that crown, are nevertheless openly justified by its attainment, which also reflects credit upon the college; and society appropriately celebrates the occasion by attendance

at a baseball game where, in the supreme arena, the noblest laurels are won.

What more, or different, can any one reasonably expect? The dominant influences at the high-school and college are far more wholesome than those to which students of the type we have been depicting would otherwheres be subjected, and if they do not insure scholarship or humanistic distinction they are at least humanizing. The manly fashion is better than that of anemic luxury—the Greek than the Persian. This kind will bravely meet the responsibilities of the practical business life which in most cases awaits it, and will promote progress. Moreover, it will show remarkable personal instances of esthetic and literary taste and sympathetic humanity.

We must have patience with our system, but ever use reason in that patience. Institutions are not creative, but they are the indispensable servants of creative life. Education deals with symbols, which owe to that life their source and meaning as well as their ultimate use; with form and measure, likeness and unlikeness. It is primarily for mentality, which in the first stage of its development involves rational detachment from the real qualities which instinct apprehends but never escapes. It is a study and not a sense; but it is preliminary to a sense of reality which is a seeing and not, as in instinctive apprehension, a blind feeling, though we may so tenaciously hold to our detachment as to preclude that intuition.

We liberalize education in its later stages by bringing into its forms and formulas as much as possible of life and the world—of that real content which had to be excluded from its purely formal exercises. While we cannot thus introduce actual experience, yet we are dealing with real qualities that appeal to sensibility; and a wider appeal is possible just because it must be made representatively and through images. This reflex of reality brings the student into a readier response to the evolutionary impulse, to the gain of art, literature, and life.

Such liberalization should begin in public-school education. It promises the best results in new homes, a new society, and a new culture.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Gospel of Efficiency

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

IT is a mystery to me even yet how he got my name and what made him think that I had money to invest. But one morning

I got a personal and confidential letter from a man in Chicago intimating that, once satisfied of my good character and responsibility, his company would consider letting me have a limited number of shares of stock in the "Wide Awake" mine at the temporary and ridiculous rate of one dollar per share. I was, of course, greatly elated, but I had no time for building air-castles, for my duties as bookkeeper and clerk of "The Idle Hour," a rest-cure sanitarium on the Sound shore, took all of my days and evenings, though occasionally I had part of Sunday to myself.

I determined not to let my future prospects interfere with my present work, but in spite of my fine resolutions I slightly undercharged a departing guest that day; I use "undercharged" in the literal, not the liberal sense. Although our prospectus states that the welfare of our guests is our sole consideration, the manager was angry when he discovered the error. He is a large, violent man, and I made none of the clever replies that I thought of afterward, but I wondered what he would think if he knew what was in my inside pocket.

That night, when the carking cares of the day were over and I had nearly an hour to myself before bedtime, I wrote a careful, courteous note to the Chicago man and copied it neatly on one side of the paper, with my name legible, as instructed. From the original, which I still have, I can give you my very words:

Mr. Henry Catherwood Nightingale:

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to thank you for your confidence and to assure you that your secret is safe in my hands. While I can see that the price of one dollar per share for stock in the "Wide Awake" mine is

almost laughable, you may, if you insist, send further particulars.

Very sincerely yours,

Although I was pleased with my letter at the time, I confess I felt guilty about it for several days. True, I had not openly deceived Mr. Nightingale, but I had distinctly given him the impression that I was a capitalist, whereas in reality I had only \$18.65 at that moment and a watch that ran perfectly only part of the time.

What was my surprise when I received, three days later, the following letter:

While we do not agree that one dollar per share for stock in a mine which is in the same county with the richest bonanza in America and which, as soon as the mine is running full blast, will be offered to outsiders at five dollars per share (if at all) is laughable, yet, considering the prestige your



I.D. SKIDMORE

I MADE NONE OF THE CLEVER REPLIES THAT I THOUGHT OF AFTERWARD



FAR INTO THE SILENT NIGHT I SAT ABSORBED IN ITS PAGES

name will lend our company east of the Alleghanies, the directors have voted to make you a special offer of fifty cents per share. But we must ask you not to make this price public and under no consideration will you be permitted to buy more than a thousand shares at this rate.

While I was overwhelmed by their generous forgiveness of my unintentional insult, I saw that I would have to invent some excuse for delay while I evolved plans for raising the necessary funds. So I wrote him that, though it was a poor return for their kindness to pry into their personal affairs, I could not help wondering where the "Wide Awake" was located, and what kind of mine it was.

As I was racking my brains for means to raise five hundred dollars, the road opened clear and straight before me.

It all came from a book a guest left at my desk while he went out to take a walk. As anything in the nature of literature always interests me more than my work, I at once peeped inside.

"Efficiency," I read, "is the key that unlocks the door of opportunity; that frees a man from petty, sordid cares and lifts him into higher realms of usefulness."

You may imagine how excited I was at this revelation! When the guest came back I asked him, with what calmness I could muster, whether he would lend me the book overnight. He said I could keep it, for all he cared; it wasn't his book, anyway. He intimated that a little efficiency might not do me any harm.

That night at ten I hurried to my room with the precious volume under my coat, close to my beating heart (for fear its real owner might be about), and far into the silent night I sat absorbed in its pages.

The Gospel of Efficiency it was called, and it told how, in every department of human activity, operations can be so systematized that they almost disappear. Under scientific management bricklaying has practically ceased to be work and has become an intellectual orgy. I got the impression that bricklayers by hundreds are joining gymnasiums for mental relaxation and physical exercise after their brief but exciting day's work.

I finished the book in a glow of lofty purpose. It is true the author did not specifically mention the profession of bookkeeper and clerk in sanitariums, but it was all the better for that; mine was a virgin field. All over America clerks in rest-cures were toiling long hours under the archaic rule-of-thumb methods of the Ptolemys. I would change all that and profit inordinately—sinlessly, I hoped—in the process; within a month I should probably have my duties reduced to a few simple operations per day, with the rest of my time free for my mining interests. Of course if the manager insisted upon making me his partner, I might have to revise my plans somewhat.

I set to work with a will, keeping count of all my motions, covering endless sheets of the sanitarium stationery with figures. I was surprised and delighted to learn how bad our system really was. It seemed to have been devised solely for the convenience of the manager and the guests, with no thought for the welfare of the employee. And yet it distinctly states in *The Gospel of Efficiency* that the interests of employer, employee, and consumer are substantially the same.

Unless you are in the same business it would not be profitable to you to know all the steps by which I brought progress into the Ptolemaic system which obtained in the rest-cure. I will give you, however, one example. It was the custom of the guests to leave the keys of their rooms on my counter before going out to commune with nature. These keys were kept on a rack with numbered hooks. I saw at once that by allowing each key to lie on the counter until another was called for, I could perform both operations with a single deft movement. It is true that the guests sometimes objected to the slight delay caused by hanging the old key upon its proper hook, but this was captious of them, as they had very little to do between meals.

This was only a beginning; soon I was entering cash items two at a time instead

of opening the book for each trivial transaction. Sometimes I forgot to put them down entirely, but this, I admit, is carrying scientific management somewhat to extremes. I rearranged my supplies and equipment in such a way that many muscular movements were abolished and nothing remained but the mental strain of trying to remember the new locations. At the end of two days I could hand out a frugal supply of stationery, reprimand George the bell-boy, and refuse to cash a check in less time than it formerly took me to sell a good ten-cent cigar for fifteen.

In the leisure thus gained I studied catalogues and planned a system of card indexes and loose-leaf ledgers that would have been a credit to a business twice as elaborate as ours. I ordered these devices, paying for them out of my own pocket, in order to show the manager that I had a mind above petty quibbling. On October 1st everything would be revealed to his astonished eyes. If he took me into partnership at once I would demand a cash advance of five hundred dollars for my mining ventures. If, however, he should be satisfied with doubling my salary, I knew of an establishment in the city which, for a consideration, was very kind to those who had a good, regular income. Every contingency was thus provided for.

Mr. Nightingale's letter exceeded my wildest expectations. He was not at liberty at this time, he said, to reveal the exact location of the "Wide Awake," but it was a goldmine, and he thought he violated no confidence in saying that gold was a valuable and useful metal. I could send the money, he concluded, either by cash in a registered letter, or by certified check. I wrote him that he could expect to receive the five hundred dollars soon after October 1st, and sent best wishes to himself, his family (if any), and the board of directors.

October 1st dawned bright and beautiful; Nature smiled benignantly, just as it states in the prospectus of "The Idle Hour." After breakfast, when most of the guests had gone communing, I summoned the proprietor. First I explained all the little labor-saving changes I had made, illustrating by example. My employer seemed greatly interested.

"I was wondering," he said, "why I couldn't find anything I wanted."

"Wait," said I with a confident smile, "until I explain the new system of book-keeping."

"What's the matter with the old system?"

"It's archaic and rule-of-thumb," I replied.

"It must have come down from the time of Ptolemy."

"Little complicated, ain't it?" he asked, after I had explained the new system.

"It's very simple, once you understand it," I replied. "The catalogue says a boy can operate it."

"We'll just see," he replied. "Come here, George."

For a moment I thought that all was lost; George is not a brilliant bell-boy. But realizing that my whole future depended upon this test, I strained every nerve to meet it. With painstaking care I explained every detail of my new system. To my relief the sixteen-year-old boy seemed to grasp the idea with remarkable ease. Perhaps he was a little doubtful about the card system, but I hoped the manager wouldn't notice that if I carried things off with a dash.

"See," I exclaimed, triumphantly, "even George can understand it!"

"Then," said the manager, "George can have the job. Your talents is wasted in this position."

The blood pounded in my ears as I strained forward to catch his next words.

"But I ain't the kind to let genius go unrewarded. When you leave on Saturday night you can take with you, as a present, this card and loose-leaf rigamarole. You and George may be able to understand 'em, but I ain't."

Illogical as it may seem, I confess that for a moment I was utterly despondent. It was not the loss of the position, for it was a poor position, unsuited to my temperament; it was not the termination of my financial career, for there are far too many swollen fortunes in the country already; it was my broken faith with Mr. Nightingale, my dastardly return for the generosity of his board of directors.

That night I wrote him a long, contrite letter, begging his forgiveness, hoping that he would not lose his faith in human nature, but would offer my stock to some equally worthy and more solvent young man, preferably one with a widowed mother to support.

On Saturday, my last day at "The Idle Hour," my letter came back from the Chicago post-office marked "Present address unknown"; but at the same time there came the following telegram:

Send the five hundred without delay addressed to John Connelly, Eagle Hotel, Sandusky, Kansas.
H. C. N.

While I was pondering sorrowfully over this message on the way back to the city, a happy thought came to me; I saw how, instead of sending him my letter of apology, I could perform a service for Mr. Nightingale, for deeds, I have always understood, are better than words.

So when I reached my old boarding-house I sent a letter to the postmaster at Chicago.



"I HOPE THIS WILL BE A LESSON TO
YOU NOT TO JUDGE FROM APPEARANCES"

I wrote him that while he was a total stranger to me, I felt compelled to tell him that I resented his treatment of my friend and benefactor, Henry Catherwood Nightingale. But for circumstances over which I had no control, my undelivered letter might have contained funds. Any member of the board of directors might have informed him at once where Mr. Nightingale was. In the future he would do well to forward his mail to John Connelly, Eagle Hotel, Sandusky, Kansas.

A week passed during which I led the sedentary life of a new-style bricklayer. Yesterday there came a knock at my door; Mrs. Simpson entered with a special-delivery letter. It bore no stamps, but was inclosed in an envelope marked: "Official business. Penalty for private use, \$500."

"If you are in trouble with the government," my landlady said, "I shall have to ask for your room. I may not be as well off financially as I once was, but I have always

tried to keep the place respectable. Nothing like this has ever happened in my house."

Her words and the "\$500" on the envelope filled me with vague forebodings. Had Mr. Nightingale, then, reported my case to the President? With trembling fingers I opened the letter.

It was written upon the embossed stationery of the Post-Office Department at Washington and ran as follows:

Permit me to thank you for the assistance you have been to the Government in ascertaining the whereabouts of James Dalton, *alias* John Connelly, *alias* Henry Catherwood Nightingale, who had eluded the vigilance of the Chicago authorities. Dalton was promptly arrested in Sandusky and the Government has secured an indictment against him for fraudulent use of the mails.

Copies of your letters which were found in his room have been forwarded for our inspection. I wish to congratulate you upon the skill with which you have handled this affair; your masquerade of gullible stupidity would have deceived a cleverer man than Dalton. I wish you would forward without delay the letters which the so-called Nightingale wrote to you, that I may place the complete correspondence in the hands of the Assistant Attorney-General.

You are, of course, entitled to the reward offered by the Government for information leading to Dalton's capture. The necessary requisition has been signed and in due course a warrant will reach you for five hundred dollars.

It is almost incredible, but this letter was signed personally by the secretary to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General!

I handed the message without comment to Mrs. Simpson, and while she was reading it felt myself gradually recovering the power of speech.

"I hope this will be a lesson to you not to judge from appearances," I said. "We who are in the service of the Government cannot always stop to make explanations."

That letter has changed the whole course of my existence. I have abandoned the career of the efficiency expert. That is all very well for one who has a mind for petty details. Mine is a broader, richer, more romantic, perhaps more dangerous future. I am going to be a detective.

A Substantial Existence

THE pastor of a well-known Boston church was calling a short while ago on a dear old lady, one of the "pillars" of the church to which they both belonged. Looking upon her sweet, motherly face, which bore few tokens of her ninety-three years of earthly pilgrimage, he was moved to ask her: "My dear Mrs. Adams, what has been the chief source of your wonderful strength and sustenance during all these years? What do you consider has been the real basis of your extraordinary vigor of mind and body, and has been to you an unfailing comfort through joys and sorrows which must come to all of God's creatures? Tell me, that I may pass the secret to others, and, if possible, profit by it myself."

The good pastor waited with unusual eagerness for the old lady's reply, which she gave, after a moment's reflection, while her kindly old eyes were dimmed with tears. "Victuals," she answered, briefly.

Good for Bruises

LITTLE Mary had been reprimanded by her mother for saying things that hurt her grandma's feelings. Later she was found at the medicine-cabinet, and when questioned said, "I'm looking for the arnica to rub on grandma."

A Dustless Duster

MRS. FLORIN had a new maid, and one morning as she entered the library she was somewhat surprised to find the girl seated in one of the chairs with her hands folded.

"What!" cried the mistress. "Here you are sitting down! Why, you were sent in here to dust the room!"

"Yes, ma'am," was the girl's reply, "but I have lost the duster, and so I am sitting on each of the chairs in turn."

Up to the Horse

A GENTLEMAN was riding leisurely along the bridle-path when a stranger, coming from behind, fell into step at his side. The man was large and his face was very red. He spoke with a strong German accent.

"Pardon," he murmured, "but eet is my horse, not myself, that vishes to ride mit you."

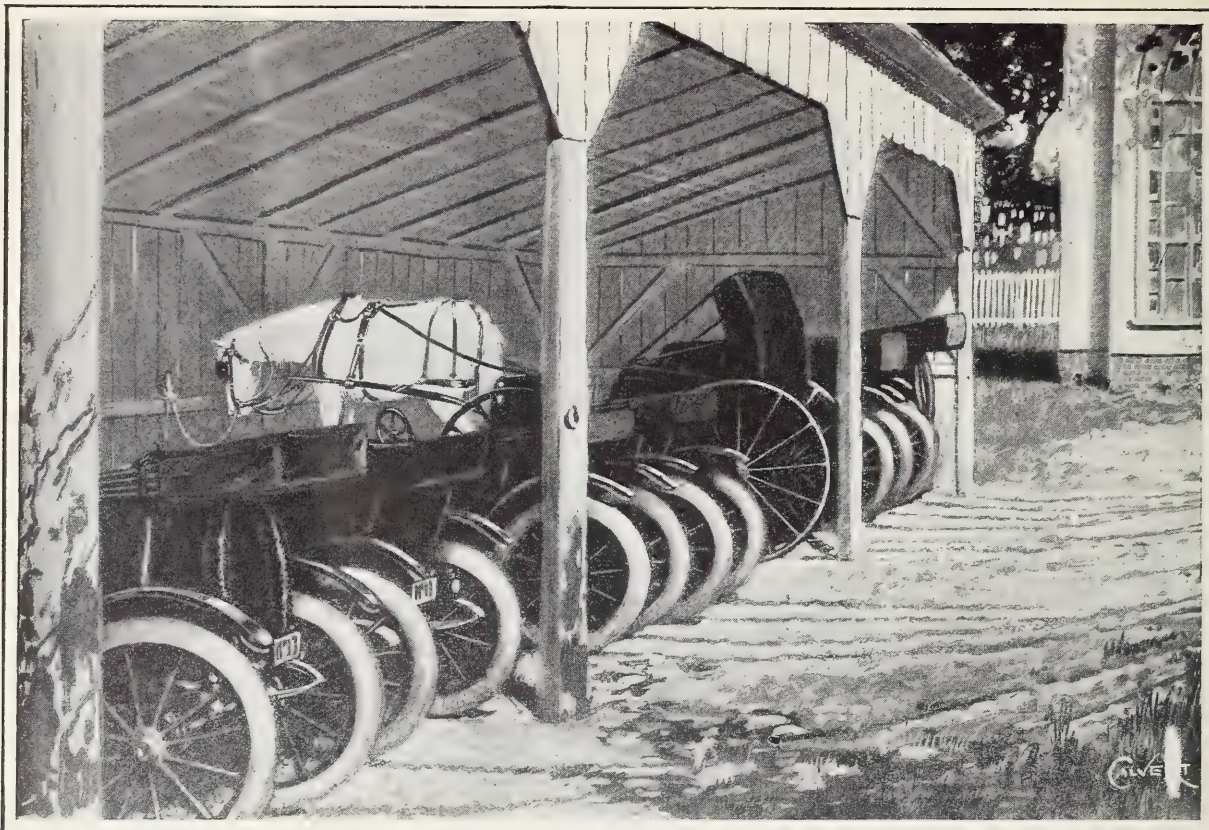
An Animal Story

A BOY who was spending his vacation in the country wrote home the following expressive letter:

"We are having a dandy time. We dug a woodchuck out of his hole yesterday; it was a skunk. We slept in the barn last night."



Rain Beaux



Lonesome

The Laborer and His Hire

OUT in Oklahoma City they tell the story of a manufacturer who announced to his hands that if they would attend church at Easter he would see that they were pecuniarily rewarded. Naturally, all hands went to church; and the manufacturer, from his pew, surveyed his workmen with an air of pride. This, however, was mitigated by the appearance, after service, of the foreman, who said:

"The men want to know, if we come to church again to-night, do we get overtime?"

A Heartless Household

LITTLE Lillian's parents were well-to-do and kept several servants. She was allowed to go for a visit to a friend's house whose family did their own housework. When Lillian returned home, she was telling her mother about the good time she had.

"But, mother, dear," confided the child, solemnly, "they do one thing that is very dreadful! I hate to tell you about it, for it is really kind of cruel, and I'm afraid you won't let me go there again."

"Why, Lillian," urged the mother, in some alarm, "you must tell me, dear."

"Well, mother," replied the child, in a shocked whisper, "they use their own grandmother for a cook!"

The Common Enemy

AN enthusiastic woman-suffrage worker was grieved when her young son declined for several nights to say his prayers with her, but said them with his father instead. She finally asked him the reason. He said: "Well, I thought God and us men ought to stick together."

My Folks

I THINK my folks are very queer—
You'd be surprised at things I hear.
Sometimes it seems I'm very small,
And then again I'm big and tall.

At night I tease to stay up late,
But mother says: "No, no, it's eight.
Go right up-stairs; and hurry, too.
Indeed—a little boy like you!"

At six next morning, from the hall,
She wakes me with this funny call:
"Come, come, get up; and hurry, too.
For shame—a great big boy like you!"

When through the night I grow so fast,
How very strange it doesn't last!
I shrink and shrink till eight, and then
I'm just a little boy again.

ANNE PORTER JOHNSON.

Leather Goods

A PARTY of automobilists were touring, and one day found that their destination compelled them to dine at a hotel which was not one of their "ideals." However, they decided to make the best of it and proceeded to the dining-room. As the second course of the dinner was served, one of the diners called the waiter and said:

"What is this leathery stuff?"

"That is a filet of sole, sir," replied the waiter.

"Take it away," said the guest, after attacking it with his fork, "and see if you can't get me a nice tender piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."

Just One More Chance

A RENO man tells of a murder trial in Nevada wherein the defendant, formerly a barber, had been condemned to death. Just before the pronouncement of sentence the judge said to the convicted one:

"You have the legal right to express a last wish, and if it is possible it will be gratified."

"I should like," said the prisoner, "once more to be allowed to shave the district attorney."

Wasn't Malicious

A MOBILE manufacturer tells of a darky who came to him one day with a request to be excused from work the next day, explaining that his wife had died and that he must attend the funeral.

This request, seeming reasonable, was granted; but after a lapse of some weeks the darky again asked a day off.

"All right, Frank," said the boss. "What's it for this time?"

"This time I gets married."

"So soon? Why, it's only been a few weeks since you buried your wife."

"Sure!" said Frank, "but I don't hold spite long."

What Did He Mean?

A GENTLEMAN, while at a club in Washington a short while ago, became engaged in a desultory conversation with a prominent financier and Representative from the South. The great man is of a most economical habit, and it is difficult for him to talk for any great length of time without touching upon the subject of economy. Sure enough, he suddenly invited attention to the suit of clothes he was wearing.

"I have never believed," said he, opening his coat the better to display the details of the suit, "in paying fancy prices for cut-to-measure garments. Now, here is a suit for which I paid eight dollars and ninety-eight cents. Appearances are very deceptive. If I told you I purchased it for thirty-five dollars, you'd undoubtedly believe that to be the truth."

His friend viewed the suit critically for a moment as he replied, "I would if you told me over the telephone."



"You've got rompers on too, haven't you?"



Find the One Who Blushed

"My, how you've changed!"

Twisted Sibilants

A VERY pretty girl from a Western town was the latest arrival at a select boarding-school in Massachusetts. Being pretty and well-dressed, she became very popular.

She was elected to be an usher for the monthly musicale, and, being painfully shy, she was much wrought up over it. She never could do it—no, never! But the election was positive—there was no drawing out. The evening found her, a perfect flutter of pink frills, awaiting to receive the early comers. Each of the other young women who were acting in this capacity bore forward an imposing auditor, and Elsie found herself inquiring of a very old and elegant gentleman, in a voice scarcely audible:

"Sir, shall I show you to a seat?"

"What, what, what?" demanded the austere old fellow, holding his hand to his ear.

"Sir," she screamed, in a flustered voice, "shall I sew you to a sheet?"

Her Preference

"MARSE TOM, please come to dinner early Sunday, 'cause I wants to git off early to go to a funeral."

"All right, Aunt Hannah. Which would you rather do, go to a funeral or a wedding?"

"Why, Marse Tom, cose I'd rather go to a funeral—if it wuz one of my friends."

By Their Necks Ye Shall Know Them

"I WANT some collars for my husband," said a lady in a department-store, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, madam?" suggested the clerk.

"That is it. How on earth did you know?"

"Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for them are almost always about that size," explained the observant clerk.

The Last Call

"O GOD," prayed Frankie, solemnly, one night, "I want a steam-engine. I want it very badly. Will you please send me one quick?"

The second night arrived, but no steam-engine appeared. "O God," wailed the boy, "I asked you last night to send me a steam-engine, and it hasn't come, and I do want it dreadfully. Will you please to remember it to-morrow?"

The third night came, and Frankie had watched for his engine all day in vain. Then he applied to the fullest extent his religious information, and prayed with fierce earnestness: "O God, you haven't sent that steam-engine yet. You promised to send whatever I asked, and this is the third time I've asked, and the third time's out. O God, if you don't send it to-morrow, I'll serve idols."



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Turmoil"

THE HOME-COMING OF BIBBS

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The Turmoil

A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER I



HERE is a midland city in the heart of fair, open country, a dirty and wonderful city nesting dingily in the fog of its own smoke. The stranger must feel the dirt before he feels the wonder, for the dirt will be upon him instantly. It will be upon him and within him, since he must breathe it, and he may care for no further proof that wealth is here better loved than cleanliness, but whether he cares or not, the negligently tended streets incessantly press home the point, and so do the flecked and grimy citizens. At a breeze he must smother in whirlpools of dust, and if he should decline at any time to inhale the smoke he has the meager alternative of suicide.

The smoke is like the bad breath of a giant panting for more and more riches. He gets them and pants the fiercer, smelling and swelling prodigiously. He has a voice, a hoarse voice, hot and rapacious, trained to one tune: "Wealth! I will get Wealth! I will make Wealth! I will sell Wealth for more Wealth! My

house shall be dirty, my garment shall be dirty, and I will foul my neighbor so that he cannot be clean—but I will get Wealth! There shall be no clean thing about me: my wife shall be dirty and my child shall be dirty, but I will get Wealth!" And yet it is not wealth that he is so greedy for: what the giant really wants is hasty riches. To get these he squanders wealth upon the four winds, for wealth is in the smoke.

Not quite so long ago as a generation there was no panting giant here, no heaving, grimy city; there was but a pleasant big town of neighborly people who had understanding of one another, being, on the whole, much of the same type. It was a leisurely and kindly place—"homelike," it was called—and when the visitor had been taken through the State Asylum for the Insane and made to appreciate the view of the cemetery from a little hill, his host's duty as Baedeker was done. The good burghers were given to jogging comfortably about in phaetons or in surreys for a family drive on Sunday. No one was very rich; few were very poor; the air was clean and there was time to live.

But there was a spirit abroad in the

land, and it was strong here as elsewhere—a spirit that had moved in the depths of the American soil and labored there, sweating, till it stirred the surface, rove the mountains, and emerged, tangible and monstrous, the god of all good American hearts—Bigness. And that god wrought the panting giant.

In the souls of the burghers there had always been the profound longing for size. Year by year the longing increased until it became an accumulated force: We must Grow! We must be Big! We must be Bigger! Bigness means Money! And the thing began to happen; their longing became a mighty Will. We must be Bigger! Bigger! Bigger! Get people here! Coax them here! Bribe them! Swindle them into coming, if you must, but get them! Shout them into coming! Deafen them into coming! Any kind of people; all kinds of people! We must be Bigger! Blow! Boost! Brag! Kill the fault-finder! Scream and bellow to the Most High: Bigness is patriotism and honor! Bigness is love and life and happiness! Bigness is Money! We want Bigness!

They got it. From all the states the people came; thinly at first, and slowly, but faster and faster, in thicker and thicker swarms as the quick years went by. White people came, and black people and brown people and yellow people; the negroes came from the South by the thousands and thousands, multiplying by other thousands and thousands faster than they could die. From the four quarters of the earth the people came, the broken and the unbroken, the tame and the wild—Germans, Irish, Italians, Hungarians, Scotch, Welsh, English, French, Swiss, Swedes, Norwegians, Greeks, Poles, Russian Jews, Dalmatians, Armenians, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Servians, Persians, Syrians, Japanese, Chinese, Turks, and every hybrid that these could propagate. And if there were no Eskimos nor Patagonians, what other human strain that earth might furnish failed to swim and bubble in this crucible?

With Bigness came the new machinery and the rush; the streets began to roar and rattle, the houses to tremble; the pavements were worn under the tread of

hurrying multitudes. The old, leisurely, quizzical look of the faces was lost in something harder and warier; and a cockney type began to emerge discernibly—a cynical young mongrel, barbaric of feature, muscular and cunning; dressed in good fabrics fashioned apparently in imitation of the sketches drawn by newspaper comedians. The female of his kind came with him—a pale girl, shoddy and a little rouged; and they communicated in a nasal argot, mainly insolences and elisions. Nay, the common speech of the people showed change: in place of the old midland vernacular, irregular but clean, and not unwholesomely drawling, a jerky dialect of coined metaphors began to be heard, held together by *gunnas* and *gottas* and much fostered by the public journals.

Temptation and ruin were ready commodities on the market for purchase by the venturesome; highwaymen walked the streets at night and sometimes killed; snatching thieves were busy everywhere in the dusk; while house-breakers were a common apprehension and frequent reality. Life itself was somewhat safer from intentional destruction than it was in medieval Rome during a faction war—though the Roman murderer was more like to pay for his deed—but death or mutilation beneath the wheels lay in ambush at every crossing.

The politicians let the people make all the laws they liked; it did not matter much, and the taxes went up, which is good for politicians. Law-making was a pastime of the people; nothing pleased them more. Singular fermentation of their humor, they even had laws forbidding dangerous speed. More marvelous still, they had a law forbidding smoke! They forbade chimneys to smoke and they forbade cigarettes to smoke. They made laws for all things and forgot them immediately; though sometimes they would remember, after a while, and hurry to make new laws that the old laws should be enforced—and then forgot both new and old. Wherever enforcement threatened Money or Votes—or wherever it was too much bother—it became a joke. Influence was the law.

So the place grew. And it grew strong.

Straightway when he came, each man
fell to the same worship:

Give me of thyself, O Bigness:

Power to get more power!

Riches to get more riches!

Give me of thy sweat that I may sweat
more!

Give me Bigness to get more Bigness to
myself,

O Bigness, for Thine is the Power and the
Glory! And there is no end but Bigness,
ever and forever!

CHAPTER II

THE Sheridan Building was the biggest sky-scraper; the Sheridan Trust Company was the biggest of its kind, and Sheridan himself had been the biggest builder and breaker and truster and buster under the smoke. He had come from a country cross-roads, at the beginning of the growth, and he had gone up and down in the booms and relapses of that period, but each time he went down he rebounded a little higher, until finally, after a year of overwork and anxiety—the latter not decreased by a chance, remote but possible, of recuperation from the former in the penitentiary—he found himself on top, with solid substance under his feet; and thereafter “played it safe.” But his hunger to get was unabated, for it was in the very bones of him and grew fiercer.

He was the city incarnate. He loved it, calling it God’s country, as he called the smoke Prosperity, breathing the dingy cloud with relish. And when soot fell upon his cuff he chuckled; he could have kissed it. “It’s good! It’s good!” he said, and smacked his lips in gusto. “Good, clean soot; it’s our life-blood, God bless it!” The smoke was one of his great enthusiasms; he laughed at a committee of plaintive housewives who called to beg his aid against it. “Smoke means good health,” he told them jovially, “it makes the people wash more. They have to wash so much they wash off the microbes. You go home and ask your husbands what smoke puts in their pockets out of the pay-roll—and you’ll come around next time to get me to turn out more smoke instead of chokin’ it off!”

It was Narcissism in him to love the

city so well; he saw his reflection in it; and, like it, he was grimy, big, careless, rich, strong, and unquenchably optimistic. From the deepest of his inside all the way out, he believed it was the finest city in the world. “Finest” was his word. He thought of it as his city as he thought of his family as his family; and just as he profoundly believed his city to be the finest city in the world, so did he believe his family to be—in spite of his son Bibbs—the finest family in the world. As a matter of fact, he knew nothing worth knowing about either.

Bibbs Sheridan was a musing sort of boy, poor in health, and considered the failure—the “odd one”—of the family. Born during that most dangerous and anxious of the early years, when the mother fretted and the father took his chance, he was an ill-nourished baby, and grew meagerly, only lengthwise, through a feeble childhood. At his christening he was committed for life to “Bibbs” mainly through lack of imagination on his mother’s part, for though it was her maiden name, she had no strong affection for it; but it was “her turn” to name the baby, and, as she explained later, she “couldn’t think of anything else she liked *at all!*” She offered this explanation one day when the sickly boy was nine and after a long fit of brooding had demanded some reason for his name’s being Bibbs. He requested then, with unwonted vehemence, to be allowed to exchange names with his older brother, Roscoe Conkling Sheridan, or with the oldest, James Sheridan, Junior, and, upon being refused, went down into the cellar and remained there the rest of that day. And the cook, descending toward dusk, reported that he had vanished; but a search revealed that he was in the coal-pile, completely covered and still burrowing. Removed by force and carried up-stairs, he maintained a cryptic demeanor, refusing to utter a syllable of explanation, even under the lash. This obvious thing was wholly a mystery to both parents; the mother was nonplussed, failed to trace and connect; and the father regarded his son as a stubborn and mysterious fool, an impression not effaced as the years went by.

At twenty-two Bibbs was physically no more than the outer scaffolding of a man, waiting for the building to begin inside—a long-shanked, long-faced, rickety youth, sallow and hollow and haggard, dark-haired and dark-eyed, with a peculiar expression of countenance; indeed, at first sight of Bibbs Sheridan a stranger might well be solicitous, for he seemed upon the point of tears. But to a slightly longer gaze, not grief, but mirth was revealed as his emotion; while a more searching scrutiny was proportionately more puzzling—he seemed about to burst out crying or to burst out laughing, one or the other, inevitably, but it was impossible to decide which. And Bibbs never, on any occasion of his life, either laughed aloud or wept.

He was a "disappointment" to his father. At least that was the parent's word—a confirmed and established word, after his first attempt to make a "business man" of the boy. He sent Bibbs to "begin at the bottom and learn from the ground up" in the machine-shop of the Sheridan Automatic Pump Works, and at the end of six months the family physician sent Bibbs to begin at the bottom and learn from the ground up in a sanitarium.

"You needn't worry, mamma," Sheridan told his wife. "There's nothin' the matter with Bibbs except he hates work so much it makes him sick. I put him in the machine-shop, and I guess I know what I'm doin' about as well as the next man. Ole Doc Gurney always was one o' them nutty alarmists. Does he think I'd do anything 'd be bad for my own flesh and blood? He makes me tired!"

Anything except perfectly definite health or perfectly definite disease was incomprehensible to Sheridan. He had a genuine conviction that lack of physical persistence in any task involving money must be due to some subtle weakness of character itself, to some profound shiftlessness or slyness. He understood typhoid fever, pneumonia, and appendicitis—one had them, and either died or got over them and went back to work—but when the word "nervous" appeared in a diagnosis he became honestly suspicious: he had the feeling that there was something contemptible

about it; that there was a nigger in the wood-pile somewhere.

"Look at what I did at his age! Why, when I was twenty years old, wasn't I up every morning at four o'clock choppin' wood—yes! and out in the dark and the snow—to build a fire in a country grocery-store? And here Bibbs has to go and have a *doctor* because he can't—Pho! it makes me tired! If he'd gone at it like a man he wouldn't be sick."

He paced the bedroom—the usual setting for such parental discussions—in his nightgown, shaking his big, grizzled head and gesticulating to his bedded spouse. "My Lord!" he said. "If a little, teeny bit o' work like this is too much for him, why, he ain't fit for anything! It's nine-tenths imagination, and the rest of it—well, I won't say it's deliberate, but I *would* like to know just how much of it's put on!"

"Bibbs didn't want the doctor," said Mrs. Sheridan. "It was when he was here to dinner that night, and noticed how he couldn't eat anything. Honey, you better come to bed."

"Eat!" he snorted. "Eat! It's work that makes men eat! And it's imagination that keeps people from eatin'. Busy men don't get time for that kind of imagination; and there's another thing you'll notice about good health, if you'll take the trouble to look around you, Mrs. Sheridan: busy men haven't got time to be sick and they don't *get* sick. You just think it over and you'll find that ninety-nine per cent. of the sick people you know are either women or loafers. Yes, ma'am!"

"Honey," she said again, drowsily, "you better come to bed."

"Look at the other boys," her husband bade her. "Look at Jim and Roscoe. Look at how *they* work! There isn't a shiftless bone in their bodies. Work never made Jim or Roscoe sick. Jim takes half the load off my shoulders already. Right now there isn't a harder-workin', brighter business man in this city than Jim. I've pushed him, but he give me somep'n to push *against*. You can't push 'nervous dyspepsia'! And look at Roscoe; just *look* at what that boy's done for himself, and barely twenty-seven years old—married, got a fine

wife, and ready to build for himself with his own money, when I put up the New House for you and Edie."

"Papa, you'll catch cold in your bare feet," she murmured. "You better come to bed."

"And I'm just as proud of Edie, for a girl," he continued, emphatically, "as I am of Jim and Roscoe for boys. She'll make some man a mighty good wife when the time comes. She's the prettiest and talentedest girl in the United States! Look at that poem she wrote when she was in school and took the prize with; it's the best poem I ever read in my life, and she'd never even tried to write one before. It's the finest thing I ever read, and R. T. Bloss said so, too; and I guess he's a good enough literary judge for me—turns out more advertisin' liter'cher than any man in this city. I tell you she's smart! Look at the way she worked me to get me to promise the New House—and I guess you had your finger in that, too, mamma! This old shack's good enough for me, but you and little Edie 'll have to have your way. I'll get behind her and push her same as I will Jim and Roscoe. I tell you I'm mighty proud o' them three children! But Bibbs—" He paused, shaking his head. "Honest, mamma, when I talk to men that got *all* their boys doin' well and worth their salt, why I have to keep my mind on Jim and Roscoe and forget about Bibbs."

Mrs. Sheridan tossed her head fretfully upon the pillow. "You did the best you could, papa," she said, impatiently, "so come to bed and quit reproachin' yourself for it."

He glared at her indignantly. "'Reproachin' myself'!" he snorted. "I ain't doin' anything of the kind! What in the name o' goodness would I want to reproach myself for? And it wasn't the 'best I could,' either. It was the best *anybody* could! I was givin' him a chance to show what was in him and make a man of himself—and here he goes and gets 'nervous dyspepsia' on me!"

He went to the old-fashioned gas-fixture, turned out the light, and muttered his way morosely into bed.

"What?" said his wife crossly, bothered by a subsequent mumbling.

"More like hook-worm, I said," he explained, speaking louder. "I don't know what to do with him!"

CHAPTER III

BEGINNING at the beginning and learning from the ground up was a long course for Bibbs at the sanitarium, with milk and zwieback as the basis of instruction; and the months were many and tiresome before he was considered near enough graduation to go for a walk leaning on a nurse and a cane. These and subsequent months saw the planning, the building, and the completion of the New House; and it was to that abode of Bigness that Bibbs was brought when the cane, without the nurse, was found sufficient to his support.

Edith met him at the station. "Well, well, Bibbs!" she said, as he came slowly through the gates, the last of all the travelers from that train. She gave his hand a brisk little shake, averting her eyes after a quick glance at him, and turning at once toward the passage to the street. "Do you think they ought to 've let you come? You certainly don't look well!"

"But I certainly do look better," he returned in a voice as slow as his gait; a drawl that was a necessity, for when Bibbs tried to speak quickly he stammered. "Up to about a month ago it took two people to see me. They had to get me in a line between 'em!"

Edith did not turn her eyes directly toward him again, after her first quick glance; and her expression, in spite of her, showed a faint, troubled distaste, the look of a healthy person pressed by some obligation of business to visit a "bad" ward in a hospital. She was nineteen, fair and slim, with small, unequal features, but a prettiness of color and a brilliancy of eyes that created a total impression close upon beauty. Her movements were eager and restless: there was something about her, as kind old ladies say, that was very sweet; and there was something that was hurried and breathless. This was new to Bibbs; it was a perceptible change since he had last seen her, and he bent upon her a steady, whimsical scrutiny as they stood

at the curb, waiting for an automobile across the street to disengage itself from the traffic.

"That's the new car," she said. "Everything's new. We've got four now, besides Jim's. Roscoe's got two."

"Edith, you look—" he began, and paused.

"Oh, *we're* all well," she said, briskly; and then, as if something in his tone had caught her as significant, "Well, *how* do I look, Bibbs?"

"You look—" He paused again, taking in the full-length of her—her trim, brown shoes, her scant, tapering, rough skirt, and her coat of brown and green, her long green tippet and her mad little rough hat in the mad mode—all suited to the October day.

"How do I look?" she insisted.

"You look," he answered, as his examination ended upon an incrustated watch of platinum and enamel at her wrist, "you look—expensive!" That was a substitute for what he had intended to say, for her constraint and preoccupation, manifested particularly in her keeping her direct glance away from him, did not seem to grant the privilege of impulsive intimacies.

"I expect I am!" she laughed, and sidelong caught the direction of his glance. "Of course I oughtn't to wear it in the daytime—it's an evening thing, for the theater—but my day wrist-watch is out of gear. Bobby Lamhorn broke it yesterday; he's a regular rowdy, sometimes. Do you want Claus to help you in?"

"Oh no," said Bibbs. "I'm alive." And after a fit of panting subsequent to his climbing into the car unaided, he added, "Of course I have to *tell* people!"

"We only got your telegram this morning," she said, as they began to move rapidly through the "wholesale district" neighboring the station. "Mother said she'd hardly expected you this month."

"They seemed to be through with me up there in the country," he explained, gently. "At least they said they were, and they wouldn't keep me any longer, because so many really sick people wanted to get in. They told me to go home—and I didn't have any place else to go. It'll be all right, Edith; I'll

sit in the woodshed until after dark, every day."

"Pshaw!" She laughed brusquely. "Of course we're all of us glad to have you back."

"Yes?" he said. "Father?"

"Of course! Didn't he write and tell you to come home?" She did not turn to him with the question. All the while she rode with her face directly forward.

"No," he said, "father hasn't written."

She flushed a little. "I expect you think I ought to've written sometime, or one of the boys—"

"Oh no; that was all right."

"You can't think how busy we've all been, this year, Bibbs. I often planned to write—and then just as I was going to, something would turn up. And I'm sure it's been just the same way with Jim and Roscoe. Of course we knew mamma was writing often, and—"

"Of course!" he said, readily. "There's a chunk of coal fallen on your glove, Edith. Better flick it off before it smears. My word! I'd almost forgotten how sooty it is here."

"We've been having very bright weather this month—for us." She blew the flake of soot into the air, seeming relieved.

He looked up at the dingy sky, wherein hung the disconsolate sun like a cold tin pan nailed up in a smoke-house, by some lunatic, for a decoration. "Yes," said Bibbs. "It's very gay." A few moments later, as they passed a corner, "Aren't we going home?" he asked.

"Why, yes! Did you want to go somewhere else first?"

"No. Your new driver's taking us out of the way, isn't he?"

"No. This is right. We're going straight home."

"But we've passed the corner. We always turned—"

"Good gracious!" she cried. "Didn't you know we'd moved? Didn't you know we were in the New House?"

"Why, no!" said Bibbs. "Are you?"

"We've been there a month! Good gracious! Didn't you know—" She broke off, flushing again, and then went on, hastily: "Of course, mamma's never been so busy in her life; we *all* haven't

had time to do anything but keep on the hop. Mamma couldn't even come to the station to-day. Papa's got some of his business friends and people from around the *old* house neighborhood coming to-night for a big dinner and 'house-warming'—dreadful kind of people—but mamma's got it all on her hands. She's never sat down a *minute*; and if she did, papa would have her up again before—"

"Of course," said Bibbs. "Do you like the new place, Edith?"

"I don't like some of the things father *would* have in it, but it's the finest house in town, and that ought to be good enough for me! Papa bought one thing I like—a view of the Bay of Naples in oil that's perfectly beautiful; it's the first thing you see as you come in the front hall, and it's eleven feet long. But he would have that old fruit picture we had in the Murphy Street house hung up in the new dining-room. You remember it—a table and a watermelon sliced open, and a lot of rouged-looking apples and some shiny lemons, with two dead prairie-chickens on a chair? He bought it at a furniture-store years and years ago, and he claims it's a finer picture than any they saw in the museums that time he took mamma to Europe. But it's horribly out of date to have those things in dining-rooms, and I caught Bobby Lamhorn giggling at it; and Sibyl made fun of it, too, with Bobby, and then told papa she agreed with him about its being such a fine thing, and said he did just right to insist on having it where he wanted it. She makes me tired! Sibyl!"

Edith's first constraint with her brother, amounting almost to awkwardness, vanished with this theme, though she still kept her full gaze always to the front, even in the extreme ardor of her denunciation of her sister-in-law.

"*Sibyl!*" she repeated, with such heat and vigor that the name seemed to strike fire on her lips. "I'd like to know why Roscoe couldn't have married somebody from *here* that would have done us some good! He could have got in with Bobby Lamhorn years ago just as well as now, and Bobby 'd have introduced him to the nicest girls in town, but instead of that he had to go and pick up

this Sibyl Rink! I met some awfully nice people from her town, when mamma and I were at Atlantic City last spring, and not one had ever even heard of the Rinks! Not even *heard* of 'em!"

"I thought you were great friends with Sibyl," Bibbs said.

"Up to the time I found her out!" the sister returned with continuing vehemence. "I've found out some things about Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan lately—"

"It's only lately?"

"Well—" Edith hesitated, her lips setting primly. "Of course, I always did see that she never cared the snap of her little finger about *Roscoe!*"

"It seems," said Bibbs, in laconic protest, "that she married him."

The sister emitted a shrill cry, to be interpreted as contemptuous laughter, and in her emotion spoke too impulsively: "Why, she'd have married *you!*"

"No, no," he said; "she couldn't be that bad!"

"I didn't mean—" she began, flustered. "I only meant— I didn't mean—"

"Never mind, Edith," he consoled her. "You see, she couldn't have married me, because I didn't know her; and besides, if she's as mercenary as all that she'd have been too clever. The head doctor even had to lend me the money for my ticket home."

"I didn't mean anything unpleasant about *you*," Edith babbled. "I only meant I thought she was the kind of girl who was so simply crazy to marry somebody she'd have married anybody that asked her."

"Yes, yes," said Bibbs; "it's all straight." And, perceiving that his sister's expression was that of a person whose adroitness has set matters perfectly to rights, he chuckled silently.

"Roscoe's perfectly lovely to her," she continued, a moment later. "Too lovely! If he'd wake up a little and lay down the law, some day, like a *man*, I guess she'd respect him more and learn to behave herself!"

"Behave?"

"Oh, well, I mean she's so insincere," said Edith, characteristically evasive when it came to stating the very point to which she had led, and in this not unique of her sex.

Bibbs contented himself with a non-committal gesture. "Business is crawling up the old streets," he said, his long, tremulous hand indicating a vasty structure in course of erection. "The boarding-houses come first and then the—"

"That isn't for shops," she informed him. "That's a new investment of papa's—the 'Sheridan Apartments.'"

"Well, well," he murmured. "I supposed 'Sheridan' was almost well enough known here already."

"Oh, we're well enough known *about*!" she said, impatiently. "I guess there isn't a man, woman, child, or nigger baby in town that doesn't know who we are. But we aren't in with the right people."

"No!" he exclaimed. "Who's all that?"

"Who's all what?"

"The 'right people.'"

"You know what I mean: the best people, the old families—the people that have the real social position in this town and that know they've got it."

Bibbs indulged in his silent chuckle again; he seemed greatly amused. "I thought that the people who actually had the real what-you-may-call-it didn't know it," he said. "I've always understood that it was very unsatisfactory, because if you thought about it you didn't have it, and if you had it you didn't know it."

"That's just bosh," she retorted. "They know it in this town, all right! I found out a lot of things, long before we began to think of building out in this direction. The right people in this town aren't always the society-column ones, and they mix around with outsiders, and they don't all belong to any one club—they've taken in all sorts into all their clubs—but they're a clan, just the same; and they have the clan feeling and they're just as much We, Us, and Company as any crowd you read about anywhere in the world. Most of 'em were here long before papa came, and the grandfathers of the girls of my age knew each other, and—"

"I see," Bibbs interrupted, gravely. "Their ancestors fled together from many a stricken field, and Crusaders' blood flows in their veins. I always understood the first house was built by an

old party of the name of Vertrees who couldn't get along with Dan'l Boone, and hurried away to these parts because Dan'l wanted him to give back a gun he'd lent him."

Edith gave a little ejaculation of alarm. "You mustn't repeat that story, Bibbs, even if it's true. The Vertreeses are *the* best family, and of course the very oldest here; they were an old family even before Mary Vertrees's great-great-grandfather came west and founded this settlement. He came from Lynn, Massachusetts, and they have relatives there *yet*—some of the best people in Lynn!"

"No!" exclaimed Bibbs, incredulously.

"And there are other old families like the Vertreeses," she went on, not heeding him; "the Lamhorns, and the Kittersbys, and the J. Palmerston Smiths—"

"Strange names to me," he interrupted. "Poor things! None of them have my acquaintance."

"No, that's just it!" she cried. "And papa had never even heard the name of Vertrees! Mrs. Vertrees went with some anti-smoke committee to see him, and he told her that smoke was what made her husband bring home his wages from the pay-roll on Saturday night! *He* told us about it, and I thought I just couldn't live through the night, I was so ashamed! Mr. Vertrees has always lived on his income, and papa didn't know him, of course. They're the stiffest, most elegant people in the whole town. And to crown it all, papa went and bought the next lot to the old Vertrees country mansion—it's in the very heart of the best new residence district now, and that's where the New House is, right next door to them—and I must say it makes their place look rather shabby! I met Mary Vertrees when I joined the Mission Service Helpers, but she never did any more than just barely bow to me, and since papa's break I doubt if she'll do that! They haven't called."

"And you think if I spread this gossip about Vertrees the First stealing Dan'l Boone's gun, the chances that they *will* call—"

"Papa knows what a break he made with Mrs. Vertrees. I made him understand that," said Edith, demurely, "and he's promised to try and meet Mr. Vertrees and be nice to him. It's just this

way: if we don't know *them*, it's practically no use in our having built the New House; and if we *do* know them and they're decent to us, we're right with the right people. They can do the whole thing for us. Bobby Lamhorn told Sibyl he was going to bring his mother to call on her and on mamma, but it was weeks ago, and I notice he hasn't done it; and if Mrs. Vertrees decides not to know us, I'm darn sure Mrs. Lamhorn 'll never come. That's *one* thing Sibyl didn't manage! She *said* Bobby offered to bring his mother—"

"You say he is a friend of Roscoe's?" Bibbs asked.

"Oh, he's a friend of the whole family," she returned, with a petulance which she made an effort to disguise. "Roscoe and he got acquainted somewhere, and they take him to the theater about every other night. Sibyl has him to lunch, too, and keeps—" She broke off with an angry little jerk of the head. "We can see the New House from the second corner ahead. Roscoe has built straight across the street from us, you know. Honestly, Sibyl makes me think of a snake, sometimes—the way she pulls the wool over people's eyes! She honeys up to papa and gets anything in the world she wants out of him, and then makes fun of him behind his back—yes, and to his face, but *he* can't see it! She got him to give her a twelve-thousand-dollar porch for their house after it was—"

"Good heavens!" said Bibbs, staring ahead as they reached the corner and the car swung to the right, following a bend in the street. "Is that the New House?"

"Yes. What do you think of it?"

"Well," he drawled, "I'm pretty sure the sanitarium's about half a size bigger; I can't be certain till I measure."

And a moment later, as they entered the driveway, he added, seriously:

"But it's beautiful!"

CHAPTER IV

IT was gray stone, with long roofs of thick green slate. An architect who loved the milder "Gothic motives" had built what he liked: it was to be seen at once that he had been left unhampered, and he had wrought a pic-

ture out of his head into a noble and exultant reality. At the same time a landscape designer had played so good a second, with ready-made accessories of screen, approach and vista, that already whatever look of newness remained upon the place was to its advantage, as showing at least one thing yet clean under the grimy sky. For though the smoke was thinner in this direction, and at this long distance from the heart of the town, it was not absent, and, under tutelage of wind and weather, could be malignant even here, where cows had wandered in the meadows and corn had been growing not ten years gone.

Altogether, the New House was a success. It was one of those architects' successes which leave the owners veiled in privacy; it revealed nothing of the people who lived in it save that they were rich. There are houses that cannot be detached from their own people without protesting: every inch of mortar seems to mourn the separation, and such a house—no matter what be done to it—is ever murmurous with regret, whispering the old name sadly to itself unceasingly. But the New House was of a kind to change hands without emotion. In our swelling cities, great places of its type are useful as financial gauges of the business tides; rich families, one after another, take title and occupy such houses, as fortunes rise and fall—they mark the high tide. It was impossible to imagine a child's toy wagon left upon a walk or driveway of the New House. And yet it was—as Bibbs rightly called it—"beautiful."

What the architect thought of the "Golfo di Napoli" which hung in its vast gold revel of rococo frame against the gray wood of the hall is to be conjectured—perhaps he had not seen it.

"Edith, did you say only eleven feet?" Bibbs panted, staring at it as the white-jacketed twin of a Pullman porter helped him to get out of his overcoat.

"Eleven without the frame," she explained. "It's splendid, don't you think? It lightens things up so. The hall was kind of gloomy before."

"No gloom now!" said Bibbs.

"This statue in the corner is pretty, too," she remarked. "Mamma and I bought that." And Bibbs turned at

her direction to behold, amid a grove of tubbed palms, a "life-size," black-bearded Moor, of a plastic composition, painted with unappeasable gloss and brilliancy. Upon his chocolate head he wore a gold turban; in his hand he held a gold-tipped spear; and for the rest, he was red and yellow and black and silver.

"Hallelujah!" was the sole comment of the returned wanderer, and Edith, saying she would "find mamma," left him blinking at the Moor. Presently, after she had disappeared, he turned to the colored man who stood waiting, Bibbs's traveling-bag in his hand. "What do *you* think of it?" Bibbs asked, solemnly.

"Gran'!" replied the servitor. "She mighty hard to dus'. Dus' git in all 'em wrinkles. Yessuh, she mighty hard to dus'."

"I expect she must be," said Bibbs, his glance returning reflectively to the black bull beard for a moment. "Is there a place anywhere I could lie down?"

"Yessuh. We got one nem spare rooms all fix up fo' you, suh. Right up stahs, suh. Nice room."

He led the way, and Bibbs followed slowly, stopping at intervals to rest, and noting a heavy increase in the staff of service since the exodus from the "old" house. Maids and scrubwomen were at work under the patently nominal direction of another Pullman porter, who was profoundly enjoying his own affectation of being harassed with care.

"Ev'ying got look spick an' span fo' the big doin's to-night," Bibbs's guide explained, chuckling. "Yessuh, we got big doin's to-night! Big doin's!"

The room to which he conducted his lagging charge was furnished in every particular like a room in a new hotel; and Bibbs found it pleasant—though, indeed, any room with a good bed would have seemed pleasant to him after his journey. He stretched himself flat immediately, and having replied, "Not now," to the attendant's offer to unpack the bag, closed his eyes wearily.

White-jacket, racially sympathetic, lowered the window-shades and made an exit on tiptoe, encountering the other white-jacket—the harassed overseer—in the hall without. Said the emerging one:

"He mighty shaky, Mist' Jackson.

Drop right down an' shet his eyes. Eyelids all black. Rich folks gotta go same as anybody else. Anybody ast me if I change 'ith 'at ole boy—No, suh! Le'm keep 'is money; I keep my black skin an' keep out the ground!"

Mr. Jackson expressed the same preference. "Yessuh; he look tuh me like somebody awready laid out," he concluded. And upon the stairway landing near by, two old women, on all-fours at their work, were likewise pessimistic.

"Hech!" said one, lamenting in a whisper. "It give me a turn to see him go by—white as wax an' bony as a dead fish! Mrs. Cronin, tell me: d'it make ye kind o' sick to look at um?"

"Sick? No more than the face of a blessed angel already in heaven!"

"Well," said the other, "I'd a b'y o' me own come home t' die once—" She fell silent at a rustling of skirts in the corridor above them.

It was Mrs. Sheridan, hurrying to greet her son.

She was one of those fat, pink people who fade and contract with age like drying fruit; and her outside was a true portrait of her. Her husband and her daughter had long ago absorbed her. What intelligence she had was given almost wholly to comprehending and serving those two, and except in the presence of one of them she was nearly always absent-minded. Edith lived all day with her mother, as daughters do; and Sheridan so held his wife to her unity with him that she had long ago become unconscious of her existence as a thing separate from his. She invariably perceived his moods, and nursed him through them when she did not share them, and she gave him a profound sympathy with the inmost spirit and purpose of his being, even though she did not comprehend it and partook of it only as a spectator. They had known but one actual altercation in their lives, and that was thirty years past, in the early days of Sheridan's struggle, when, in order to enhance the favorable impression he believed himself to be making upon some capitalists, he had thought it necessary to accompany them to a performance of "The Black Crook." But she had not once referred to this during the last ten years.

Mrs. Sheridan's manner was hurried and inconsequent; her clothes rustled more than other women's clothes; she seemed to wear too many at a time and to be vaguely troubled by them, and she was patting a skirt down over some unruly internal dissension at the moment she opened Bibbs's door.

At sight of the recumbent figure she began to close the door softly, withdrawing, but the young man had heard the turning of the knob and the rustling of skirts, and he opened his eyes.

"Don't go, mother," he said. "I'm not asleep." He swung his long legs over the side of the bed to rise, but she set a hand on his shoulder, restraining him; and he lay flat again.

"No," she said, bending over to kiss his cheek, "I just come for a minute, but I want to see how you seem. Edith said—"

"Poor Edith!" he murmured. "She couldn't look at me. She—"

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Sheridan, having let in the light at a window, came back to the bedside. "You look a great deal better than what you did before you went to the sanitarium, anyway. It's done you good; a body can see that right away. You need fattening up, of course, and you haven't got much color—"

"No," he said, "I haven't much color."

"But you will have when you get your strength back."

"Oh yes!" he responded, cheerfully. "Then I will."

"You look a great deal better than what I expected."

"Edith must have a great vocabulary!" he chuckled.

"She's too sensitive," said Mrs. Sheridan, "and it makes her exaggerate a little. What about your diet?"

"That's all right. They told me to eat anything."

"Anything at all?"

"Well—anything I could."

"That's good," she said, nodding. "They mean for you just to build up your strength. That's what they told me the last time I went to see you at the sanitarium. You look better than what you did then, and that's only a little time ago. How long was it?"

"Eight months, I think."

"No, it couldn't be. I know it ain't *that* long, but maybe it was longer 'n I thought. And this last month or so I haven't had scarcely even time to write, but I told Edith to write, the weeks I couldn't, and I asked Jim to, too; and they both said they would, so I suppose you've kept up pretty well on the home news."

"Oh yes."

"What I think you need," said the mother, gravely, "is to liven up a little and take an interest in things. That's what papa was sayin' this morning, after we got your telegram; and that's what 'll stimulate your appetite, too. He was talkin' over his plans for you—"

"Plans?" Bibbs, turning on his side, shielded his eyes from the light with his hand, so that he might see her better. "What—" He paused. "What plans is he making for me, mother?"

She turned away, going back to the window to draw down the shade. "Well, you better talk it over with *him*," she said, with perceptible nervousness. "He better tell you himself. I don't feel as if I had any call, exactly, to go into it; and you better get to sleep now, anyway." She came and stood by the bedside once more. "But you must remember, Bibbs, whatever papa does is for the best. He loves his chulder and wants to do what's right by *all* of 'em—and you'll always find he's right in the end."

He made a little gesture of assent, which seemed to content her; and she rustled to the door, turning to speak again after she had opened it. "You get a good nap, now, so as to be all rested up for to-night."

"You—you mean—he—" Bibbs stammered, having begun to speak too quickly. Checking himself, he drew a long breath, then asked, quietly, "Does father expect me to come down-stairs this evening?"

"Well, I think he does," she answered. "You see, it's the 'house-warming,' as he calls it, and he said he thinks all our chulder ought to be around us, as well as the old friends and other folks. It's just what he thinks you need—to take an interest and liven up. You don't feel too bad to come down, do you?"

"Mother?"

"Well?"

"Take a good look at me," he said.

"Oh, see here!" she cried, with brusque cheerfulness. "You're not so bad off as you think you are, Bibbs. You're on the mend; and it won't do you any harm to please your—"

"It isn't that," he interrupted. "Honestly, I'm only afraid it might spoil somebody's appetite. Edith—"

"I told you the child was too sensitive," she interrupted, in turn. "You're a plenty good-lookin' enough young man for anybody! You look like you been through a long spell and begun to get well, and that's all there is to it."

"All right. I'll come to the party. If the rest of you can stand it, I can!"

"It'll do you good," she returned, rustling into the hall. "Now take a nap, and I'll send one o' the help to wake you in time for you to get dressed up before dinner. You go to sleep right away, now, Bibbs!"

Bibbs was unable to obey, though he kept his eyes closed. Something she had said kept running in his mind, repeating itself over and over interminably. "His plans for you—his plans for you—his plans for you—his plans for you—" And then, taking the place of "his plans for you," after what seemed a long, long while, her flurried voice came back to him insistently, seeming to whisper in his ear: "He loves his chulder—he loves his chulder—he loves his chulder"—"you'll find he's always right—you'll find he's always right—" Until at last, as he drifted into the state of half-dreams and distorted realities, the voice seemed to murmur from beyond a great black wing that came out of the wall and stretched over his bed—it was a black wing in the room, and at the same time it was a black cloud crossing the sky, bridging the whole earth from pole to pole. It was a cloud of black smoke, and out of the heart of it came a flurried voice whispering over and over, "His plans for you—his plans for you—his plans for you—" And then there was nothing.

He woke refreshed, stretched himself gingerly—as one might have a care against too quick or too long a pull upon a frayed elastic—and, getting to his

feet, went blinking to the window and touched the shade so that it flew up, letting in a pale sunset.

He looked out into the lemon-colored light and smiled wanly at the next house, as Edith's grandiose phrase came to mind, "the old Vertrees country mansion." It stood in a broad lawn which was separated from the Sheridans' by a young hedge; and it was a big, square, plain old box of a house with a giant salt-cellar atop for a cupola. Paint had been spared for a long time, and no one could have put a name to the color of it, but in spite of that the place had no look of being out at heel, and the sward was as neatly trimmed as the Sheridans' own.

The separating hedge ran almost beneath Bibbs's window—for this wing of the New House extended, here, almost to the edge of the lot—and directly opposite the window the Vertreeses' lawn had been graded so as to make a little knoll upon which stood a small rustic "summer-house." It was almost on a level with Bibbs's window and not thirty feet away; and it was easy for him to imagine the present dynasty of Vertreeses in grievous outcry when they had found this retreat ruined by the juxtaposition of the parvenu intruder. Probably the "summer-house" was pleasant and pretty in summer. It had the look of a place wherein little girls had played for a generation or so with dolls and "housekeeping," or where a lovely old lady might come to read something dull on warm afternoons; but now in the thin light it was desolate, the color of dust, and hung with haggard vines which had lost their leaves.

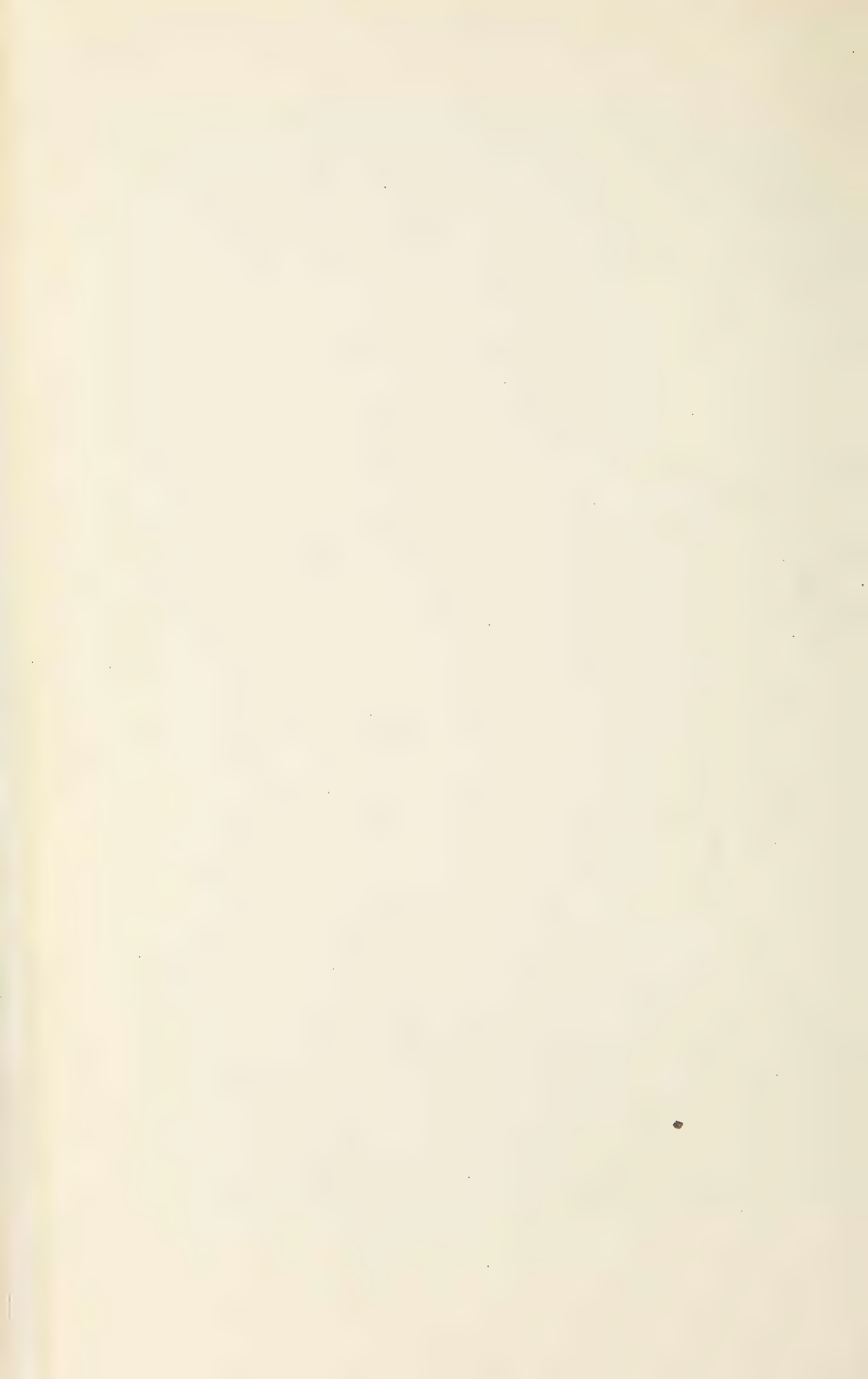
Bibbs looked at it with grave sympathy, probably feeling some kinship with anything so dismantled; then he turned to a cheval-glass beside the window and paid himself the dubious tribute of a thorough inspection. He looked the mirror up and down, slowly, repeatedly, but came in the end to a long and earnest scrutiny of the face. Throughout this cryptic séance his manner was profoundly impersonal; he had the air of an entomologist intent upon classifying a specimen, but finally he appeared to become pessimistic. He shook his head solemnly; then gazed again and shook



Written by C. E. Chambers

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

"YOU DON'T FEEL TOO BAD TO COME DOWN, DO YOU?"



his head again, and continued to shake it slowly, in complete disapproval.

"You certainly are one horrible sight!" he said, aloud.

And at that he was instantly aware of an observer. Turning quickly, he was vouchsafed the picture of a charming lady, framed in a rustic aperture of the "summer-house" and staring full into his window—straight into his eyes, too, for the infinitesimal fraction of a second before the flashingly censorious withdrawal of her own. Composedly she pulled several dead twigs from a vine, the manner of her action conveying a message or proclamation to the effect that she was in the summer-house for the sole purpose of such-like pruning and tending, and that no gentleman could suppose her presence there to be due to any other purpose whatsoever, or that, being there on that account, she had allowed her attention to wander for one instant in the direction of things of which she was in reality unconscious.

Having pulled enough twigs to emphasize her unconsciousness—and at the same time her disapproval—of everything in the nature of a Sheridan, or belonging to a Sheridan, she descended the knoll with maintained composure, and sauntered toward a side door of the country-mansion of the Vertreeses. An elderly lady, bonneted and cloaked, opened the door and came to meet her.

"Are you ready, Mary? I've been looking for you. What were you doing?"

"Nothing. Just looking into one of Sheridans' windows," said Mary Vertrees. "I got caught at it."

"Mary!" cried her mother. "Just as we were going to call! Good heavens!"

"We'll go, just the same," the daughter returned. "I suppose those women would be glad to have us if we'd burned their house to the ground."

"But *who* saw you?" insisted Mrs. Vertrees.

"One of the sons, I suppose he was. I believe he's insane, or something. At least I hear they keep him in a sanitarium somewhere, and never talk about him. He was staring at himself in a mirror and talking to himself. Then he looked out and caught me."

"What did he—"

"Nothing, of course."

"How did he look?"

"Like a ghost in a blue suit," said Miss Vertrees, moving toward the street and waving a white-gloved hand in farewell to her father, who was observing them from the window of his library. "Rather tragic and altogether impossible. Do come on, mother, and let's get it over!"

And Mrs. Vertrees, with many misgivings, set forth with her daughter for their gracious assault upon the New House next door.

CHAPTER V

MR. VERTREES, having watched their departure with the air of a man who had something at hazard upon the expedition, turned from the window and began to pace the library thoughtfully, pending their return. He was about sixty; a small man, withered and dry and fine, a trim little sketch of the elderly dandy. His lambrequin mustache—relic of a forgotten Anglo-mania—had been profoundly black, but now, like his smooth hair, it was approaching an equally sheer whiteness; and though his clothes were old, they had shapeliness and a flavor of mode. And for greater spruceness there were some jaunty touches: gray spats; a narrow black ribbon across the gray waistcoat to the eye-glasses in a pocket; a fleck of color from a button in the lapel of the black coat, labeling him the descendant of patriot warriors.

The room was not like him, being cheerful and hideous, whereas Mr. Vertrees was anxious and decorative. Under a mantel of imitation black marble a merry little coal fire beamed forth upon high and narrow "Eastlake" bookcases with long glass doors, and upon comfortable, incongruous furniture, and upon meaningless "woodwork" everywhere; and upon half a dozen Landseer engravings which Mr. and Mrs. Vertrees sometimes mentioned to each other, after thirty years of possession, as "very fine things." They had been the first people in town to possess Landseer engravings, and there, in art, they had rested; but they still had a feeling that in all such matters they were in the van; and when Mr. Vertrees discovered Land-

seers upon the walls of other people's houses he thawed, as a chieftain to a trusted lieutenant; and if he found an edition of Bulwer Lytton accompanying the Landseers as a final corroboration of culture, he would say, inevitably, "Those people know good pictures and they know good books."

The growth of the city, which might easily have made him a millionaire, had ruined him because he had failed to understand it. When towns begin to grow they have whims, and the whims of a town always ruin somebody. Mr. Vertrees had been most strikingly the somebody in this case. At about the time he bought the Landseers he owned, through inheritance, an office-building; a large house not far from it, where he spent the winter; and a country-place—a farm of four hundred acres—where he went for the summers, to the comfortable, ugly old house that was his home now, perforce, all the year round. If he had known how to sit still and let things happen he would have prospered miraculously; but, strangely enough, the dainty little man was one of the first to fall down and worship Bigness, the which proceeded straightway to enact the rôle of Juggernaut for his better education. He was a true prophet of the prodigious growth, but he had a fatal gift for selling good and buying bad. He should have stayed at home and looked at his Landseers and read his Bulwer, but he took his cow to market, and the trained milkers milked her dry and then ate her. He sold the office-building and the house in town to buy a great tract of lots in a new suburb; then he sold the farm, except the house and the ground about it, to pay the taxes on the suburban lots and to "keep them up." The lots refused to stay up; but he had to do something to keep himself and his family up, so, in despair, he sold the lots (which went up beautifully the next year) for "traction stock" that was paying dividends; and thereafter he ceased to buy and sell. Thus he disappeared altogether from the commercial surface at about the time James Sheridan came out securely on top; and Sheridan, until Mrs. Vertrees called upon him with her "anti-smoke" committee, had never heard the name.

Mr. Vertrees, pinched, retired to his Landseers; and Mrs. Vertrees "managed somehow" on the dividends, though "managing" became more and more difficult as the years went by and money bought less and less. But there came a day when three servitors of Bigness in Philadelphia took greedy counsel with four fellow-worshippers from New York, and not long after that there were no more dividends for Mr. Vertrees. In fact, there was nothing for Mr. Vertrees, because the "traction stock" henceforth was no stock at all, and he had mortgaged his house long ago to help "manage somehow" according to his conception of his "position in life"—one of his own old-fashioned phrases. Six months before the completion of the New House next door, Mr. Vertrees had sold his horses and the worn Victoria and "station-wagon," to pay the arrears of his two servants and re-establish credit at the grocer's and butcher's—and a pair of elderly carriage-horses with such accoutrements are not very ample barter, in these days, for six months' food and fuel and service. Mr. Vertrees had discovered, too, that there was no salary for him in all the buzzing city—he could do nothing.

It may be said that he was at the end of his string. Such times do come in all their bitterness, finally, to the man with no trade or craft, if his feeble clutch on that slippery ghost, Property, shall fail.

The windows grew black while he paced the room, and smoky twilight closed round about the house, yet not more darkly than what closed round about the heart of the anxious little man patrolling the fan-shaped zone of fire-light. But as the mantel clock struck wheezily six, there was the rattle of an outer door, and a rich and beautiful peal of laughter went ringing through the house. Thus cheerfully did Mary Vertrees herald her return with her mother from their expedition among the barbarians.

She came rushing into the library, and threw herself into a deep chair by the hearth, laughing so uncontrollably that tears were in her eyes. Mrs. Vertrees followed decorously, no mirth about her; on the contrary, she looked vaguely disturbed, as if she had eaten something

not quite certain to agree with her, and regretted it.

"Papa! Oh, oh!" And Miss Vertrees was fain to apply a handkerchief upon her eyes. "I'm so glad you made us go! I wouldn't have missed it—"

Mrs. Vertrees shook her head. "I suppose I'm very dull," she said, gently. "I didn't see anything amusing. They're most ordinary, and the house is altogether in bad taste, but we anticipated that, and—"

"Papa!" Mary cried, breaking in. "They asked us to *dinner*!"

"What!"

"And I'm *going*!" she shouted, and was seized with fresh paroxysms. "Think of it! Never in their house before; never met any of them but the daughter—and just *barely* met her—"

"What about you?" interrupted Mr. Vertrees, turning sharply upon his wife.

She made a little face as if positive, now, that what she had eaten would *not* agree with her. "I couldn't!" she said. "I—"

"Yes, that's just—just the way she—she looked when they asked her!" cried Mary, choking. "And then she—she realized it, and tried to turn it into a cough, and she didn't know how, and it sounded like—like a squeal!"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Vertrees, much injured, "that Mary will have an uproarious time at my funeral. She makes fun of—"

Mary jumped up instantly and kissed her; then she went to the mantel and, leaning an elbow upon it, gazed thoughtfully at the buckle of her shoe, twinkling in the firelight.

"*They* didn't notice anything," she said. "So far as they were concerned, mamma, it was one of the finest coughs you ever coughed."

"Who were 'they'?" asked her father. "Whom did you see?"

"Only the mother and daughter," she answered. "Mrs. Sheridan is dumpy and rusty; and Miss Sheridan is pretty and pushing—dresses by the fashion magazines and talks about New York people that have their pictures in 'em. She tutors the mother, but not very successfully—partly because her own foundation is too flimsy, and partly because she began too late. They've got an

enormous Moor of painted plaster or something in the hall, and the girl evidently thought it was to her credit that she selected it!"

"They have oil-paintings, too," added Mrs. Vertrees, with a glance of gentle pride at the Landseers. "I've always thought oil-paintings in a private house the worst of taste."

"Oh, if one owned a Raphael or a Titian!" said Mr. Vertrees, finishing the implication, not in words, but with a wave of his hand. "Go on, Mary. None of the rest of them came in? You didn't meet Mr. Sheridan or—" He paused, and adjusted a lump of coal in the fire delicately with the poker. "Or one of the sons?"

Mary's glance crossed his, at that, with a flash of utter comprehension. He turned instantly away; but she had begun to laugh again.

"No," she said, "no one except the women, but mother inquired about the sons thoroughly!"

"Mary!" Mrs. Vertrees protested.

"Oh, most adroitly, too!" laughed the girl. "Only she couldn't help unconsciously turning to look at me—when she did it!"

"Mary Vertrees!"

"Never mind, mamma! Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Sheridan neither of *them* could help unconsciously turning to look at me—speculatively—at the same time. They all three kept looking at me and talking about the oldest son, Mr. James Sheridan, Junior. Mrs. Sheridan said his father is very anxious 'to get Jim to marry and settle down,' and she assured me that 'Jim is right cultivated.' Another of the sons, the youngest one, caught me looking in the window this afternoon; but they didn't seem to consider him quite one of themselves, somehow, though Mrs. Sheridan mentioned that a couple of years or so ago he had been 'right sick,' and had been to some cure or other. They seemed relieved to bring the subject back to 'Jim' and his virtues—and to look at me! The other brother is the middle one, Roscoe; he's the one that owns the new house across the street, where that young black-sheep of the Lamhorns, Robert, goes so often. I saw a short, dark young man standing on the porch with Robert Lamhorn

there the other day, so I suppose that was Roscoe. 'Jim' still lurks in the mists, but I shall meet him to-night. Papa—" She stepped nearer to him so that he had to face her, and his eyes were troubled as he did. There may have been a trouble deep within her own, but she kept their surface merry with laughter. "Papa, Bibbs is the youngest one's name, and Bibbs (to the best of our information) is a lunatic. Roscoe is married. Papa, does it have to be Jim?"

"Mary!" Mrs. Vertrees cried, sharply. "You're outrageous! That's a perfectly horrible way of talking!"

"Well, I'm close to twenty-four," said Mary, turning to her. "I haven't been able to like anybody yet that's asked me to marry him, and maybe I never shall. Until a year or so ago I've had everything I ever wanted in my life—you and papa gave it all to me—and it's about time I began to pay back. Unfortunately, I don't know how to do anything—but something's got to be done."

"But you needn't talk of it like *that*!" insisted the mother, plaintively. "It's not—it's not—"

"No, it's not," said Mary. "I know that!"

"How did they happen to ask you to dinner?" Mr. Vertrees inquired, uneasily. "'Stextrawdn'ry thing!"

"Climbers' hospitality," Mary defined it. "We were so very cordial and easy! I think Mrs. Sheridan herself might have done it just as any kind old woman on a farm might ask a neighbor, but it was Miss Sheridan who did it. She played around it awhile; you could see she wanted to—she's in a dreadful hurry to get into things—and I fancied she had an idea it might impress that Lamhorn boy to find us there to-night. It's a sort of house-warming dinner, and they talked about it and talked about it—and then the girl got her courage up and blurted out the invitation. And mamma—" Here Mary was once more a victim to incorrigible merriment. "Mamma tried to say yes, and *couldn't*! She swallowed and squealed—I mean you coughed, dear! And then, papa, she said that you and she had promised to go to a lecture at the Emerson Club to-night, but that her daughter would be

delighted to come to the Big Show! So there I am, and there's Mr. Jim Sheridan—and there's the clock! Dinner's at seven-thirty!"

She ran out of the room, scooping up her fallen furs with a gesture of flying grace as she sped.

When she came down, at twenty minutes after seven, her father stood in the hall, at the foot of the stairs, waiting to be her escort through the dark. He looked up and watched her as she descended, and his gaze was fond and proud—and profoundly disturbed. She smiled and nodded gaily, and, when she reached the floor, put a hand on his shoulder.

"At least no one could suspect me to-night," she said. "I *look* rich, don't I, papa?"

She did. She had a look that worshipful girl friends bravely called "regal." A head taller than her father, she was as straight and jauntily poised as a boy athlete; and her brown hair and her brown eyes were like her mother's, but for the rest she went back to some stronger and livelier ancestor than either of her parents.

"Don't I look too rich to be suspected?" she insisted.

"You look everything beautiful, Mary," he said, huskily.

"And my dress?" She threw open her dark velvet cloak, showing a splendor of white and silver. "Anything better at Nice next winter, do you think?" She laughed, shrouding her glittering figure in the cloak again. "Two years old and no one would dream it! I did it over."

"You can do anything, Mary."

There was a curious humility in his tone, and something more—a significance not veiled and yet abysmally apologetic. It was as if he suggested something to her and begged her forgiveness in the same breath.

And upon that, for the moment, she became as serious as he. She lifted her hand from his shoulder and then set it back more firmly, so that he should feel the reassurance of its pressure.

"Don't worry," she said in a low voice and very gravely. "I know exactly what you want me to do."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



The Escape of Tommy Waite

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

YOU might live for months in Culebra or Ancon and never hear of the Chagres Survey—so removed is it from the ordinary life of the Canal Zone. Although most of the men on the Big Ditch are living more comfortably than they ever did at home, still there is a frontier to the job. Up in the hills, in the trackless heart of the jungle, a topographical survey is being made of the Chagres River watershed. It is not on record that anyone ever liked the assignment.

Few white men, in these modern days, are called on to follow so rough a life. It is painfully slow work. Machete-men have to chop out a line in front of the transits, foot by foot. Three days is the longest stop in one camp, then tents and mosquito-nets are packed farther in.

The principal article of diet on this job is sulphate of quinine. The Sanitary Corps has not carried its mosquito war so far into the jungle. It is a race between the capsules and the malaria germs. At first ten grains a day does the trick, then fifteen, then twenty, thirty, forty. But sooner or later the germs win and the man does not get up for breakfast. He still has a fool hope that he'll feel better by noon, but his comrades know better. It is the Chagres fever. They carry him—still protesting

—to the river and put him in a *cayuka*. A couple of natives shoot him down the rapids to civilization and the hospital.

For a well man the forty-eight-hour dash down the river is an exciting, never-to-be-forgotten experience. Giant tropical trees, mahogany and blossoming *lignum-vitæ*. Ghostly aigret-herons compete with the orchids in unearthly loveliness. Hideous, awkward alligators slip into the water as the *cayuka* approaches. Spider-monkeys chatter at you and all manner of parrots scold as you pass.

But Thomas Fairfax Waite, being in the clutches of the Chagres fever, did not notice any of these things as he came down. He lay flat on his stomach in the *cayuka*, his arms crossed under his face. He had hardly moved, except to shiver, since they laid him there. When they reached Matachin, where the railroad crosses the river, the boatmen had some trouble in rousing him.

A wise man, under the circumstances, would not have moved hand nor foot. He would have sent one of the Indians for the Medical Corps and let them carry him on a stretcher to the ambulance-coach of the train and so to Ancon and the hospital. Such wisdom might save a man many weary days in the convalescent ward on Taboga Island.

But it is bitter hard for an outdoor man to be carried along a railroad plat-

form before all the pitying eyes. Tommy Waite could not tolerate the idea. Laboriously he climbed up the mud bank. His head swam disturbingly as he gained the top and he had to stop several minutes to stretch out the most painful cramps in his muscles. Not being in a sociable frame of mind, he sat down on a keg of salt fish in the shade of the Chinese emporium near the railroad station. Never before had he so thoroughly enjoyed profanity.

It was his second trip down the river with the fever. He had a right to a grouch. Why had he put himself under the orders of those blankety-blank commissioners at Culebra, those easy-chair warriors who could send him to any hell they cared to? This ended it. What did he care for a Canal medal? He would resign and go back to God's country!

But his brain was too sick to persevere on one thought; it suddenly became obsessed with the "Merry Widow" waltz. He saw dizzy visions of all the girls he had danced it with—before he had come to the God-forgotten tropics. Tears came to his eyes at the memory—and a rather messed-up memory it was—of four girls he had proposed to under the spell of that tune. He was an Alabamian, and proposing had always come easy to him.

The train for which Tommy was waiting stopped at the Gatun station. Among those who got on were Mrs. General Thurston, the General's niece, Gertrude Bennet, and Mrs. Major Blake. The two older women, wives of commissioners, had been long on the Isthmus. Miss Bennet—as any one could tell from her clothes—was fresh from the States.

She had come on this visit in search of adventure. Although only twenty, she was tired of life, bored to extinction by the routine gaiety of New York. She had accepted her Aunt May's invitation to the Canal Zone with enthusiasm. The tropics might offer something new and more exciting than another season at Lakewood. But she had been disappointed.

General Thurston lived in a comfortable bungalow, all shut in by mosquito-netting, on the slope of Ancon Hill. Mrs.

Thurston, living in the same house, was even more closely shut in by the network of social obligations which involve the wife of a commissioner and army engineer. So, although the view across Panama Bay was sumptuous and only slightly marred by the corrugated iron roofs of the American town, Gertrude had found life on the Zone decidedly uninteresting. She had put on her dainty frocks one after the other, had taken tea with the wives of all the commissioners, had met a large assortment of gallant old gentlemen and a few carefully selected, carefully groomed young men.

"It isn't a bit exciting," she had written to a friend. "It's just suburban, appallingly suburban! Aunt May has her heart set on marrying me to an army engineer. Her sun rises and sets in the army and the engineering corps is the *crème de la crème*. She has trotted out several of them, and is really vexed that I don't get excited about them. It's awfully disappointing—it isn't a rough-and-ready camp at all. There's no word for it but *suburban*!"

Mrs. Thurston and her niece had been drinking tea that afternoon with Mrs. Major Blake at Gatun, and were taking her back with them to Panama so that she could go to the Tivoli dance. Gertrude was bored. The gown she was to wear that night did not even have the interest of being new. She was trying to think up a plausible excuse by which she could cut short her disappointing visit.

Mrs. General Thurston, although she seemed to be happy—discussing with Mrs. Major Blake the latest gossip from the *Army and Navy Journal*—was also rather depressed. The social position of the wife of an army engineer seemed to her the highest glory to which any woman could aspire. Here on the Isthmus were half a dozen unmarried men of the corps, but her niece was distressingly indifferent to these very exceptional opportunities.

The whistle of their train, as it pulled into Matachin, aroused Tommy from his reverie. He stood up with a jerk, and although the sudden movement made his head swim, he walked with some dignity to the station.



HE STILL HAS A FOOL HOPE THAT HE'LL FEEL BETTER BY NOON

Now a man in the fever is liable to nausea, so, fearing the tobacco-laden air of the smoking-car, he made his way up the platform to the ladies' car. Steadying himself with one hand against the ice-water tank, he looked down the aisle for a vacant seat.

"Well, well, well! If there isn't Tommy Waite, come down from the Chagres!" It was Mrs. Major Blake's cheery voice. He had roomed with her son at the Tech. "Come, sit down and tell us about the jungle. Oh, never mind your clothes."

Tommy would gladly have given three right hands to have escaped, but he was fairly caught. He bowed as steadily as he could to the two ladies and was introduced to Miss Bennet. He took a new grip on life at the sight of her—she was so fresh and clean, so good to look at, so very, very far removed from the Upper Chagres, its camps and bugs and fevers.

Gertrude also sat up and took notice. Mr. Waite was the first dirty, unkempt man to whom she had ever been introduced.

"You've come down for the Tivoli dance, I suppose," Mrs. General Thurston asked, none too cordially.

"Dance?" Waite spoke as though suddenly roused from a dream. "Dance? No. Is there a dance to-night? Oh yes. Of course. I'd forgotten. I came down on—well—on official business."

As Tommy was stammering out these words his mind was tossed about between two most distressingly antithetical

trains of thought. The first was a very luminous realization that the sight of Gertrude's face had a deliciously cooling effect on his fever-burned eyes—just as the feel of the ice-water tank to his hand had steadied him a moment before. The other idea was ghastly—he must not on any account give way to the weakness which threatened. The effort to reconcile these two propositions resulted in a drenching perspiration which broke out visibly on his face and hands.

"Why, Tommy! You've got the fever!" exclaimed Mrs. Blake.

Waite felt much better now that his secret was out. He could lean back comfortably and be petted. He did not have to talk, and between half-closed eyelids he could look at Gertrude.

Kind-hearted Mrs. Blake took an almost ghoulish delight in the situation. Her own son was far off, building a mine railroad in British East Africa. It was a long time since she had had a chance to mother a boy.

Aunt May did not like the situation at all. She knew that malarial fever is not contagious; it was not on that score that she was disturbed. Mr. Waite, although he did not have a cent more than his salary, was staring shamelessly, outrageously, at her niece.

Gertrude was also bothered by Tommy's fixed gaze, but from a different reason. It is vexing, when for the first time in your life you are face to face with a hero, to have to look at other things because he is staring at you. However, during the ride to Panama she managed

to slip in enough glances to fix in her memory a very definite picture of what a hero looks like. A three weeks' growth of beard, sallow flesh drawn tight over the cheek-bones, parched, glowing eyes—and dirt. The heavy gold ring on his finger, which flaunted the Waite coat-of-arms, was in glaring contrast to his grimy hands and black finger-nails. There was every kind of stain on his khaki riding-breeches, and mud, rich smears of red and black, was plastered all over his leggings and even as high as his soiled gray flannel shirt.

At the Panama station, in spite of Mrs. Blake's advice, Tommy refused to turn himself over to the ambulance squad. He would ride to the hospital like a man. Mrs. General Thurston was glad to see the last of him. But Gertrude was not, and she told him so. She was so sorry he could not come to the dance.

Her words rang in his ears as a challenge. Could he not muster up enough strength for one more fling before the long monotony of the hospital began? The mere formulation of the question decided him. Of course he could.

"*Cochero!*" He signaled a cab. Then with a gallant sweep of his hat to the ladies he said, in a loud voice, "The Ancon Hospital." But as soon as they were round the corner he countermanded the order—to the Tivoli.

His nerve almost failed him as he faced the long flight of steps leading to the hotel veranda. His disheveled appearance at once attracted attention. To stagger or stumble would be humiliating beyond words. But he remembered the depths of coolness in Gertrude's eyes. Reciting to himself "The Charge of the Light Brigade," he went steadily up the stairs, through the staring crowd, to the clerk's desk.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "A room and bath quick, and send up my trunk from the store-room."

The heat of the fever gave place to a racking chill. It seemed an unutterably long time before the clerk tossed him a key. Once in the room, he threw himself on the bed, trying by sheer force of will to control his shaking body. Before he knew it, almost, the change came;

once more the burning, maddening heat drenched him with perspiration. He sprang up and stripped off his grimy clothes. Two days of fever in the bottom of a native dugout leaves one in a sad state—a bath was imperative. The swish of the cold shower frightened him. It was the severest test to which he had ever put his nerve, but with a deep breath he ducked under. For a minute he thought his skin was coming off, but quickly it reduced his temperature and felt luxurious. To be clean again renewed his courage.

It was a slow job getting dressed. He had to fight with each garment one after another. But at last, carefully groomed in spotless white evening clothes, he made his way down-stairs to the barber-shop. He employed one of the bell-boys to watch the corridor, where the dancers gather to fill their cards, and to tell him when the General's wife and niece appeared.

All through dinner that evening Gertrude listened to Zone gossip and to mild love-making, according to the West Point formula, from a young lieutenant of engineers—Aunt May's last hope. It had not been exciting. A very lovely moon had come up out of the bay as they were driving to the hotel, but even that yielded no excitement to a young lady so properly chaperoned. And one glance at the gathering dancers in the lobby had told her that everybody, everything, was commonplace—suburban! She was prepared to be bored.

A handsome, if rather sallow-faced young man, whom she did not remember having met, took her card and announced in a masterful way that he was going to take all the dances she had left.

"You see," he went on, with a very winning smile and a strange glow in his eyes, "you said you were sorry I couldn't come, and of course it won't do to have you sorry. So I requisitioned a barber, and—"

"Oh—Mr. Waite!" she cried.

The name caught the ears of Mrs. General Thurston and Mrs. Major Blake, who were standing close by.

"Why, Tommy!" the latter exclaimed. "You promised to go to bed. Are you crazy?"



SHE WAS SO SORRY HE COULD NOT COME TO THE DANCE

Aunt May looked as though she thought Mrs. Blake's question should have been put in a positive form.

Tommy was all right in a fight. This attack did him more good than medicine.

"Oh, I say. I'm not a baby," he protested. "I'm all right. Come on, Miss Bennet; this dance is mine."

It was not. It belonged to Aunt May's Last Hope. But when a man has a fever and two old women are trying to send him to bed, and it's the one chance to dance with the one girl, a little lie doesn't matter.

The exhilaration of having braved the

wives of the commission put Waite in form, and he was a good dancer. But a waltz is like a quarrel—it takes two to make a good one. There are many correct dancers who do not step on your toes, nor tear your gown, nor break away from your lead, nor bump you into other couples, but it is a rare occasion, an event to be remembered with devout joy, when you encounter a real partner. Once the fact of this unison is recognized, all the intellectual part of dancing sinks down to the subconscious plane, and something more precious and higher than the intellect is left free for the pure joy of rhythmic motion. After this man-

ner Tommy and Gertrude wore their way through the maze of lesser dancers.

"Mr. Waite," Gertrude said, as they passed under the fire of Mrs. Blake's worried and Mrs. Thurston's hostile glances, "I'm afraid you ought not to have come."

"Now don't *you* begin," he pleaded. "It wasn't a question of ought to. I just had to come. *Mektub*. It was written in the Book. *Allah il Allah*. I had to come. But don't talk. Conversation spoils a dance."

The last chords of the music found them—thanks to Tommy's generalship—at the bottom of the hall, far away from the old ladies who wanted him to go to bed.

"They'll give us an encore, anyhow, so why waste breath clapping," he said. "Every time I've ever danced I've had a vision of a more perfect, more ideal dance to come. There'll be no more of that vision—nothing more for me in the quality line. From now on I'll dream of quantity. A dance with you which would last for ever. I—"

The orchestra struck up the encore.

"Meanwhile," he interrupted himself, "I'll take what I can get."

He caught her up and whisked her away on that sapphire-floor heaven which is reserved for perfect dancers. Although Tommy seemed familiar with these Elysian realms, Gertrude's feet reached out vainly for solid earth—or at least the accustomed hard-wood floor. Men a-plenty had made love to her, but she had always managed to keep down to terra-firma. Although it gave her the excitement she had been craving to be swept away in this fashion into unknown lands, ought she not to call a halt? The still, small voice of timidity, which often passes under the name of Conscience, urged her to "switch off the ignition." She certainly would have done so with an ordinary man. But she had never before encountered a hero with a fever. Perhaps this was the way they always acted, and, besides, it was exciting.

"You see," Tommy resumed, as the closing bars of the encore brought them down to earth, "in the future my dream will be—"

"Mr. Waite, I wish you would tell me about the Chagres."

"It's a place," he said, refusing to be suppressed, "where you live on quinine and dreams. The malaria bugs wouldn't have had a chance with me if I'd only taken the capsules as industriously as I've dreamed of meeting you."

"Does the fever always make one delirious?"

Tommy led her out on the veranda and spent the all-too-short intermission indignantly denying that he was delirious.

When the music started for the second dance Gertrude made a pretense of examining her card.

"Why, Mr. Waite, this wasn't your dance at all!"

"No," he admitted, shamelessly, "it wasn't. But now it's mine—a memory no one can ever take away from me. I only came to dance with you. There was nothing open until the eighth. I couldn't wait that long. There's no telling when the fever will come back. I put my name down for the eighth. I'll try to hold out that long."

Her partner for the second dance claimed her, and, the inspiration gone, Tommy realized how terribly done up he was. The two days' trip in a *cayuka* would tire the strongest man. To stand up ten minutes, to say nothing of dancing, is a serious matter for a person with the fever. The combination was appalling. He stumbled out into the billiard-room, sought out his former chair, and, having given the bell-boy a dollar to call him after the seventh dance, went to sleep.

But he had hardly closed his eyes when he was aroused by an army surgeon, Dr. Bronson.

"Hey, Tommy, old boy! Come out of it," he said, shaking him vigorously. "Mrs. Thurston tells me to put you to bed—says you've got a ripping fever. Let's see. Stick out your tongue."

Under the impact of this new attack Tommy regained his *sang froid*.

"Looky 'ere, Doc," he said, clambering down from his high chair and taking hold of Bronson's arm. "Be a sport. I've got the fever, all right. You doctors will have your fling at me soon enough. But this is *my* night. I'm in love with Miss Bennet. And I was so high up in the air that first dance that I neglected

to tell her so. Give me a chance. Dope me up with something to carry me through the evening."

The doctor refused absolutely. It was not only unprofessional; it was dangerous. Waite leaned up against the billiard-table and folded his arms sullenly.

"Well," he said, "I've got the eighth dance with her. I'll stick it out if I have to go to the morgue instead of the hospital."

The doctor tried to argue with him. Waite listened unmoved. Suddenly he got an inspiration.

"Say, what dance have you got with her?" He grabbed the doctor's card and looked for himself. "The third. That's next. Trade with me. You can tell her it was to get me to bed early. After that I'll be good and go to your old hospital. Be a sport."

"Let's feel your pulse," Bronson said, to cover his surrender.

Tommy stuck out his hand, saying to himself, "iceberg," "cold storage," "north pole," and all the other cold things he could think of in the hope that such auto-suggestion would reduce his temperature.

Now that he had told the doctor of his love for Gertrude, he was more sure of it himself. Bronson's acceptance of his statement seemed a sanction. It changed an inconsequential, wild-fire flirtation into a serious courtship.

The music of the second dance was coming to a close, and he felt the symptoms of an approaching chill.

"Doc," he said, "I have a premonition that a chill is coming my way. Would a dose of this help?"

He produced a small flask from his hip pocket.

"The only medical advice I can give you is to get to bed as soon as possible."

"Impossible—till after the next dance. How about some of this in the mean time?"

"No one can tell. There's a chance that it will brace you up, but just as likely it will bowl you over."

Waite hesitated. The music had stopped; it was only a question of minutes when the third dance would begin. A wave of the approaching ague shook—and decided him.

Gertrude was surprised to see the two men coming toward her. She had overheard Mrs. General Thurston's orders to Dr. Bronson, and as the prospect of another dance on polished sapphires had dwindled she had settled down once more to be bored.

They started off in good form, and Tommy was congratulating himself on



"WILL HE DIE?" SHE ASKED, HOLLOWLY

the way he had checked the chill, when suddenly an awful fear laid hold of his throat. The room felt overwhelmingly hot. It began to spin much faster than the music warranted. Tommy lost step.

"I—I—beg your pardon," he stammered, coming to a dead stop. "Won't you sit out the rest of this dance? It's so stuffy inside, and I feel—I guess I'm a little faint."

He half dragged her out on the veranda. Her conscience smote her at the sight of the clammy perspiration on his forehead. She started to say that it had been very wrong for her to let him dance.

"Oh no, it wasn't!" he interrupted, grinning insanely. "Don't sympathize with me—it wastes time. And I've got so much to say to you."

He said it rapidly. Not knowing how long he could stave off the cataclysm, he was in a hurry. He told her so fast that she hardly realized what it was all about until a burning-hot hand seized one of hers and carried it to even hotter lips.

Then suddenly, just as she was gathering breath for a weak protest, his tone changed. It was almost a sob.

"Go away! *Please*. Go away!"

But he looked so really-truly sick that she wanted to stay and nurse him—not go away.

"Please go!" he entreated. "*Ple-ease* go!" Then with an inspiration: "Go get Dr. Bronson. I'm sick. Quick!"

Gertrude ran to the door. One backward glance she took; her hero was leaning weakly on the rail of the veranda. She did not look twice. Dr. Bronson was close at hand. Even as she pointed the way Tommy's grip on the rail weakened and he slumped down on the floor. All that was left of her hero was a pile of crumpled white linen.

With a few skilful twists Dr. Bronson straightened out his patient. One hand went to the heart and the other pushed back the lids and he peered into Tommy's yellow eyeballs. This scrutiny finished, he found himself looking into another pair of eyes. Gertrude had knelt down on the other side of the inert body.

"Will he die?" she asked, hollowly.

"Oh no! We don't let them die of malaria any more. But this night's foolishness will cost him—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she sobbed. "If I'd only known it was serious—"

At the sight of the tears in her eyes the man in Bronson got the better of the physician.

"There! there!" he interrupted her. "Don't cry. It isn't very serious. He'll come out all right."

A carriage was called, and Dr. Bronson, promising Gertrude to come back with news as soon as possible, drove off to the hospital with his unconscious patient. He turned him over to the ward doctor and got back to the Tivoli in time for his dance with Gertrude.

The other men who danced with her agreed, that night, as they talked it over in bachelor quarters, that the General's niece was pretty, but stupid. Bronson, after he had explained to her the mysteries of malarial fever, and had given her a rather too favorable picture of life in the hospital, and had promised to bring her news in the morning, thought otherwise.

He went out for a walk on the sea-wall, and every once in a while he stopped and looked up at the immense and imminent disk of the dry-season moon, and said with conviction, "The lucky dog!" Dr. Bronson was still a bachelor. All his own love-affairs had gone wrong. But in spite of this—or perhaps because of it—he was a sentimentalist. "The lucky dog!" were the last words he said when he turned in, just as he fell asleep.

As Gertrude was turning out the light and getting into bed Aunt May came to her room and asked how she had enjoyed the dance. The only answer was a sob, half stifled in the pillow.

"Why, my dear, what *is* the matter?" Aunt May asked, turning on the lights.

"Oh, he's so sick!"

"Sick? Who on earth are you talking about?"

"Why, Mr. Waite—of course."

"Well, child, I wouldn't cry about him. He's had the fever before. He'll get over it all right."

"But—Aunt May—he asked me to marry him."

"Tut, tut! I wouldn't cry about that, either. I don't doubt he has proposed before. He'll get over that, too."

"Aunt May! I don't believe he ever proposed before. Not like this. When he was half dead and came to the ball—when he ought to have been in the hospital—just for me. No. I won't believe it. Nobody ever proposed to any one like that before."

Her vehemence startled Aunt May.

"You don't mean that you accepted him?"

"Well, no. Not exactly. Just when I was going to— You see—he had to—he was sick and I ran for Dr. Bronson. But just as soon as he gets well I will. Oh! oh! If he should die! He will get well, won't he? If he doesn't—I'd die, too."

"Gertrude! Gertrude! Calm yourself. Don't be foolish. I'm so glad you did not commit yourself! That's always awkward. When you think it over you'll see for yourself that it is impossible."

"I'd like to know why it's impossible," Gertrude demanded, sitting up in bed defiantly.

"Why, my dear, he's a nobody. He hasn't a cent."

"Well, we won't have to worry about that. I've got plenty for two. Why, I could afford a dozen husbands if I wanted them. But I only want one! And—oh!—Auntie—he's so sick! Can I go to the hospital to-morrow and see him?"

"Certainly *not*! You say yourself you are not engaged."

"I would be before I came away."

"Gertrude, I'm surprised at you."

"So am I, Aunt May, surprised at myself. I never felt this way before. But I've always hoped I would some time. I'm proud of myself and happy"—her voice broke—"I would be happy if he wasn't so horribly sick. I thought he was dead at first—he lay so still and he was so pale—and yellow. Auntie dear, won't you cry with me—just a little?"

Tears came to the eyes of the older woman—tears of chagrin. The worst had happened! Her niece in love with a civilian—at only two hundred a month! Awful!

But Mrs. General Thurston was wise

in her day and generation. She had raised and married to army engineers three daughters of her own. She knew that with proper handling a girl can be made to marry her mother's choice. And was she not *in loco parentis*? So she sat by quietly and listened to her niece's sobbing, incoherent story—let her talk herself out.

"Now, my dear child," she said, when she had gained a clear idea of what had happened, "what you need is a little sleep. If you are really in love with Mr. Waite no one can stop you from marrying him. I would be the last to try. But if you did anything rash it would break your mother's heart—and your father's. They would never forgive me. I must think of them. Go to sleep now. We'll talk it over quietly in the morning. He'll get well, all right. Don't worry about him. Everything will come out right. And now, good night."

With that she kissed her niece and went to her own room. But it was a Judas kiss. When the General grumbly asked her why she did not put out the light and come to bed she said solemnly that she had to do some serious thinking. She undoubtedly justified what she was doing with some high-sounding words, but nevertheless it is dirty work—this business of tarnishing the aspirations of youth.

In the morning they had their "quiet talk." At first Gertrude was determined and defiant. She was going to the hospital to nurse Tommy. By nine o'clock she was tearful and uncertain—at least she would send him a letter by Dr. Bronson. By ten o'clock she was—to use Aunt May's phraseology—"sensible." At half-past ten, when a maid announced that the doctor was downstairs, Mrs. Thurston said:

"I think, my darling, that it would be best for me to see him. It is not that I don't trust you—but your eyes are so red."

Gertrude nodded a tearful assent.

The General's wife sailed down the big stairway in her most majestic manner.

"Good morning, Dr. Bronson," she said, rather markedly not asking him to sit down.

Of course his profession brought him

into many delicate situations; she was glad she could rely on his entire discretion. It seemed that last night a Mr. Waite, whom she hardly knew and whom Miss Bennet had never met before, had proposed to her niece. The young man had been quite ill and perhaps her niece

for New York on the *Prinz Wilhelm*, and she dropped a vague hint that if this Mr. Waite was of sufficient social standing Gertrude's father might possibly permit him to continue his suit. She thanked Dr. Bronson for having brought them news of the young man's condition—which she had not given him time to deliver—and wished him good morning.

Her whole manner indicated what she did not care to say. She was very angry with Dr. Bronson. If he had obeyed her and taken this Mr. Waite to the hospital when she ordered him to, this distressing situation would not have arisen. Having reeled off her speech so rapidly that he had no chance to interrupt, she sailed up-stairs as majestically as, a moment before, she had sailed down.

"The vixen!" "The snob!" "The old hex!" These are only a few of the expressions—and the milder ones—which Dr. Bronson used to express his opinion of the wife of his commanding officer as he gradually recovered his breath. And re-

covering breath as he walked away from the house proved a slow process, for he spent it on expletives as fast as he got it.

Meanwhile Gertrude was up-stairs crying her eyes out, despising herself for having given in. She tried to find excuses for her surrender. The odds against her had been too great. The chains of convention had been bound about her tightly since childhood. And so much of what her aunt had said was true. Gertrude *did* love her parents. If she wrote home of an engagement to a man of whom her aunt did not approve



"I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE," GERTRUDE DEMANDED

had been a little indiscreet in showing her sympathy—she was inexperienced, hardly more than a girl—it was just possible that this Mr. Waite had misconstrued her niece's concern over his illness, perhaps he had even thought that his very sudden advances had been favorably received. Absurd, of course. Miss Bennet would never dream of such a thing without her parents' consent.

She hoped the young man's folly in dancing when he ought to have been in the hospital had not aggravated his fever. She and her niece were sailing

they would surely think ill of him. Many soulless fortune-hunters *had* sought her hand before. There was no need for rash haste—as Browning's "Lady of the Bust" had once said. If Tommy really did love her he could make his suit in due form. She tried to get comfort from these thoughts. But in her heart she knew they were all sophistry. Despite all of Aunt May's plausible arguments she knew that if she deserted Tommy in his distress and sickness she would have no right to call herself worthy of love. Once she almost rushed down-stairs to throw herself on Dr. Bronson's mercy. But she did not. Instead she threw herself on the bed and sobbed with anger at her weakness. She despised herself and knew that she was not doing herself an injustice.

But Dr. Bronson, having made up his mind to the match, was not going to sit still and let "that old cat" interfere with it. He went down to the sea-wall again and, oblivious of the blazing morning sun, paced back and forth till noon, thinking out means to circumvent the Lady Villain of his romance. He put all the blame on her. He was convinced that she had bluffed and browbeaten her niece. He could not believe that so cynical a message could have the approval of so lovable a young girl. And besides, across Tommy's prostrate body there on the Tivoli veranda he had looked into Gertrude's eyes, and he knew she loved him.

He could not change the sailing date of the *Prinz Wilhelm*, but there was just a chance that he might get Tommy out of the hospital in time. It was not a very good chance, especially as the patient was likely to worry and fret. Bronson thought out a number of elaborate lies to calm him; among others was a tender, loving message, just such a one as he would have liked to receive himself. Above all, he must keep the boy cheerful; when he was on his feet again the situation could be explained to him.

With this ammunition prepared he called a cab and drove to the hospital. He found Tommy with a clear mind, but frightfully exhausted after a night of fever and delirium.

"Hello, Doc!" he said, faintly. "How's things?"

"Fine, old boy! Fine! Couldn't be better."

But already Tommy had fallen asleep again.

The next day the patient was stronger, and Bronson sat down on the edge of the bed.

"They tell me," Waite said, in a weak voice, "that you brought me in. I don't rememb—"

"Don't try to, Tommy," Bronson interrupted. "Don't worry! You're a man, Tommy, and can understand sense when it's told you. I'm anxious to get you out of here *as soon as possible*. *I've a reason!* You're pretty sick. And to get well quick you've got to be quiet. Rest. Absolutely no worry about anything. That's the cure for you. No worry. Trust me. *Everything is all right!* And remember I've got a reason to get you on your feet quick—*pronto!* *A reason!* A good one! *Go to sleep!*"

As Tommy promptly obeyed, the doctor congratulated himself on his hypnotic powers, and decided to give this method of treatment more attention. It worked so well on Waite it would be worth while to make serious experiments on other patients.

Every morning when he came into the ward Tommy gave him the accustomed greeting. "Hello, Doc, how's things?"

"Fine, fine! Couldn't be better. Go to sleep!"

Waite was encouragingly docile under this hypnotic treatment, and his recovery was rapid.

The *Prinz Wilhelm* was to sail on a Saturday, and when Dr. Bronson came to the hospital Friday morning he found his pet patient up and dressed.

"How are you feeling, Tommy?"

"Strong as a steam-shovel. And hungry? Why, I could eat a hole out of Culebra Cut. You're going to let me out to-day, aren't you?"

"You really ought to stay a few days more. You'll hardly have time to catch the boat to Taboga—of course you'll have to put in a couple of weeks there before you're fit for work. But I guess you can risk it out for a while to-day. I know how much it means to you—especially as this will be your last chance. She sails to-morrow."

"She? Who?"

"Why, Gertrude—Gertrude Bennet."

"Bennet? What are you trying to give me, Doc? Who's she?"

An awful fear fell on Dr. Bronson.

"Tommy," he said, and there was a quaver in his voice, "don't you remember Miss Bennet—the General's niece?"

Waite puckered his brow in a sincere attempt to remember, and at last a little flicker of light came to him.

"Oh, now I remember. That's funny. I thought I passed away at Matachin. But I got on the train for Panama. Yes, I remember. There was Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Thurston aboard, and a girl. Was her name Bennet? Good-looking girl, too."

"Tommy! Don't you remember the Tivoli dance?"

Skepticism grew in Tommy's face. A dance—that was too much. It must be a joke. But the doctor went on, piling detail on detail, in a dull, lifeless voice. It was a preposterous story.

"Well," Tommy interrupted, when the doctor came to his interview with Mrs. General Thurston, "the old lady seems to have kept her head, anyway."

But even at this irreverent flippancy Bronson could not give up hope for the romance on which he had set his heart. He went on unheeding. He told how, in spite of endless manœuvres, he had been able to see Gertrude only once, and that was in a crowd at a tea, where he got no

chance to speak to her. But the look in her eyes was enough. He tried to describe that look in her eyes. Tommy jumped up in excitement.

"You think that girl expects to marry me?"

Bronson nodded his head dolefully.

"If I run I can catch that Taboga boat. You can send my things tomorrow."

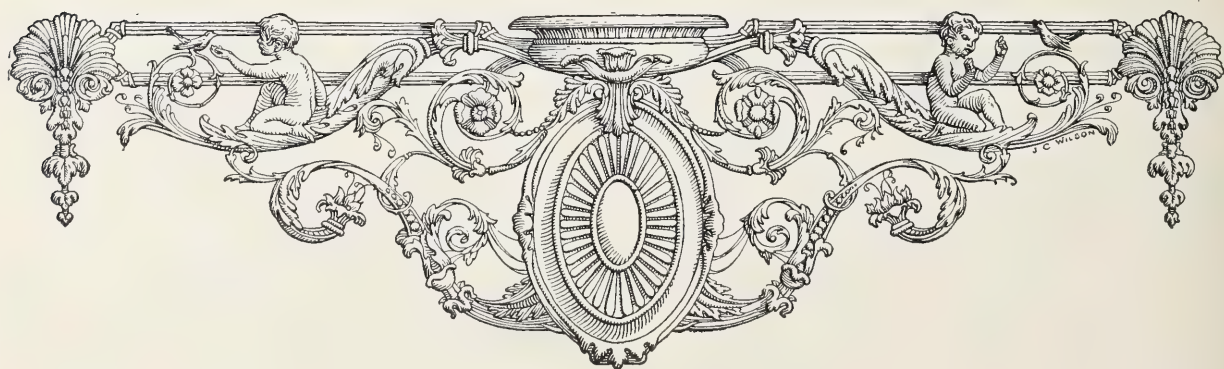
He started for the door.

"And say, Doc," he called back, "if that girl comes here looking for me—for God's sake don't tell her where I am."

Without waiting to pick up a hat he dashed down the street to the hospital gate, yelling for a cab.

All this happened several years ago. But Mrs. General Thurston still boasts of how she saved her niece from a civilian. Waite, who is division engineer on the Fu Chow Railroad and the best bachelor dancer on the China coast, sometimes tells of his adventure with the Chagres fever, and how a woman—of course he mentions no names—took advantage of his delirium and almost married him. Gertrude's wedding-cards have just gone out. She is to marry an exceedingly prosperous and slightly rotund stockbroker. She shrugs her pretty shoulders when the word "romance" is mentioned, but is not a little ashamed of the memory it calls up.

Dr. Bronson still has faith.



A Bird of Passage

BY JOHN BURROUGHS



HERE is one phase of the much-discussed question of the nature and origin of life which, so far as I know, has not been considered either by those who hold a brief for the physico-chemical view or by those who stand for some form of vitalism. I refer to the small part that life plays in the total scheme of things. The great cosmic machine would go on just as well without it. Its relation to the whole appears to be little different from that of a man to the train in which he journeys. Life rides on the mechanical and chemical forces, but it does not seem to be a part of them, nor identical with them, because they were before it, and will continue after it is gone.

The everlasting, all-inclusive thing in this universe seems to be inert matter with the energy it holds; while the slight, flitting, casual thing seems to be living matter. The inorganic is from all eternity to all eternity; it is distributed throughout all space and endures through all time, while the organic is, in comparison, only of the here and the now; it was not here yesterday, and it may not be here to-morrow; it comes and goes. Life is like a bird of passage which alights and tarries for a time and is gone, and the places where it perched and nested and led forth its brood know it no more. Apparently it flits from world to world as the great cosmic spring comes to each, and departs as the cosmic winter returns to each. It is a visitor, a migrant, a frail, timid thing, which waits upon the seasons and flees from the cosmic tempests and vicissitudes.

How casual, uncertain, and inconsequential the vital order seems in our own solar system—a mere incident or by-product in its cosmic evolution! Astronomy sounds the depths of space, and

sees only mechanical and chemical forces at work there. It is almost certain that only a small fraction of the planetary surfaces is the abode of life. On the earth alone, of all the great family of planets and satellites, is the vital order in full career. It may yet linger upon Mars, but it is evidently waning. On the inferior planets it probably had its day long ago, while it must be millions of years before it comes to the superior planets, if it ever comes to them. What a vast, inconceivable outlay of time and energy for such small returns! Evidently the vital order is only an episode, a transient or a secondary phase of matter in the process of cosmic evolution. Sidereal space is strewn with dead worlds, as a New England field is with drift boulders. That life has touched and tarried here upon them can hardly be doubted, but if it is anything more than a passing incident, an infant crying in the night, a flush of color upon the cheek, a flower blooming by the wayside, appearances are against it.

We read our astronomy and geology in the light of our enormous egotism, and appropriate all to ourselves; but science sees in our appearance here a no more significant event than in the foam and bubbles that whirl and dance for a moment upon the river's current. The bubbles have their reason for being; all the mysteries of molecular attraction and repulsion may be involved in their production; without the solar energy, and the revolution of the earth upon its axis, they would not appear; and yet they are only bubbles upon the river's current, as we are bubbles upon the stream of energy that flows through the universe. Apparently the cosmic game is played for us no more than for the parasites that infest our bodies, or for the frost ferns that form upon our window-panes in winter. The making of suns and systems goes on in the depths of space, and doubtless will go on to all

eternity, without any more reference to the vital order than to the chemical compounds.

The amount of living matter in the universe so far as we can penetrate it, compared with the non-living, is, in amount, like a flurry of snow that whitens the fields and hills of a spring morning compared to the miles of rock and soil beneath it; and with reference to geologic time it is about as fleeting. In the vast welter of suns and systems in the heavens above us, we see only dead matter, and most of it is in a condition of glowing metallic vapor. There are doubtless living organisms upon some of the invisible planetary bodies, but it is probably as fugitive and temporary as upon our own world. Much of the surface of the earth is clothed in a light vestment of life, which, back in geologic time, seems to have more completely enveloped it than at present, as both the arctic and the antarctic regions bear evidence in their coal-beds and other fossils of luxuriant vegetable growths.

Strip the earth of its thin pellicle of soil, thinner with reference to the mass than is the peel to the apple, and you have stripped it of its life. Or, rob it of its watery vapor and carbon dioxide in the air, both stages in the evolution, and you have a dead world. The huge globe swings through space only as a mass of insensate rock. So limited and evanescent is the world of living matter, so vast and enduring is the world of the non-living. Looked at in this way, in the light of physical science, life, I repeat, seems like a mere passing phase of the cosmic evolution, a flitting and temporary stage of matter which it passes through in the procession of changes on the surface of a cooling planet. Between the fiery mist of the nebula and the frigid and consolidated globe there is a brief span, ranging over about one hundred and twenty degrees of temperature, where life appears and organic evolution takes place. Compared with the whole scale of temperature, from absolute zero to the white heat of the hottest stars, it is about a hand's-breadth compared to a mile.

Life processes cease, but chemical and mechanical processes go on for ever. Life is as fugitive and uncertain as the bow

in the clouds, and, like the bow in the clouds, is confined to a limited range of conditions. Like the bow, also, it is a perpetual creation, a constant becoming, and its source is not in the matter through which it is manifested, though inseparable from it. The material substance of life, like the rain-drops, is in perpetual flux and change; it hangs always on the verge of dissolution and vanishes when the material conditions fail, to be renewed again when they return. We know—do we not?—that life is as literally dependent upon the sun as is the rainbow, and equally dependent upon the material elements; but whether the physical conditions sum up the whole truth about it, as they do with the bow, is the insoluble question. Science says Yes, but our philosophy and our religion say No. The poets and the prophets say No, and our hopes and aspirations say No.

Where, then, shall we look for the key to this mysterious thing we call life? Modern biochemistry will not listen to the old notion of a vital force—that is only a metaphysical will-o'-the-wisp that leaves us floundering in the quagmire. If I question the forces about me, what answer do I get? Molecular attraction and repulsion seem to say, "It is not in us; we are as active in the cloud as in the flower." The four principal elements—oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbon—say, "It is not in us, because we are from all eternity, and life is not; we form only its physical basis." Warmth and moisture say, "It is not in us; we are only its faithful nurses and handmaidens." The sun says: "It is not in me; I shine on dead worlds as well. I but quicken life after it is planted." The stars say, "It is not in us; we have seen life come and go among myriads of worlds for untold ages." No questioning of the heavens above nor of the earth below can reveal to us the secret we are in quest of.

I can fancy brute matter saying to life: "You tarry with me at your peril. You will always be on the firing-line of my blind, contending forces; they will respect you not; you must take your chances amid my flying missiles. My forces go their eternal round without variableness or shadow of turning, and

woe to you if you cross their courses. You may bring all your gods with you—gods of love, mercy, gentleness, altruism; but I know them not. Your prayers will fall upon ears of stone, your appealing gesture upon eyes of stone, your cries for mercy upon hearts of stone. I shall be neither your enemy nor your friend. I shall be utterly indifferent to you. My floods will drown you, my winds wreck you, my fires burn you, my quicksands suck you down, and not know what they are doing. My earth is a theater of storms and cyclones, of avalanches and earthquakes, of lightnings and cloudbursts; wrecks and ruins strew my course. All my elements and forces are at your service; all my fluids and gases and solids; my stars in their courses will fight on your side, if you put and keep yourself in right relations to them. My atoms and electrons will build your house, my lightning do your errands, my winds sail your ships, on the same terms. You cannot live without my air and my water and my warmth; but each of them is a source of power that will crush or engulf or devour you before it will turn one hair's-breadth from its course. Your trees will be uprooted by my tornadoes, your fair fields will be laid waste by floods or fires; my mountains will fall on your delicate forms and utterly crush and bury them; my glaciers will overspread vast areas and banish or destroy whole tribes and races of your handiwork; the shrinking and wrinkling crust of my earth will fold in its insensate bosom vast forests of your tropical growths, and convert them into black rock, and I will make rock of the myriad forms of minute life with which you plant the seas; through immense geologic ages my relentless, unseeing, unfeeling forces will drive on like the plowshare that buries every flower and grass-blade and tiny creature in its path. My winds are life-giving breezes to-day, and the besom of destruction to-morrow; my rains will moisten and nourish you one day, and wash you into the gulf the next; my earthquakes will bury your cities as if they were ant-hills. So you must take your chances, but the chances are on your side. I am not all tempest or flood or fire or earthquake. Your career will

be a warfare, but you will win more battles than you will lose. But remember, you are nothing to me, while I am everything to you. I have nothing to lose or gain, while you have everything to gain. Without my soils and moisture and warmth, without my carbon and oxygen and nitrogen and hydrogen, you can do or be nothing; without my sunshine you perish; but you have these things on condition of effort and struggle. You have evolution on condition of pain and failure and the hazard of the warring geologic ages. Fate and necessity rule in my realm. When you fail, or are crushed or swallowed by my remorseless forces, do not put the blame upon my gods, nor upon your own; there is no blame, there is only the price to be paid—the hazards of invading the closed circle of my unseeing forces."

In California I saw an epitome of the merciless way inorganic nature deals with life. An old, dried, and hardened asphalt lake near Los Angeles tells a horrible tale of animal suffering and failure. It had been a pit of horrors for long ages; it was Nature concentrated—her wild welter of struggling and devouring forms through the geologic ages made visible and tangible in a small patch of mingled pitch and animal bones. There was nearly as much bone as pitch. The fate of the unlucky flies that alight upon tangle-foot fly-paper in our houses had been the fate of the victims that had perished here. How many wild creatures had turned appealing eyes to the great unheeding void as they felt themselves helpless and sinking in this all-engulfing pitch! How many human beings in storms and disasters at sea and in flood and fire upon land have turned the same appealing look to the unpitying heavens! There is no power in the world of physical forces, or apart from our own kind, that heeds us or turns aside for us, or bestows one pitying glance upon us. The winds are never tempered to the shorn lamb, or the heats to the unshorn. Life has run, and still runs, the gantlet of a long line of hostile forces, and escapes by dint of fleetness of foot or agility in dodging, or else by toughness of fiber.

Yet here we are; here is love and charity and mercy and intelligence; the

fair face of childhood, the beautiful face of youth, the clear, strong face of manhood and womanhood, and the calm, benign face of old age, seen, it is true, as against a background of their opposites, but seeming to indicate something above chance and change at the heart of nature. Here is life in the midst of death, but death forever playing into the hands of life; here is the organic in the midst of the inorganic, at strife with it, hourly crushed by it, yet sustained and kept going by its aid.

That we have told the whole truth about a living body when we have enumerated all its chemical and mechanical activities, it is impossible for me to see. If this is the case, in what respect does life differ from a steam-engine or any other piece of machinery—all of which are explained by the sum-total of their chemical, mechanical, or electrical activities? What is added to these forces that makes the result vital instead of mechanical? Vitality is only a word, but it marks a class of phenomena in nature that stands apart from all merely mechanical manifestations in the universe. The cosmos is a vast machine, but in this machine—this tremendous complex of physical forces—there appears, at least on this earth, in the course of its evolution, this something, or this peculiar manifestation of energy that we call vital. Apparently it is a transient phase of activity in matter, which, unlike other chemical and physical activities, has its beginning and its ending, and out of which has arisen all the myriad forms of terrestrial life, and, finally, the body and brain of man. The merely material forces, blind and haphazard from the first, did not arise in matter; they are inseparable from it—they are as eternal as matter itself. but the activities called vital arose in time and place, and must eventually disappear as they arose, and the career of the inorganic elements go on as if life had never visited the sphere. Was it, or is it, a visitation—something *ab extra* that implies supermundane, or supernatural, powers?

Added to this wonder is the fact that the vital order has gone on unfolding through the geologic ages, mounting from form to form, or from order to

order, becoming more and more complex, passing from the emphasis of size of body, to the emphasis of size of brain, and finally from instinct and reflex activities to free volition, and the reason and consciousness of man; while the purely physical and chemical forces remain where they began. There has been endless change among them, endless shifting of the balance of power, but always the tendency to a dead equilibrium, while the genius of the organic forces has been in the power to disturb the equilibrium and to ride into port on the crest of the wave it has created, or to hang forever between the stable and the unstable.

So there we are, confronted by two apparently contrary truths. It is to me unthinkable, as the late Professor Brooks said, "that the living world is anything but natural," that the vital order is not as truly rooted in the constitution of things as are the mechanical and chemical orders; and yet, here we are face to face with its limited, fugitive, or transitional character. It comes and goes like the dews of the morning; it has all the features of an exceptional, unexpected, extraordinary occurrence—of miracle, if you will; but if the light which physical science turns on the universe is not a delusion, if the habit of mind which it begets is not a false one, then life belongs to the same category of things as do day and night, rain and sun, rest and motion. Who shall reconcile these contradictions?

Huxley spoke for physical science when he said that he did not know what it was that constituted life—what it was that made the "wonderful difference between the dead particles and the living particles of matter appearing in other respects identical." He thought there might be some bond between physico-chemical phenomena, on the one hand, and vital phenomena, on the other, that philosophers will some day find out. Living matter is characterized by "spontaneity of action," which is entirely absent from inert matter. Huxley cannot or does not think of a vital force distinct from all other forces, as the cause of life phenomena, as so many philosophers have done, from Aristotle down to our day. He finds protoplasm to be the

physical basis of life; it is one in both the vegetable and animal worlds; the animal takes it from the vegetable, and the vegetable, by the aid of sunlight, takes or manufactures it from the inorganic elements. But protoplasm is living matter. Before there was any protoplasm, what brought about the stupendous change of the dead into the living? Protoplasm makes more protoplasm, as fire makes more fire, but what kindled the first spark of this living flame? Here we corner the mystery, but it is still a mystery that defies us. Cause and effect meet and are lost in each other. Science cannot admit a miracle, or a break in the continuity of life, yet here it reaches a point where no step can be taken. Huxley's illustrations do not help his argument. Protoplasm, he says, "is the clay of the potter; which, bake it and paint it as he will, remains clay, separated by artifice, and not by nature, from the commonest brick or sun-dried clod." Clay is certainly the physical basis of the potter's art, but would there be any pottery in the world if it contained only clay? Do we not have to think of the potter? In the same way, do we not have to think of something that fashions these myriad forms of life out of protoplasm?—and back of that, of something that begat protoplasm out of non-protoplasmic matter, and started the flame of life going? Life accounts for protoplasm, but what accounts for life? We have to think of the living clay as separated by Nature from the inert "sun-dried clod." There is something in the one that is not in the other. There is really no authentic analogy between the potter's art and Nature's art of life.

There is more wit than science in Huxley's question, "What better philosophical status has vitality than aqueosity?" There is at least this difference: When vitality is gone, you cannot recall it, or reproduce it by your chemistry; but you can recombine the two gases in which you have decomposed water any number of times, and get your aqueosity back again; it never fails; it is a power of chemistry. But vitality will not come at your beck; it is not a chemical product; it is not in the same category as the wetness or liquidity of

water. It is a name for a phenomenon—the most remarkable phenomenon in nature. It is one that the art of man is powerless to reproduce, while water may be made to go through its cycle of change—solid, fluid, vapor, gas—and always come back to water.

Life is the introduction of a new element or force or tendency into the cosmos. Henceforth the elements go new ways, form new compounds, build up new forms, and change the face of nature. Rivers flow where they never would have flowed without it, mountains fall in a space of time during which they never would have fallen; barriers arise, rough ways are made smooth, a new world appears—the world of the mind and soul of man.

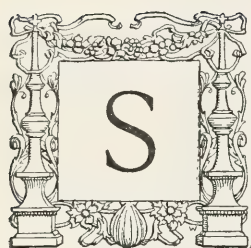
If the gods of the inorganic elements are neither for nor against us, but utterly indifferent to us, how came we here? Nature's method is always from the inside, while ours is from the outside; hers is circular, while ours is direct. We think, as Bergson says, of things created, and of a thing that creates, but things in nature are not created, they are evolved; they grow, and the thing that grows is not separable from the force that causes it to grow. The water turns the wheel, and can be shut off or let on. This is the way of the mechanical world. But the wheels in organic nature go around from something inside them, a kind of perpetual motion, or self-supplying power. They are not turned, they turn; they are not repaired, they repair. The nature of living things cannot be interpreted by the laws of mechanical and chemical things, though mechanics and chemistry play the visible, tangible part in them.

In view of all these things, how man got here is a problem. Why the slender thread of his line of descent was not broken in the warrings and upheavals of the terrible geologic ages, what power or agent took a hand in furthering his development, is beyond the reach of our biologic science.

Man's is the only intelligence, as we understand the word, in the universe, and his intelligence demands something akin to intelligence in the nature from which he sprang.

Criss-cross

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN



SELMA WHEELOCK sat in her accustomed place beside a front window. She swayed gently in her hair-cloth rocker. She leaned her head back and side-wise, and gazed out at the prospect with an expression almost absurdly tragic. Tragedy did not sit comfortably upon those mild features in that long, sweet face, softly curtained with folds of thin, blond hair which had not turned gray, although Selma was almost an old woman. However, tragedy, hawk-like, unswerving, did look from Selma's blue eyes. She might, from her expression, have been gazing at some scene of horror instead of at her own tidy, square front yard with its gravel walk bordered with leafless shrubs, with a leafless cherry-tree standing stark upon one side, and a leafless horse-chestnut on the other. Beyond the front yard with its prim fence was the main street of the village; opposite was Maria Hopkins's house. When Selma's eyes roved beyond her own front yard and the main street, and fastened upon Maria Hopkins's house, the tragedy deepened. It seemed about to swoop, fierce beaked and clawed. There was seemingly nothing exasperating about the opposite house. It was a plain white structure with a door in the middle front and two windows on each side of the door. The house was raised upon terraces over which clambered rough stone steps. Upon each of the terraces were two trees—cherry upon the upper, horse-chestnut upon the lower. Two of the windows at the front displayed slants of lace curtains, two plain white shades.

As Selma gazed at the house an ugly frown came between her eyes. She set her mouth hard. Her face did not relax when a woman opened the opposite door. The woman wore a gray shawl and a white wool head-tie. She locked the

door and put the key under a blind of the first window to the right. Selma frowned more deeply, but her eyes lit up.

The woman, who was Maria Hopkins, came down the rough stone steps. She trudged across the street. She carefully held up her black gown, although the wind-swept road was quite dry. Maria's skirts whipped around her advancing knees; her shawl-ends flew out; her head-tie fluttered. Maria did not bend her head before the icy blast. She came on, setting her large rubbered feet down squarely. Maria always wore rubbers in winter, whether it was wet or dry. She opened Selma's front gate, closed it carefully, walked up the gravel path, nodded to Selma in the window, and went through another gate to the side door on the south. She left her rubbers on the door-stone, opened the door, entered, crossed Selma's large, cold kitchen, and was in the warm sitting-room.

"Good afternoon, Selma," said she, drearily. Selma responded as drearily.

"Good afternoon," said she. "Take your things off, Maria."

Maria removed the white hood and large gray shawl, and stood revealed—a short, stout figure, with a face which had been pretty, but now was old and sagging and worried. She wore a black skirt and a purple waist and a white apron trimmed with knitted lace.

"Sit down," said Selma.

Maria took the chair at the opposite window. That was also a rocker. Both women swayed to and fro, and did not speak for some time. Now and then they exchanged glances of mournful understanding. Finally Selma spoke.

"We would have been most there by this time," said she.

"Yes, we would," agreed Maria.

"Well, we did what was right, anyway," said Selma.

"I did," said Maria. "Aggie is related to me. You hadn't any call to do anything."

"I had as much call as you."

"Aggie is no kin of yours. You had no call."

"I had a call to do my duty," said Selma.

"It is a good deal to do your duty when you ain't any direct call from relations. Aggie ain't related to you."

"No, she ain't, and I guess I can stand it," said Selma.

"Aggie means right," declared Maria, with half-hearted defense. Her eyes were condemnatory, even as she spoke.

"For my part, I am sick of folks meaning so well and not acting up to it," said Selma. "I would rather they didn't mean quite so well and act as if they meant a good deal better. Aggie always treated you as if you were the dirt under her feet, Maria."

"She did mean well," repeated Maria, but her eyes continued to condemn.

"She didn't *act* well," said Selma; "when she came to live with you after her folks died, she let you slave, and never lifted a finger."

"She had to practise, and give music-lessons."

"Fiddlesticks! She never had more than five music scholars, and she never played the piano well enough to teach, anyhow, and she only taught so as to be able to get fine feathers to catch Tom Willard. Well, she caught him, and she kept right on meaning well and working him for all she was worth. She was so extravagant he got in debt. I had it straight that she used six eggs in cake when the hens wasn't laying, and she used to leave all the draughts on the sitting-room stove open till it was so hot she had to fling up all the windows in midwinter to cool off, instead of saving the coal bills. Then, just when we had saved enough to go on that excursion to Washington, it had to come out that Tom was behind in his taxes and the house would be sold over their heads, and she had to come whining around you, all dressed up, too, with a hat with a long feather, and a silk dress, and we had to give up our money we had saved to take that excursion we had been lotting on so long."

"You never ought to have given it up," said Maria. "Aggie is no kith nor kin of yours."

"You don't suppose," replied Selma, with delicate hauteur, "that I gave that money to Aggie Willard? I gave that money to the Lord."

"I suppose we both did."

Selma brought her gentle swaying to an abrupt conclusion. She set both slender, pointed feet in their congress shoes firmly on the floor. "Yes, we both did," said she, "and it ain't becoming in women that call themselves Christians to complain, even if the Lord does send such a silly, extravagant thing as Aggie out collecting. What we've got to do now is just one thing—"

Maria stared. "What?"

Selma looked almost sternly at her friend. "Maria Hopkins, we have *got* to have a change."

"I don't see how, Selma. I haven't a cent except just what I need to keep going, and you haven't; and I haven't got anybody to visit except Aggie, and you haven't got anybody."

"Who said anything about visiting anybody? I wouldn't visit anybody if I had a town full of relations. Visiting was never according to my ideas, but you and I, Maria Hopkins, have got to have a change, and I have just found out how."

"How?"

"It won't cost a cent. It won't mean any traveling except crossing the street, but it will mean a change."

Maria was a little pale as she continued to stare at her friend. "I guess I don't just see what you are driving at yet, Selma," she said, feebly.

"It is as easy as the nose on your face. You stay here and live in my house awhile with my things. You are at perfect liberty to nose round the whole house, and peek into every closet and bureau drawer, and use my things just as if they were yours, and—I will go and live in your house while you are here."

Selma gazed at Maria with a defiant expression which gradually changed before the one of wondering delight on the other face. "It is complete," gasped Maria. "I'll admire to do it."

"Then," said Selma, "you can look out of my front windows at your house, and I can look out of your front windows at mine, and it will look entirely differ-

ent. The Lord above alone knows how awful sick I am of sitting here day after day, and staring over at your everlasting front yard, and the same old trees, and the same old house, with two drapery curtains at two windows, and two plain ones at two. Sometimes I feel almost wicked enough to wish your house would burn down, Maria Hopkins. Seems as if I would admire to look over and see your chimney standing in a pile of ashes just for a change." Selma's eyes gleamed fiercely; then she laughed.

Maria laughed, too, after a little start. "You ain't a mite more tired of staring at my house than I am of staring at yours, if the truth was told, and its making me out wicked, too, but sometimes I've thought I smelled smoke, and—"

Selma nodded. "Don't blame you one mite. Then you and me can start in right away. You understand, whilst you are here this house is just as much yours as mine—more so. It is yours."

Maria nodded. "And my house is yours," said she. Then she looked a bit doubtfully at the other woman. "You know you mustn't give goldfish too much to eat. I will own I set a lot by that bowl of goldfish," said she.

"I have heard you talk about not over-feeding those goldfish enough to make me know," said Selma. "I shall look out after them just the same as I expect you to look out for my hens and see to it that they have their food warm on a cold day. There will be plenty of eggs. What you don't want to use you can trade to the grocer for his truck."

"Land, Selma! You don't mean you want me to sell your own hens' eggs!"

"Whilst you live in my house my hens is your hens," declared Selma, firmly, "and I shall feel the same way about that pig you're raising. He shall be my pig."

"He's fat enough to kill now," said Maria. "I calculated to hire Tom Simmons to do it. It's cold enough now to keep what pig-meat I want, and I always dispose of the extra easy enough. The butcher is always tickled to death to get my sausage-meat and headcheese and pork."

"I," said Selma, "will do the pig work."

"It's a big chore," said Maria.

"You can't teach me anything about pig work. We always kept a pig. Sometimes we kept two pigs. I'd admire to get a chance to try my hand at it again."

"I want to speak for some of the sausage," said Maria; "and a half a fresh ham, and half a salt, and some headcheese, and some of the salted-down pork."

"Of course," agreed Selma. "And you will find there's about six roosters of mine ought to be killed. But how about milking the cow?"

"If I can't milk a cow at my age, I'll give up beat," said Maria.

"I've got two steady customers for the milk, and some scattering ones."

"All right. I'll tend to them."

The two regarded each other with curiously child-like expressions. They felt like two children about to engage in a most exciting game.

"When," said Maria, with a fairly infantile grin, "shall we begin?"

"Right away. Why not?" replied Selma. "It ain't as if we had to pack up or anything. We haven't. All you've got to do is stay here, and all I've got to do is to cross the street. Land! It is the completest way of getting a change I ever heard of. We sha'n't even need to take our sewing." "I'll get at any of yours I find round, and you can get at mine. And of course you know you are welcome to wear any of my clothes. If my skirts are too long, you can just baste tucks in them."

Maria began to laugh. "That part of it is going to be easier for me than for you," said she; "my skirts will all be too short for you."

"Land! I don't mind that. Of course I shall wear your petticoats, too; and I was reading the other day how short skirts were all the go. I ain't worrying about that part of it. I guess we might as well begin now. I am sick and tired of looking across at your house. Guess I'll run across the street and look at mine."

"I know just how you feel," said Maria. "I've felt real sort of rested since I came in here, being able to look out of the window and not see your house."

Selma rose. "Well," said she, "I'll put on your shawl and hood and be



Drawn by Walter Biggs

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES THEY MEDITATED UPON THE UNUSUAL

going. There's plenty in the house for supper. You can just hunt round and find it. You'll enjoy it."

"And you'll find plenty for your supper over there," said Maria.

"O Lord!" said Selma, "to think of the relief of going into your pantry and hunting up victuals and getting supper on another stove. My!"

"That is just the way I feel," said Maria.

Selma arose with no more ado. She went to the old-fashioned secretary which stood against the south wall. She rummaged under some papers, and took out an old wallet. "Here's some money," said she. "It will last awhile. When you want more, you hang a towel out the sitting-room window, and I'll see that you have some. It all depends on how long we stay before we get tired of the change."

"If," said Maria, "you go into my pantry and take the cover off the old-fashioned sugar-bowl on the second shelf at the right of the door, you will find some dollar bills, and there is some change tucked in the cracked pink cup on the lower shelf behind the tea-caddy. You hang out a towel, too, if you get short. You may, with hiring the pig-killing."

"All right," said Selma. She tied on Maria's white worsted hood; she wrapped Maria's gray shawl around her shoulders, which, high and thin, retained something of the grace of youth. Selma looked much better in the shawl than Maria did. She even put on Maria's rubbers. They were rather large, and she shuffled, but she was intent upon acting the rôle to the full. "Good night, Maria," said she.

"Good night," said Maria.

The two women looked at each other, and suddenly startled expressions appeared upon their faces. For the first time in their lives they meditated upon the unusual and the unconventional, and a quick tremor of alarm shot over both.

"If you get scared in the night, you set a candle in the sitting-room window and you ring the dinner-bell, and I'll be right over," said Selma.

"Yes, I will," agreed Maria, "And you, too."

"Yes, I will."

Then Selma went, shuffling in her large rubbers, across the street. Maria watched her find the key under the blind, unlock the front door, and enter; then she drew a long breath and looked about her.

"My goodness," said she. "I wonder if we are both plumb crazy!"

Maria actually turned around several times like a cat or a dog trying to become accustomed to strangeness. The primitive asserted itself, lifting its live head from the dust of the ages. After her turning around, Maria's face no longer looked bewildered. "Guess I had better see to feeding those hens, first thing before it gets dark," she thought. She found, with a revival of the delicious, childish joy of hide-and-seek, Selma's meal-bag. She mixed the chicken food with hot water and went out to the chicken-house. The fowls clustered around her greedily. Maria had never cared for chickens. Now she realized a certain fondness for the fluffy, pecking things. "They don't know a mite of difference betwixt me and Selma," she thought. Then she called, "Biddy, biddy, biddy!"

When she re-entered the house, she experienced the delight of a child rummaging about Selma's pantry. She also had a double delight from the reflection that Selma was rummaging about her own. "She won't find a thing out of order, and there's plenty to eat," she thought. She made daintily a pan of biscuits for her supper. She opened a can of peach preserve. She made tea. She cut a slice from a frosted cake. She set the table in the dining-room punctiliously, and ate her solitary meal with relish. Across the street Selma was doing precisely the same thing. Each of the lone women was a guest at her own feast. Selma also had hot biscuits. She had also a bit of toasted salt codfish, and raspberry jam, and plum-cake, and tea.

She also ate heartily. "It is a real change from my own victuals," she said, quite aloud, and smiled happily. After she had cleared away the supper dishes she saw the light across the street from her own sitting-room window. It looked charming to her. She lit Maria's lamp, and Maria also looked across and realized that it was charming.

"Selma's been real quick. She has cleared away the supper dishes," she thought.

Presently Selma pulled down the white shades opposite, and Maria did the same. Then each woman could discern the silhouette of the other seated peacefully beside the evening lamp, moving a hand and arm regularly back and forth.

"Selma, she has found those napkins I was making out of the old tablecloth, and she's hemming them," thought Maria.

Selma was puzzled awhile about Maria's needlework, then she remembered the new dish-towels. "She is hemming them," she thought. Each woman saw a light later on in the cellar, and knew that coal was being got for the night. Then each saw the light in the other's bedroom. Selma's light went out first. "I do hope she sleeps well," she thought, as she lay looking across at Maria's light. Then that also went out, and both women lay thinking fondly of each other with drowsiness stealing over them.

The next morning there was a hard snow-storm. The visiting neighbors saw each other's faces at their opposite windows. Both nodded vehemently to give assurance of entire content and well-being. Each had her head tied up in a towel.

"She's sweeping," thought Selma. "Of course it's sweeping-day, but I don't believe she'll find half a dust-pan full."

Maria thought the same. Each felt radiantly happy. Later Selma wrapped herself up well and went out to interview the man about the pig-killing. Maria saw her go.

"She thought she wouldn't wait, because it is likely to clear off cold," she told herself.

Maria milked the cow and fed her, and dispensed milk to children who came whooping through the snow with swinging pails; then she went to one of the upstairs bedrooms and dusted. She had previously swept it. She had found it more in need of sweeping than many of the rooms, since it was always unused, and Selma had had a cold, and had neglected sweeping it longer than usual. Maria had entered the room hesitatingly. She had stepped softly. Her middle-aged

face had reddened, then paled. She had smiled almost a motherly smile. The memory of the boy who had during his life occupied that room seemed to her, in her settled state of life, like the memory of a departed child of youth. He had been Selma's only brother, Henry. He had died when he was only twenty-one. Maria had been a year older, and nobody knew what a torture of mortification that one year of life upon earth had been to the girl Maria. How she had loved that dear boy, who had died in one week of a fever! But she had not thought he had loved her, although sometimes he had looked at her like a lover, and Maria had trembled—that poor young Maria, who had been slim and rosy-cheeked, with bright eyes, ready for wistful questioning and tears, who remembered with shame that terrible additional year of earth-life. When Henry had died, she had thought her heart broken. Now, as she entered the room, the old pain came back, and she wondered, not only how she had lived at all, but not even unhappily except for a certain restlessness which at times stung her. It was that same restlessness which she could not outlive which had put the idea of the excursion into her head. It was the outcome of that restlessness which caused her presence in that room. It had not been changed since the boy's death. She had seen it before, during his lifetime; she and Selma had been girls together, and familiar with all the rooms in the Wheelock and Hopkins houses. But now it looked strange, with the sweet and terribly pathetic strangeness of past youth which is not entirely regretted, and seems to reproach because of it. Maria looked at the dead boy's room which he had left; at treasures few and poor enough—a shaving-mug lettered with gold on the bureau, a brush and comb in a hand-painted tray, which he had bought at a church fair. Another young girl had painted that tray, and young Maria had suffered tortures of jealousy when Selma had displayed it decorating Henry's bureau. "Henry bought it at the fair. He paid seventy-five cents for it. Hattie Loomis painted it," she had said, artlessly, and Maria had gazed at her as if she had been an Inquisitor. Then Selma had calmly

added that Hattie had painted seven trays just like that, and Henry had paid seventy-five cents when the others had brought only fifty, which she thought all they were worth; and Maria, comprehending the purely commercial nature of the transaction, felt her heart leap to heights of delight. Selma had been far from understanding. Henry was simply her brother. She knew just how many griddle-cakes and how little plain bread he could eat at a meal. She knew about the mending his socks required. She knew all the little homely details of his life and never thought of him in connection with love and romance. However, Selma thought little about love and romance in any case. She had not been a dreamer, even as a young girl, and moonlight nights had never quite rhymed with her moods. She was incapable of understanding Maria's tremors of pain and delight about the hand-painted trays. On the bureau stood, also, what the girls called vaguely "a fancy picture" of an ornate maiden mysteriously decked with roses, as far as the photographer had discreetly depicted her. Both girls thought it somewhat improper, and their maiden eyes took delicate shies at it. The picture was in a tarnished gilt frame. Selma had told young Maria that she guessed Henry had paid quite a price for it and got cheated. Maria had always feared lest the maid of the picture might prove to be some beauty whom Henry had mysteriously met and fallen in love with. Now, as she gazed at it, she smiled pitifully at her own young folly. The photograph was only that of some actress whom Henry could never have seen at all. There was a little brass ash-tray on the bureau. Henry, young as he was, had smoked. Maria had thought that delightfully wicked. On a little swinging shelf were two pipes. There was a dingy handkerchief-box on the bureau. Selma had given it to her brother one Christmas. She had also given him the fat pin-cushion worked in squares of red and green. On the table lay Henry's Bible and an ancient story-book bound in blue and gold. Maria took up the Bible reverently, and put it back. She took up the story-book. She remembered it so well—that dull old romance

full of prosy sentiment. She opened the book idly, and there was a letter. Her name was on the sealed envelope in Henry's handwriting. Poor Henry had put it there and it had lain undiscovered all these years. Maria felt faint. She gathered up her broom, dust-pan, and dusting-cloth, and the letter, and went down-stairs. It was icy cold in Henry's room. Maria was not completely warmed by this unexpected flash of flame in the ashes of old love. "I will read the letter down in the sitting-room where it is warm," she told herself. "It is mine. I have the right."

Down in the sitting-room Maria read the letter, but first with a touching revival of youthful vanity she removed the towel from her head and looked at herself in the glass. She gave her hair a touch. Well, after all, a letter has no eyes. She sat down and read.

The boy in the old letter confessed his love for her; his adoration, which he spelled with two d's. He asked her to be his wife. Maria leaned back and closed her eyes. She realized that in some strange fashion she had received an answer to a question which she had asked, without really knowing it, during her whole life. She realized that henceforth she would know peace, the peace which she had seen on the faces of the aging and married women who had been girls with her. She felt utterly contented. "How could I have cared so much about that excursion?" she asked herself. Then she reflected what a blessing to her the caring and the disappointment had proved. It had given her the letter. It had given her peace and respite from restlessness. Maria suddenly felt a wish to go back to her own home. The need which had prompted her to this plan was over. "I hope nobody will ever hear of it," she thought. Suddenly the humor struck her—never the pathos. She chuckled to herself. "What old fools Selma and I are?" she remarked quite aloud. Then she heard a series of wild staccato yells of agony mercifully dying away soon. "Selma has had the pig killed," thought Maria, and laughed again. She looked at her letter, and remembered how Henry had loved sausage. "I could have cooked it just the way he liked," she considered with pride.

She also considered how daintily his house would have been kept. She did not think of Henry as among the angel band of her childhood's teaching, but as of a banished youth whom she could have made warm and comfortable with the dear, homely comforts of earth. Maria had a pocket in her petticoat. There she stowed the letter. Then she went on with her tasks. She got the kitchen stove heated, and made a great fruit-cake. Selma always liked to have one on hand, and had none now. Maria worked away, all the time in her own atmosphere of perfect peace. It was tainted by no regret for what she had missed. That letter in her pocket proved that she had had the essential of life and love of the whole world. She was content and crowned with content. She now understood why her young cousin, Aggie, who had made apparently such a failure of her married life, could yet hold up her head, and, as some critical women said, "Walk like a peacock." Whatever the attitude of women in the wider world might be, the attitude of the women in this little village remained, however covertly, that of half a century ago. In their innermost hearts they were not, and never could be, emancipated from the old conception of the proper estate for woman. It was true that Maria's lover had died before his due time; that she had never been married to him, yet love had been hers; the dream in a man's heart had belonged to her. Death had taken him, but not before the love and the dream, and she was triumphant over death. Maria's voice was cracked, and she had never been able to keep to the key, and she sang horribly, yet with joy, while she worked.

The fruit-cake was a great success. Maria felt very happy over it, and also over the immaculate house. After supper, when she had milked the cow and fed the chickens and cleared the dishes away, she sat beside the window. Winter though it was, it was still not dark—Maria had worked rapidly. The snow had ceased. The window faced west, which glowed with pale gold through the dark interlace of the trees. The road and her yard and Selma's were pure expanses of billowing

white. Presently a light flashed out in an opposite window, and Maria knew that Selma also had finished her tasks for that day and had sat down to rest. "I am glad she didn't work too long over that pig," she thought. Maria felt a great warmth of sisterly love for Selma. She, had Henry lived, would have been her sister. Maria was sure that Selma had never had any romance, that she had never been in love. She was right about that; Selma had never loved, but she also had had her lover, and the lover had been Maria's own old widower uncle, Aggie's grandfather. Maria had never dreamed of it. Selma had been ashamed. In her youth old John Hopkins with his married daughter, Aggie's mother, had seemed a ridiculous lover. Nowadays she sometimes thought of him with a mixture of indignation, of pity, and of a queer, shamed gratitude. After all, old John Hopkins had loved her, and a woman never throughout her whole life entirely despises even a scorned and rejected love. It has its diamond lights for her heart, which cannot be shut out for ever.

That day, Selma, making her queer visit in her friend's house, had also made a discovery. When the pig-killing was in order she had fled to the remotest corner of the house, to a little bedroom which old John had occupied. It was a comfortable room, and evinced scholarly tastes on the part of the old man. Indeed, he had received a collegiate education, but had never entered a profession, preferring to work the little Hopkins farm and live an isolated life aside from the struggle of the world. A very gentle, mild man, but a man of deep thought, had been John Hopkins. Poor young Selma, had she really understood, had been honored by his love and by his seeking her for his wife, but she had not understood. She did not now. Selma had been a beauty in her youth, although of a type unappealing to the village young men. She had been too tall and pale and still and stately for them. She had always been a very simple village woman, whose life was narrow and quite translucent, flowing over her path of fate with no ripples of concealment. When she found herself in John Hopkins's room she stood with fingers in her



Drawn by Walter Biggs

A GENTLE CONTENT WITH LIFE STOLE OVER HER

ears to drown out all sounds of the tragedy being enacted behind the house; she looked about her and remembered how one evening old John had crossed the street—all his family and hers being away—and had declared himself, and she had replied that she had no mind to wed, but thanked him. Then she had watched him cross the street homeward bound, a slender, not old, as she had then thought, but middle-aged man, with a slight stoop, but a grace of motion. He had probably sought this very little room as asylum, and nobody had ever known if in that little solitude a heart had bled. Selma wondered a little. "I suppose he lit a candle and read a book," she thought. The room was lined with dingy volumes. There was a tiny hearth swept clean. There was dust like a silvery film over the old mahogany. Selma went out and returned with a dusting-cloth. She dusted everything with a sort of tenderness. After she had finished, some of the furniture still looked dull. She found Maria's bottle of furniture polish and set to work. At last all the old mahogany glistened and showed its beautiful grain. Selma stood regarding the room. She remembered so keenly its long-dead owner that she brought up his face quite distinctly to her vision. He would have liked her to do this service to his deserted room. He had been a most particular man. She and Maria had used to laugh about him and call him an old maid. He would surely have loved to see his mahogany shine. And—he had loved her. Suddenly that love which had burned in the heart of the man who had lived in that room seemed as evident as a perfume. Selma smiled—a lovely smile. A gentle content with life stole over her. She was as one breathing incense burning to her, and to her alone. That old love which had never before meant much to her meant suddenly ineffable things. She bent her head. Her soul, even, bent before it as before a great radiance. The little room glowed with love of her like a jewel, and the woman saw it and smiled a smile of which she had never before been capable.

At last she went back to the kitchen. Her feet were cold. She opened the door of the stove oven and sat with her skirts

gathered up, basking in warmth, and reflecting. "Poor man, he certainly thought a great deal of me," she told herself. She admitted at last her old lover to his place of dignity which true love owed him. She remembered him and she also remembered herself. She remembered how her face used to gaze back at her from her looking-glass. It had been certainly a very beautiful face. How the golden hair used to ripple over the pale, perfect curves of the cheeks; how serenely the great eyes had examined their owner! "I was like that," Selma thought. She valued herself as never before, and suddenly there came into her serene and monotonous existence a keen savor. She had missed that vaguely, just as Maria had missed something without knowing what. Both women had counted pitifully upon that excursion to Washington. Because of that now Maria would no longer miss anything; neither would Selma. Selma felt as if her life had been suddenly and pungently flavored with a most agreeable flavor. She withdrew her feet from the oven and began to work with wonderful zeal. Both she and Maria during one week did an incredible amount of work, each in the other's house. Neither stirred abroad during that time. They were too busy during the week-days, and Sunday there was an ice-storm which made it out of the question to go to church. It was clear, but the street was a glare of smooth ice. Selma looked across the road and hoped Maria would not venture out, and Maria did the same. Both breathed easily when they saw the other seated quietly beside a window, swaying back and forth and reading the Bible.

Maria had a roast chicken for Sunday, and Selma had spare-rib of pork. That week the visits ended. Maria was the first to go home. She had the homing instinct of every woman to whom love, or the knowledge of it, comes. Ever since she had read that old letter of her dead young lover she had longed to go home, although she had been extremely happy. She knew that she could enjoy more fully what had come to her, in all its exquisite meaning, under her own roof. Nevertheless, until the week was up she flew about Selma's house, work-

ing with vigor and full of delight. Then one afternoon she put on Selma's shawl and head-tie; Selma's rubbers were too small, and as the ice still endured she drew on a pair of old stockings. Then she tiptoed across the road gingerly, toeing out carefully, like a pigeon. Selma saw her coming and ran to the door. Selma's face looked much rounder, and was broadening with smiles.

"Well, I never! So you have got home," said she.

Maria beamed at her. "Yes, I thought I might as well come," said she. "I've been away a whole week."

"So have I," said Selma. "I'd just been thinking it was time for me to be getting home."

Both entered the sitting-room, sat down, and giggled like two children.

"Don't we two beat anything?" said Maria.

"I wouldn't believe it if anybody told me," said Selma. They giggled again.

Maria took off Selma's shawl and head-tie, and pulled off the stockings.

"Didn't you wear any rubbers?" asked Selma.

"I can't get my feet into rubbers just about big enough for a little girl," laughed Maria.

"Well, I guess your rubbers must be over here," laughed Selma.

"I have brought over some chocolate-cake and fruit-cake and mince-pie I baked," said Maria. "I thought we might have supper together before you went home."

"Well, maybe I can stay enough longer for that," said Selma. "I've got some biscuits most riz enough to put in the oven, too, and I've made I don't know how many pounds of sausage-meat; and I've salted down and tried out, and there's as nice a mess of pig meat as ever I have seen. We'll have some sausage for supper, or cold spare-rib, whichever you say."

"We might have a little of both," said Maria, briskly.

It was not long before the two sat down to supper. Both felt famished. Both ate almost greedily, and smiled at each other across the table.

"You certainly do look younger and fatter in the face than I've seen you for years, Selma," said Maria.

"You do, too," said Selma. "You look just as I remember you when you were a little girl and used to go to district school," said Selma.

Maria smiled happily. She felt exactly as if she were that little girl. She looked at her bowl of goldfish on the stand in the south window.

"Not one of them died," said Selma, proudly. "They are beautiful, swimming around. I guess I will have some, too."

The largest goldfish in the bowl flashed suddenly across its liquid world, a swift grace of golden scales. "I always have liked goldfish," said Maria. "I guess you will enjoy having some, and I can show you just how to take care of them."

When the moon was up after supper, Selma put on her own shawl and head-tie and rubbers. Maria had brought them over. The two women kissed each other when they parted in the doorway facing the street, which was a glorious track of silver under the moon. "I certainly am glad to see you looking so well," said Maria.

"I am well. All I needed was a little change," replied Selma, "and I am certainly glad to see you looking so well."

"All I needed was a little change," replied Maria. "I have been away a whole week, and it has done me good."

Both laughed aloud. They kissed each other again.

"Look out you don't slip on the ice," said Maria.

"Me slip? Why, I feel as young and spry as I ever did in my life, after such a nice change," said Selma. She went carefully down the steps. Maria stood watching her.

When Selma was half-way across the street she turned and waved her hand, and her laugh rang out. Maria laughed, too. She waited until Selma had closed her door. Then she closed hers, but the echo of the laughter was in the hearts of both, like the refrain of a glad song of life which can never be silenced.

At the Kaiser's Court

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

Berlin, 1903.



HE *Schleppenkur* is a great event in Berlin. It takes place before the birthday of the Emperor. I had never seen anything like this ceremony, and it interested me very much. Perhaps it will you. One is expected at a very early hour in the evening—eight o'clock. This makes it necessary for one to begin to dress at six. Naturally you go without any dinner; a cup of bouillon is considered sufficient to keep you alive.

It is the custom for diplomats to engage for the evening a *Schutzmann* (a heavy, mounted policeman). Our particular one was waiting for us before our house, and rode at the head of our carriage until we arrived at the entrance of the château. He looked very important, but I do not think he was of much use. However, it seems that a *Schutzmann* comes under the chapter of "*Noblesse oblige*," so we took him. He did a great deal of horsemanship, but never dared to disobey the policeman's orders, and when we arrived at Portal Four we had to wait for the file like other people. He did not call up our carriage at the end, but had to be called up himself by the police force; then he appeared bristling with energy, and galloped at our horses' heads to our door, where we laid our offering in his hand and bade him good night. The *Schutzmann* is one of our privileges and nuisances. I felt sorry for people who had been standing in the cold street for hours to watch the procession of carriages and the gala coaches (which the ambassadors use on this occasion), because they only got a glimpse through the frost-covered windows of glittering uniforms and dazzling diamonds. Your dress (instructions as to which are printed, even to the smallest detail, on the back of your invitation) must be a *ball dress*, with a train four me-

ters long, short sleeves, a *décolletage* of the Victorian period, and white-kid gloves.

We arrived at the Wendel entrance and mounted the long and fatiguing staircase before we reached the second story, where the state apartments are. In the hall of the *Corps de Garde* were several masters of ceremony, who received us with deep bows. I wondered what certain large baskets, which looked like clothes-baskets, were, and was told that ladies wearing boas or lace wraps around their shoulders were expected to drop them into these baskets. They would then be conveyed to the other staircase, where, after the ceremony, we would find our servants and carriages—and, we hoped, our boas! We passed through different rooms where groups of ladies were assembled. The *Corps Diplomatique* filled two rooms. The ladies were in the first one, which leads to the Throne Room.

The Hungarian and Russian ladies wear their national costumes, which are very striking and make them all look like exotic queens. The English ladies wear the three feathers and the long white tulle veil, which makes them look like brides. We others wear what we like—ball dresses of every hue, and all our jewels. No one can find fault with us if our trains, our *décolletage*, our sleeves and gloves are according to regulations.

The chamberlains arranged us, consulting papers which they had in their hands, after the order of our rank. Being the newest member, I was at the very end, only the wives of two *chargés d'affaires* being behind me. The one directly behind me held up my train, just as I held the train of the Peruvian minister's wife in front of me. I hope that I have made this clear to you! The *doyenne* stood in front of the door which led into the Throne Room through which she was to enter. Four meters behind her was her daughter, holding her train,

and behind her were the ladies who had not already been presented at Court.

The room not being long enough, we formed a serpentine curve, reminding one of the game called "Oranges and Lemons." It must have looked funny to any one not knowing why we were so carefully tending the clothes of other people. We never let go the train of the colleague in front until she reached the door of the Throne Room, where we spread it out on the floor. Then, as the lady passed into the room, two lackeys (one on each side of the door) poked the train with long sticks until it lay peacock-like on the parquet.

This is rather a critical moment. One has a great many things to think of. In the first place, you must keep at the proper distance from your predecessor. Of this you can be pretty sure, because if you walk too fast there is the restraining hand of the chamberlain to prevent you. Still, there is always the fear of dropping your fan, or tripping over the front of your gown, or of your tiara falling off.

When I came in I saw his Majesty standing on the throne, stately and solemn. For two hours he stands thus. With a mass of officers on my right and a few chamberlains at intervals on my left, I advanced very slowly, and, I hope, with a certain dignity. I saw the train of my colleague turn the corner around the officers. Two other lackeys darted forth and pronged my train in place. I made my courtesy first to the Emperor and then to the Empress, who stood at his left.

Next to her Majesty stood the *Grande Maîtresse*. I put myself by her side and presented Frederikke and our secretary's wife, and the *Grande Maîtresse* said their names to the Empress. Then as we passed out a servant picked up our trains and threw them over our arms, disappearing through the door of the immensely long gallery, which is filled with pictures commemorating the numerous battles and events of the last forty years. I wondered, when I looked at the stretch of carpet, how any one carpet could be made so long. As I was the latest arrival among the ministers' wives, I and my two acolytes were the last persons to enter the *Weissesaal* where the buffet

stood. This buffet extended almost the whole length of the vast room. We refreshed ourselves. My little self was in sad need of being refreshed, and I devoured the *butter-brod* spread out temptingly under our eyes, and drank some reviving champagne, and waited for my better half, who, with the other better halves, was making his bow to the sovereigns. The ladies of the *Corps Diplomatique* pass before the throne first and are followed by the gentlemen; then come the highest-ranked princesses, and so forth. It is very fatiguing moving about with one's court-train dragging on one's arm, and I for one know that I was glad when we went down the marble staircase and found the servant who had sorted our boas from the baskets. There is no antechamber at the foot of this staircase, so one must stay exposed to the wintry blasts when the door is opened to let people out.

It is extraordinary how long it takes ladies to disappear after their carriages are announced. They say a few last words, linger over the picking up of their skirts, and go out leisurely; also the servant seems unnecessarily long mounting his box and settling himself before the coachman drives away.

The 21st of January is the Emperor's birthday. The whole city is beflagged and there are all sorts of illumination preparations—"W's" in every dimension and color, the Emperor's bust surrounded by laurel-leaves and flags in every window. Johan went in gala uniform to the chapel in the *Schloss*, where a religious service is always held, after which every one goes to congratulate his Majesty and see the *défilé-cour* afterward.

In the evening was the gala opera. Johan dined with Count von Bülow, the Prime Minister, at five o'clock, while I dressed for the theater. We were obliged to be there at eight o'clock sharp. "Sharp" is the word here. There is no loitering where the Emperor is concerned. Everything is on time, as his Majesty is sometimes *before* the hour mentioned, but never *after*.

The Opera House is rather small, but was beautifully decorated with garlands of artificial flowers hanging from the center of the dome down to the bal-



THE ROYAL PALACE AND LUSTGARTEN—BERLIN

conies, and from the proscenium-boxes to the orchestra. In the center of the house is the royal box, the balustrade of which is covered with real flowers. From all the balconies are hung beautiful carpets covered with festoons. The whole interior was a mass of color.

The Emperor and Empress sat, of course, in the front of the box, while the other chairs were filled by royal guests who had come to Berlin to congratulate the Emperor. The King of Saxony, the King of Württemberg, and the other German royalties all sat in the royal box. The Emperor's sons had their seats in the balcony.

The ambassadors occupied the four proscenium-boxes. The highest princesses of the German nobility sat in the next balconies, the *Corps Diplomatique* in the boxes and balconies adjoining the royal box. All the officers and secretaries of the embassies sat in the parquet.

When the audience was seated the Director-General of the Royal Theatres entered the royal box, came forward and knocked his wand three times, a signal that their Majesties were about to enter. The royal party came in very quietly and took their places. Every one in the house stood up and bowed. It was a

pretty sight from our balcony to see all the men's heads in the parquet bend down while they saluted their Majesties. It looked like the swaying of wheat by the wind.

Gradually all the lights were turned out and the overture commenced. The opera was "Carmen," with Madame Destinn in the title rôle.

In the *entr'acte* the diplomats and the ladies and gentlemen in the first balcony were told to go to the foyer, where they were presented to the various royalties assembled there.

The Empress was covered with magnificent diamonds and pearls, and the jewels displayed by all these royal ladies, and all the glittering uniforms of the princes and officers, made a splendid sight.

The Emperor came toward me with a gleam of recognition and commenced in an entirely unceremonious way, shaking me heartily by the hand: "How do you do? It's a long time since I saw you."

"Not since Rome, when your Majesty was there in 1889," I answered.

"So long ago? I remember it so well! As if it was yesterday!"

"I, too," I said. "I remember your Majesty being in the Statue Gallery of

the Capitol, where you looked like one of the statues itself, in your white uniform."

"I remember," he said. "It was a dreadful glare."

"It was the first time they ever put electricity in the Capitol."

"They put too much in," he said; "and such a lot of people. Dear me! I shall never forget it. Didn't I look bored?"

"No. Your Majesty looked very serious, and as handsome as a Lohengrin," I answered.

"Lohengrin, really? I did not see any Elsa I wanted to save."

"Oh, I meant only a Lohengrin *de passage*," I replied.

The Emperor laughed. "That is good."

"I recollect what your Majesty wrote on the photograph you gave Mr. Crispi."

"Really? What was it? I don't remember."

"You wrote, '*Gentilhomme, gentilhomme. Corsaire, corsaire et demi.*'"

"What a good memory you have!" he said.

In case, my dear, you don't understand this, I will tell you that it means: "If you are nice to me I will be equally nice to you, *but* if you are horrid I will (pokerly speaking) see you and go you one better."

The Emperor said very kindly: "I am very glad to have you and your husband here, and I hope you will like Berlin. But," holding a finger warningly, "don't expect many Lohengrins."

DEAR L.,—I have been to my first Court ball here. I will describe this one to you, and never again.

The invitation we received was very large. It told us that we were invited by order of his Majesty, King and Emperor, to appear at the *Königlich Schloss*, Thursday, at eight. We were accompanied, as usual, by the policeman on horseback. It amused me, while we were waiting in the carriage, to see standing before one of the entrances to the Palace a whole line of soldiers with serviettes hung over their shoulders. They were there for the purpose of washing the dishes after the supper.

As I have said before, the *Wendel-*

treppe is very high and tiresome to mount. We found the hall of the *Corps de Garde* filled with youthful pages whose ages are anywhere from fifteen to twenty. They were dressed in red coats, with large frills of lace, held in place by their mothers' best diamond brooches, neat little low shoes with buckles, and neat little white-silk legs.

I glided along the polished floor through the different rooms, which were empty, save for the numerous chamberlains. All had papers and diagrams in their hands, and they told the gentlemen as they passed whom they were to take in to supper, and the name of the supper-room. Each room has a name, as "Marine Room," "Black Eagle Room," and so forth.

On the walls of one of the rooms we passed through were brackets which held great silver tankards, and the silver balcony intended for the orchestra was so near the ceiling that I wondered if the heads of the musicians did not bump against it.

The long gallery was filled with officers, whose uniforms were of every imaginable color and description, and gentlemen who looked as if they had just stepped out of a picture-frame. They wear their calling on their sleeves, as it were. The academician has a different costume from the judge. I noticed a clergyman in his priestly robes, his Elizabethan ruff around his neck, his breast covered with decorations. He was sipping a glass of hot punch and smiled benignly about him. He had a most kind and sympathetic face. I would like to confess my sins to him, but just now I don't happen to have any to confess.

Tea was passed about while we were waiting to enter the ball-room. In the *Weissesaal* the *Corps Diplomatique* has a raised platform reserved for it on the right of the throne, on which we ladies, beginning with the ambassadress, stand, following precedence. On the other side are all the princesses of the German nobility. I was shown to my place on this platform.

When the two thousand people collected in this room raised their voices a little more than was seemly, the Master of Ceremonies pounded his stick on

the floor—there was to be no loud talking—silence reigned a moment, and then the unruly guests burst out again, and were again reduced to silence by another and more ominous thump. The musicians began the march of "Tannhäuser." This was the signal for the entrance of the sovereigns. No one dared to breathe. People straightened themselves up, the ladies stepped down from their platform. From the middle arcades the young pages—twenty-four in number—entered in pairs. Then came the Oberhof Marshal alone, followed by the four greatest personages in Berlin—the Duke Trachenberg, Prince Fürstenberg, Prince Hohenlohe, and Prince Solms-Baruth. After them came the Emperor with the Empress on his arm. Every one bowed to the ground. They were followed by the five sons of the Emperor—the Crown-Prince, Prince Adalbert, Prince Eitel Fritz, Prince August Wilhelm, and Prince Joachim; then all the princes and princesses of the House of Prussia.

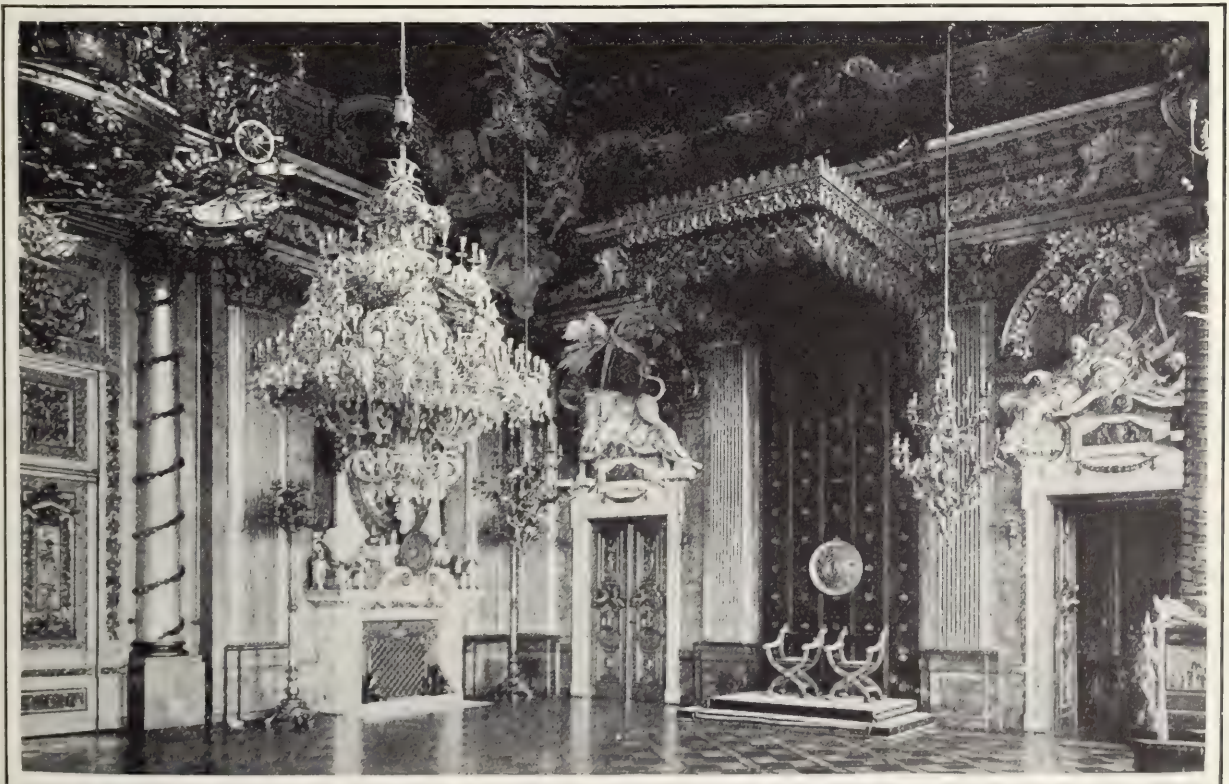
It was a very imposing sight as they all marched in. When the Emperor and Empress reached the throne, they made a stately bow to each other and separated, the Queen turning to the *doyenne* (the first ambassadress), and the Em-

peror crossing to the ambassadors. Each *chef de mission* stood in front of his secretaries and presented them.

My place was between the wives of the Swedish and Brazilian ministers. My neighbor was very unhappy because she was not able to use her eye-glasses. Eye-glasses are one of the things that are not allowed, such as boas or lace wraps.

The Empress spoke to all the ladies in either German, French, or English. She was accompanied by the *Grande Maîtresse*, who stood near her.

Right behind the Emperor are two gentlemen who are always within speaking distance. The first is the tallest young man to be found. He wears a red uniform, white knee-breeches, very high boots, a breastplate representing a brilliant rising sun, and a high blazing helmet surmounted by a silver eagle. This makes him the most conspicuous person in the room, so that you may always know where the Emperor is by seeing the towering helmet above the crowd. The other is General Scholl, a dear, kind old gentleman, who is dressed in the costume of Frederick the Great's time, with a white wig, the pigtail of which is tied with black ribbon, a huge



THE THRONE-ROOM OF THE ROYAL PALACE

jabot of lace with a diamond pin on his breast.

All the other Court persons wear dark blue dress-coats, with gold buttons, and carry in one hand the awe-inspiring stick, and in the other the list for the suppers. Some of them are rather vain about

The Empress was followed by a very tall young officer. He wore a red uniform and a hat with a high, red feather, easily seen from a distance. Countess Brockdorf, to distinguish her from other ladies, wears a long black mantilla on her head and looks like a *duègne à l'Espagnole*. The other ladies of honor stand near the Empress in the background. I forgot to say that the wives of foreign ministers have *fautouils* on their platform, behind which stand the wives of their secretaries.

The ball was opened by the Crown-Prince, who danced with the youngest *demoiselle d'honneur*, then the other princely couples joined. None but the Prince have the privilege of dancing at first. The *valse à deux temps* only is permitted. The Court likes better the old-fashioned method of revolving in circles round and round the room, but occasionally it permits the lancers.

The young ladies and gentlemen, who had been practising their dances for weeks, began their gavotte. The ancient *ballet-danseuse* sat up under an arch in the ceiling, and held up a warning finger if any mistake happened. The dances they learn are gavottes and minuets, which are very ingeniously arranged. Some of the officers looked rather awkward when

they had to point their toes or gaze in the eyes of their partners. During one of these dances the Empress went off into the gallery, next to the ball-room, and ladies new to the Court were brought up and presented to her.

Princess Henry and Princess Leopold then made the tour of the guests. Each time a royal person came to speak to us we were obliged to descend from our platform, in order to be on the same level. The Emperor talked with all the ladies. To me he spoke in English, which of course he speaks perfectly. He was dressed in a Hussar uniform, and



EMPEROR WILLIAM IN THE UNIFORM OF THE "CORPS DE GARDE"

their legs, and stand profile-wise so that they can be admired. They do look well turned out, I must say, with their silk stockings and low, buckled shoes.

The ladies of the *Corps Diplomatique* are not always as observant of Court rules as they ought to be, and their *décolletage* is not always impeccable. If Worth sends a corsage with the fashionable cut—what do they do? They manage, when they stand on their platform *en vue*, to slip their shoulders out, thereby leaving a tell-tale red mark, only to slip the shoulders in place when royalty has its back turned.

held his *képi* in his left hand, and offered his right. He showed me a new decoration he had just received from the Sultan. He pointed out the splendid diamonds and seemed very much pleased with it.

A *Vortänzer* (the leader of the dance) is chosen in the beginning of the season. It is his duty to arrange all balls and lead all cotillions that are given by society during the winter. He gives advice, indicates the officers who dance well—in fact, arranges everything. The young people pass three delightful flirtatious weeks learning these gavottes and minuets. Many a happy couple date their bliss from those dancing lessons.

As I knew who was to take me in to supper, I waited in my place until my partner, the Minister of Justice, came to fetch me. I was very happy to be portioned off to such a charming gentleman. We were told to go in to the Marine Room, where were the Emperor and Empress. Each prince had a table for twelve, over which he presided. At ours was Prince Adalbert, the Emperor's naval son. A supper for two thousand guests sounds rather formidable, does it not? With a slight difference in favor of the first three rooms, the same supper is served to all. A supper here is just like a dinner, beginning with soup, two warm dishes, an entrée, dessert, fruit, and coffee.

On our return to the ball-room there was some more dancing. The last dance was the prettiest of them all. Their Majesties took their places on the throne, and stood watching with a pleased smile the procession of dancers, who came in, four pairs at a time, from the last door of the ball-room. In each group, the four officers belonged to the same regiment. First they danced a gavotte, and then twirled off in a waltz. Then the other four couples came in.

There were forty or fifty couples altogether. When they had all entered they formed a fan-shaped line and advanced toward their Majesties, making the deepest of courtesies. Then they spread out and made one large circle. The Emperor and Empress bowed their



THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY AND HER FAVORITE HORSE

thanks and the dancers retired, the orchestra sounding a fanfare. The ball was over. The Emperor offered his arm to the Empress, and all the princes followed in the same order in which they had entered. As we went through the long gallery servants handed glasses of hot punch about, which were very acceptable before going out in the cold air. I happened to glance in the open door of a room we passed and saw a Mont Blanc of serviettes piled up to the ceiling, and next to that room was a regiment of soldiers wiping plates.

After the *Schleppenkur* and before the

Kaiser's birthday comes the *Ordens Fest*. It is a yearly entertainment the Emperor gives to those who have received the Prussian order of the "Red Eagle," the highest in rank of the elder members and all the newly made. Johan has just received the decoration. Here one sees all sorts of people from cab-drivers to princes. There is a luncheon for two thousand guests. The Emperor and Empress walk about and talk to as many as they can. The other evening we went to the Winter Garden, and the head-waiter said to Johan, "I have not seen you for a long time, your Excellence—not since we lunched together in the *Schloss* at the *Ordens Fest*."

DEAR L.,—At one of the Towers's costume balls Mr. L., of American renown, dressed conspicuously as Jupiter (of all ironies!), stalked about, trying to act up to his part by shaking in people's faces his ridiculous tin bolts held in white kid-glove hands, and facetiously knocking them on the head. He happened, while talking to a lady, to be right in front of one of the young princes. A friend tapped him discreetly on the shoulder, giving him a significant look. "What is the matter?" said Mr. L. in a loud voice, glaring at his friend. A gentle whisper informed him that he had better turn round and face the prince. "Heavens!" said the ungracious Jupiter, "I can't help it; I'm always treading on their toes" (meaning the prince's).

Speaking of indiscretions, I was told (I cannot say whether it is true) that Mrs. X, one of our compatriots, having met the Emperor in Norway, where their yachts were stationed, and feeling that she was on familiar enough terms, said to him, "Is it not lovely in Paris? Have you been there lately?"

"No, I have not," answered the surprised Kaiser.

"Oh, how queer! You ought to go there. The French people would just love to see you."

"Do you think so?" said the Emperor with a smile. Thus encouraged, she enlarged on her theme and, speaking for the whole French nation, continued gushingly, "And if you would give them back Alsace and Lorraine they would simply adore you."

The Kaiser, looking at her gravely, as if she had solved a mighty problem, said, "I never thought of that, madame."

The dear lady probably imagines to this day that she is the apostle of diplomacy. She came to Berlin intending (so she said) to "*paint Berlin red*." She took the list of Court people and sent out invitations right and left for her five-o'clock teas, but aristocracy did not respond. Berlin refused to be painted.

September, 1905.

The Kaiser came to Copenhagen on the *Hohenzollern* (his yacht). Johan and I met Frederikke and Nina and stayed with them during the Emperor's visit. There was a very large dinner at Fredensborg, a dinner at Charlottenlund (the Crown Prince's château) in honor of the Kaiser. Prince Carl, who is about to be made King of Norway, was there. Princess Maud was in England. The King seemed to be in the best of spirits and the two sovereigns laughed and joked together. The Emperor has a great affection for King Christian and loves to show his respect and devotion. He often puts his arm around the King's shoulder when talking to him. I will just add here that Johan received another decoration, and Frederikke, who is now Minister of Foreign Affairs, received a grand cordon.

The Kaiser went to a dinner given in his honor at the X's. . . . Johan, Frederikke, Nina, and I were among the guests. At the end of the rather long dinner a little episode happened which shows how quick the Emperor is to understand a situation and perceive its humorous side. According to custom, the Emperor occupies the hostess's place, with her at his right. Herr X made signs to his wife across the table, and, in a stage whisper, begged her to find out from the Emperor if he wished coffee served at table or in the adjoining salon. The hostess apparently neither heard nor understood; at any rate, she said nothing to the Emperor. The host asked again in a stagier whisper, and made signs with his head toward the other room. Still no answer. The Emperor, looking over to me (I sat next to the host), said, with a merry twinkle

in his eye, "Something wrong in the code of signals." A few moments after he said, quite casually, to the host, "Would you mind if we have coffee in the other salon?"

The Emperor that evening was in excellent spirits. In his short mess-jacket he looked like a young cadet. He told us several amusing anecdotes and experiences in a most witty manner. Nina said to him: "Your Majesty, I have been looking in all the shop-windows to-day to see if I could find a good photograph of you. I wanted to bring it, and was going to ask you to sign it, but . . ."

"But you could not find anything handsome enough, *hein?*" inquired the Emperor, laughing.

"That is true," Nina answered. "Your Majesty's photographs do not do you justice."

Beckoning to an adjutant, the Emperor said, "I want you to send to the shops and bring what photographs of me you can find."

The man departed. Although it was nine o'clock and most of the shops must have been shut, he did manage to bring some. Then the Kaiser examined the photographs, with a little amusing remark on each. "I do not think this is handsome enough—I look so cross." "And this one looks conceited—which I don't think I am. Do you?"

"Not in the least," Nina answered.

"In this one," he remarked, "I look as if I had just ordered some one to be hanged. And this one (taking up another) looks like a Parsifal *de passage*"—referring to something I had once said.

"I did not say Parsifal, your Majesty. I said Lohengrin."

"All the same thing," said he.

"Not at all," I said. "One was a knight and the other was a fool."

"Well," he laughed, "I look like both."

He did not like any of the photographs, and sent to the *Hohenzollern* for his own collection. His servant came back almost directly—he must have had wings—and brought a quantity of portraits, which were much finer and larger than those from the shops. He begged us to choose one, and he wrote something amusing on it and signed his name.

DEAR L.,—The King of Spain is in Berlin now on a visit of a few days to the Emperor. We only saw him at the gala performance at the opera. The Kaiser had chosen "The Huguenots." It was beautifully put on. Madame Hempel sang the part of Marguerite de Valois, and Madame Destinn sang Valentine. The house was decorated in the usual manner with carpets hanging from the balconies, and flowers in great profusion everywhere. The King of Spain sat between the Kaiser and Kaiserin. He looks very young and very manly, with a determined jaw and a pleasant smile, but he is not handsome. After the first act, when we all met in the foyer, every one was presented to him. The Emperor stood by him, and sometimes would take him by the arm and walk about in order to present people to him. The Spanish ambassador and ambassadress, M. and Mme. Ruata, stood near him. I was presented to him, but I did not get more than a smile and a shake of the hand—I could not expect more. Johan was more favored, for the King asked him how long he had been in Berlin; you must confess that even that was not much!

I was compensated by having quite a long talk with the Kaiser—long for him, as he has so many people to talk to, and he feels, I am sure, every eye of the hoping-to-speak-to-him person in the room. He said: "I have just been reading the memoirs of General Moltke. Did you ever know him?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I never saw him, but I have a letter from him, written in 1856 to my father-in-law, dated from the Tuileries."

"He often speaks in his letters of your husband's grandparents' home in Copenhagen—how he always felt at home and happy there, and was always sure to find a charming circle of interesting and literary people. You must read it; it would interest your husband, too."

"Did your Majesty ever hear about Moltke's visit to some grand-ducal Court? I think it was my father-in-law who told me. Moltke thought, of course, that as he had all the grand cordons and decorations in creation, he had also that of this Court. When he was going to visit the Grand Duke, he said to his ser-

vant, 'Don't forget my decoration.' The servant looked high and low for it, but could not find it, and, thinking that he had mislaid it, went and bought one and put it in the trunk. When Moltke put on his uniform he was delighted to see the decoration in its place. He arrived for his audience, and the Grand Duke entered with an *étui* in his hand containing the decoration. He had reproached himself for not having conferred it on the general before, and intended to hang it around Moltke's neck himself. Imagine his surprise at seeing it already there!"

BERLIN, 1910.

Saint-Saëns and Massenet came to Berlin to assist at a sort of *Congrès de musique*. Massenet was invited to lead the orchestra in "Manon," and Saint-Saëns in "Samson and Delilah." They accepted an invitation to lunch at our house, and I was delighted to see them again. They had come, they said, with prejudices on fire. They were sure that they would dislike everything German, but, having been begged to visit the Kaiser in his *loge* after the performance, they came away from the interview burning with enthusiasm. How charming the Emperor was! How full of interest! So natural, etc., etc. They could not find words for their admiration. That is the way with the Emperor. He charms every one.

The first of my articles about Compiègne appeared in *Harper's Monthly* in the summer. At the ball at Court in the following January the Kaiser came to speak to me, his face beaming with the kindest of smiles.

"I can't tell you how I have enjoyed your articles. I read them to myself and read them out loud to the Empress."

"How," said I, "did your Majesty discover them?"

"I have always taken *Harper's Magazine*, ever since I was a little boy. You may imagine how astonished I was when I saw something from your pen. Your description of Napoleon III. is quite historical. You gave me a new idea of him. In many ways I always regret that I never saw him. I could have once, when I was quite small. I was with my parents at Nice and the

Emperor came there, but I did not see him."

DEAR L.,—The visit to the Berlin Court by King Edward and Queen Alexandra is already a thing of the past, but I must tell you about it while it is still fresh in my mind. We, as *Légation de famille*, went to the Lehrter Station to meet them on their arrival. When the train steamed in the Emperor and Empress went forward to the door of the carriage, and as the King and Queen descended they all embraced affectionately. The Empress led the Queen to the waiting-room, where she presented all the ladies who were there. There was music inside and outside of the station. In fact, everything was so exactly like the reception of our King and Queen, which I have described before, that I will not repeat myself.

King Edward looked tired and coughed constantly. The Queen, whom I had not seen for a long time, seemed quite unchanged and charming as ever. There is not much time on such occasions to say more than a few words to each. We saw them drive off amid the most enthusiastic greetings from the populace, massed together in the square.

That evening there was a state banquet, served in the *Weissesaal*, at which the Kaiser read his speech in English to the King, and the King read his reply.

I sat between Lord Granville and Sir Charles Hardinge, between a cross-fire of wit and fun. The Court orchestra, up in the gallery, played subdued music during the dinner, so that conversation was possible. Their four Majesties sat next to one another on one side of the table, and the *Chancelier de l'Empire* sat opposite the Empress. The English embassy and ourselves were the only diplomats among the hundred guests. The bonbons which were served with the fruit had photographs of King Edward, the Queen, and the German Imperial family, and *were handed to the pages!* These offerings are meant, I suppose, as a polite attention and little souvenir of the occasion, but the guests for whom the bonbons are intended go away empty-handed. These pages belong to the highest families in Germany, and are present at all Court functions, such as



THE KAISER AND HIS FIVE SONS EN ROUTE TO THE ARSENAL ON HIS BIRTHDAY

balls and dinners, and stand behind each royal person at the table.

After dinner we went into the long gallery, which in one part was arranged as a salon, with *fauteuils* and chairs in circle.

To show what a wonderful memory King Edward has, he said to me, "Do you remember a song you used to sing (I thought he was going to say 'Beware'), with something about 'I mean the daughter'?"

"Yes, your Majesty; I remember very well. It was: 'I know a lady, a Mrs. Brady.'"

"Yes, that was it . . . 'and has a daughter,' wasn't it?"

I said: "What a memory your Majesty has! Fancy remembering that all these years. It was when your Majesty came to Sommerberg to play tennis with Paul Hatzfeldt."

"That was a long time ago," continued King Edward. "I was stopping then with the King and Queen of Denmark at Wiesbaden. I remember it all so well. Poor Hatzfeldt! You know what Bismarck said about him?"

"Was it not something about his being the best horse in his stable?"

"That is it," the King answered.

"You have a good memory, too. How is Countess Raben?"

"You mean 'the daughter'?"

The King laughed. "Yes, I mean 'the daughter.'"

We did not stay long after the dinner, as evidently their Majesties were fatigued after their journey. The King coughed incessantly and the Queen looked very tired. I think that she is beginning to look very like her mother, the dear old Queen.

The next day hundreds of Court carriages were flying about Berlin. I wish you could see the packages of cards that were sent to us. In the evening was the gala opera. The Opera House is always decorated in the same way, and there is always the same audience.

"Sardanapal" was the play chosen by the Emperor for this performance. I thought it very interesting to look at, but impossible to understand. It was a combination of orchestral music, choruses, and pantomime. A dreadful-looking Nubian came out before the curtain between acts and told us in German poetry what was going to happen. The Emperor had taken a great interest in the play, and had indicated all the costumes himself. Every dress was a study,

and entirely correct, you may be sure, if the Kaiser had anything to do with it. The ornaments which the actors wore were copied from specimens in the museums. The scenery was very fine, and when Sardanapal was burned up, with his wives and collection of gold and silver things, the whole stage seemed to be on fire. This almost created a panic, and would have done so if the audience had not seen that their Majesties sat calmly in their seats. It was very realistic. The Emperor told me afterward in the foyer that the flames were nothing but chiffon, lighted with electric lights, and blown up with a fan from beneath. When the fire had done its work there was nothing left upon the stage but red-hot coals and smoldering débris. It was all very well, if we only had been spared the lugubrious man with the Nubian beard.

The next day the luncheon in honor of their English Majesties, given by Sir Edward Goschen, the English ambassador, was full of emotion. King Edward wore the uniform belonging to his German regiment, which, besides being buttoned tightly and apparently much padded, has a high and tight collar. He had received a deputation of most of the English colony, and already looked wearied before we went in to luncheon. This was served in the ball-room and was a long and elaborate affair. The King sat opposite the Queen, and Sir Edward and Lady Goschen sat at either end of the table. All the princes, the German nobility, and ministers were present.

The King apparently had a good appetite, and talked with his neighbors right and left and opposite, and seemed to enjoy himself. When we re-entered the drawing-room the King lit an enormous cigar, and, seating himself on a low sofa, talked and smoked, when suddenly he threw his head back against the sofa, as if gasping for breath. The Queen, who was on the other side of the room, rushed instantly to the King and quickly unbuttoned his collar and opened his coat. The two English physicians who had come with the King were finishing their lunch in another room. They were instantly called in, and they begged the guests to leave the salon, in order that the King might have

more air. The King had not fainted, but, on account of the tight collar, the heat of the room, the big cigar, and the violent fit of coughing, it was almost impossible for him to get his breath. The physicians helped him up from the low sofa into a high chair, and took away the cigar, but the King, as soon as he could speak, said, "Give me another cigar." The physicians protested, but the King insisted upon the cigar, which they were obliged to give him. The guests returned and the conversation rallied for a while, but the emotion of the few moments before could not be easily calmed.

The King left the room quietly, hardly any one seeing him, reached the automobile, and drove to the Castle. The Queen followed him a few moments later.

We were prepared to receive notice at any moment that the ball fixed for that evening would be countermanded. But it was not, and eight o'clock—the hour one goes to Court balls here—found every one assembled. As usual, we took our places on the platform reserved for the ladies of the *Corps Diplomatique*, and then, with the ceremonial which I have so often described, their Majesties, preceded by the pages and Court notables, entered. The Emperor gave his arm to Queen Alexandra, and the Empress entered with King Edward. It is customary for the Emperor and Empress to make a tour of the invited guests, but this evening the royal persons stayed on the throne and did not move during the dances.

King Edward and the Queen supped at the table of the Emperor, and immediately after retired to their rooms, and were seen no more. During the whole of the evening they had not spoken to a single person.

The next morning their Majesties took their departure from the Lehrter Station. We went to bid them good-by. The Emperor, in speaking to me, said: "You know, my uncle had such a fright the other night when he saw the fire, he wanted to leave the theater; it was only when I told him that the flames were chiffon that I could quiet him."

When King Edward bade me good-by, he said: "Please remember me to Countess Raben," and added, laughingly, "I mean the daughter."

A Mind-cure

BY ALICE BROWN



MR. ELBRIDGE DROWN lay in the west-room bed and listened to the small noises in the kitchen where her husband was washing the supper dishes and "clearing up." She knew every slightest variation of sound. This was the fumbly fall of the brush-broom coming off the handle when he swept under the sink. She wished he would remember that for the kitchen floor a corn broom was "plenty good." That little click indicated his pouring the sweepings from the dust-pan into the stove. She knew a rim of dust would be left on the stove top, to smell when he built the fire for breakfast. She was tempted to call to him, "Brush the stove off 'fore you put on the cover." But she closed her lips tightly and clenched her small hands under the sheet. If Elbridge was doing the work, he should not, she had resolved, be "picked upon" meantime.

Nabby Drown had given out, the neighbors said, and, with the doctor's concurrence, was taking a rest-cure in bed. But the neighbors had little hope of the result. It was not, they reasoned, as if it didn't run in the family to give out. There wasn't one of Nabby's folks but was as nervous as a witch. Nabby's own father had one day thrown down the rake in the hay-field, walked in and gone to bed, and he hadn't got up again for six years. Then one morning, again in haying-time, he had risen and dressed, sat down at the breakfast-table with the hired men, and had afterward gone out mowing. Only his old scythe, that had hung in the barn waiting for him, was rusty, and he had had to borrow one; the corroded tool seemed to be the only after-sign of his long resting, so exactly did things go on as they had before. Nabby had taken her father's breakdown as something inevitable, but she had never dreamed of falling into the

same pit until one morning she had waked and thought the bedroom world looked queer; and when she set her feet on the floor she had felt unequal to moving them an inch from the spot they covered. But they did carry her to the bedroom window, and there she called to Elbridge, going out to milk:

"I guess I'll go back to bed."

"All right," said Elbridge, "I'll blaze up the fire."

This was a year ago, and Nabby had been in bed ever since, and Elbridge had been perpetually blazing fires, and cooking queer dishes, and eating them without complaint. Nabby ate chiefly bread and milk. Everything else, she said, went against her. But she did not say it was because "man's cooking" looked to her an unholy thing.

When the sounds in the kitchen had ceased, and she judged Elbridge might be stepping out for his after-supper smoke on the bench by the door, she rang the little bell at her side. Elbridge, she thought, would be willing to forego his pipe for the news she had to tell him. He came at once, a tall, stoop-shouldered man with thin cheeks and scanty hair, and a tired look in the eyes. He stood there and rested his brown hands on the footboard of the bed, and his eyes interrogated Nabby's face, a puckered little eager face bound by the ruffled circlet of her nightcap.

"Elbridge," said she, with an intensity fitted to the importance of what she had to tell, "Sister 'Lizy Ann's broke down."

Elbridge loosed his sustaining grasp of the footboard and with a slow yielding of his stiff muscles sank into the chintz-covered chair at the foot of the bed as if he, too, had broken.

"Sophy Slade told me not an hour ago," said Nabby. Her voice rose higher with the augmentation of interest in her tale. "She come in here to borry a mite o' sody. She'd just been down to the medder coltsfootin', an' she looked in on

'Lizy Ann. An' there was 'Lizy Ann in the four-poster in the west bedroom, same as I be in this. She'd broke down. Ain't that the crowner?"

"Yes," said Elbridge, slowly, "I should think 'twas."

Nabby went on. "I couldn't more 'n half believe it. Says I to Sophy, 'Why, when 'd it happen?' an' she says: 'Soon as her husband took the train. She undressed herself an' got straight into bed. Eben's sent for to see about the land his brother left him, an' he means to be back soon's ever he can—the spring work comin' on an' all."

"Well," said Elbridge, "don't seem as if 'twas a good time for her, either, even if Slade is goin' to look out for the farm. I don't hardly see what she can do."

"There's but one thing to do. 'Lizy Ann can't lay there alone in that house, with nobody to bring her a morsel o' victuals, an', when it comes to hirin', you might as well try to hatch a white black-bird. We've got to have her moved up here."

"Here?" queried Elbridge.

He did give a slight start with the word, but Nabby, in the flow of her anxiety, was insensible to it.

"We can put up a bed in the front room," said she. "'Lizy Ann never ate no more 'n a bird, an' 'twon't be much harder for you to do for two than one. When d'you s'pose you could git round to movin' her up?"

"Well—" said Elbridge. After that there was a long pause. "I dunno," he added, when a little impatient movement under the spread telegraphed a communication from Nabby's nervous feet. "I'll go along now an' shet up the hens."

The next morning, when Nabby had had her breakfast and the slow progress of affairs in the kitchen had hitched along to an expected close, Elbridge appeared again at the bedfoot.

"I thought I'd go down an' see if that heifer 'd broke out ag'in," said he. "I can salt the critters in both pastur's, the same v'y'ge."

"Well," said Nabby, acquiescently. But she was disappointed. "I thought you'd be plannin' to go down after 'Lizy Ann. Still, I s'pose you can put it off till arternoon."

Elbridge stood at the foot of the bed, but he did not merely rest his hands on the board. He grasped the smooth round roll at the top and held it tightly.

"Nabby," said he, "I ain't goin' down at all."

Nabby lay bolstered on her pillows, staring at him.

"What do you mean by not goin' at all?" she asked him. "Not to-day?"

"Nor to-morrer," said Elbridge. "Nor next day. I ain't goin' at all."

Nabby drew a quick little breath, and then she rallied to the attack.

"You don't mean to say, Elbridge, you don't want 'Lizy Ann up here in this nice, comfortable house, when she's gi'n out an' can't lift her hand to help herself?"

"I dunno about her liftin' her hand," said Elbridge. "I ain't goin' arter her, that's all. If she comes here 'twill be her own doin's. 'Twon't be mine."

Nabby raised herself on her elbow. She rarely did even that. She avoided stirring about because, she said, she felt everything in her back.

"Why, Elbridge," said she, incredulously, "I can't make you out!"

Elbridge could hardly make himself out. He had not thought it possible to stand up against the tense appeal of Nabby's wishes. But he was doing it, and for the moment he felt unexpectedly strong, in a desperate, wild way, like a man clinging to a slippery spar.

"Why," said Nabby, again, "'Lizy Ann's my own sister!"

"Yes," said Elbridge, "I know she is."

"I'd 'most as soon have anything happen to you as happen to 'Lizy Ann. Well, not that, I s'pose. But I'd ruther by half 'twould happen to me."

"Yes," said Elbridge, "I s'pose ye would. Well, I guess I'll be goin' along down an' salt the critters."

Nabby lay in a blank mental collapse while he walked out of the room and into the kitchen. Then she found her voice to call, "Elbridge, you made up your mind?"

He came promptly back again. "Yes," said he. "I made it up last night."

"You ain't goin' to have 'Lizy Ann here, now she's sick?"

He seemed to hesitate for an instant,

and her heart leaped. A little quiver went over him, and then his muscles settled to their wonted calm. He was answering with a grave composure:

"I ain't goin' after 'Lizy Ann, Nabby. Nor I ain't goin' to encourage her comin' here any way, shape, nor manner, to lay abed an' be took care of. It ain't best."

Then he turned and went out through the kitchen again, and she heard him at the shed cupboard getting out the salt. Nabby lay there in a perfect silence, listening until he had led the horse out of the barn and there was the sound of wheels upon the drive. A bright red spot burned in each of her cheeks and her eyes were sparks of light. She was holding the hem of the spread with both hands, but even so her fingers twitched in spite of her. She was very angry. It seemed to her she might die of anger, lying there alone. She almost wished she might, so that Elbridge could find her when he came home at noon. Then, she thought, he would be sorry. In ten minutes more she was still angry, but in a different way. Now it came over her that not only had she been unjustly used, but that something must be done. She put her feet out of bed and, standing there on the rug, made up her mind what she would do. Her clothes were neatly packed away in the bureau drawers. 'Lizy Ann had done that for her. She pulled them out in haste, dressed herself, and pinned up her hair. Her shoes, when she came to them on the closet floor, made her angry again. She cried a little over them, tears of self-pity now, for it did seem to her as if they might at least have been kept from dust. When she had laced them she went in a blind hurry into the kitchen and out through the shed, very careful not to look about her for the disorder of "man's house-keeping," lest nature should be too strong for her and keep her there to set things straight. And now she was walking through the sun-glare of the bright spring day, out behind the barn and down the lane to the cross-cut that led to 'Lizy Ann's. When she let down a bar and "scooched" under into the pasture, she was sick and faint from walking, and blinded by the sun. She began to cry a little softly, and bemoan herself.

"I never shall get there alive," she told herself. "If my back don't give out my heart will, an' 't 'll be all for the best. There won't nobody care."

But after she had stepped into the cart-path that traversed the woods the shade refreshed her eyes and the spring smell was grateful to her. She looked about her into the cloistered peace, and once she spoke aloud. "My soul!" said Nabby. She had forgotten such things were. Here stretched aisles of a mellow light; there was sweet silence everywhere, moved only by a bird who could not really break it, but only made the stillness seem more still. The old beloved roots were springing in their places, goldthread, wintergreen, and the plant with the dark shadow on its leaf. Nabby had never known its name, but she had always loved it. Once she lay down on a bank and pressed her cheek on the smooth harshness of pine-needles, and again she cried a little, still because Elbridge, she thought, had been so cruel to her; but the tears hurt the more now because they seemed to come from a deeper spring than anger. This was the same old lovely world she had been absent from; only it was changed by his unkindness. Now she sat up and wiped her eyes. At this speed, she knew, she might not reach 'Lizy Ann's within the hour; and she got to her feet and hurried on again. When she came out of the woods into the field behind 'Lizy Ann's gray house, her eyes were blinded again by the sun and she was tired. But she kept on and passed the ordered woodpile that was ever at 'Lizy Ann's back door and walked into the kitchen. And then she felt that it was the loud singing of the birds about the home lot that had tired her, and she said, out of the irritation of her nerves, as she walked into the west room:

"Where under the sun 'd you get so many bobolinks?"

'Lizy Ann, bolstered up on pillows, stared at her and for a moment made no reply. She was younger than Nabby, and her face had roundness and a healthy color; but it was tied into a nightcap, like Nabby's, with the same pattern of lace 'Lizy Ann had crocheted for them both, and the collar of her nightgown was trimmed to match.

Nabby, gazing at her, felt as if she were looking at herself in bed, and wondered how she could be standing there at the same time.

"For mercy's sake," said 'Lizy Ann, "what you out o' bed for?"

That sounded ungrateful to a sister who had stumbled through the woods on an errand of love, and Nabby once more caught her breath.

"If you're comin' down here," said 'Lizy Ann, "why under the sun didn't you have Elbridge harness up an' bring you?"

Nabby felt her tears checked by the thought of Elbridge, and anger flamed in her again.

"I guess I don't need to have anybody harness up to fetch me down to see my own sister," she said, coldly. But at once she melted. "Oh, 'Lizy Ann," said she, "do you think you've give out?"

"I dunno whether I've give out nor whether I ain't," said 'Lizy Ann, tersely. "I'm layin' abed, that's all I know; an' I should like to hear what's started you up to such a go-round as this. Nabby Drown, you stop cryin', or I'll git up out o' bed an' shake you."

Nabby felt she had no friends. Elbridge had cast her off, and now 'Lizy Ann herself seemed to be tossing her back again. Everything was against her.

"An' my shoes are all over dust," she moaned.

"I should think they would be, comin' out a day as hot as this," said 'Lizy Ann, practically. "What'd you do it for, anyways?"

Nabby, for all answer, got up and stretched herself out on the lounge at the side of the bed. There in that familiar posture she could be more controlled.

"It's this way," said she. "I've got somebody to take care o' me. That is to say, I had. I had Elbridge."

"Well, ain't you got him now?" 'Lizy Ann inquired. "Where's Elbridge gone?"

"I can't enter into that," said Nabby. "Only it's a very different thing to lay abed when there's somebody to wait an' tend from what 'tis if there ain't a soul even to give you a drink o' water. So I come over, 'Lizy Ann, quick as ever I could soon's I heard of it, to see if there wa'n't suthin' I could do."

"Well, that's proper good o' you," said 'Lizy Ann. She was of a warm disposition and mollified at once as soon as Nabby seemed moderately sane. "Yes, there's suthin' you can do, only I dunno 's you'll feel to do it, right out o' bed so. I can't get it through my head, Nabby, how you could be in bed yesterday, as it were, an' to-day runnin' through them woods spry as a cricket."

"I dunno 's I run very spry," said Nabby. "Only you tell me what you want done, an' then I'll be pokin' along back. I've got to be there 'fore Elbridge gets home."

"Yes, I should think you had. Have him come in an' find the bed all empty! Well, I was wonderin' if you could put me on a mite o' barley broth. Don't you know how mother used to make it? 'Twas proper good."

"Yes," said Nabby. "I ain't thought of it for years."

She got her stiff legs off the couch and went into the kitchen, where the morning fire was still alive. 'Lizy Ann had not reached the utmost limit of lying in bed. She had stayed up to tend the fire and wash her breakfast dishes. Nabby found the barley and the double-boiler, and meantime did a little tidying up. It was soothing to her to see a kitchen in order once more, and she lingered over the task.

"There! there!" 'Lizy Ann was calling to her. "Don't you waste your strength no more. You run home soon's ever you can an' get a nap."

Before Nabby went she stood a moment by 'Lizy Ann's bedside and looked at her.

"You don't s'pose anything 'll happen to you if you get up to tend the fire?" she said.

"No, I guess not," said 'Lizy Ann, grimly. "I guess I'll ventur', anyways."

"If I had you som'er's near—" said Nabby; and then she thought of Elbridge again, and her face darkened. "Well, I'll go along now. Don't you let the water bile out o' that barley."

The way home was hard to her, and she did not even hear the birds. When she came up the lane she was footsore and tired, but yet she hurried, for there was the wagon at the end of the barn. Elbridge must have got back, and she

slipped round to the front door and so into the west room where her tumbled bed stood in its inviting disarray. Nabby took off her clothes and thrust them into the drawer in an untidy haste, and when Elbridge came through the kitchen she was in bed again with the sheet drawn to her chin. There he stood at the foot-board looking at her, and his voice, when he spoke, sounded kind. She wondered how it could when he was not willing to keep 'Lizy Ann alive.

"What you goin' to have for dinner?"

Nabby hardened her heart. She would take what was the least trouble, for if he would not do for 'Lizy Ann, perhaps he was even tired of doing for her.

"I'll have a couple o' crackers," she said, "an' a mug o' milk."

He brought them presently, and she noticed, with a little throb of recognition which once would have found words, that he had put jelly on the tray and a piece of the pie a neighbor had brought in. The neighbors often gave him something from the week's baking. They thought it "terrible hard" for Elbridge.

In the afternoon he went down the lot, plowing, and at night she ate crackers and milk again. When he came in at sundown she was tremulously expectant. It seemed to her he had repented his cruelty to 'Lizy Ann. Perhaps he would say he had been thinking it over and now he knew how hateful he had been and he was ready to put the husk bed in the rack and go down for her tomorrow. But Elbridge only said, in his tone of unchanging gentleness:

"I guess you don't feel as well as common," and she answered, stolidly:

"I guess I feel about as usual."

That night Nabby lay awake and thought. It seemed to her she had had a revelation. Elbridge was tired of doing for her, and the only thing for her to do was to leave him. Farther than that she could not see. But there was 'Lizy Ann who needed her, and Elbridge who was tired.

Next morning Elbridge had to go to market, and when he had harnessed he came in, stood at her bedfoot, and looked at her. His plain, kind face, clean-shaven, above his blue neckerchief, was all solicitude. If Nabby had not been angry with him she would have bade

him come and let her tie the neckerchief a little better; but now she remembered the distance between them, and she could not.

"Don't you want I should stop an' see how 'Lizy Ann's gittin' along?" he asked her.

Nabby's heart knocked hard against her side, but she answered, coldly:

"No. So long's we ain't goin' to do anything for her, we better keep away."

His eyes, she felt, were fixed on her, though hers were closed. Elbridge, she knew, was seeking about for words. He was a slow man with his tongue, and once she had thought this kind deliberation dear of him.

"I'm goin' right by," he said then.

"No," said Nabby. "Don't you stop. I'd ruther by half you wouldn't."

Then after another pause he went away, and presently she heard him driving down the road. She flew out of bed, and this time she selected her clothes with a swift precision, and when she had flung them on ran out of the house and down the lane again. The wood sounds and fragrances had no voice for her to-day, she was in such haste to reach 'Lizy Ann and tell her they were to live together, at least till Eben came. After that Nabby would see what she could do. But whatever happened afterward, she knew she was strong enough to take care of 'Lizy Ann. Again she went in through the kitchen, and there in the west room lay 'Lizy Ann as if she had not moved since yesterday. But to-day she was not startled. She was only pleased.

"If you ain't the crowner," said she, "gittin' up out o' bed an' pokin' off down here just because you will have it I've gi'n out. I dunno what to say to you."

Nabby could not wait to tell her how glad she was to come, and how desolate she was because Elbridge had cast her off. She sat down by the bedside and laid hold of a corner of the sheet and held it tightly, as if it could help her keep a guard upon herself.

"Oh, 'Lizy Ann," said she, "I'm goin' to stay, leastways tiil Eben gets back."

'Lizy Ann was staring at her. "Goin' to stay?" she asked. "Where?"

"With you. I can do a good deal

more 'n you can because I've laid abed a year an' you've only just begun."

"What's goin' to become of Elbridge?" her sister asked her.

Nabby's mouth settled into a firm, straight line before she opened it to answer.

"He'll have to get along the best he can, same's he was willin' you should—an' me, too, for all I know."

"I never 've had the least complaint to make of Elbridge," said 'Lizy Ann. "Elbridge's as good as gold. What have you got into your head about him? Nabby, you tell me."

Nabby felt she had to tell. The shame of his refusal was hot within her. She poured it forth tumultuously.

"Oh, 'Lizy Ann, seemed as if I'd die. 'Twas yesterday mornin' when I fust heard you were layin' abed, an' I never should asked such a thing of him if I'd thought he'd say no. I was as innocent as the babe in arms. An' now you see what's come of it."

"What d'you ask him?" 'Lizy Ann demanded. She had risen on her elbow and was regarding Nabby with dominating eyes.

Nabby clutched the sheet tighter and went on in a smothered voice:

"Why, I called him in, an' I says to him, 'Lizy Ann's begun to lay abed,' says I."

"My soul!" interjected 'Lizy Ann. It sounded to Nabby almost as if she thought it not altogether praiseworthy to lie abed.

"An' I says to him, 'We'll have her up here an' see to her, for 'tain't much harder to wait on two than 'tis one.'"

"You told Elbridge he's goin' to take care o' me an' bring me victuals?" 'Lizy Ann's eyes seemed to be piercing holes through Nabby to her inmost soul.

"An' I says to him, 'You put the husk bed into the hay-rack an' go down an' git her.'"

"An' what 'd he say?"

"He said he wouldn't, or so he give me to understand. An' I ain't hardly spoke to him sence."

"You told Elbridge Drown to harness up a hay-rack an' come down here an' git me an' make me a laughin'-stock to the neighbors?" said 'Lizy Ann. "Well, he had sense enough not to do it, that's

one thing. I'm obliged to him, an' you can tell him so."

"I sha'n't tell him," said Nabby. "I sha'n't open it up betwixt us, long as I draw the breath o' life. He was drivin' past here to-day, an' he asked if he shouldn't stop in an' see how you was, an' I said no. If that's the way Elbridge feels, I ain't goin' to have my folks beholden to him, an' I dunno's I want to be beholden to him myself."

"My soul!" said 'Lizy Ann. "You move away from the bed, so's 't I can put my feet onto the floor. Where's my clo'es? If I don't get 'em onto me quicker 'n I took 'em off, I miss my guess."

"Oh, 'Lizy Ann!" moaned Nabby, "don't you move so quick. Arter you've been layin' a spell, you have to kinder plan 'fore you move, or your head 'll go round like a top."

'Lizy Ann was at the bedroom closet, taking out her working-dress.

"I'd ruther 'twould whirl round," said she, "than turn to wood layin' on a pil-ler, if this 's the kind o' thing that's goin' to get into it. What do you s'pose I was layin' abed for, anyways? 'Twas to git you on your feet again."

"Me!" gasped Nabby. "Me? I dunno how that would do it."

'Lizy Ann came back into the west room, combing her hair as she walked. She drew the comb through the silky lengths with a snap, as if she were more than willing to encounter a snarl midway and break hair or comb, as it might be. She went on talking rapidly.

"I says to myself, 'Now Eben's gone, I'll get Nabby out o' bed, fust thing I do. Only,' I says, 'she's growed to it like moss onto a rock, an' I shall have a tough time doin' it. So,' I says, 'I'll lay abed a couple o' days an' kinder git 'cruited up myself, 'fore I begin.' An' then some meddler had to go an' tell you I was layin' abed, an' it got you up all of a whew. But it was well done, arter all, for here you be on your feet. An' I says to myself, 'I'll lay here so long as it 'll keep her traipsin' through the woods to wait on me.'"

"Why, 'Lizy Ann," said Nabby, "what made you so set on my gittin' up?"

"Set on it?" repeated 'Lizy Ann. She was stabbing the pins into her hair, and

now she crowned the coil with grandmother's shell comb and looked so "dressed up" that Nabby meekly felt her own inferiority. "Because I had some pride, you layin' there month in, month out, the neighbors laughin' at ye."

"I dunno why anybody should laugh," said Nabby, "when anybody's gi'n out."

"Well, mebbe they wouldn't for a spell, till they see you never meant to stir hand nor foot ag'in. Besides, I had some compassion for Elbridge, goin' back an' forth an' in an' out, raisin' bread an' greasin' the wagon-wheels, an' runnin' the mower an' then dustin' the fore-room. I shouldn't think he'd know whether he was afoot or horseback."

Nabby got on her feet and pulled her short skirts up slightly, with a bewildered feeling that something was attacking her and she had got to run. She darted to the door, but 'Lizy Ann called after her:

"Here, you come an' se' down an' wait for Elbridge. He'll be back along in an hour or so, an' you can ketch a ride."

But Nabby was over the sill, and in a minute fleeing down the field. She could hear 'Lizy Ann at the window calling her, but the call only made her hurry the faster, and she crossed the woods at a breathless pace and went staggering up the lane to her own back door. In the kitchen she sat down to rest and look about her. The kitchen, she knew, must be faced now, with all its tell-tale signs of man's unwilling servitude. They were there, exactly as she imagined them—the cobwebs in the corners, the dust streaks under the stove, and the unwashed breakfast dishes in the sink. Nabby rolled up her sleeves and went to work.

Elbridge was late home because he had had to wait his turn at the blacksmith's; and when he had unharnessed and come in, laden with bundles, he stopped a moment on the sill and stared. The table was set with a shining white cloth; he had done without cloths to save washing, and Nabby, looking over the kitchen drawers for the coarse brown ones, had found a hammer and a collection of nails tumbled in on them, and

had brought out one of her best snow-drop patterns from the linen-chest. The room was warm with the rich smell of ham, and Nabby stood at the stove, frying it. She did not look up, and Elbridge, after his first stare, made no comment. He went into the pantry and unloaded parcels; but when he came back into the kitchen he did sink into a chair as if his legs refused to bear him.

"You want a mite o' tea?" Nabby inquired, deftly breaking an egg into a cup and sliding it into the hot gravy.

"Why, yes," said Elbridge, staring at her every moment in a more fascinated interest. "I guess so. What else ye got?"

"There's a hot rhubarb pie," said Nabby, carelessly. "There, I guess we can se' down."

"I see 'Lizy Ann when I drove by," said Elbridge, putting up the chairs at their places. "That's all folderol about her layin' abed. She was out on the front door-step, sewin'. She said for me to tell you she'd be up to-morrer an' stay to supper."

Nabby was passing him with the platter of ham and eggs. She set it on the table and began to cry.

"There!" said Elbridge. "I told ye so. You've overdone. Now you go an' slip right back into bed." But Nabby was clinging to him and rubbing her face into his sleeve.

"No," she said, "no. I ain't goin' back to bed. I dunno's I shall ever, if I have to set up nights an' all. Oh, Elbridge, do you s'pose I've wore you out?"

"Wore me out?" said Elbridge. "Well, I guess ye ain't. I've took precious good care ye shouldn't, so's 't I could look out for ye long as ye needed it. That's why I ain't kep' swep' up, nor blacked the kitchen sto'. An' it's why I wouldn't have 'Lizy Ann up here to be waited on, for fear I shouldn't git round to doin' for ye both, an' 'twould all come out o' you."

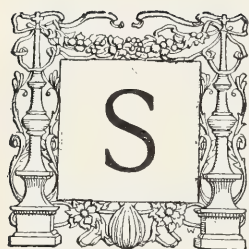
"Oh, Elbridge," said Nabby, looking up from his coat sleeve, "was that the reason?"

"Why, yes," said Elbridge, wonderingly. "What else d'you s'pose it was? Now you le' me git my knife into that ham an' eggs."



Visions of Old Waterways

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD



SOMETIME you will stumble across one of these ancient paths of Commerce, finding its amiable way through a soft and rolling country, stepping up hill and down by decaying locks of stone or timber, halting the gentle traffic of quiet country roads with its ancient swing-bridges or its long water levels. Sometimes Commerce has ceased to tread her old-time paths. The canal no longer halts the farm-wagon or the impetuous automobile; the locks of wood or stone by which it stepped up and down the hills have fallen into decay, weeds grow in stagnant pools in the bottom of the ditches, the berm bank is broken again and again, the tow-path becomes perhaps a shaded country lane. For Commerce hereabouts has seemed to tire of her inland water-paths. In other places, in other lands, she still treads the cross-country highways that man has dug for her convenience and her comfort. In the United States the canal has come into a state of sad decadence. Prophets have brave plans for its renaissance. Some of these have taken concrete form—of which more in a little time. But

at this time canal traffic as a whole is at the ebb tide of its importance.

If you would see the canal in its golden age, take up any atlas of the land, printed from forty to sixty years ago. Here is one. While the printing-press was laboriously making its color-plates, Lee was bringing his army closer and closer to Mason and Dixon's line. The inland-waterway development of the United States at that time was, perhaps, at the highest stage of prosperity. True it was that some of the famous New England canals, planned and built in a "boom era" of canal development, had already proved themselves monumental failures and had been abandoned. But the great rival states of New York and Pennsylvania had not stinted themselves in their canal expenditures, and in 1863 these internal improvements—considerable, as money expenditures went half a century ago—were rightly regarded as having been great stimulants to the interior development of each of these commonwealths. Ohio followed closely upon these older states. She was immensely proud of her canals, as was also Indiana of her own waterway, starting from the Miami Canal, a few miles southwest of Toledo, and following the

valley of the Wabash south to the Ohio River.

For to be a link between deep rivers, broad lakes, in many cases the salt sea or its mighty arms, was early recognized as the best function of the man-dug canal. And with a single exception the canals that met this function were from the beginning the only ones that ever had even a moderate measure of success. The single exception was that of coal. A canal might profitably thrust itself far back into the high hills from the broad rivers that led to the sea, if only those high hills held the thick black treasure that was making industrial America a possibility.

Coal! It was coal that first showed the struggling nation that still clustered within a few hundred miles of the Atlantic seaboard the magnificent terms in which traffic might really be spelled. It was coal that turned the attention of an ambitious young nation from the sailing-fleets that were her pride upon the seven seas to the commercial possibilities within her heart. It was coal—the rugged state of Pennsylvania is as a great fuel-box for the nation—that for a few years turned canal-building from failure into a season of success. As a traffic factor in carrying high-grade products from the interior to the sea, the canal had had a fair trial in New England and had met with utter failure. The railroad, even in the primitive stages of its development, had worsted it. And by 1860 the three important and sizable canals of New England—the historic Middlesex, which ran from Boston to Lowell, the Blackstone, and the Farmington (sometime known as the New Haven & Northampton) had been definitely abandoned.

The coal canals were in the flush of their prosperity. A great state-owned transportation system crossed Pennsylvania, and in 1863 it was still a strange combination of railroad and waterway, although the stretches of canal that ran through the valleys of the Conemaugh and the Juniata and acted as feeders for the once famous Allegheny Portage Railroad were almost obsolete and ready to be abandoned. But it would have been hard to convince any Pennsylvanian of 1863 that the rest of the canal system of

his state was ever likely to be abandoned. He would have pointed to every one of those ancient ditches with a deal of pride: the Beaver Canal, finding its way from the upper reaches of the Ohio to the splendid harbor of Erie, the long, coal-carrying waterways that ran through the valleys of the Susquehanna, the Schuylkill, the Lehigh, and the Delaware—canals crowded almost to the choking-point with a traffic of black, business-like barges. He would have shown you how the coal resources of his state gave birth to three great coal-carrying water highways in neighboring states: the Delaware & Hudson, starting from a little-known wilderness north of Wilkes Barre and finally reaching the brisk port of Rondout on the Hudson; the Morris & Essex, stretching from Easton up the Jersey hills and down again to the very harbor of New York; the Chesapeake & Ohio, reaching from the state's southwestern corner to tide-water on the Potomac at the Federal capital. These three, too, were carriers whose traffic was to be reckoned none too lightly.

How different is the aspect to-day! In fifty years much may happen. Cities may have come and cities may have gone. Empires may have had their being and passed into history. Wizardries of science and the arts, which fifty years ago were regarded as wondrous marvels, are to-day but the merest commonplaces of our every-day life. Fifty years ago the locomotive was, in a comparative sense, a mere toy. People stared at a forty-ton locomotive and exclaimed, "How very wonderful!" To-day a locomotive weighing four hundred tons has ceased to be a matter of comment. In fifty years the mileage of the railroads has increased from 51,000 miles to over 245,000 miles. And to-day the canal, which fifty years ago was still a formidable competitor of the railroad, has ceased to be regarded as a serious traffic factor. In most cases where it is still in use it is maintained for sentimental reasons—or perhaps because its valuable franchise rights make it a matter of political or commercial necessity that it be kept open for traffic.

If to-day you would see these ancient

pathways of American commerce once again, you can find them close at hand—if you chance to live almost anywhere along the North Atlantic seaboard. If it so happens that you are a resident of the city of New York you can see the beginnings of what was once one of the most famous of the coal-carrying canals by taking a ferry-boat and going to Jersey City. But if you would see the Morris & Essex Canal at a still better advantage, board a suburban train at Hoboken, which will bring you within an hour's quick running to some of the most interesting portions of this old waterway. It is still maintained, after a fashion, although Commerce rarely comes nowadays to ripple its placid surfaces, and Traffic does not disturb the boys who find that it provides delightful swimming-holes. Its plane-cables and hoists grow rusty, and the water itself mocks at the stout wooden aqueducts that man made to hold it by dripping steadily and discouragingly from every one of them.

But in its day the Morris & Essex was an engineering enterprise to be regarded in no satirical vein. In its even hundred miles of sinuous twistings and turnings it crossed a pretentious range of New Jersey hills. Sixty miles from New York—at Stanhope—it had climbed

914 feet from its terminal at the Hudson River. Beyond Stanhope there is a descent of 760 feet to the waters of the Delaware. For a canal to climb nine hundred feet up and seven hundred feet down meant, and still means, engineering. To the minds of the men who first planned it there must have come appal-

ling visions of locks, not merely by the dozens, but by the hundreds. After the fashion of most engineers, they found an easier way out of their difficulties. By the use of twenty-three inclined planes on the two slopes of their waterway they brought down their water liftage to the same number of locks. The twenty-three planes raised or lowered the barges 1,449 feet; the twenty-three locks together represented 205 feet of ascent or descent.

It was a bold piece of engineering for the third decade of the last century; building long, steep boat railroads, in which the barges, cargo and all, might be carried in cradles up and down sharp hills, hills that would otherwise have defied the genius of canal-builders.

Even to-day, when the inclined planes are in their decadence, so rusted that the operation of the two or three barges that sometimes still come to them is a fearful task, they are impressive. The earlier America had its engineers. Their precedents and their inspirations were few. But they did not shrink.

No shrinking generation would ever have built the Morris & Essex Canal, carrying it up and down hills that might almost be called mountains. You can explore Jersey to-day and pay full credit to these early engi-

neers. The old canal will still confront you as a piece of work worth while—not only in these unusual planes, but in its sturdy aqueducts, and as it threads busy Newark, blindly burrowing under the entire length of the ancient market-house of that brisk manufacturing community.



THE LOCK-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER



A HALT AT THE LOCKS

Only a few miles farther to the south, and running in a generally parallel course, is the other New Jersey canal—the Raritan. It is a gentle pathway, finding an easy course through low hills and across broad meadows. As an engineering work it was never to be compared with the mountain-threading Morris & Essex, but as a water highway it is likely to be in existence many years after the other is gone, if not forgotten. For each year sees the end of the Morris & Essex closer at hand. It is expensive to maintain. It is obsolete. In a generation that prates of efficiency it is quite impossible. Commerce has turned its back upon it. To-day it is only Sentiment that demands that the water flow into the levels and that oil be poured into the machines that drive the plane-cables. And Sentiment must know that she is waging a hopeless battle.

But Commerce has not entirely turned her back upon the Raritan Canal. While the boys who still go down to Princeton to learn their "p's and q's" may regard it chiefly as a near-by playground, stanch steam craft still use it as a pathway from the Hudson to the Delaware. And Commerce holds a promise of far greater usefulness to the Raritan. It is an important link in a chain of inland waterways that is being developed close behind the Atlantic shore—all the way from Boston to a point well below Cape Hatteras. Up on Cape Cod giant steam-dredges are busily engaged giving the final touches to a brand-new canal that will cease to make the journey outside of that cape a terror to the captains of smaller craft. This new canal connects with Long Island Sound, and by routes skirting the congested island of Manhattan has inside connection with the



THE CANAL IS A JOY TO THE CANOEIST

end of the Raritan Canal near Perth Amboy. Down through quiet Jersey towns—New Brunswick, Bound Brook, and Princeton—stretches this fine old waterway. It has never been allowed to fall into decadence.

At Trenton it reaches the Delaware, and at Bordentown, six miles below, and famous as the one-time residence of a Bonaparte, it loses its identity in that great river. Somewhere below Philadelphia another canal thrusts itself from the Delaware—out of the right bank this time, and across a short neck of land into the head-waters of Chesapeake Bay and the navigable waterways that stretch for several thousand miles through the flat portions of Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, and North Carolina.

This is the Chesapeake & Delaware Canal. It is little known, yet not only is it readily inspected, but its inspection quickly becomes one of the most delightful single-day trips near the seaboard. For the Chesapeake & Delaware Canal

has been in service for more than eighty years and has never lost one whit of its usefulness. Not only does a heavy freight traffic find its way through the stout old ditch, but through it also come passenger-craft: night boats between Baltimore and Philadelphia—in summertime, day boats as well.

In the early morning you may start from Philadelphia and for two or three hours steam down the Delaware, which is gradually transforming itself from a mighty river into an estuary of the sea. Suddenly, when the quiet little towns upon the west bank have become so far inland as to be all but indistinguishable, your steamer turns sharply and you make for one of the smallest of these little towns. It quickly takes shape—a cupola or two, a few spires, red-bricked houses showing their gables through foliage, a fort near by.

“Delaware City,” the captain of the steamer tells you.

And when you look more closely you

can see the beginning of the canal—in a little park right at the river's edge. If it is Sunday there will be many people in the park, for the coming of the steamboat is an affair of moment. There is a lock at the beginning of the canal—a tiny affair, not more than eleven inches rise at the flow of the tide, but it marks the beginnings of 'cross-country fascination.

'Cross-country fascination comes leisurely in the canal. The boat's engines go to quarter-speed, for the captain will tell you that she is held rigidly to a speed of four miles an hour. The banks are difficult to maintain, at the best, and both constant vigilance and constant repair are necessary to keep the canal from suddenly spreading over the farmlands round about and leaving Traffic stranded in the middle of a dry field.

But who would go rapidly up such a pathway as this? This is the place for a comfortable chair on the shady side of the deck, a pipe, a good book, and a little heart-searching.

The flatlands give way to a watershed ridge. The canal makes one ascent, then

cuts directly through the backbone of that ridge, which separates Delaware from Maryland. In 1829, when men were struggling to dig the Chesapeake & Delaware Canal, this must have been the Culebra Cut of that day. Even now it is impressive: steep-walled and silent, and spanned half its length by a very high railroad bridge, whose center pier bears the lettered record of the builders of the waterway. Sometimes the canal widens—after the fashion of passing sidings upon a single-track railroad—and there you will meet a variety of craft bound in the opposite direction: the up boat from Baltimore, freighters a-plenty, stout barges and tugs, sometimes a sailing-vessel being hauled impotently through the canal under tow. These craft are all peopled, and remarks are always in order. And if you are done with your morning paper and toss it into a wheel-house window, your memory there will be a pleasant one for a long time. The daily papers do not reach quickly down into the back country.

Thirteen miles of this slow, steady, dignified progress, and you are likely to



WHERE BOATS CLIMB HILLS

find yourself wishing that the canal led straight to the wharves of Baltimore itself. But in a little over three hours you are at Chesapeake City—which is no city at all, but a group of hardly more than a dozen houses, painfully white-washed—and the lock-tenders are grinding at their mechanism to let you down into the waters of Back Creek, which in turn gives to the Elk River, one of the important feeding streams of Chesapeake Bay. Your journey through one of the oldest and best of our canals is done, and you will probably find yourself wishing that it had just begun.

From Baltimore a fine variety of inland water routes await you, and if you are fortunate enough to be the possessor of a motor-boat you will find still more canals upon those water routes. From Norfolk there is a short but fairly busy ditch south through the Dismal Swamp into the waters of Pamlico Sound, but the most interesting of canals is the one that finds its way along the Potomac, north and west from Washington. In a strict sense, however, the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal begins at Georgetown, at a point not far below the famous aqueduct bridge.

All the way up the Potomac to Cumberland is the pathway of this once powerful coal-carrier—whose lasting pride it is that General George Washington was its first president. Once powerful, we said: for the Chesapeake & Ohio is kept alive only because it has become so enmeshed in court tangles that it is quite impossible to abandon it. Once it was abandoned, but its owners began quarreling, with the unlooked-for result that it was repaired and put in order once again. Coal still traverses the old canal, although in decreasing tonnage each year. But to the young government clerks in Washington it is brimful of delight—the old lock-keepers within twenty miles of the Federal capital seem never to tire of opening and shutting the heavy gates upon whole flotillas of canoes and regiments of laughing and chattering boys and girls. And the man who has plenty of time on his hands can afford to wait for B——'s boat. B—— has a fondness for good company, a neat if not elaborate craft as well. For remarkably few dollars he will give you a memorable trip all the way up to Cumberland if you wish, and, if you still wish, all the way back again. He expatiates upon that trip, upon the friendly way in.



THE INTIMATE BACK YARDS OF MOLDERING TOWNS



THE CANAL BURROWS UNDER CITIES

which you will plow in the back yards of the moldering river towns, upon the scenic glories of Harper's Ferry and the war-time reminiscences that will come crowding in upon you. As you get nearer Cumberland the high hills crowd more closely in upon the narrowing Potomac and the three man-made highways that follow it—the canal, the railroad, and the historic National Turnpike—have difficulty in finding their way through the crevasses. Once the canal gives it up, and B—— will tell you how his boat finds its way for almost half a mile through a very old tunnel indeed, the mule-boys going ahead with their lighted torches.

In Pennsylvania a few of the old coal-carrying canals in the eastern part of the state still remain, but their traffic fades year by year. You will remember that the waterways across the state from Harrisburg to Pittsburg disappeared almost half a century ago. The Schuylkill Canal, one of the most picturesque of artificial waterways, extending from Philadelphia to Mount Carbon, made a

stubborn fight for the anthracite-carrying trade against the railroad—the canal's natural adversary—and almost held its own. For a long time it seemed as if it might reserve a decent traffic and some slight dividend capacity for itself. But a dozen years or more ago its slender earnings turned into deficits, and in 1904 it ceased its existence.

But all these anthracite-carriers fade before the importance of the Delaware & Hudson Canal—even though that far-famed ditch came to its end full twenty years ago. For it really gave birth in America to the railroad—that sturdy young adversary that the canal throttled for a little time and that finally rose to take the rôle of conqueror. A group of brilliant young engineers had brought it from the great tide-water river of New York at Rondout, up and through the valleys of the Shawangunks, the upper Delaware, and the Lackawaxon, to the little Pennsylvania town of Honesdale. There it was halted. The stiff backbone of Moosic Mountain, rising some twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, confronted it. And



JOURNEY'S END

somewhere in the wild country beyond Moosic Mountain was the black treasure that it sought to reach.

The genius of the canal engineers rose to the opportunity. Somewhere overseas a young man by the name of George Stephenson had built a steam-engine to haul cars upon rails. They called it a "locomotive," and the vague reports that came from afar said that it was already in successful operation between Manchester and Liverpool. The idea of a railroad was not entirely new. At Rondout there began a road built with a parallel row of smooth, long stones, to give the easiest wheelway for heavy wagons. It extended for more than a hundred miles through the Catskills to Oneonta, Cooperstown, and the rich back country. That was and still is a form of crude railroad. And at the time that John B. Jervis, Horatio Allen, and the other directing minds of the Delaware & Hudson turned toward a railroad for the conquest of Moosic Mountain, Gridley Bryant, at Quincy, Massachusetts, had for three years been transport-

ing stone for the Bunker Hill monument over a short link of crude railroad. Gridley Bryant used flanged wheels upon his road, and it was so great a curiosity that a public house was opened near by for the entertainment of the folk who came from afar to inspect it.

But these earliest roads relied upon horses for hauling their wagons or cars. It was evident that horses could not handle enough tons of anthracite to fill the barges of the new canal, and so the minds of its engineers turned to the locomotive that Stephenson had developed across the Atlantic. It was a long trip to England in 1828, but Horatio Allen was sent there in a sailing-ship to see the iron horse. He returned with three of them. One of these, the "Strourbridge Lion," was set up at Honesdale in the summer of 1829. On the ninth day of August in that summer, after many doubts and misgivings, Allen drove the "Strourbridge Lion" over a stretch of track that had been laid from the canal dock, and the canal had given birth to its own greatest adversary.

One short link of the Delaware & Hudson Canal still remains—stretching inland for ten or twelve miles from the Hudson at Rondout. To follow the ancient waterway for that ten or a dozen miles makes one of the most delightful tramps imaginable. Kingston is a smart and handsome county-seat. Rondout is its water-gate. A cluster of tugs are rusting their mechanisms out at those docks, for the freight traffic on even the Hudson itself has suffered a great decline. And Rondout is hardly a shadow of the Rondout that was in the days when Commerce throbbed upon the Delaware & Hudson Canal. Her coal-storage docks have long since been emptied. Boys play baseball where miniature mountains of anthracite used to rise, and spiders have made their webs over the steps of the high-set canal office—worn smooth in the long ago by the heavy footfalls of the captains coming to file their weighings and their reports.

From shadowy Rondout up the creek of the same name for two miles, to the first of the canal works at the tiny hamlet of Eddyville; past more moldering industry: ruined warehouses, empty wharves once crowded with barges to receive cargoes of blue-stone flagging—for you must know that in the ancient county of Ulster the sidewalk industry once flourished. It has gone. You have only to look across Rondout Creek to see where. High perched upon the opposite bank is modern Industry, that knows not the coming of night nor of rest. A steel tentacle of the railroad reaches into it, and ceaselessly it throbs in grinding out the stone of the high hills. It is bringing out from those hills one of the fundamentals of concrete—that supple and favorite agent of the constructing engineers of to-day.

At Eddyville, Rondout Creek rushes over a sharp decline. There the old canal first puts its feet into tide-water. A short lock and then a wide basin. At



THE LOCK-KEEPER

the far side of the pool a neat wooden house is built over a water-filled slip. You can peer within the windows of that house and see the giant scale that measured boat, cargo, and all — a "weigh-lock," to use the phrase of old-time canal engineers. A watchman will rouse him-

he will tell you of the days when Traffic was proud to plow the waters of the Delaware & Hudson, of the days when the pay-roll boat went on its errand of rejoicing one hundred miles in two days. The path was cleared for it; it had indeed the right of way. And the mules

that were chosen for its service were speedy as well as trustworthy.

Nowadays the "upper level" is well-nigh deserted, save for the "put-put" of an occasional motor-boat. But if you make this tramp along the tow-path enough times you will meet, sooner or later, a boy or a horse, and turn aside to let them pass. Behind the horse there stretches a dripping rope, and the rope is pulling an ancient barge — not a ghost from the long ago, but a load of sand



GETTING DINNER

self from his noontime sleep and show you the weigh-lock in all its cumbersome impressiveness. He will lead you into the small, immaculate office, lift a cover, and show you the scale itself, with its long brass balance arm longer than a tall man is tall. It is immaculately polished and tenderly poised, although it is twenty years since it really bended to its work, and there is little likelihood that another coal-barge will ever come to the weigh-lock.

"Sometimes I dream of this old place getting busy once again," the watchman will tell you as he replaces the scale-cover with loving care. "And the upper level a-crowded with barges and the barges a-filled with coal and the gossip from Port Jervis an' Honesdale way."

If you permit him to grow reminiscent

coming from the distant hills: the one excuse that perpetuates the single link of the Delaware & Hudson.

That is all. For up the canal, Industry continues to molder: at Creek Locks, where it says a final good-bye to the Rondout, the ancient gates grow fast in their sockets, and a little farther you will pass a one-time harbor with old hulks rotting beyond hope of removal at its sides. Industry has decayed. The hills are honeycombed, but they are hills with their hearts burned out, the very life-blood sapped from their veins. From these hills came the beginnings of the cement industry, the very foundations of the age of concrete. But in the place of the rich secretions to-day are resounding caverns—fit to have been the palace of an emperor of prehistoric times.

Rosendale is wildly and romantically beautiful. But Rosendale has felt the canker of a decaying canal and has decayed, too. And a little way beyond, the canal ceases to be—in a weed-filled bog of stagnant water, backing against a charred lock. Beyond it is a ditch dry as an open highway, and the ingenious suspension aqueduct at High Falls, which proudly bears the name of the first officers and engineers of the Delaware & Hudson Canal, to-day is traversed by a mere cow-path.

But the canal can be traced for many miles. If you are a real tramp and possessed with a zest for quiet adventure, you may follow it all the way up and back to the Pennsylvania hills. Sometimes the trail grows faint, but it is never quite indistinguishable. There are long sections where a branch railroad follows its bed, even to thrusting its rails between the masonry walls of the old locks themselves. But the canal in this deep valley of the Huguenots under the half-day shade of the Shawangunks is merely a memory of twenty years ago. The world changes rapidly, even in twenty years, and there are men and girls in the valley grown to maturity who never heard of Port Jackson or Port Benjamin or Middleport. Flippant modern names have come to replace them in the valley.

At the upper end of the old Delaware & Hudson one monumental landmark still remains—the erstwhile aqueduct across the Delaware & Lackawaxon. It is a sturdy wooden structure, wondrously fashioned. For sixty-five years it has defied the fearful springtime floods down the Delaware—floods that have played havoc with more modern and elaborate bridges. To-day it is itself a highway bridge of importance. And where the slow-moving coal-barges once made their weary way the automobile has quick and easy flight.

All this time we have neglected the greatest of the man-made waterways of inland America—the Erie Canal. Beside it, all others have paled in comparison. It was the inspiration that led to the construction of many, many hundreds of other miles of canal, the suggestion that established one of the most

important of our railroads, the commercial cause for the beginning of the most powerful state and city of the nation. And while the Erie Canal, like many of its contemporaries, has suffered a sad decline in traffic, its owners, the residents of the state of New York, have never ceased to regard it as a traffic factor. Within the past decade they have been spending a sum roughly put at \$128,000,000 for rebuilding it and making of it a modern freight-carrier.

There has been much discussion as to the wisdom of this great expenditure upon the old waterway. But the fact remains that nearly all of it has been expended (the enlarged canal is expected to be ready for its barges late in the summer of 1915) and that the result has been an engineering work of moment. The engineers like to speak of the new canal as New York State's own Panama, and they will tell you how a single one of the states has spent one-third of the money and obtained a canal which, in its cubic dimensions, at least, is fully half the size of the famous ditch down on the isthmus, to say nothing of being ten times as long.

But Sentiment clings closely to the older ditch—still undisturbed for many miles at a time; for the engineers of to-day have carried its successor right through the beds of rivers and of lakes. In other days that was quite impossible. The early engineers whose genius evoked the Erie Canal had a wholesome respect for the spring floods down the Mohawk, and for a hundred miles they built their ditch parallel to the river—even through the narrow *impasse* at Little Falls, where a century and a quarter ago the Western Inland Navigation Company placed its stone locks. You must remember that for almost three hundred years the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk have formed a natural pathway to the Great Lakes and the country around and beyond them. Commerce has never scorned this natural pathway. That is why there are six through railroad tracks in the valleys, to say nothing of the canal. And the canal is soon to be made worthy of Commerce in a new century.

You can see them building the new water-path all the way from Waterford on the Hudson to Tonawanda, which is

virtually at the foot of Lake Erie. In the Mohawk Valley giant dredges and shovels have stood knee-deep in the river for several years now; huge structures of concrete and steel have begun to emerge from its bed. Your engineer of to-day merely laughs at the threats of springtime floods. He has dammed the river again and again, and when he is done and his dams and locks have gone into service, it will be as wide and as deep as the upper Hudson—a splendid new stream flowing out of the heart of the state of New York.

The new canal continues to be a splendid engineering work—for many a mile beyond the head-waters of the Mohawk. It traverses Oneida Lake, and then a little way to the west of that fine sheet of water parallels the south shore of Lake Ontario all the way to Lake Erie. In that section it crosses the natural waterways at right angles, and is an entirely artificial creation, as was the old canal.

Still, Sentiment clings closely to that older ditch. It passes through the hearts of all the New York State towns, and while outwardly they profess to scoff at it, secretly they rather love it, for they know that it was the beginning of their prosperity. They even endure the long waits at the lift-bridges rather patiently, perhaps because their fathers and their grandfathers had to endure it. Even in such large towns as Syracuse and Rochester is this true. Their street traffic is halted to let stout white barges, laden with grain or cement or brick or lumber, make their amiable and leisurely journey through their centers. Yet who shall deny the ineffable charm that the old canal with its traffic gives to Rochester or Syracuse, or the threescore of lesser towns along its banks? When it is gone—for the new canal is immensely practical, and reaches these larger places by laterals and modern harbor terminals—the older folk will experience a definite sense of loss.

The older canal men are beginning to feel already that definite sense of loss. Talk with any one of them. Stand upon one of the white, high-set, wooden bridges until a barge comes poking her way along. Then drop gently upon it and hunt out the captain. You will be

welcome. Canal life is at its best a rather lonely life, and visitors are almost always welcome.

"Two years more and the old Erie will be just history," the captain tells you as he stands by his well-worn steering-wheel. "Just a forgotten ditch, like the Genesee Valley and the Chenango an' all the rest of them. When the '*Lida Ann*' and me come onto this old ditch there was a canal system in this York State—an' no stretchin' the word."

His craft is the *Alida Ann*, and the gay lettering upon her stern is not so faded but that you may see that she hails from Port Byron, which is in Cayuga County.

"Take '67. There was a year," resumes the captain. "The firs' year we begun our travels an' the year when the old Erie carried almos' eight million tons of freight east from Buffalo, and the biggest of the railroads was glad to get half that figure. We had between eight and ten thousand boats in the ditch that year, and it was a poor craft that couldn't make at least four round trips a season between Buffalo and Coenties Slip or Erie Basin, which is where we tied up at New York. You could see the wheels go round in those days."

You ask a question of the captain:

"You will put the '*Lida Ann*' in the new canal?" you suggest.

"Not I," he says, slowly. "They're goin' to have steam-vessels there—boats of a thousand tons' burthen, and even bigger. All that's a little too much for an old man like me."

He explains that he owns a farm on one of the lovely hills that look down upon Auburn, and you feel that it must be a splendid farm—for the '*Lida Ann*' bears many evidences of prosperity. Her tiny cabin is immaculate. There are potted flowers in the windows, a phonograph, and a row of well-thumbed books upon the table. And when you are asked to stay to dinner you may very well feel flattered. For Mrs. Captain is a cook—and no straining of the word. You feel that when you sit at her comfortable table.

"What fish is this?" you ask.

"Carp," the captain will tell you. "I put 'em in a crock of salt water for two days, an' they taste like lobster."

And so they do.

"They're getting scarcer," he adds. "All this new work has killed 'em up on the west end o' th' Erie."

You foolishly put in a good word for the engineering wonders of the new barge canal. The captain turns upon you in fine scorn. Did you never appreciate the toil that went to the building of the old Erie Canal? Did you ever see the Richmond aqueduct—that wonderful masonry construction half hidden in the marshes of the vast Montezuma swamp? Did you not know that the aqueduct over the Genesee at Rochester was once reckoned among the seven wonders of the world? And were you ever at Lockport, where the old canal literally walked up five great granite steps nicked into an almost mountainous ridge?

Indeed you had been at Lockport. As a boy you went there and wondered at that double row of giant locks, with a steady stream of vessels ascending and descending them—in and out of the romantic gorge, surmounted by the high-springing walls of the pump-works. Alas for Lockport! It, too, has faded. The pump-works, which once employed some twelve hundred men, have moved away. The emptied buildings have been ravaged by fire. Their ruined walls rise high above the canal gorge—giving the entire place a pathetic and decadent look, just as the small forest of underbrush growing in and out of the once elaborate canal terminal slips at Albany gives that place an air of melancholy desolation.

But Lockport may take heart. One row of the old granite locks has gone. In its place have come two giant new locks of concrete, to lure Commerce back into her old-time path—splendid engineering constructions of the new era, with solid gates of steel weighing as much as small ships, and yet so delicately poised that they can be swung by a slight electric motor. But the captain and his kind will have none of them.

"There won't be any fun a-goin' through those electric locks," he argues,

"an' I guess they're rather too new-fangled for the ol' fellows along the Erie. You know we get the news at the locks—how Billy Bennett at Lock Berlin's fell an' broke his leg—you know that was the same leg that was shot there at Chancellorsville; how the *Sadie S.* has sunk jus' east of Gasport—guess they won't try to raise that ol' hulk again. We ol' fellows like that sort o' talk."

So it goes. The old clings to the old. It will be a long time before Sentiment veers from the Erie and its mighty traditions to this trim new ditch that a hundred millions of dollars has wrought in its place.

Will Commerce ever return to these old pathways? It is doubtful. Even the wisest of the men who have watched the building of the new Erie have shaken their heads in their perplexity. They have gone abroad: to Manchester, through Germany and through France, in a searching hunt for plans that will make it of real service to the State as well as a vital link in the water chain that stretches all the way from Duluth to the sea. It is quite perplexing. The problem of the Erie Canal was not settled by New York State through the mere expenditure of its dollars. Commerce is shy. Commerce must be enticed to this fine new pathway that has been prepared for her.

In the mean time decay seems to fasten more and more closely upon these disappearing pathways. Commerce must have forgotten. If Commerce could only remember once again—could see her fleets of yesterday rubbing their blunt noses against the berm banks as they wait for admittance to the slow workings of the locks, could espy the brisk packets with their decks filled with passengers, whose very anticipations seem quickened at thoughts of fried chicken and waffles at the old tavern beyond the wide waters! But Commerce does not remember. Commerce is—Commerce. Yet sometimes Sentiment steals at dusk down the waterways and revives the triumphs of their youth.

The Idealist

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING



RICHARD MASEFIELD sat back in his office chair. "I guess that will be about all," he said as he pushed the papers away.

"Yes," replied Denforth, gathering the papers together, "it's a big business," he added, cheerfully. "You ought to be satisfied—and Dick."

"Yes—it's a big business," Masefield repeated, mechanically, and he suppressed a sigh.

Denforth shot a swift glance at him and looked down at the papers as a firm knock at the door drew Masefield's abstracted eyes to it.

"Come in," he said, impatiently.

A compact, bright-faced young man stepped in. His blue eyes instantly comprehended the room and its occupants.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Masefield," he said, respectfully. "These are the contracts you asked for." He laid them on the desk, bowed courteously to Denforth, and withdrew.

"You'd better take them along, too," said Masefield.

Denforth nodded and swept them into the pile before him. "That was young Robley, wasn't it? I haven't seen him for a long time. Fine-looking chap."

"Yes, and just as fine as he looks," replied Masefield.

"Built to get on—from the start, I should say?"

"Yes, and he's gone—just as far as he *can* go. He's manager now." Again Denforth's sensitive ear caught a suppressed sigh, and again he looked up quickly. The two were lifelong friends; they called each other by boyhood names, and he had never known Richard Masefield for a sighing man.

Another knock.

"Oh—come in!" cried Masefield, irritably. "That you, Dick?" he added in a different tone to the tall young fellow who lounged in.

"It's I, dad." He nodded to Denforth, who greeted him with the smile he could never refuse to Emily Masefield's son. The boy was a weird replica of his mother—a tall, handsome lad, bearing himself with a certain slender lassitude, and with something undeveloped about the lips and chin.

"I just dropped in," said Dick, helping himself to a match from his father's match-safe, "to see if I could motor you out to the game."

His father surveyed him with an odd mixture of expressions, in which it was hard to say whether affection, amusement, or irritability dominated.

"Can't you see," said he, "that I am engaged with Mr. Denforth?"

"Take you both out?" said Dick, amiably. He lighted his cigarette with deftness, yet deliberation; there was a leisurely and capturing grace in every movement the boy made, which set Denforth smiling again. Masefield did not smile.

"Did you look up that matter I asked about?" he said.

Dick puffed once or twice. "Robley did—"

"It was *you* I asked," said his father, sharply.

"I know; but you said, too, you were in a hurry, and Robley knows all about those things."

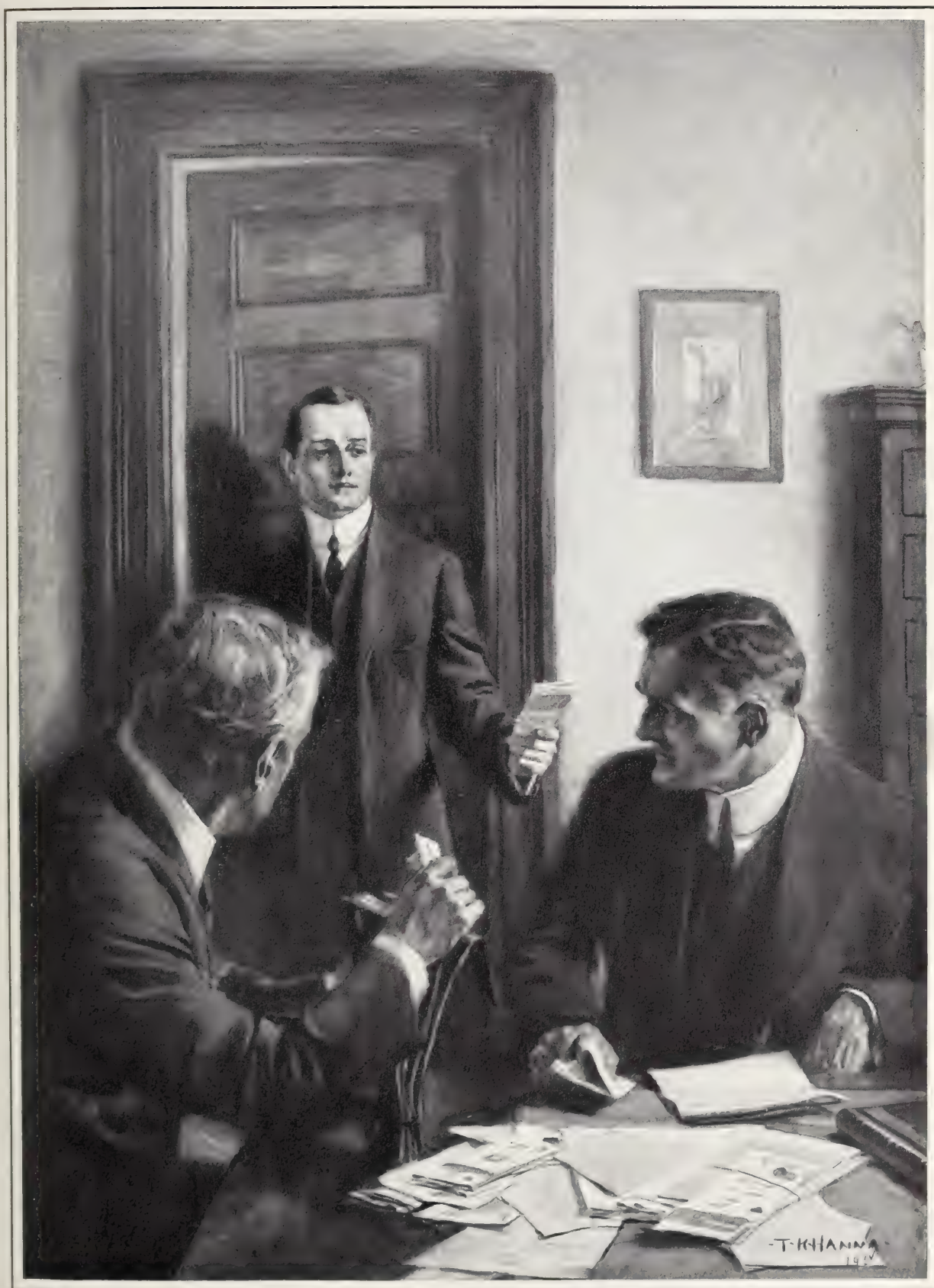
Mr. Masefield made no comment.

Dick took his long length down from the desk. "Then you won't come?" The tone was ingratiating. Both men shook their heads.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what; I'll come round after the game, dad, and motor you out home."

"Oh, very well," replied his father, dryly, while his son took graceful farewell of Denforth; then as the door closed behind the young man he looked up, shrugged slightly, and said, dryly still, "That's Dick!"

"And Dick," Denforth quoted lightly,



Drawn by T. K. Hanna

"THESE ARE THE CONTRACTS YOU ASKED FOR"

still under the influence of that meeting with the shade of Emily Masefield, "is 'still young'—in fact, he's quite one of the youngest things I know."

To his surprise his old friend turned upon him. "Why do you say that? For God's sake let's have *one* place where we can say things as they are. It's not youth that ails Dick."

"What, then?" Denforth was too taken aback to make the obvious, decent pretense that nothing ailed Dick.

"Character—the lack of it. God knows. I wish *I* did," said the father. He flung himself back in his revolving chair, reached for the match-safe, and held out his open cigar-case to Denforth. "Sit down a minute. It will do me good to have this out."

Denforth reseated himself; he was not so sure it would do *him* good.

"You said a moment ago that I ought to be a happy man," said Masefield, between puffs. "*Can* any man be happy who has spent his life in building up something just to see it pulled down?"

Denforth was embarrassed.

"You think, then, Dick will pull it down?" he asked at last.

"He won't have to; it will fall down of itself in his hands."

Denforth took full advantage of that bulwark and refuge which his cigar was, but, as Masefield gave no sign of breaking the silence, he spoke at last.

"What makes you take so dark a view of it, Richard. Dick's a good boy, isn't he?"

"There's nothing specially bad about him," said his father. "There's nothing special about him in any way. He's just like ten thousand others—pleasure-loving, self-indulgent, amiable, well-meaning, but there's nothing stable, nothing solid, nothing *real*; nothing to build upon or to count upon."

"Aren't these the faults of youth?"

"Of *some* youth, yes," answered Masefield, bitterly. And again Denforth stared. He had never known Richard for a bitter man.

"Do you suppose," said Masefield, sarcastically, "I didn't use that old excuse until I wore it out? But it's no use; I'm not good at fooling myself with excuses; I'm a man used to facing facts and dealing with them. I did that"—he

made a wide gesture toward the window of the sky-scraper, which Denforth knew was meant to embrace the industrial city below, the city of Masefield's own creation—"I did *that* by facing facts and dealing with them. And the fact that Dick is my own son doesn't—for me—alter the other fact—that he's a failure."

"Oh, come," protested Denforth, but the other interrupted him.

"You used the word 'youth'; well, you saw that young foreman of mine; how much older than Dick do you think he is? Barely three years." He added, slowly, "He's been a man for at least ten." And more slowly still, "The only son of his mother, and she a widow—Martha Benton's boy."

Denforth was ever so little startled. It must have been the way his friend pronounced the words, rather than the words themselves (which conveyed nothing new), that aroused old and forgotten memories. He looked at Richard this time with the curiosity of a student of human nature. Was Masefield recalling by how narrow a margin he had missed marrying the pretty Martha Benton of college days—and restaurants—a margin as narrow as that by which Denforth himself had missed marrying Emily Masefield, for it had been her meeting with Richard that fatal college class-day which had made her Richard's—not his. Was it possible Richard was now thinking that if he *had* married Martha Benton this might have been his son—this achieving youth with the blue eyes and clear, high forehead? A chivalrous jealousy for the woman who had rejected him seized Denforth.

"Aren't you a bit unfair—to Dick? You know what the spur of necessity is to men."

"Unfair! Good Lord, Denny! there are times when I'm so jealous for poor Dick myself that I—can't bear to see that other around. And as for Emily—"

"As for Emily—?" repeated Denforth, with the intensity of interest that name always evoked.

"I—I sometimes think she almost hates him."

Denforth elevated his eyebrows.

"Hates him—? *Emily*?"

"Oh, of course not—really—and she wouldn't own it even to herself if she

did. But she isn't a fool, and there's the constant contrast—everything Dick ought to do done by Robley.”

“No—she isn't a fool,” repeated Denforth, thoughtfully, “and she *is*—”

“A mother,” Masefield concluded for him. “The truth is”—he rose and looked out at the window—“it's just breaking my heart”—his voice broke a little also—“to think of all *that*—going into incompetent hands.”

“Then why put it in incompetent hands?” asked Denforth, glancing at the papers on the table significantly.

“I must. I can't put it off any longer; there's no decent pretext. Dick's finished college—Heaven knows how he got through—and he's fooled away a year abroad, and a couple of years here, nominally ‘learning the business’—the years in which young Robley has been getting up in the whole of it!” He threw this in bitterly. “And he'll be twenty-five next month. He'll have to come into the partnership some time; it would better be now, while—”

“Why, necessarily—” began Denforth, but Masefield turned sharply on his heel to face him.

Do you think I can break Emily's heart? *Of course* her son comes in!”

“Oh, some day—that's understood—”

“Of course,” Masefield said, more to himself than Denforth, “while I'm here it doesn't so much matter; it's after—”

“Exactly!” Denforth caught at the relief. “While you're here, Dick—in or out of the firm—doesn't really count, and we don't have to face that ‘after’ now. You may outlive even Dick.” He looked appraisingly and with sudden appreciation at his friend's erect and handsome figure; at the clear color of his fine face, with its yet untouched outline of chin and jaw, and the becoming hint of silver in his thick hair. Richard Masefield was a handsomer man to-day than in his handsome youth.

“There isn't a year of life in me,” said Masefield, quietly. At Denforth's incredulous stare, he lifted a finger and laid it nonchalantly on his breast pocket. “Heart!” he said, laconically.

“Impossible! What doctor have you seen?” exclaimed Denforth.

“All of them,” said Masefield with a shrug—and it was that shrug which

somehow carried conviction to Denforth.

“How long have you known?” he asked, low, after a moment.

“Almost a year.” Reading the question in Denforth's eyes, he answered it abruptly, “No, I've not told her—yet.” Again he turned and stared out of the window. This time Denforth was sure he was not looking at his city.

“I believe in my soul,” murmured Masefield at last, “I've worried myself into it.” His sigh was unsuppressed.

“It will break Dick's heart.” Denforth caught himself already speaking in a lowered tone of voice, as if there were a death in the house.

“No,” replied Masefield, quietly, “not Dick's! And he needn't know—yet.” With the word he seemed to recover himself. “You see now why I *must* settle things—why there's no time to lose. And there's only one way to settle them. Oh, of course there are minor safeguards; I shall do all I can to have Robley retained as adviser, but—in the end—Dick comes in. Emily, you know, idolizes him.” His voice changed subtly as he spoke his wife's name. A throb of pity and pain went through Denforth's heart; he moved to his friend's side.

“And you—and you?” he asked, incoherently.

“Oh,” Masefield replied, lightly, “it doesn't matter about me; I've had my innings, you know”; but his eyes looked a fleeting, dumb gratitude—the gratitude of a soul already shut in to some immense loneliness.

“Emily!” gasped Denforth. “This will kill her—”

Richard's face changed as if it had been suddenly lighted from within, and he made no attempt to hide it. It struck Denforth, indeed, that he was all at once being allowed to see the hidden things of years, as if his friend had already put away the small pretenses in which the living decently veil themselves but with which the dead can dispense. Nothing could so have added to his sense of finality. That Masefield's love for his wife was one of those rare and dominating passions which endure even in the life of the great financier, he had always, of course, known, but he had accepted

that as accounted for by the woman Masefield had married. Denforth could not imagine Emily Masefield as loved in any other way. It was of the very quality of her to inspire such love. Now, for the first time, it occurred to him that part of the miracle such a love always is had been inherent in Richard also; he had brought his contributing flame to the divine fire.

"Oh, Emily"—Masefield spoke softly, with again that subtle intonation—"can't help idolizing and idealizing—even *me*. That only makes a reason the more why Dick, our only son, should come in. She'll—miss me less. Besides, in the natural order he must. And besides that, I couldn't bring myself to deal Dick such a blow."

"It would come hard, certainly. But—Dick in business!"

"Exactly!" Masefield smiled a wry smile. "Dick—in business!"

"Now if it were only that young Robley," mused Denforth. "*He* seems made for it."

Masefield smote the desk with a sudden fist. "He is!—made for it, born for it, equipped for it in every way; he could come in to-morrow and run the whole thing virtually as well as I."

Denforth mused again. "There ought to be *some* way. You couldn't put him in as—as senior partner, with Dick?"

"Put him in over Dick—over Emily's son? You ask it!"

"There must be *some* way," persisted Denforth. "Have you talked it over with—Emily?"

"Talked it over? It's not a thing to be talked over. When Dick was in petticoats it was understood I was building up the business for him."

"Ah! but it was a little business then—Dick's size; now it concerns a good many more than even Dick and you and Emily."

"About eighteen thousand more," said Masefield, grimly. "I can't help that, Denforth." He arrested by a gesture what his friend would say. "Not if it concerned eighteen million. I can't break Emily's heart. Her son comes in—on his twenty-fifth birthday; that's next month, and—hurry those papers all you can."

"All right," replied Denforth; but he

was amazed at his friend's obstinacy; he even wondered if illness could be affecting his judgment, and was led to add: "Yet I must say, Richard, there's something all wrong about this—this putting round men in square holes. Dick—and business!"

Masefield made a helpless gesture.

"And there's that other right at your hand and exactly fitting. It's odd, too," Denforth reflected, "how these aptitudes even mold the type; I was noticing it when young Robley stood beside you. Why, he might be your son."

"My God!—you see it!" breathed Masefield.

Denforth started; he wheeled to look straight at his friend, and the lightning conviction which had struck him found full confirmation in that instant before Richard's eyes were averted from his own. His understanding was so instant and complete that it gave him the feeling that he must *always* have known, subconsciously.

"Martha Benton's boy! Martha Benton's boy!" he found himself muttering, while tumultuous thoughts surged through his brain.

"Martha Benton's boy," repeated Masefield, simply. "You see—*now*, how it is; why I can't—*can't* put him over Emily's son."

Denforth said nothing; there was nothing to say.

"The sins of the fathers are sometimes visited where they belong," said Masefield, grimly.

"And Martha Benton—?" Denforth asked it almost mechanically; he was really hunting in his own mind for the memories and shapes of things.

"She was a good girl." Masefield spoke with a terrible impersonality, as the dead may recall their past. "Neither of us—meant any harm—and she went away and met Robley. He was a good man, too—and loved the boy like his own. It wasn't till after his death that I—I got a chance to help. Until his mother died I never saw him. Since then—I've done my best. I've educated him, and—looked after him. He's a wonder—and Emily's son—" He buried his face in his hands. "My God, Denforth, it isn't *fair*!"

"To whom?" thought Denforth.

"*She* didn't deserve it—nor *he*!"

Denforth was silent; there was indeed so very little that could be said.

Masefield felt this, too. The moment of expansion was over; the two mutually labored to raise again between them those decent bars which men do raise between themselves and life—that it may be possible for life to go on. Yet, before the last bar was up there was a pause.

"You'll draw up the papers, then—now that you understand," Richard Masefield said again, quietly. And Denforth, hesitantly:

"You couldn't put him in—even as junior partner?"

Richard looked at him. "No, I can't; it wouldn't be—decent."

"You owe *him* something—" began Denforth, but Masefield rose decisively from his chair.

"I don't owe him—*Emily*," he said, "nor *Emily's* happiness." A mingling of pride and despair came into his eyes. "I tell you, Denforth—he doesn't need help from *me*! He's a strong man, *now*—a stronger and a better than I ever was at my best. He's my right hand; he's everything you'd want and hope a son to be. He's the elder—and the fit one—and *mine*, but I can't—I simply *can't*—It would *kill* Emily if she even suspected—" He stopped short, and his hand strayed suddenly to his heart.

"Yes," said Denforth, aloud; but to himself, "I really believe it would. Don't talk any more," he added, quickly. "All this agitation isn't good for you, Richard."

His friend's eyes, dark with pain, met his. "Even if there *was* a deficiency on my side, you'd think—wouldn't you?—with such a mother—" He sighed wearily. "How do you explain it, Denforth?"

"God knows," was Denforth's gloomy response. He rose and took up the portfolio and his hat.

"I mean to leave Robley ten or fifteen thousand—not enough to excite suspicion, but enough to enable him to start anew if ever Dick and he—" Masefield said, more calmly.

Ten or fifteen thousand! How far would ten or fifteen thousand go, Denforth wondered, looking down in his turn

at the vast network of buildings and yards and chimneys below.

"And of course," Masefield went on, "I shall urge Dick to keep him as manager. Beyond that—you see yourself that I owe it to Emily—to Dick, to—even to Martha."

Denforth waved his hand toward the city at their feet. He struck one last blow for Richard's life-work. "You don't feel you owe anything to—all these?"

Masefield was silent a moment.

"At the very worst," he said at last, "it won't cost one of them what it is costing me—now." Drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Denforth looked at him with pity. "If it were only myself—" said Masefield, and again, as if it had become an habitual gesture, his hand wandered to his heart.

"Oh, well," Denforth spoke, briskly, "it isn't worth while to make too much of anything. Things may take a turn. I'll get these in shape over Sunday, and telephone you Monday."

"Thanks," said Masefield simply, but as he shook hands his grasp tightened till Denforth nearly winced; for one single moment more the natural man—the stark soul—looked out of Richard's eyes into those of his early friend. Denforth's own were dim and his fingers held fast.

"Keep up your courage," he managed to say, cheerfully; "doctors don't know everything."

Masefield smiled—a wry little smile.

"Thanks," he said again, and gently released his hand. Denforth turned away, smitten with that high forbearance of those who, doomed and knowing their fate, and knowing that others know it, still connive at the plausible little lie to save somebody's face. He looked back again from the threshold at his friend. Richard had already moved away with the habit of a man who, concluding one piece of business, turns to the next. He was standing with his hands clasped behind his back, looking out on the city of his creation, and there was not so much of wistfulness as of proud remoteness in his attitude. Already he seemed a thousand miles away.

Denforth thought afterward of the



Drawn by T. K. Hanna

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"ME!" HE EXCLAIMED, "MAKE TROUBLE FOR MY MOTHER?"

two journeys—that from Richard's office to his own week-end destination, and that from the week-end destination to Richard's home—as one consecutive trip, hardly broken by the brief transit to the doors of the country house on whose threshold the yellow envelope was handed to him by the waiting maid.

"This came fifteen minutes ago, sir."

All the way he had been occupied mentally with the interview just concluded and thoughts of Masefield, Emily, Dick, and young Robley—and all the way back the same thoughts were with him, not so much changed as deepened by the fact that Masefield was now the passive instead of the active center.

Dick, coming back from the ball-game, had found his father dead in the office chair. When Denforth, stepping softly in the hushed house, went alone into the room where Masefield lay, still controlling them all from his coffin, it seemed to him that the expression of his friend's face had hardly altered from its weary pride and calm of that last remembered glance, and he could easily envisage him as sinking so, worn out, into the chair where they had found him.

For three days they had stepped softly about the house while people came and went and all the customary things were done, and all that time the secret between his dead friend and himself seemed to Denforth to permeate the very silence. Even if he could have forgotten it, it would inevitably have been brought before him in the presence of the group most continually assembled. For, as inevitably, it was the able young manager who shared with Denforth the task of directing everything connected with the Works and the men—all the pageantry of participation in the event. It was natural to leave Dick to the duty of consoling his mother; to spare both in all that was possible.

Through it all Emily had moved, a tall shadow in her somber garments; Dick, watchful and alert for her, even in his own lethargy of sorrow, never far away. But it was upon young Robley that Denforth came to lean as the principal relief in those trying days, for his definite command of the situation and the quiet efficiency of his ways. Once Denforth had looked up from the dead

man's very face to meet the grave, considering eyes of the young foreman; and once, with a little shock of fatalism, he had seen Mrs. Masefield speaking with him. She was merely giving some instruction; her manner was simple, composed, courteous—nothing more. When he bowed and turned away she stood looking after him for a moment, and there came to Denforth's mind his friend's remembered phrase, "I sometimes think she almost hates him." Poor Richard! Whatever had been the case before his death, it would certainly kill her now to know. When it was necessary to consult her, Denforth knew always where to seek her first—beside her husband; hours she must have stood, looking quietly down at him. And when he saw her looking down thus at her husband's face, he realized she was beholding, not the Richard Masefield, brilliant, able, charming, high-minded, and gallant-hearted, whom he, Denforth, knew and loved; but clay which had held—for her—a spirit loftier far. Masefield had said truly—even him this incorrigible idealist had idealized. Denforth realized also for the first time that she had in fact known a very different Richard Masefield—a Richard whom she had in a manner produced by that very dominant quality of hers. He saw that she overtly and mysteriously influenced everybody about her. It was as though her always seeing the best in others endowed them with that best she saw, and molded them subtly till they acquired that standard of character or action she mentally assigned them. Denforth remembered a little Catholic book he had once seen, in which, among other practices, it was enjoined to "salute interiorly the angels" of those whom we meet. Emily Masefield did exactly this; she habitually saluted the angels of those she met, and their angels responded. She built up about her thus an ideal world in which she moved—idolized in her turn. The disadvantage of this, Denforth reflected, was that it precluded her ever, by any possibility, knowing people as they were—even her son, even her husband. Though perhaps, thought Denforth again, *that* was a thing to give thanks for, under the circumstances.

More than ever, he saw how needful it was that she should never know. When he beheld her by Richard's coffin, he even held Richard justified; the price of a city full of workers, the crumbling of a man's life-work, did not seem too much to pay to keep such a look upon the face of a man's wife.

He perplexed himself incessantly over the fruit of that union. Dick could not be accounted for by any of the vulgar, casual solutions; there was in Dick nothing of hereditary malady. Was it true, as Masefield had hinted, that there were vaguer nemeses?—subtler maladies of the spirit, born of some broken inner law?—the same which, in another form, had killed the father? Richard perhaps had solved that mystery by now; but if so, he gave no sign; in the proud detachment of the sealed and faintly smiling lips, the calm but weary eyelids, there was nothing to be read but a vast indifference.

At the end of three days they bore Masefield away. Denforth rode in the carriage with Emily and Dick. It was Robley who opened the door for them and carefully arranged the lap-robe.

To face death had been as nothing compared to what she must now do—in facing life. Denforth knew that she would do it. He saw her close her eyes an instant as she entered her empty house after the funeral, but her steps never faltered; she went straight on and up the long stairway to her (and Richard's) room.

It was Dick who, dropping into his father's leather-covered chair, laid his head on the familiar study-table and cried like a child.

"I don't see how we're ever going to *live* without dear old dad!" he said, brokenly.

Denforth swallowed the lump in his own throat; he put a hand on the lad's shoulder.

"We've got to! And if it's hard for us—think of your mother."

It had the desired effect. Dick wiped away the tears with a brusque gesture and sat up.

"You're all she has to lean on now," said Denforth, and stopped. The piteousness of any one trying to lean on Dick!

"You've been awfully good to us," said Dick. "Without you and Robley I don't know what we'd have done."

"Your father," replied Denforth, "was my dearest friend."

"Yes," replied Dick; "next to *us*, of course, dad cared more for you than for anybody."

"Well," Denforth made an effort, "we owe it to him now to do—our best. I must go, myself, only—" He hesitated.

"Is it anything I can do for you?" Dick asked.

"No. I really ought to—to speak to your mother before I go, about—some things." It was so painful that he stopped. To his surprise Dick comprehended.

"Oh no!" he exclaimed. "She—she couldn't bear that now. Couldn't you—speak to me?"

Denforth looked at him acutely. "It's irregular, but—I don't know why I shouldn't."

"Nobody cares a pin about that!" said Dick.

"And the business has to go right on—your father would be the first to say that."

"Yes, of course." Dick's tone had lost its interest.

"Well, then; there is only a very early will—"

"Yes—" The tone was still indifferent.

"Which leaves all except a small sum to your mother—unconditionally."

"Yes," said Dick. "Well, I don't see but that's all right—if dad wanted it that way."

Denforth glanced at him keenly. "But he didn't; I had other instructions—that last day."

"Oh!" said Dick. He lifted his miserable young head and stared thoughtfully at the fire. Denforth waited.

"Would you mind," Dick asked at last, "telling me those?—that is, if you think it all right?"

"You were to have come into the partnership next month, on your twenty-fifth birthday."

He was amazed to see a rush of tears fill the boy's eyes.

"How—how dear of dad!" exclaimed Dick. Then he checked himself, and wound up unexpectedly, "Yes—well?"

"Well?" repeated Denforth, at a loss.

"I mean—was there anything more?"

"Nothing important to discuss now; some minor provisions and legacies. The vital thing is—"

"Yes?"

"That if your father had lived two days longer—just over Sunday—your own position would have been radically altered. Your mother—has a right to know this."

"Yes," said Dick; "I see." He got up from the chair, and to Denforth's blank surprise held out his hand.

"I'll tell mother—" He stopped suddenly. "That's a lie, you know; I sha'n't tell her at all—there's no reason she should ever know. I *prefer* she never should know."

"She has *got* to know," said Denforth. "She *must* know; it is right; it is due your father!" He looked at Dick between astonishment and anger. "Is the boy a fool?" he thought.

Dick appeared to reflect.

"That's so," he said. "Yes, I see; I hadn't thought about it that way. And it will please mother, too, that father thought of me—that way."

"Doesn't it please you, too?"

"Yes, of course—that dad should care," said Dick.

Denforth groaned inwardly; then Dick's white face smote him. "I'm sorry to trouble you with this now, and your mother, but—one must go on living, and—it is your father's work."

"Yes," said Dick. He looked down from his tall young height on Denforth with a new stateliness, "I'll tell mother, and—thank you very much."

He shook Denforth's hand.

"Say good-by to her for me," said the latter, "and I'll come at any minute—you let me know."

Denforth's second summons did not come for some days. When it did he obeyed it almost as promptly as he had obeyed the first.

Mrs. Masefield, he was told, was expecting him in Richard's study. There he found her seated in Richard's desk-chair; Denforth divined that she had consciously or unconsciously selected it to lend something of Richard's weight to the impending interview.

"It is good of you to come so soon," she said, quite simply, giving him her hand and motioning him to a seat.

"Why, she is *dead*!" thought Denforth. "Dead, as Richard is dead; so dead that it has not been worth while to change her manner or her voice." He wondered, dimly, why she had even changed her dress; under the circumstances there was something paltry in a mourning garb.

"I sent for you because there was something I—wanted done," she began at once.

Denforth bowed slightly. "I shall be so glad to do anything within my power."

"Of course I know that. You were Richard's best friend and adviser; the—last with him." She bent her head and picked up a little ivory paper-cutter of Richard's; through the rest of the interview she held it closely in her hand, not playing with it—just holding it. "You are quite sure," she asked, suddenly, raising her eyes, "there was no later will?"

"Absolutely sure. But Dick will have told you—there was to have been one—"

She brushed this aside. "Then that will stands—the will which leaves me virtually everything?"

"Of course." Denforth felt vaguely bewildered. "But—"

She stopped him again. "Dick gets a hundred thousand dollars, and I—the business?"

"Yes. It was a little business then," said Denforth, gravely, "and Dick was a little boy; now it's an enormous business, and Dick has told you what his father's intentions were."

"Yes; but I am not proposing to carry out those intentions," said Emily Masefield, simply.

Denforth could not believe his own ears; he looked at her—and could not believe his own eyes. She was perfectly calm and had evidently said what she meant.

"You are not proposing—you do not propose to carry out Richard's intentions—Richard's last wishes!" he gasped.

"Not when they would be doing so great an injustice to Richard himself—and to everybody else involved."

"Do I understand!" exclaimed Den-

forth, "that you are objecting to taking your son into partnership?"

"Dick," said Emily Masefield, serenely, "is not meant for a man of business; it would be—wrong to tie him down to it. It would be"—the shadow of a smile crossed her lips—"bad both for Dick and the business."

Denforth was frankly scandalized. The fact that he had fought precisely the same field with Richard living, in no wise altered for him the religious necessity of obeying the wishes of Richard dead. He sought relief for outraged feeling in sarcasm. "And you really think—you *really* think you are so much better qualified than Dick?"

"I really think I am abundantly qualified to safeguard Richard's life-work from both Dick's incompetence and mine."

So that was it! Denforth drew a shamefaced breath of relief. It was only another form of her astounding husband-worship, after all, to which she proposed to sacrifice her son. He felt bound to persist, however.

"Don't you think Richard might be supposed to be the best judge—"

The look which checked him recalled Richard's when he had spoken of her; it had the same inner illumination.

"Richard! Richard would be the last—in this case, the *very* last—person qualified to judge."

Denforth felt beads of perspiration break out suddenly on his forehead. *Did she know? What did she know?*

"He would naturally think," explained Emily, "of Dick and me."

"Oh!" exclaimed Denforth, hurriedly. "Yes, of course." In a moment he was back again. "You don't feel bound to carry out his wishes, even then—even knowing they *were* his wishes?"

"In this case I feel bound *not* to carry them out."

"It seems a bit hard on Dick. If Richard had lived, even—"

"If Richard had lived"—she interrupted him with perfect steadiness—"I'd have shown him his mistake. There are more than Dick to consider."

"About eighteen thousand more," Denforth found himself mechanically repeating. "But Richard also thought of that."

She interrupted him with a little but very decided gesture. "Can't you believe that I knew my own husband; that I know my own son?"

"You *think* you did and do," said Denforth, mentally, and then colored hotly under the perfect intelligence of Emily Masefield's eyes.

It had been one thing to argue with Richard to protect his rational interests, especially with that inner knowledge they both had; it was quite demonstrably another to assist at the robbery of a son by a mother. *And that mother Emily Masefield.* That really was the thing Denforth could not get over. It was as if that which had been her virtue—the thing for which they had all loved her—had become a vice.

"Putting aside all question of fairness to Dick," he said, stolidly, "it seems clear *somebody* has got to run that business. You say Dick is unfit; you are unfit; what is your alternative?"

"Just *that*—to have somebody run it who *can* run it; somebody who can take Richard's place so far as it can ever be taken. *That*," she spoke slowly, "is the real reason I sent for you. I want you to prepare partnership papers at once—"

"Partnership papers!"

"Well—whatever they are called."

"My Lord!" exclaimed Denforth. "I'm not quarreling with the title. I'm only trying—trying to understand you. You refuse your son the partnership your husband intended for him, and now you talk of—taking a partner!" He stopped and looked at her narrowly. As he had on that other day thought Richard's judgment affected by illness, so he now asked himself if sorrow had crazed her brain? and had the satisfaction of seeing his doubt at once interpreted and put to scorn in Emily Masefield's eyes.

"Yes, I know perfectly what I am saying," she said, with an echo of that scorn in her kindly voice; "I even know perfectly what I am doing. Will you yourself point out to me how I could better consult Dick's own interests, mine, those of the business—to say nothing of Richard's honor and reputation—than by taking into partnership the man whom he himself has trained, made his right hand for years?"

"Robley!" exclaimed Denforth, fee-

bly. "You mean Robley?" and the look with which he asked was, in itself, another anguished question.

"Mr. Robley, of course," said Emily. "He is the obvious—indeed, the *only* man for the place."

"Yes, of course; in a way that's true," Denforth conceded, hastily. "I even said as much to Richard that—that last day." This he felt to be clever, extremely.

"And what did Richard say?"

"Why—that the place belonged naturally to your son—to—to Dick," he reiterated, hastily.

Another of those illuminated looks, which illuminated nothing for Denforth, lit up her face.

"You see," she murmured. "Just as I said!"

"As—you said," stammered Denforth.

Her faintly ironical glance turned him hot.

"Yes; thinking of me—and Dick. But Dick he never quite understood; how should he when their gifts were so dissimilar? All the more it was like Richard not to want to—to seem to undervalue him. It is for *us*—for Dick and me—to think now for him, for his work which *was* him."

She made it sound, Denforth admitted, so reasonable—until one remembered Dick.

"You might give Robley a very free hand, and retain all the benefit of his experience without—"

"No!"—sharply and decidedly—"he must have a stake and a permanent interest; it is due him."

"Then make him, at least, joint partner with Dick." Denforth was aware of the fatality as well as the futility of this repetition.

"No." Another lightning glance, serving to make the darkness for Denforth so much darker. "Because, you see, I don't intend"—she spoke very slowly, as if weighing every word—"I don't intend that Dick shall *ever* have anything to do with the business."

Denforth was by now past words.

"You intend, then," he said, resignedly, "to let Robley absorb it all?"

"Ultimately—I shall let him buy me out."

"Richard's business," muttered Denforth; "*Richard's* business!"

"Richard's business!" repeated Richard's wife. "More than that—Richard's life-work—Richard's monument—his gift to the world." She rose abruptly, and Denforth felt her slipping from him. He sought in his mind for something to stay her even as she gave him her hand in farewell. "You will get the papers ready, please, at once," she said.

"Of course," said Denforth. "By the way, did I say that Richard had intended—in the will—to leave Robley ten or fifteen thousand dollars?"

He had arrested her *now*; for a moment she seemed to forget his presence.

"*Only* ten or fifteen thousand!" he heard her murmur. "*Only* ten or fifteen thousand!"

The blood stopped circulating in Denforth's veins. Had she *always* known—known *everything* about them all? And, comprehending all, had she pardoned all, even—inconceivable charity—to the point of still cherishing in her heart and letting them see in her eyes nothing but the reflections of their own angels? Was such a woman possible? For a wild moment Denforth had this fantastic revelation of her, and pitied Richard the poor paradise for which he had exchanged life with her; the next, she was speaking to him again exactly as usual.

"He loses that, then, to gain a partnership, and ultimately a great business. I don't think it's a bad exchange."

"The same can hardly be said for Dick," Denforth answered her dryly—all the more dryly for the sharpness of a spiritual reaction. "Do you really imagine he will stand for it?"

"Stand for it?" she repeated. "Stand for *what*?"

"For what you are proposing to do. Excuse me if I say I don't believe it. And if he doesn't, you might as well realize, a great deal of trouble can be made—if Dick chooses. Bear in mind that I might have to affirm on oath and publicly what I have already told you and Dick."

It was the amusement of her face which stopped him and made him ashamed.

"Stand for it!" she repeated, "And

'Dick make me trouble'! *Dick!*" Before he could stop her she had gone to the door, opened it, and for the first time since its master's death a lifted voice rang through the halls.

"Dick! Dick!"

He came flying, and at first glance at their two faces removed his hands from his coat pockets, shut the door, and leaned against it, gravely inquiring.

"Well?"

Denforth thought he had never looked so like his mother; also he noted that the boy had grown older.

"Dick," said his mother, with a faintly ironical serenity, "Mr. Denforth warns me that you can make trouble for me about your father's property if I put Mr. Robley in and leave you out."

"Wills can be broken," said Denforth.

"Exactly; and he can be made to testify—and so on. *Are* you going to make trouble for me, Dick?" There was a light scorn in eye and lip as she said it, half smiling.

Dick simply stared, first at his mother, then at Denforth.

"Me!" he exclaimed, deliciously.

"Me!—make trouble for my mother? *Me!*" He threw an arm about her shoulders and laughed. "You ought to know by this time, Mr. Denforth, that what my mother says *goes*, in *this* family. And then—she's so absolutely right. It was dear of dad"—his voice broke a little—"to want to crowd me in where I didn't belong and where I'd have been an infernal nuisance, but mother and I care too much for him"—again Denforth liked so much the little tremor with which Dick's voice broke off. "Robley's the man, of course. Thanks to father, there's enough for us all. Mother and I don't care such a lot about money, anyway; neither did father, for itself—only for the business. Robley will know how to make what that needs. It's all perfectly right, and, anyway, what mother says *goes*."

Denforth, looking squarely at him, could not for the life of him tell whether it was a splendid bluff or not. But one thing was not a bluff—the look he gave his mother. It told Denforth once for all that the boy had inherited at least

one thing—her gift of idealization. And if he had inherited that, Denforth deduced rapidly, he might have inherited other things as well. And then—that idealization? The boy had certainly shown up squarely at the right moment. Emily had been right, evidently, about some things, and if about these, how about others? Again that appalling vision of possibilities rushed upon Denforth, and he shook it off in haste.

"Do you mind my asking—for your father's sake—what you are going to do?" he asked Dick.

"I'd have been sure to tell you anyway," Dick smiled. "Mother and I"—the glance of confidence which passed between them was like a flying bird—"have planned it all out. Just as soon as I'm not needed here, I'm going right back to Europe—France. I"—the boy's eyes lighted suddenly—"I want to have a little try at painting; and later mother is coming over to join me."

"Dick"—Emily met Denforth's questioning eye serenely—"belongs as naturally to that world as he—doesn't to this."

And again Denforth asked himself, "Is it a bluff, or is it the truth?"

He capitulated silently.

"I think I understand now. I dare say it's all right." This was the formal acknowledgment following the fact. "But won't it be—isn't it going to be a little hard for you here alone, without Dick?" Instantly he wished the words back, it was so poignantly in her eyes that she was beyond feeling anything as hard. Her lips, however, answered him with great readiness.

"It will only be for a while; besides, I shall not be alone. I have asked Mr. Robley to occupy the house in our absence—representing the firm—and he will move in when Dick goes." She added, with a perfect containment, "It will be quite like having another son in the house."

With the withdrawal of the hand she momentarily bestowed upon him in farewell, Denforth felt her recede to interminable distances, leaving him alone with a question that would remain for ever unanswered.

Mr. Durgan and the Tango

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN



WHEN Mr. Durgan came into our little community at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, there were some who predicted that three months would give us, mutually, quite enough of each other. What could a rich Irish-Yankee find among us to hold him? As for us, we'd all been poor since the war, as most F. F. V.'s are, and we had come to believe that great wealth was almost vulgar.

But we could not help liking Mr. Durgan, and, of course, after I became engaged to him we all felt that he really belonged. He was forgiven even when he brought a young person down to teach our ladies how to dress and do their hair, and he was even restored to favor after he had tried to reform our Southern fashion of cooking. But at this point my friends urged me to marry him, because they said they reckoned nothing but marriage would keep him from attempting some reform that would result in his being boycotted by all right-thinking and conservative people.

If I had been a right young girl, I suppose I should have married him at once. But three months is a mighty short time for courtship, and I did so enjoy it, because all the other bachelors and widowers began to take a little notice of me just because Mr. Durgan was so devoted. So I kept telling him to wait a little longer, and I reckon if I had not kept him waiting he never would have upset the community by introducing the tango.

Most all Virginians are good dancers, but among us dancing had its term. The unmarried people began it when they were about fifteen, and kept it up till they were married. A few couples were brave enough to keep it up afterward, but somehow they never succeeded in pushing their way into the dances after the first year—unless as chaperons. It

wasn't that any one was rude to them, but somehow the unmarried people, with none of their problems settled and not half so much in need of amusement as the married couples, just made the couples feel that their place was on the shelf. This attitude of the uncoupled was enough to induce middle-age, and presently the young married people would begin staying home where they belonged.

One night when Mr. Durgan was calling on me, he suggested that we go over to Captain Sanderson Carter's to the dance. He pronounced the name "Kee-aw-tah," because he says that's what I call it.

"I go to a dance!" I cried. "Honey, the people would drop in their tracks if they saw me come in. I'm too old."

"Oh yes, Sallie Rives," he mocked; "thirty-four is a terrible age! And what about Rosa Kee-aw-tah?"

"Rosa is five years younger than I am," I said, "and besides, the poor girl would have kept her father from giving the dance if she could."

The Sanderson Carters are one of our oldest families and have always been among the leaders. They almost lost their leadership thirty years ago when the Captain married a Yankee woman. He had been a very little boy when the war ended, but old enough to appreciate what the feeling of the Southerners was. It was considered very queer of him to marry a girl whose father had not even been patriotic enough to go to the war, but had stayed home and kept a shop. Besides, he had been half-engaged to Nancy Fairfax, and both families wanted the match, including Nancy. When I told Mr. Durgan the story he said that it was doubtless good feeling on the part of the Yankee woman which caused her to die when Rosa was a baby. Of course that was absurd; not even a shopkeeper's daughter would fly in the face of Providence and die unless her hour had come, but it did seem a blessing that

Rosa could be brought up by some Southern lady.

"Rosa Kee-aw-tah," said Mr. Durgan, "has a man's brain, while the Captain has a real ladylike mind and the devil's own luck at games of chance."

In saying that Mr. Durgan hit on what was at once the good fortune and the bad fortune of the family. Rosa looked like an apple-blossom, all pink-and-white, with pale gold hair. But she had the insides of a farmer, and long before it was thought proper for a gentlewoman to know anything about the soil, she was running the Carter place, and making it pay. And then, as soon as she'd have any money ahead for the mortgage, or make any improvements, the Captain would get to gambling, and contract debts of honor which she had to settle.

As to the dance the Captain was giving, the reason Rosa hated it was because the Captain wasn't content that she shouldn't marry, and was always giving entertainments in order to throw her at the head of all the eligible unmarried men from eighteen years to seventy—all except one, Merryweather Langhorne, and the Captain would have invited him, too, only Rosa said that if he did she'd go North and look up her mother's Yankee relatives.

Mr. Durgan never had heard of the quarrel between Rosa and Merryweather Langhorne, and on my way to the Carters' dance I told him about it. They had been friends from babyhood, and there was an especial bond between Rosa and Merryweather's father; they sympathized with each other about their nearest of kin, for Merryweather was as indifferent about farming as Captain Carter. He was always working over queer experiments, and Rosa said he hardly knew the difference between oats and rye.

But for all her jeering at him they were very friendly, and when she was nineteen and he twenty-one the sorrow of his father's death drew them still closer, and they became engaged. I reckon she thought that, now he was responsible for the place, he'd really take hold of it. The first thing he did was to rent out some of his land to poor white trash and use the money for his

experimenting. In our community you might almost as well make love to your neighbor's wife as rent your land, and every one felt that Rosa was perfectly justified in taking the stand she did. Merryweather said that no girl had a right to interfere with a man's work, and that it was her duty to trust him. Rosa said no man had the right to fritter away property that he had never earned himself, and that it was his duty to think of her and their future. So finally they quarreled, and they said mighty bitter things to each other. One thing Rosa could not forgive was his remark that he wished to heaven her father had married Nancy Fairfax instead of a Yankee. All Merryweather meant was that then Rosa would not have been of such a managing disposition. But Rosa took him to mean that in that case she would never have been born. It ended by her saying that he needn't ever come inside the Carter house again until he could behave as other men did. From that day they merely bowed when they met. Merryweather built a laboratory, and kept on experimenting, and went on letting his place run down, until finally he was renting it all on shares to the poor white trash, and getting mighty little for his share.

I had just got the story finished when we reached Captain Carter's. It was just as I had said to Mr. Durgan: although for politeness' sake I had been invited, every one was astonished to see me. The Captain acted like he was delighted, and led me out to dance.

After we'd been dancing a little while we noticed a sort of sensation at the door, and in walked dark, slim, handsome Merryweather Langhorne, just like it had been nine minutes since he had last been in the house instead of nine years. He spoke to the Captain, and then he went up to Rosa, who had just been released by her partner.

"Miss Rosa," he said, "you told me I might come back when I could behave as other men did—and here I am."

He held out his hand, and after a slight hesitation she took it.

"Sallie Rives," whispered Mr. Durgan to me, "now what do you suppose he meant by saying that to Rosa Kee-aw-tah?"

I reckon every one in the room wondered. I know a good many necks craned after them when they began to dance. They certainly were wonderful dancers—the best in Albemarle County—and presently every one stopped and watched them.

"I bet you," said Mr. Durgan, who is often colloquial—"I bet you they would shine in those new dances that are all the vogue in New York."

I could not help blushing. I had heard about those dances, and I do feel that, even though we are engaged, Mr. Durgan should be careful what he says to me. As usual, he seemed to read my thoughts, for he said:

"Oh, come, Sallie; I've seen those dances, and you haven't. They're all right when they're properly done—just as there's kissing and kissing."

"We won't discuss it," I said, coldly.

The floor was full again, and Mr. Durgan said, rather sulkily:

"It wouldn't hurt some of these people if they learned a few steps. Why, some of those couples don't even reverse in their waltzing!"

It was just at this moment that the Captain called for a waltz-quadrille.

"A waltz-quadrille!" groaned Mr. Durgan. "Why, children have been born and married and had children of their own since the waltz-quadrille was danced. Lord of Israel! they'll be resurrecting the polka and the schottische next."

And that's just what they did, for the Captain liked them. Mr. Durgan certainly looked disgusted, the way he does when some one invites him to supper at six and the niggers don't have it ready till seven. Then he began to screw up his eyes, and that ought to have warned me, for when he is reflective that means he is thinking of some way of reforming us.

The next day he went to New York on business, and though I had expected him back in two days, he did not turn up for a week, and I certainly did miss him. But some of my time went to hearing what all the neighbors said about the way Rosa Carter and Merryweather Langhorne were acting toward each other, for they had some words at the close of the Carter dance, and he had

not seen her again. People were divided as to what he had meant by saying he was ready to behave like other men. Some said that his experiments had turned out to be successful, and that now he was ready to marry Rosa and let her tend to his farming. Others said that his experiments had finally failed, and that he had come to his senses at last and was ready to be the sort of man Rosa wanted him to be. But no one knew for certain.

Mr. Durgan wrote me every day, of course, and in one of his letters he said that he was inviting everybody to a sort of housewarming on his place for the day but one after his return. He was so determined to have them all, too, that after he got back he drove around to those who hadn't telephones (and a good many of us don't approve of telephones, quite aside from their costliness), and he made it plain that his party was not for young people only, but for everybody.

He came early for me in his motor, and after he had helped me in he said:

"Sallie Rives, dearest, I'm going to keep secret, even from you, the kind of entertainment I'm having to-night, but while I hope I'm free from conceit, I do think I ought to be writ down large as one who loves his fellow-men."

Those words gave me pricklings of the spine, for generally when Mr. Durgan does something for love of his fellow-men I have to spend a heap of time afterward explaining him and apologizing.

When we drove into his place, however, I forgot my qualms, in pleasure at sight of the house. It was lighted from top to bottom, and the additions Mr. Durgan had built on made it look almost like a palace, it was so large. I do despise pride of money, but I couldn't help feeling that it was nice to know that my house would be the finest in Albemarle County, and that I could have all the horses I wanted. As to motors—well, people of our old-fashioned sort still think them a little vulgar, though perhaps useful.

Mr. Durgan's house has two big drawing-rooms. The door of the one on the left-hand side, the larger one, was closed and locked. Mr. Durgan made us all

assemble in the right-hand-side one, talking and laughing, and trying to make him tell what was in the other room—for he may have amazed or shocked us at times, but he always held our attention. When every one had come, he led us all trooping into the room across the hall. The rugs were up, and the floor was waxed, and at the top of the room were a few chairs.

"Ladies, gentlemen, and friends," said Mr. Durgan, "I want you to stand just where you are, and say nothing, and look nothing, for ten minutes."

Then he went out, and presently came back with an orchestra, and they took all the chairs at the top of the room, and straightway began to play a stirring tune which in some way reminded me of the plantation melodies of my childhood. Then Mr. Durgan again withdrew, and came back with a young person. I have seen pictures of stage people who looked like her, but somehow one never can take such pictures as real. Far from wearing two petticoats, as I contend every gentlewoman should, she did not even wear one, and her narrow white-satin dress-skirt was slit. Never did I think I really should see a slit skirt. She wore some kind of a flowing waist, to make up for her scant skirt, I suppose, with a cherry-colored sash, and a cherry ribbon about her black hair. I have to admit she was good-looking.

"Friends," said Mr. Durgan, raising his voice above the orchestra, "this lady, Miss Grey, is an artist, who is at our service until she takes the midnight train back to Charlottesville, and thence to New York. She is a teacher of the new dances. For a week I have been learning them from her, and to-night I hope you will consent to learn them. Remember, you're to watch us for ten minutes. We'll first do the tango."

A gasp burst from the company, heroically suppressed—for, after all, he was our host. Then he and the young person (not that she was so young) swung into position, and did steps forward and steps back, waltzing and ducking, and a weaving kind of thing they called grape-vining, and pivoting, which made the head swim. Some of it they did enlaced, and some of it apart.

I feel that it is my duty to support

Mr. Durgan in all his innovations, and so I held my head high and looked at my friends, ready to make my face appreciative and approving. To my surprise I saw that all the unmarried people were watching the feet of Mr. Durgan and the young person with spellbound interest, and that Rosa Carter and Merryweather Langhorne were actually unconsciously imitating them.

"Now the hesitation waltz," called Mr. Durgan to the orchestra, and then they glided off into a really beautiful thing, and before I knew it my feet were imitating. I suppose the fact that it was a kind of waltz made me feel at home. So far as I could see, there was nothing improper about it, and it certainly did come as a relief after the tango.

Mr. Durgan held up his hand for the orchestra to stop, and then he made a speech.

"My friends," he said, "you have heard the tango reprobated, and held up to scorn as a dazzling dissipation that will lead people into the slough of immorality quicker than any other device of the devil. But the modified tango, the sort that well-bred people dance, is, I consider, the greatest factor for the promulgation of morality that has ever been discovered. It will stand, along with the airship, as the most tremendous stride in civilization achieved in the first decades of the twentieth century. For what can be more moral than health, youth, and the close-knit of family ties? All these the tango induces. It is better for the liver than pills, or even than horseback riding. It keeps the young young, and revives youth in the old—not a pretense of youth, but real youth. It knits close the family ties, because the young and old will dance together; parents and children will together master the new steps as they come out. There need be no division of young and old so long as both can master the multiplying variations of the tango."

I reckon it's the Irish in Mr. Durgan that makes him so eloquent, and we Southerners certainly do love eloquence. While he spoke I looked up, and saw the disapproving and shocked expressions of some of the old and middle-aged persons give way to doubt.

"There aren't any chairs in this room," went on Mr. Durgan, "for chairs are for old people and wall-flowers, and to-night we're all of one age—the right age to learn the tango. Now, if you'll all get in two long lines, the men on one side and the women on the other, Miss Grey will show you how to dance."

I reckon even Mr. Durgan didn't expect to convert every one to the tango right off. Every last one of the old people left the room, and some of them went home. I heard my godmother say:

"Perhaps we oughtn't to stay, but we've got to think of Sallie's feelings. This certainly does prove to me that it's a mistake to marry a Northerner; there's something queer about all of them."

A few of the middle-aged people stayed in the room, but they backed up against the wall and wouldn't make a part of the two long lines ready to watch the young person's feet. The orchestra started up, and while Miss Grey was saying something in an undertone to Mr. Durgan, Rosa and Merryweather, as if obeying some uncontrollable impulse, swung to each other and tangoed up and down the room.

My first thought was that I was glad they had the impulse, for that meant they had made up their quarrel. My second thought was that they danced perfectly, and were the very embodiment of youth and joy; and my last thought was that of course they'd dance well, and of course every other Southerner would, for this tango was almost exactly like some of the breakdowns we'd all learned from the negroes when we were children.

Miss Grey applauded Rosa and Merryweather, and then she began to teach us the steps. It was rather funny to watch the two long lines shuffling along beside her, with their brows knitted and their lips muttering, "Balance—drag—drag—balance." "Pivot—waltz—step—step—bend." But soon I forgot to watch them, and put all my mind on the steps, for I knew Mr. Durgan would expect me to learn, and I didn't care to be stupider than other people.

The young person, Miss Grey, certainly knew her business, for when she had taught us the steps she told us to choose partners, and then she went up

to Captain Carter, who was one of those leaning against the walls, and she said, "Won't you try it with me?"

Of course he did, and of course, being a Carter, he picked it up in no time. Then she took out another of the middle-aged men; and then Mr. Durgan, who had been dancing with me, took out Rosa Carter's aunt, in spite of her protests, while Merryweather, obeying a hint from Mr. Durgan, gave up Rosa and took out an old cousin of his who loved him so much that she was willing to make herself ridiculous for him. Yet, after all, no one looked ridiculous, and presently Miss Grey said:

"Well, I must say, I don't seem to be needed here. I guess you Virginians knew how all the time, and have just been playing a joke on me."

So then she began to teach us more steps, and we began changing partners. My own impression of the tango is that it may be a factor of twentieth-century civilization, but it is not symbolic of this new feminist movement we read of. For the tango certainly does prove to a woman that she is the under dog. You see, there are so many different kinds of tango, and each man just picks out the kind that suits him, and then each of his partners has to adapt her steps to his. And there's nothing but instinct to tell you how a man is going to dance his tango. It certainly does put a lot on a woman to have to memorize the steps of twenty different partners, or else have them secretly feel that she's clumsy. I don't know whether I want to vote or not, but I reckon it would be less trouble to vote intelligently than to dance by instinct with all the men who tango.

Before the evening was over all the young people were dancing, and dancing well, and a very few of the middle-aged ones. Toward the end, the dances Miss Grey taught us became more daring. I certainly felt shocked, and I wasn't the only one. For when Merryweather had been dancing with Miss Grey, they suddenly swung into a dance that was too intimate. Afterward he came up to Rosa, and I heard her say:

"Don't come to talk to me after dancing that way. It wasn't respectable."

And Merryweather said: "And what

about you? You let Durgan pivot you like he was the last prop you had on earth."

And she said: "I've been my own prop for nine years, and I certainly don't purpose to have any one telling me what I can or can't do."

Then he went off and did a still more daring dance with Miss Grey. That spoiled everything, for the old and middle-aged people who had been playing cards and having refreshments in the other drawing-room, by this time felt softened enough to cross the hall and look on. There had been nothing, practically, to prepare them, or lead up to the shocking thing they saw. They went home, taking with them all the young people over whom they had control, and their farewells to Mr. Durgan were very frosty indeed.

I tried to be discreet when Mr. Durgan drove me home, yet I couldn't help pointing out to him that decent tangoing may be perfectly proper, but who is going to draw the line, and when is one to be sure it won't slip into something improper? Mr. Durgan was almost sulky. He asked me if I held him to blame for human nature, which was a silly question, for all I objected to was his not telling Miss Grey exactly what she must and must not teach.

Instead of tightening up family ties in our community, the tango bid fair to break up happy homes. For one wife approved, and her husband didn't, and another husband approved, and his wife said she would not have such an example set the children. Fathers forbade their children to dance, and some obeyed, and some disobeyed, openly or secretly. Within a week the whole place was buzzing with gossip, and some people were coldly passing Mr. Durgan by, while others were almost embracing him and telling him that he had brought us new life.

Then suddenly the neighborhood began to buzz with more gossip. First Captain Carter was said to have spent two days in Charlottesville, and every one knew what that meant—more gambling debts for Rosa to settle. Then it was said that all the money Rosa had to pay for the mortgage had had to go, and that some one had bought it up and

was going to foreclose. The next thing that startled us was the fact that Rosa Carter and Merryweather Langhorne disappeared by night, and were reported to have been seen in the station at Charlottesville, waiting for the train to New York.

When I told the news to Mr. Durgan, he said it wasn't so.

"If they've gone to New York, they've not gone together," he said. "I'm positive of that."

I am not suspicious by nature, but still I can do a little bit of thinking. So I said:

"If you know that much, it means that one or the other of them has confided in you. Rosa Carter has no business confiding in an engaged man, and Merryweather Langhorne never tells anybody anything."

That would have floored most men, and led to an argument, but Mr. Durgan kissed the top of my head, and said:

"You know well enough I'd not look at any one but you, so you needn't try to work yourself into jealousy. If you like, I'll tell you what those two quarreled about at the close of the Carter dance. He began to apologize to her by saying he was sorry he had said he wished her father had married Nancy Fairfax, and he ended by saying it all over again."

"It certainly does look as if some people never would learn anything," I said, and I began to wonder if, after all, Rosa and Merryweather hadn't deceived Mr. Durgan and really gone off together.

That afternoon I had a little more shadow cast on the mystery. I was in Charlottesville in the hotel owned by Micajah Carter and Nannie Lee, whom Mr. Durgan had married off and set up in business, rather to the scandal of some people in our community. I had been chatting with Nannie, and then I remembered that I had to telephone to my dressmaker. So when the hotel office was nearly empty I went into one of the two telephone-booths and called for my number.

The wire I asked for was busy, and as I stood there waiting I heard a familiar voice in the next booth—Captain Carter's.

"Long distance—this New York?—



Drawn by Walter Biggs

THERE HAD BEEN NOTHING TO PREPARE THEM FOR WHAT THEY SAW

yes—yes—it's I, Rosa. Yes—what? Take the night train? But I can't get off. To-morrow night, then, and you'll meet me? Alone? Well, daughter, I didn't know— Three minutes are up? Good-by."

Then I got my number, but on my way home I had plenty of time to realize that Rosa had sent for her father and did not seem to be coming back home. I told Mr. Durgan what I had heard, and he asked me to say nothing. He also appealed to my sympathy. He said that he had done his best for our community, but that his efforts had been misunderstood. People were upbraiding him and telling him that he had set sons against fathers, and wives against husbands. He said life on Wall Street would be soothing compared to what he had to endure here. In short, he asked me if I wouldn't name the day and come with him to New York and visit his cousin and get my trousseau. I never had been in New York, and I knew that, since Mr. Durgan wanted to spend half the year there, I should have to go some time. So, without exactly naming the day, I said I should be willing to see the city and buy some clothes. So we went, he on the day train, and I on the night.

I may learn to like New York, but I never can approve of it. It is so noisy, and people never think of holding doors open for those behind them unless they are in private houses. I have seen young men brush against gray-haired women without ever raising their hats. I have seen chauffeurs almost run over old people, and think it funny. I wonder if every big city is not the same?—reminding one of some strong, interesting, but uncivilized personality which has not yet become imbued with gentleness and consideration.

Mr. Durgan took me sight-seeing like any country boy, and we certainly enjoyed ourselves. Of course I spent a good deal of time with my hostess, his cousin. One night she asked us to go with her to a club where the tango was being taught. We could hardly refuse, though the very word "tango" made me uncomfortable. We arrived rather late, and when we got into the ballroom there I saw two lines of men and women being instructed. But the teacher was not a

lady; he was Merryweather Langhorne. I looked quickly at Mr. Durgan's face, and I saw by its expression that he was as astonished as I was. So then I knew that Rosa Carter must have confided her plans to him, and I did wish that unattached women would either get men of their own or stop leaning on the *fiancées* of other people.

Merryweather certainly danced beautifully. All the women adored him, and I noticed in particular a dark, vivacious one of about fifty, who always got a place as close to him as she could, and with whom he often danced. Later on, when Merryweather saw Mr. Durgan and me, he went back and brought this lady.

"Lawsy me!" she said, taking my hands and looking into my face. "I used to know you when you were five years old. Have you never heard any one speak of Nancy Fairfax?"

She sat beside me in the intervals between dances (the minute a dance was on she slipped over to Merryweather), and she told me bits of her history. She had married a Northerner, as I had heard, and he was long dead, and she had an invalid son. She was learning to dance because it was good for her health, and she wanted to outlive her boy if she could. I almost cried; I had heard so often of gay Nancy Fairfax, the greatest flirt in Albemarle County. I had thought of her as young, and now she was growing old, and was poor and not very strong, and lived for nothing but her boy, and had a terror of dying and leaving him to strangers. And then I choked over my tears, for poor Miss Nancy thought I was crying because I feared I'd never learn the new steps.

At about ten o'clock she had to rest for quite a while, and she sat between Mr. Durgan and me and told us all about Merryweather. It seems that his dancing had taken New York by storm, and that all day long he gave private lessons to fashionable women, and every night (even Sunday) he gave lessons to large classes and got fifty dollars every time. He always made it a proviso that Miss Nancy should be allowed to come in as his guest, and in that way she was becoming quite proficient. Mr. Durgan got right interested in Miss Nancy's

passion for the tango, and when she told him she would have to skip the next night because Merryweather was going up to Greenwich to teach a club, he asked if she would not go with him and me to take a lesson from two excellent teachers, a man and a woman.

This was the first I had heard of the plan, and the last of it, too, until the next night when Mr. Durgan led us into the ballroom of a big country club somewhere on the Hudson. I reckon by this time I should have been inured to shocks, but I declare I 'most fainted after I entered that room. It was not because half of the people were white-headed, and looked like they ought to have been home nursing sciatica and rheumatism; it was because the two teachers instructing the two long lines of men and women were Rosa and Captain Carter.

"People in New York are just daffy about them," Mr. Durgan whispered in my ear. "And now I'll tell you how Rosa Kee-aw-tah happened to confide in me."

It seems he met Rosa when she was out walking not long after the Captain had broken to her the amount of his debts of honor, which was more than she had saved to pay off the mortgage. The man who held the mortgage wanted his money and would not renew. The Captain had confessed to Merryweather Langhorne, who had promptly bought the mortgage, though Rosa said she could not imagine where he had got the money. Rosa said she was not going to be saved from disgrace and patronized by Merryweather, and she was fresh from a new quarrel with him when she met Mr. Durgan. She confided in him (which I still think was more to her advantage than to his), and said she must earn some money and pay back Merryweather. Mr. Durgan, who is always fertile in ideas, had suggested that she come to New York and teach the tango. She had sent for her father, meaning at first to have him for a chap-eron, but she had soon seen that she could double her value by using him as an assistant.

"And she has, Sallie Rives," Mr. Durgan told me. "Every one admires their beautiful Southern accent, and the ladies

past their first youth go batty over the Captain's courtly ways. He's got a few old dowagers on the side that he gives private lessons to."

"But, Honey, hush!" I cried to Mr. Durgan. "Do you realize what the relations were once between the Captain and Miss Nancy Fairfax?"

"Well, Lord of Israel, did I or did I not forget that!" said Mr. Durgan, and then of course I couldn't feel certain what he meant.

But just then Miss Nancy said:

"Lawsy me, Mr. Durgan, but that old man looks mighty like poor Sander-son Carter's father."

I almost gasped. The Captain had pretty nearly jilted her, and here she was calling him "poor." And then I knew she couldn't have forgotten him, for she still thought of him as the young man she had last seen thirty years before.

When he saw us finally he knew her at once, and he greeted her with the greatest emotion. She was quite composed by this time, and the more nervous he was the calmer she became. He brought over Rosa, who was polite but no more, remembering, I suppose, that our whole community had wanted Sander-son Carter to marry Nancy Fairfax instead of Rosa's Yankee mother.

I didn't see either Merryweather or Rosa for some time, because I started buying my new clothes. But I heard through Mr. Durgan that the Captain had got tired and had gone back home, and that Merryweather had asked to call on Rosa and she had refused him. By and by I saw Rosa, and she seemed to me to be looking pale and sad. I knew she was either working too hard or grieving over Merryweather.

"You'd better come back home with me," I said.

"In two weeks," she said, feverishly; "then I'll have made three thousand dollars—think of making all that just with your feet, Sallie! I owe three thousand dollars."

I knew mighty well she was killing herself to pay back Merryweather. Miss Nancy hadn't told her Merryweather was teaching the tango; for reasons of his own, Mr. Durgan had asked her not to. I stayed a little longer in New York,

and then, Mr. Durgan having preceded me by two days, I went home with Rosa. Mr. Durgan met us in his motor, and I thought from the way he cleared his throat that he was nervous about something. He acted like he had news to break and couldn't quite make out how to do it. We all gave him plenty of chances, but all he managed to say was, just as we got to the Carter house, "Miss Rosa, maybe you'd like to stay with Miss Sallie to-night?"

"I reckon father'd have a fit if I did," she said, laughing, as she jumped out of the motor. "You all come in for a minute."

She opened the front door, calling, "Father!" Then she opened the drawing-room door. Captain Carter and Miss Nancy, and Miss Nancy's invalid son in a wheeled chair, were all playing cards about a table—for pennies. The Captain jumped to his feet and embraced Rosa.

"Dear child, kiss your new mother," he said. "This shall always be your home."

Miss Nancy also put her arms about Rosa. "Yes, darling child," she said. "This is always your home."

She spoke kindly, but I reckon she didn't realize that it would never have been her home if Rosa hadn't had a man's brain and worked it to advantage.

Rosa grew pale, but she kissed the whole family, including the invalid son, and then she said:

"I promised to stay all night with Sallie, father; I'll be over to-morrow."

As we went to the motor the Captain told us that the two had met that morning in Charlottesville and been married, and that Miss Nancy would in future take care of Rosa. The motor-car rolled off, and Rosa wept on my shoulder and reproached Mr. Durgan for not breaking the news to her.

"Well, I didn't know for sure it was true," Mr. Durgan said. "The neighbors told me at the station when I was waiting for your train that Miss Nancy was there and they thought it must be they were married. And how did I know but that Miss Rosa was in the secret?"

Rosa wept some more, and then said, half laughing:

"At any rate, Miss Nancy doesn't look like a woman who would let father do his gambling outside his own home. Did you notice that they were playing for money and that most of the stakes stood before her?"

Mr. Durgan began to talk in a sing-song tone:

"Once upon a time," he said, "there was a prince who loved a princess and who also loved alchemy. By his alchemy he hoped to make a certain discovery which would result in cheapening the price of rubber. He neglected his kingdom in order to work at his alchemy, and angered the princess, who revoked her love. Year by year he took out patents, spending all he had to cover what progress he was making in his discovery. At last his experiment succeeded. Then he had to find a little capital—three thousand dollars was what he needed. He got it from an Irish-Yankee, but instead of using it to exploit his discovery, he paid off the mortgage on the castle of the father of the princess. By way of reward the princess scratched at his eyes. Then the young man, having no girl and no money, went to the great metropolis of the world and taught *hoi polloi* to dance, for he had debonair legs—I should say limbs."

Then Mr. Durgan stopped the motor in front of my house, led us both into the hall, and opened the drawing-room door. There stood Merryweather. He held out his arms to Rosa, and without a thought of us she ran into them. Mr. Durgan took me to the drawing-room.

"I planned the whole thing, Sallie Rives," he said. "And now, don't you think you have a great old boy for a lover? Did you see shadows on all the drawing-room blinds of all the houses we passed—shadows of happy, happy people, dancing the tango? And do you realize that I have made two marriages for which the romantic souls of the community have always thirsted? I bet you they'll rise up and bless my name after this."

What could one say to such a man?—nothing, except to promise that there should be a third marriage before very long.

Over the Alps to the Poor-house

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE



THE Illustrator, who is a Squire of Dames, yet has a sort of spotty gallantry, declared that it was Arabella who drove us from Venice into the Austrian Tyrol, to the depletion of our purse.

This was unfair to Arabella. We had done some motoring over the Alps earlier in the year, and I had observed him enjoying to the full the stimulation that comes from heights. As each pass was conquered he took on a self-righteous air, as though he had overcome, by a moral effort, some great obstacle. One can permit this in an Alpine climber; although tied to guides by ropes, his legs, if not his courage, have carried him along the weary way. But to contend that it is the chauffeur and not the gasolene which is lifting us over the hills is to confuse the propeller with the thing propelled.

I am a cautious woman, financially speaking. I would have raised no objections to any expenditure of the Illustrator's physical or spiritual strength in gaining a peak, but gasolene is a luxury in Europe, and by August there is nothing more sickly than a letter of credit.

I spoke of these things, but Venice was hot, and, besides, there undeniably was our guest, Arabella. She was "Rabby" for short, which describes her more perfectly. That is, it gave both Arabella and ourselves less to live up to. It excused her neglect of art-galleries and indifference of churches, and condoned the length of time she spent in gondolas.

Yet Rabby's experience in Venetian cabs was not all that she had hoped for. One cannot define the "hoping" more fully, but no girl is born into the world without an intuitive appreciation of the romantic possibilities of this method of transit. She was a modern young woman—eager to fill her diary with experiences that would read well when she

returned home—and we put down her failure not to any lack of initiative on her part, but to the select circle of austere young men that limited our acquaintance in Venice last year.

These were not care-free young men. They could not throw prudence into the Grand Canal as they stepped from the Piazza into these rocking cradles of flirtation. They maintained a standard. The Illustrator, who had never troubled much about standards in his own youth, longed to gondola past them as an object-lesson, with Arabella by his side, and I would generously have loaned him, had not the girl—with the hideous frankness of her years—assured us that she would as soon go out rowing with her grandfather. She always called it rowing.

The moon was at its roundest on the night that we settled definitely upon going north by the Austrian Tyrol, "quickly, coolly, and cheaply," as the Illustrator attractively phrased it. We did not know that we were to leave in haste the next day until Rabby came home from an hour's ride in a gondola. She was in company with the young gentleman whom we termed the survival of the fittest—the fittest to ride in a gondola, that is. We had observed his receding chin as he took her away, and had wondered if this possible weakness in his nature would permit him to forget the hand of time and join the *serenata* for the entire evening.

Yet they returned promptly. At the end of the hour she mounted the water steps of the hotel that an inquiring high tide was flappily climbing, and walked into the little garden where we were sitting. The young man was gondolaed primly away.

"Did you have a nice time, Rabby?" we asked, because it was due her to ask it.

"Oh yes, I suppose so," she replied, evasively. Then, with a passionate

burst of truth, arms outstretched to the silver heavens: "My goodness! My goodness! You'd think on a night like this a boy would hold hands with a leper!" And she stalked off to her room.

The Illustrator made the most of this episode, and the next day we took our leave—jingling. I use the word not merrily, but solemnly, for it was necessary to deposit four hundred dollars in gold at the Austrian frontier as a bond for our motor-car before we could enter the country, and wherever gold coin could be hidden upon the three of us, there lay the treasure. The Illustrator carried his share easily, as though accustomed to large sums. He was very happy. At Mestre he would meet his automobile once more, and before nightfall he would be at the foot of the mountains, ready for the first pass.

He had declared his itinerary. With the frankness that conceals dishonesty he promised the shortest possible attack upon the Dolomites, and, arriving at Innsbruck, an immediate pressing north to the flat country, where the driving would demand but a mild expenditure of that ill-smelling commodity which makes the wheels go round. Pallid and depleted, the letter of credit lay at the bottom of his dressing-case.

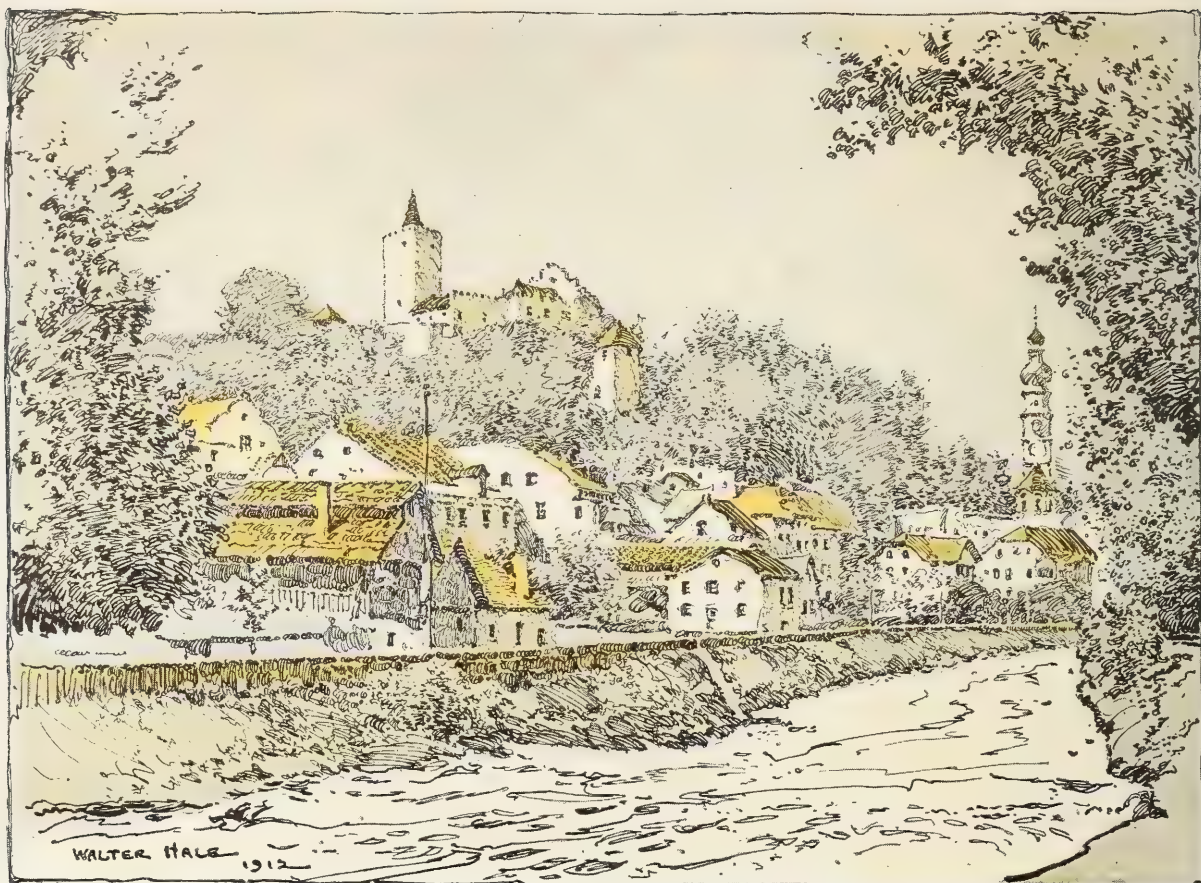
It would betray too great a sympathy with husbands to admit that I also was glad to be strapping on the baggage and hunting for the camera. Venice is lovely, but how green is the earth, how swift the flowing road! "*Aiee! Aiee!*" cry the gondoliers, but our companions on the dusty way set us straight with "*Destra, signore—Sinistra, signore!*" The car throbs responsively to the right

or left, and our "*Grazie*" reaches their ears faintly, so keen is our engine to show its paces. The sun set clearly, as suns should when one has a long way to travel in the morning. The jagged teeth of the Dolomites shot up disappointingly.

The Illustrator took a hand from the wheel to wave toward them with all the enthusiasm of personal discovery. Gazing at them, Rabby and I dwelt bitterly on the false prophecies of colored postal cards. Nature has been referred to as a lavish creature, but her tints are pale as compared to the glowing replicas on the *cartes postales*.



ON THE DOLOMITENSTRASSE



BRUNECK

"Madame, where is the red on your cheeks?" So Bonaparte once admonished a court lady, accustomed as he was to Josephine's rouge-pots. And "Mountains, why aren't you pink?" we severely apostrophized the soft blue peaks.

Our driver glared back at us fleetingly. He possesses a maddening quality of adopting as his own the country through which he is passing, and resents any reflection upon its appearance or character as a slight that embodies him. "They *are* pink," he asserted, doggedly. "It's just the way you squint."

I reflected upon this, then, and many times during the next few days of frantic pass-climbing into which I had been cunningly lured. Squinting *couleur de rose* into his life is part of his happy philosophy, and I have no doubt that he squinted himself into believing all the sophistries which he propounded daily to tease me through the lengths and heights and depths of the Tyrol.

We slept at Feltre, an occurrence of which I remember nothing except the noise of intrepid motors honking up the

Rolle Pass through the night, and, toward morning, the sound of gold coins rolling on a wooden floor. The clatter was followed by cries of petulance from Rabby—who had thought the handkerchief wouldn't come untied.

At starting-time the patron of the hotel, with the personnel, wished us good speed gloomily. One will notice that they do this when a car goes up a pass. Not that they think there is any danger, or that they care, but it delicately compliments the guests who suggest that they are attempting a risky thing with so much courage. We put on brave faces and pressed forward, as conscious as they that the grades in the Alps are seldom as steep as those of the hills in America, and that the roadbed is infinitely better.

Half-way up the pass slouchy Italian officers, humming their war song, "Tripoli," returned to us the modest sum that bonds an automobile into their country; a few steps farther on stiff Austrian officials, saluting threateningly, relieved us of that amount and all the rest of our golden impedimenta. A small

child presented us with a bunch of mountain pinks; we presented her with a *kreutzer*—we were in the Tyrol. Fearful of the Illustrator's backward glances, we chanted pæans of praise, and endeavored not to take the hairpin turns with our spines. It was a steep but human way. When awed to the point of discomfort, there was ever a toll-gate attended by clean, stern old ladies to jerk us gladly back to commonplaces. "It is only Heaven that is given away"—we pay for earth's privileges, if it is macadam.

Yet there must still be space in this great country for the explorer—pine forests that have seen man only by peeping from their tree-tops down into the road. Doubtless the gods, gone from Olympus for the summer, are enjoying themselves in such stray nooks with a view that does not contain hotels for the holiday-making of the Teuton. It is a known fact that the gods shun the habitations of mankind, but one would think that they might take an interest in these days in an open-plumbed hotel, and,

disguised as mountain climbers—with feathers in their hats—put up for a night just to see what it was like.

We had accomplished the Rolle Pass and were lunching at the Alpen Rose when we spoke of these things. And we were agreed, in looking over the guests, that there was not a god among them, for there was a material satisfaction in those about us that was far removed from Jupiters and Venuses. Outside of the windows all was green herbage, blue space, and, ever in the distance, white (not pink) peaks. Within all was *Schwarzenmagen* and *Königsberger Kloppe*, and people eating these dishes.

The Alpen Rose had one distinguishing feature: it was the kind of hotel where one unpacked one's bag—or even a trunk. To judge by the continual starting off of motor-buses throughout the Tyrol, it is difficult believing that the traveler stays longer than a meal, or that he sleeps anywhere. But those who entered the dining-room had the New Jersey hotel manner which is gained only by a weekly rate. There the simi-



CORTINA D'AMPEZZO

larity ended. To be sure, husband and wife came in together, and the tables bowed to each other. Yet the enjoyment, while solid, was not gay, the attitude of the wives toward their husbands had not that conscious Sunday-dinner quality which we possess. There was

holidays for wives without husbands among the Teutons. They come together and they go together—there is no thrilling expectancy late Friday afternoon or mildly tempestuous partings early Monday morning.

The conclusion of the discussion was not a happy one. The Illustrator, agreeing with the *maître d'hôtel* (he was a Frenchman) that men could see too much of their wives, caught my eye, and went out to put water in his engine without finishing his prune *Kuchen*. Still we went on, as husbands and wives do, and he "ate up" the Pordoi Pass, and, very humbly, his words in the course of the afternoon.

Eating up passes was the Illustrator's expression, not mine. I would have said that they ate us up. Even by squinting one cannot turn a gallon of gasoline into a quart as it is being poured into the tank. There is no perspective. Mindful of this, when the hot-water jugs were brought to our rooms that night, I felt it necessitous as a complete wife to express relief that the expensive hill-climbing was about over.

We had chosen Pieve di Livinallongo for a sleeping-place, a small town stunted in its youth by the weight of its name. It had an Old World air, not as old as the mountains but old enough for us, and we made a further effort to escape the summer boarders, and see "the people" by putting up at the most ancient of the inns. The rooms were stuffy, however, and the Turkey-red feather beds lowered



A STREET IN STERZING

no desire among the women to show off their trophies; no hint in the air of "this is he of whom I have been telling you through the week."

One could not blame them for their moderation. The husbands were not much to look at, but the cause of this languid acceptance of the presence of their lords was explained by the *maître d'hôtel*. It seems that there are no



Drawn by Walter Hale

CASTLES WHICH HAD WITNESSED THE GRIM CONFLICTS OF ANOTHER AGE



THE TRIUMPHAL GATE—INNSBRUCK

at us, and we ended in a new hostelry where the landlord spoke the newest English in the world.

I had no sooner declared myself anent the passing of the passes than the Illustrator, clanking his fancy wash-bowl and pitcher with an assumption of ease, advised me to look at the map. I did so, but could make nothing out of the caterpillars crawling over the surface of Austria in their effort to give an imitation of mountains, until Rabby came to my assistance.

It was her keen eyes that detected Pieve di Livinallongo and deducted, by its situation among the caterpillars, that we were only at the beginning of the passes. We turned upon the Illustrator, who assumed a hostile air to cover his guilt, and asked why, in the name of a number of things, we should hold him responsible for the construction of the Tyrol. "We are in the midst of passes," he stated coldly, "and we will have to

cross a few more to get out. You *want* to get out, don't you?"

We went down to dinner, driven from the third-class *Gastzimmer* into the *Speisesaal*. It was a good dinner, but as is usual with us when we are among the Teutons, we did not get what we thought we had ordered. The German language has never failed to baffle us, although there is a family tradition that I should know German. At my first symptom of defeat the Illustrator broke out, "*Was haben sie zu eaten*," with a hasty slurring of syllables in case he was wrong.

"*Bitte*?" queried the vacant-eyed waitress.

Three Austrian officers near by, one dachshund (apparently), and two ladies with the Illustrator "made to laugh." He glared at the officers. "It is only among the German countries that one jeers at the errors of strangers," he safely reprov'd in English. "If this girl could speak Italian I would have no trouble."

It is common belief that one speaks very well the language of the country he has just left. When in the Tyrol the mistake lies in dwelling insistently upon this accomplishment, for those who come and go across the border have both tongues at their command.

The Illustrator should have remembered this, but he is not the man to remember the disagreeable in life. It always comes to him as a surprise. It came to him the next morning when we stopped to draw a castle. Our erratic halting in the middle of a steep ascent over the Falzarego Pass is indicative of the artist devouring the mechanic. These occasional conflicts lend color to our journeying. I like them, and any mechanical indiscretion when the artist is in the ascendant I condone. In proof of this, when we found that our car had been backed too deeply into the ditch (to prevent it from impeding traffic) both Rabby and I were keen for pushing.

The Illustrator, every inch a mechanic now, sat in the driver's seat putting in the clutch and changing gears like a zylophone-player. Rabby and I puffed against the wheels, but that muscular weakness which comes with a sense of the ridiculous rendered our efforts futile. Our driver, ashamed to look around and see us, pretended we were not there. The situation was very German. "The new woman," said Rabby, nodding toward him. Then, as ever in our darkest hour, assistance drew near.

Assistance was two

horses and a man. I pointed out the usefulness of the approaching beasts. But our mechanic roared at me. "I will not be helped out by animals," he said, with that automobile pride which could be pushed by ladies but not pulled by horses. "Speak to him in German and ask him to help us."

There was a deadly pause. I could not speak to him in German. "Then I will speak in Italian," he flung at us. This is where the recklessness comes in.

"*Parlate italiano?*" he called to the man.

"*Sì, signore.*"



OLD HOUSES—INNSBRUCK

Another pause. He had not counted on the man's linguistic abilities. "Very well, then," he responded in an angry burst of English, "get down and shove this infernal machine into the middle of the road."

more on the climb. However, as he said when we had reached the summit and were mailing triumphant postal cards, "There is always a way out if you use your intelligence."

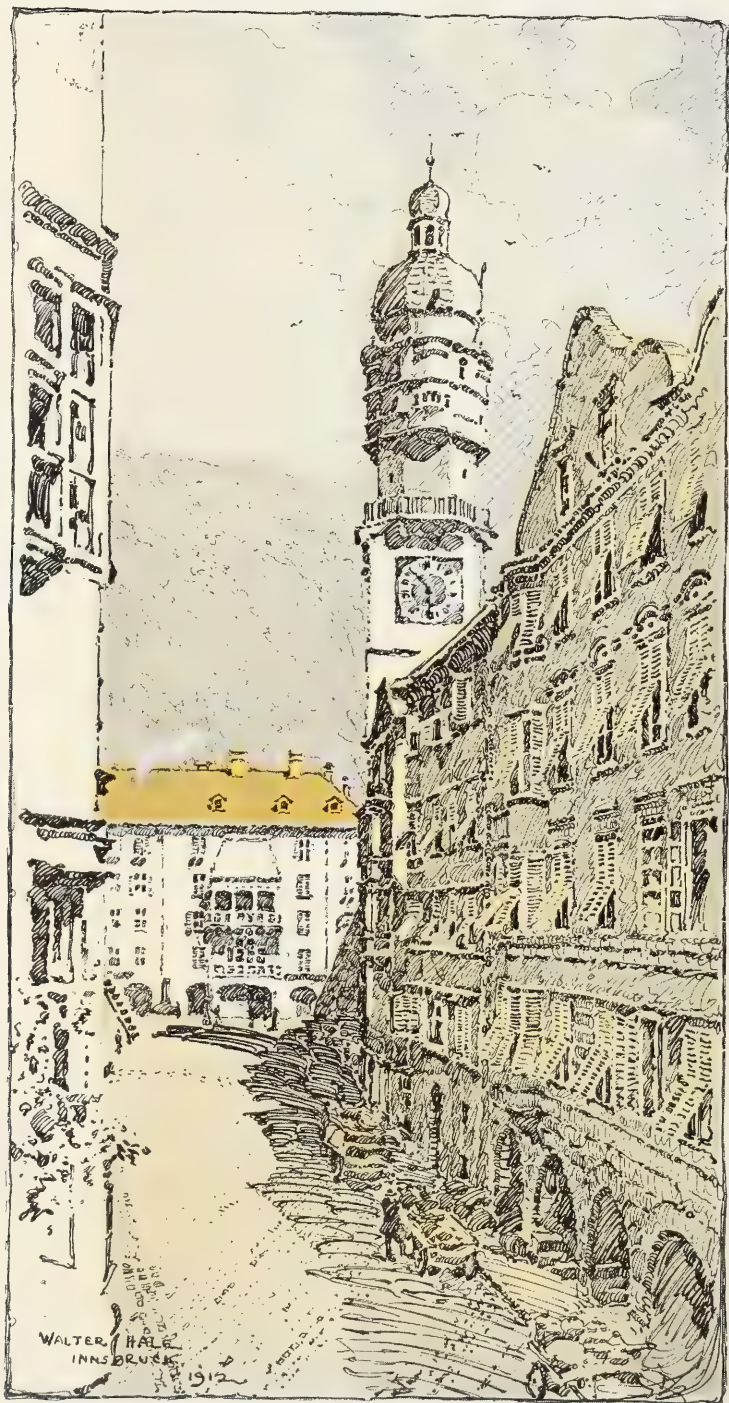
We lunched on the hotel balcony at

Cortina, which lies at the foot of the Ampezzo Pass, taking plates and going to the bakery to choose our little cakes. A fine rain had set in, necessitating a hurried sketch to give time to tire-chains. These are *verboten* on the fine roads which Emperor Franz Josef has built for his fractious Tyrolese, yet we employed them without arrest.

Rabby and I would have lingered in Cortina. "Those who love come here," she had pleaded, and I would have enjoyed a vicarious romance but for the letter of credit. We did not stay. Our path-finder, in spite of his excellent meal, was hungry. He wished to eat more passes. Besides that, it was in a spirit of benevolence that he hoped to make Sterzing for the night. He had been there once before, had played billiards with the proprietor, and the hotel was the quaintest in the world.

We climbed the Ampezzo in the rain, going up to meet the clouds and coming down with most of them resting on the canopy. Through the mist I strained my eyes for the more modest foothills which must begin soon, but there was no suggestion of them. Beyond Toblach, where we quitted the Dolomites (looking gray), we came upon the vast Pusterthal Range, the Illustrator greeting it with a forced manner of perplexity, as though he had expected to find a prairie around the corner from the village church.

I was not deceived by this, but I was confused, as the day passed, at a certain manner he had developed of turning to me frequently and asking in kindly tones if I had noticed that we coasted down



A STREET NEAR THE GOLDNE DACHL—INNSBRUCK

The man wonderfully comprehended, and we all three pushed to the Illustrator's mild "*Uno, due, tre—andiamo!*" But it was "One, two, three—let us go!" a number of times before we were once

each descent. I felt that this devotion was ominous, yet the import did not reach me until curtain-lecture time.

Sterzing was half-way up the Brenner Pass. When I had asked if we could avoid this stiff ascent I had been told that if we did I could not see the quaint hotel and the landlord who played billiards. He was not much of a landlord to look at, after all. And he did not recognize the *Illustrator*, who had come this great way to meet him again. He was a small man with large rooms, and would not show us the less expensive ones until we had threatened to leave. We finally were disposed along a corridor that was rounded like a tunnel, leaving it to our individual taste as to whether we were in the subway or a beer-cellar. We ate in a private room, much against our will, full of steins and horns; but it would have been unseemly to raise objections of any sort to the indifferent service, for upon the walls were signed protocols that various royal highnesses had stopped there and found everything, including the landlord, satisfactory.

At the end of the meal the guide-books were spread out on the red table-cloth, and just as I began to clear my throat in preparation for a few words, the *Illustrator* forestalled me. He wished to call my attention to the amount of gasoline that he had saved that day in coasting. I admitted that I had noticed it. After which he wished me to grant that the more passes we crossed the more we coasted, and therefore we were saving rather than spending money. It seemed plausible.

"Then," said he, reaching his peroration, accompanied by certain hypnotic gestures, "is it not economy for us to drive over a few more passes to-morrow to pretty little Landeck instead of delaying in Innsbruck, and from Landeck cut north out of the mountains?"

I felt the spell of his waving hands, and instinctively I turned to Rabby. My heart warmed toward her. Had we not marched in the same parade, generally keeping step? Yet Rabby did not meet my gaze. She avoided its level shaft, preferring the twisting caterpillars on the map. "You see," she muttered, lamely, "Innsbruck is most expensive, and we do coast a lot."

It was plain that she had gone over to the passes. She had caught the trick of squinting. She grew mean in my eyes. I remembered how she had allowed her banner to sag in the parade, while she held on to her hat. But I would not tell her this. Instead, I nodded acquiescence, while I took out the letter of credit for a recounting. It was not my fault that the stiff pages rattled like a skeleton. The *Illustrator* leaped away to billiards.

Yet, having conquered, he was kind. He made a sketch the next morning in the busy street because he knew it would please me, and came to my assistance when an old dame from whom I had purchased a clothes-brush tried to pull it away from me as I was leaving the shop. A mob collected, all siding with their citizeness and wishing to pull it away also, although the *Illustrator* told them it was *verboten* to rob *me*, and Rabby wept. In the end we discovered that I had paid her with a nickel kreutzer-piece instead of a silver krone. Order was restored, and we motored hastily away, feeling the hostility of Sterzing.

The episode served a purpose. As a circle of three we were again united, a common foe against a people whose language we did not understand. We entertained no animosity toward the topography of the country, however, and I found myself enjoying the Brenner Pass as opposed to streets full of men and women. The hills could not speak to us, nor have to be spoken to. We felt less alone in the solitudes. This comes to one after much traveling along the open ways. It is the gift Nature grants us for affecting her company throughout a season.

For this reason (and this alone, I sternly contended with myself), I was glad to quit Innsbruck, a city as brightly polished as a brass door-knob—a city full of delightful shops that one dared not enter, and possessing a rocky, iron-ribbed bank that gave us a flat packet of bank-notes and took in exchange our letter of credit. It was peering out at me from behind the bars as we turned to go, and I am not sure but that I heard it rustling out: "Leaving me, eh? Ah, things have come to a pretty pass!"

Innsbruck held on to us as long as it could, although the Illustrator had endeavored to propitiate it by drawing the House of Gold, as one who made offerings to the golden calf. At the edge of the town, en route for Landeck, we acquired a puncture; then a crowd, among them a gentleman in uniform, who put his sword on the front seat and assisted us ably. When the time came for us to resume our coats and kick the jack free, we, as usual, suffered from the fear of insulting the gallant officer by the offer of money. But, as usual, he took the sum without any show of resistance. He turned out to be the postman, which type of official can accept largesse, his sword being very short indeed.

And yet it was long enough to obstruct our progress! For we had no sooner said farewell to the crowd and swept around a corner than we were arrested by a great shout, and looked back to find the villagers following us, the postman in the lead. We could not blame him, as he wished this weapon of his which had been stowed away with the other tools, and without which no letters could have been delivered along his waiting route that evening. So the Illustrator said, "*Sair goot*," to show that he was sorry.

Night came down before we reached Landeck, hurried in by clouds that were as full of rain as their appearance threatened. Hills rose up to confront us suddenly, malicious hills that had no down side to them. The way was so narrow that in many places another vehicle could not have passed, much less seen us. At each sharp turn castles, high aloft, were gloating down upon the car, no doubt praying for collisions—they who had witnessed the grimmer conflicts of another age.

When we had given up our destination as a habitation submerged by the cloudburst, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of it, for one is in the heart and on the edge of Landeck at the same time. From the doorway of the Alten Post, porters, behind green-felt aprons, descended; a head-waiter in his best Holborn Restaurant accent asked if we "would a cocktail haven," and the proprietor announced reproachfully "that we had rain broughten—his season was

nothings," as though we had carried the deluge in the gasoline-tank, just to annoy him!

There was no curtain lecture that night, for the reason that it was past the hour. Besides, the Alten Post is the most charming inn in the world. Besides, our sharp fight with the elements had set us tingling with the joy of vicissitudes; and, in truth—in curious truth—I was too grieved to think that the passes were over to ask for the itinerary into the open country. I was not sure of this regret until the next day, when we went about in a sort of peaceful gloom, mild, like the wet sunshine. The Illustrator was busy with his maps blocking out the northern trail, and Rabby was looking at him regretfully.

"Beyond the Alps lies Italy," she quoted.

"Beyond the Stelvio Pass lies Italy," amended the Illustrator, "the highest carriage road in Europe." He paused, and eyed me as though I had stolen his happiness. "The highest carriage-road in Europe," he repeated.

Their sighs blew me through the door and up the gentle little street. A motor coming up from the south passed me; it bore a Stelvio banner. It would soon be neighboring with our car—soon boasting. But the money! I clutched my safety pocket where the pad of banknotes reposed. "All that was left of it, left of six hundred!" I squinted a little mentally. It was not entirely my money, and, of course, if it was taken from me, I could not call for the police. I hurried back to them, with the idea of leaving it about carelessly.

But he had already found a way. I knew by his gleaming eyes. If, he contended, there was money saved coasting down the minor passes, what might not be saved coasting down ten thousand feet! For reasons of my own I did not combat him, but "to save my face" we made a business-sounding arrangement which had to do with our both ascending and descending the Austrian side, and keeping out of Italy altogether.

The next day we went south again, acquiring the Reschen Scheideck Pass as a *bonne bouche*, and spending the night at Neu Spondinig, which is the starting-place for the Stelvio. About the place

there was the excitement of the day before a race. Maps hung upon the walls, and men of all nations were poring over them. Motor-cars were being overhauled, and strict injunctions were exchanged to keep the engine cool, first speed, plenty of water. Adventure was in the air!

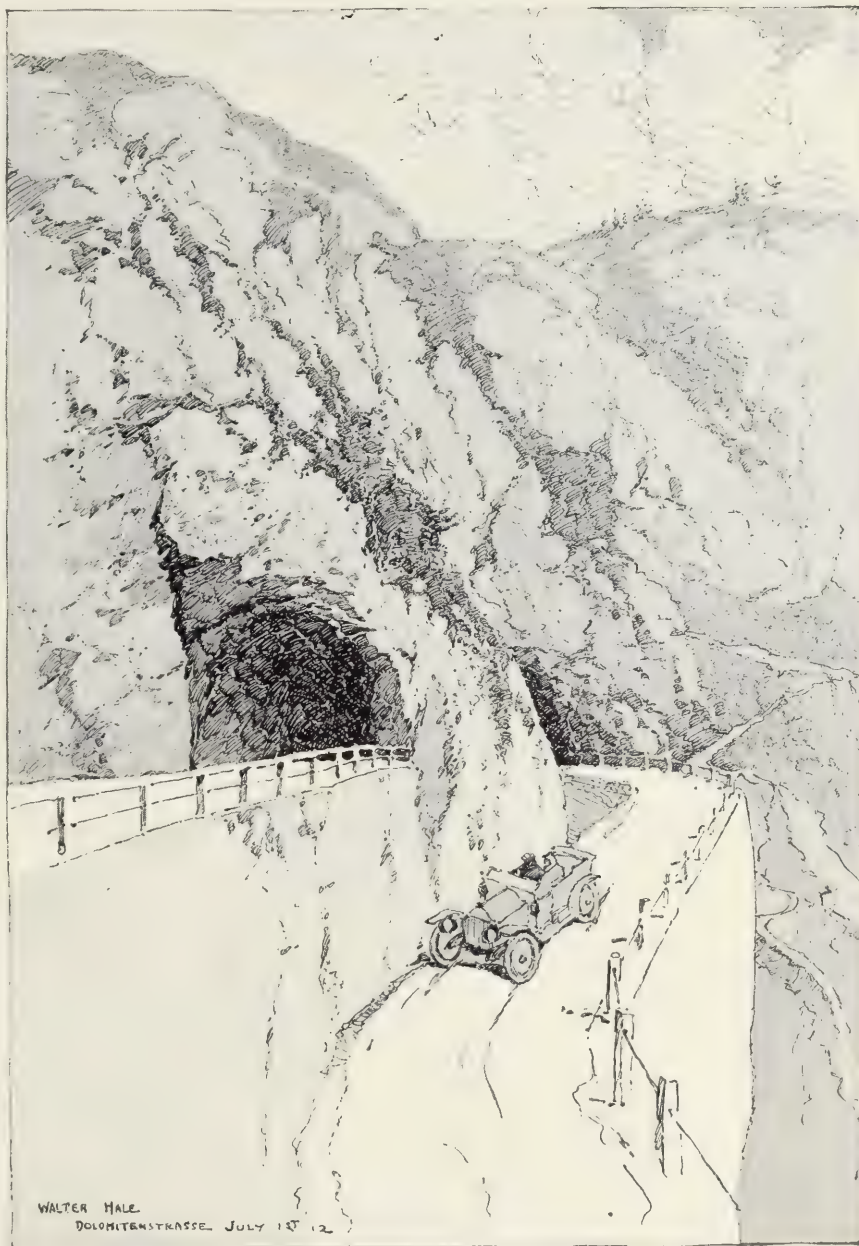
At sunrise the landlord bade us good-by, unmoved by the statement that we would return—misunderstanding us. "Some do," he cheerlessly admitted. "Keep the engine cool. Attempt not to speed maken."

For the first few miles it seemed an easy thing, but as we drew nearer, the mountain, contrary to its kindred, did not recede. It came to meet us. It was as a bare stern wall, the turnings of the road as symmetrical in their crossing as the lacings of a woman's corset. There were forty-eight "hairpin" corners in eight miles of steady upward climbing.

Rabby kept clearing her throat as though about to be presented to a Grand Duke, and any song I could think of to hum sounded trivial. We found the flippancies of the modern hostelrys along the lower stretches most welcome, and we left behind one waiter with regret, for he had worked in a Minnesota wheat-field. With skill we passed the yellow stage-coaches such as our forebears drove in. There are no motor-busses on this steep grade. The six horses are exchanged frequently; the post-boys, in the uniform of the Austrian emperor, run to and fro; long whips crack, and liquids are hurried out to the muffled

passengers. But for us always, always, water for the engine.

We used hot-water bags for buckets at the springs, or wherever the water trickled, but beyond the Inn Franzenlohe, which is half-way up the pass, there was



A HAIRPIN TURN ON THE FALZAREGO PASS

no more water. It was very cold, and above us was snow, implacable snow, across which the *lacets* showed their mechanical weaving in faint, black lines.

The stage-coaches take their noonday meal here, but we went on toward the snow—into it. It folded itself about us; a way had been plowed through, and the walls rose above us thirty feet on either side. I thought of the gentle

snowflakes of my childhood. At one sharp turn I urged the Illustrator to scoop out the white wall rather than back repeatedly to make the curve. The mud-guard bent like a piece of paper as it struck the marbled hardness.

The fear of the thing, the power of the mass which could move stealthily down upon us and crush our weak uplifted hands, settled down upon me. "Even Venice!" muttered Rabby.

Yet we reached the top sooner than we had expected. The roof of the hotel rose, as glorious as any Alpine peak, ahead of us. In the square, open space the motors and coaches and post-chaises were drawn up in orderly array. We backed into our allotted space. The landlord approached and observed that the water was not boiling—"Das ist wunderschön!" We all felt repaid for any earlier anxieties.

Then we went in to eat! And there was *Wiener schnitzel* and postal cards and the simple things that preserve the balance of life. We were dining with goggles on, for the glare was intense, and we looked at one another, seeing pale green or brown—and some happiness. But complete satisfaction did not come. I knew what was the matter. It was the Italian descent for which we were

longing—a fresh sensation, a new impression.

"Of course," said the Illustrator, finally, "there's no coasting down this side—it's too dangerous. Perhaps the other."

I rejoined sharply that there was no coasting down the other, and he knew it. I was very miserable. I wished intensely to try the other descent. But the money! We would be back in Italy once more with it all to do over. Suddenly I left them to photograph Alps and travelers aimlessly. It had occurred to me that the Illustrator had never yet failed in gaining that which he most desired, so I left them alone, as the man's mind works more craftily when I am not staring at him. I grew serene in the thought that he, like Sentimental Tommy, would surely "ken a wy."

He found a way. We went down the Italian side that afternoon. For, as he had appeared to explain, we would get back four hundred dollars from the Austrians and have to deposit but one hundred of that sum with the Italian customs. That would give us three hundred dollars to have a good time with, "and after that—"

"After that there's the poor-house," I said, hurrying pleasantly into the automobile.

Enheartenment

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

ALL we betrayers of our love,
Who twice, or thrice, did fall,
Come, let us rise and plant again
Our banners on the wall.

Not sick with grief, not brooding long,
Not sunk in dumb self-hate,
Draw out the oft-dishonored sword,
And fighting fierce, though late,

Rescue the body for the soul,
Defend and guard it till
The blazing presence of love's whole
Do soul and body fill.

The Fatherland

BY HAROLD WILLIAM FIFERLIK



“H”E is your grandfather, too, Jan,” old Martin had cried out to the very last, “and he was my friend; but he deserted his fatherland! He betrayed that spirit which was here! He was a coward and a traitor, and those who went with him were cowards and traitors—Karel, Václav, Ludvík, Josef—they were cowards and traitors, every one! To be Americans, they said! That people mad with piling gold! When I am gone, you go there, Jan, to him, to Antonín; I leave you nothing. But you shall not stay! You shall not stay to join in such a task—”

“No, no, grandfather; I will not stay!”

“You shall come back, my Jan! You are no coward. The blood of Zizka’s men is in you still! You shall come back to serve the fatherland and the spirit that will not down!”

And now the ship was in, and ahead the boy saw a straight, glad-eyed old man who he knew must be his grandfather. Then he felt arms tight about him, and an eager voice was speaking the language that he loved, and for a moment he forgot. But then he was himself, and drew away.

“Yes, you are Barbara’s boy!” old Anthony was saying. “We shall be happy. We shall be two chums together. You shall grow and do things here in our big, free America! We shall be proud of you. You shall be an American, and then—”

But the boy was standing very stiff and straight. “I shall not be an American,” he said. “I have come only because I must, and I shall go back. I—I should be ashamed to be an American.”

Old Anthony looked at him, astonished. “You must not say that, Jan,” he said. “That is wrong. We are proud to be Americans. To be Amer-

icans we left the fatherland. And you will be proud, too, Jan. I have waited so long for one who should come and take my place, and now that one is you. But you will see. You will know—”

“I shall not see,” the boy said, firmly, “and I know all that I need to know. I shall go back.”

Old Anthony’s smile had gone. “Jan, I do not understand. What is it? You must tell me. I love you, and we are alone in the world together. You—you do not love me and my country?”

“There is no need to talk about it,” the boy replied. “Nothing can be changed.”

“But—but, Jan—” Suddenly the old man caught his grandson by the shoulders. “Jan, it must be changed! It must! It has all meant so much to me! It will to you! I—I want you, Jan, and I have hoped and waited—”

For a moment, as he looked into the anxious face, the boy felt tears very close. Then his lips tightened and he shook his head.

“Nothing can be changed,” he said.

“Jan, you speak too hastily. You—” Old Anthony stopped. Dismayed, he saw the resolution that was hardening in the eyes that looked straight back at him. His arms dropped slowly to his sides as if the strength had gone from them.

“Jan, I—I am sorry—”

The boy’s voice was steady. “I am sorry, too—grandfather.”

Then they turned and found their way into the street. It was a long way to the little tailor-shop, but they made the distance, side by side, without a word.

They did not talk again of what was in their hearts, and the boy was glad that they did not. Matters were not as he had expected. He would have rejoiced to defy a grim or hard old man, but this old man who loved him and

was so sorely disappointed made his duty hard. He even feared that he might come to love his grandfather. Sometimes when they were busy in the shop and he felt the troubled eyes upon him he almost wished that he had no duty. Then he would repeat those words: "A coward and a traitor, Jan! You shall not stay to be so! You shall come back!" But they would not set him quite right.

However, it was easier to despise those other men whom old Martin had denounced so often. They came to the shop sometimes of afternoons to smoke their pipes with Anthony. There was old Karel, who was fat and voluble; and Vaclav, who was thin and silent; and Ludvik, with an empty sleeve pinned upon his breast; and little Josef, whose eyes were mild and spectacled, but whose fierce chin-whisker was terrible to see. When they came, their talk always tightened his throat a little with homesickness, but he sat rigidly on his table and never said a word. To himself, though, he was repeating:

"Cowards and traitors! Cowards and traitors, Jan! Cowards and traitors, every one!"

And as for the remainder of the creed, its truth became more and more apparent every day. He took pains to let it become so. He studied the Americans. He watched them as they came into the little shop; and whenever he went about, he watched them in the streets. He saw them at their task. And presently he was forced to admit that to see them might have been inspiring had their task been worthier. They rushed upon it as he had never seen people do before. Their energy never flagged. It was as if they were urged on and on and could never be at peace until their task was done. In their absorption they seemed to be fighting pell-mell, with thoughts for nothing but the fight. But that men should strive like this for gold! He had old Martin's word that it was gold that drove them. And what else could it be? Must not every man of honor despise them and those who had fled to join them?

There were two people who, he thought, typified it all. One was an old lady who now and then drove swiftly

past the shop in a shabby little carriage. She was a fine, white-haired old lady, but she always looked straight on ahead, as if she did not know that there was any one about her. She had been very rich, he heard, but was not so now; yet apparently she had no time even for regret. The other person was a little old man who was lame and who stumped quickly along with a crutch each morning. Not even his being old or afflicted had quenched his fire. These two were as intent upon their purposes as were any of the younger people who went dashing past them. . . . One day, however, Jan was surprised to see them both bow to his grandfather, who chanced to be standing near the window. But still it was not so surprising. A great many people seemed to know and love his grandfather.

"That Antonin," old Karel said, another day when Anthony had stepped out, "he makes everybody to turn to him. It is no wonder that we, too, loved him and followed him—eh, Vaclav?—that long time ago."

"And yet we are not sorry, Karel," old Vaclav answered, thoughtfully. "I think that it was he who taught us to be men. You know?"

And that was the day when Jan took thought and realized that he himself was in danger. He knew that he was coming to love his grandfather, and he knew that old Karel was right. Suppose that he should yield? Suppose that his love for his grandfather should gradually overcome his determination, should weaken him till he forgot the truth, should make him a traitor, too! It must not be! He would rather die than have it so!

He told his grandfather that night that he would like to seek work elsewhere.

Old Anthony's face lighted with sudden hope. "Yes, yes, Jan," he said. "That is right! You must have a better place. You will get on. I am glad that you want to do it. . . . Is it changed now, Jan?"

But the boy shook his head sharply. "It cannot be changed," he said.

Next day he was hired at a great place down-town. For a while he thought that he was free of his difficulties. He

worked hard, and several weeks slipped by. Then, to his surprise, a little promotion came to him, and an increase of pay. He did not stop, but became more and more interested in his work, and presently there was another and larger advance. He did not realize how excited he was until he had got home and told his grandfather. Hope lighted old Anthony's face again.

"Yes, yes, Jan," he said. "You can do so well. And you will. It is such good boys that we need. It is they who will be men and do to-morrow's work when we who do to-day's are gone. Good boys who understand and love. . . . Is—is it changed now, Jan?"

"No, no, grandfather." But the boy was thinking. Already he had thought of two or three ways of improving the method under which his work was done. He would attend to this.

And then all at once he stopped, as if a warning gun had been fired somewhere. Had he meant what he said—or had he said it purely out of habit? Had he been so engrossed with his new thoughts that he had forgotten? The possibility that was raised made him gasp. He took the matter to bed with him, and in the dark he seized upon it violently to deal with it as it deserved to be dealt with. The spirit of these people was being born in him! The gold-madness was getting hold of him! Was he to be a traitor, too? He did not even stop to answer. He crushed the questions down as if they were a growth of poisonous weeds. And he would act. Since he could not trust himself, he must act. Just as soon as it was possible he must go back. He *would* go back!

Next morning he went to work with a fierce new purpose in his heart. It was now early May. A careful calculation showed him that by the first of June he could save his passage money. And meanwhile he must keep so grim a watch upon himself that no weakness, however slight, could creep in and take him unawares. That was his work now.

But here in the new shop he had acquired one interest that he felt was worthy, and during the days of his wait he allowed it to be much in his thoughts.

He did this partly because it helped to keep other things out and partly because it was so interesting in itself. It had come to him first through another boy who worked near him. This boy's English was a little broken, as was his own, and often he talked to Jan; and when he did so, it was always about one thing, "the Ninth." Jan had not listened much till one day when he had asked, impatiently:

"But what is it, this 'Ninth' you talk about? I have never heard of it."

"The Ninth?" the boy asked, incredulously. "You have not heard of the Ninth? Why, I thought that everybody in the world had heard of it! It is a regiment—the regiment that led the charge! You must have heard of that day and of the charge?"

"A regiment of soldiers?" Jan asked, interested.

"Yes, yes, the greatest regiment of all! But grandfather must tell you. It was his regiment. I will have him tell you. And when he does you will thrill right through you! Wait."

So that noon, when lunch was eaten, the boy had led him up-stairs to a little, bright-eyed old man who worked at a table by himself, and there, wide-eyed, Jan had heard the story of the Ninth. How there had been a war and need for men, but how the people had jeered at these. How one man's zeal had overcome all difficulties. How the regiment had been rejected at first, and at last received only with scorn. And then how it had served and given itself gladly at every call and in every place. How it had never faltered or complained, no matter whether hope was high or despair was closing in. How, little by little, its devotion had won for it regard and respect and love. And then how, to consummate its service, it had made itself immortal by its charge.

The old man's fingers were tightening on the big meerschaum pipe he smoked.

"They realized that it meant everything," he said, "and they chose the Ninth to lead the charge! Once they had laughed at us because we spoke not English well, but now they knew and understood us. When we formed there in the daybreak we knew that never in this world would we stand shoulder close

to shoulder so again; yet there was happiness on every face all down the ranks. The dim, gray morning was so still that I whispered to one little Franz, placed next to me: 'There is no wind. In the smoke we shall not see.' He smiled and whispered back, 'We can see the flag, and that is all that we have need to see.' They had said the works could not be taken, but when the bugles blew there was a crash of joyful cheers. We went forward up the hill behind the flag. A blast burst from the trenches that tore and burned the ranks, and the smoke and dust-clouds blinded eyes; but as the bugles shrieked, the cheer broke forth again and the flag rushed upward. We closed together eagerly to follow. We could no longer see or think in such a place, but not the thunders nor the clouds nor the tearing of the fire could dim the flag. Always the flag was there! It did not falter. It could not falter, I think, because God was with it! And the rest was as little Franz had said. The Ninth went up and planted it upon the works."

The big meerschaum pipe was cold in fingers that had forgotten it, and Jan sat breathless under the spell. Almost with awe he looked upon the little man, and with envy he looked upon the boy.

"And—and then?" he asked.

The old man started from his memories and smiled. "When the charge was done," he said, simply, "the most lay there upon the hill beside the flag with little Franz. The rest came back. There were other things to do, and they came to do them. They are—"

"But this June," his grandson broke in, "the Ninth will stand again there on the hill! A monument is being put there where the flag was planted, and the roll is written on the monument! Did I not tell you, Jan, that the Ninth was the greatest regiment of all?"

"But that man who bore the flag?" Jan asked. That fascinated him. It was a deed to stand with any hero's deed.

"On Memorial Day," the boy explained, "you may see him and all the rest, for they will march away once more as they did that other time. And the next day they will meet upon the field. . . . You can see them here before they go."

"Yes," Jan had answered; "I will see them."

And that night he had gone home with his head full of the story of the Ninth, and now he dwelt upon it more and more. It roused his own courage and made him proud to do his duty. It strengthened him, and he felt that his danger was rapidly passing. Regret that he must hurt his grandfather remained, but no weakness. And at last, one night when his going was but a week away and he had come home to find old Anthony busy with a great heap of worn blue clothes, he had even allowed himself to slip off his own jacket, and help as he used to. Polishing the brass buttons became his share of the work; and, the suits being all alike, there were so many brass buttons that he was fully occupied. One of the coats had its sleeve pinned upon the breast.

"Is this Ludvik's coat?" Jan asked, presently.

"Yes," old Anthony replied, "that is Ludvik's coat."

They worked late into that evening and into all the evenings thereafter. It seemed that these old clothes were to be very thoroughly gone over and put in order. The boy worked busily, but he often wondered at the care—it was almost tenderness sometimes—with which his grandfather saw to each least detail.

Then it was the night before the 30th of May. The boy could hardly suppress his exultation as he received the last of the necessary money and left his place for good. He felt that he had stood trial and conquered. He had met a crisis, and had come safely through. He was strong again. Yet in his strength he seemed to see everything more clearly, and he pitied his grandfather. He was uncertain whether it would be better to tell him or to go quietly, without explanation. First he would see the Ninth—that had become a fixture in all his plans—then. . . . He left the decision in abeyance.

Old Anthony was working on the last of the blue suits when he entered. Once more Jan took off his jacket to help. It was dark before they had finished it; and then, a little to Jan's surprise, in came old Karel and Vaclav and the rest, and over the arm of each old Anthony

laid one of the suits. They took them soberly, as if they were not old clothes, but treasures of a price.

"Once more you have made us trim, Antonin," Karel remarked.

"Yes," old Anthony answered, with a smile. "Yes, once more, Karel."

They went away in silence, and the two who were left had supper. And presently, as if he had not yet done enough, old Anthony lighted the big brass lamp and took from the closet still another old blue suit and laid it upon the table. He touched it softly, as if he were caressing it. The boy looked up quickly.

"Shall I help you with that, too, grandfather?"

Old Anthony shook his head and did not answer for a moment. "Jan," he asked, then, "is it changed yet?"

"No, no," the boy answered, firmly. "No, no, grandfather. It cannot be changed." And he got up quickly and went out, leaving his grandfather still touching the worn blue cloth as if it were a thing that felt and understood.

Very early next morning Jan was awake and had gathered and packed his belongings. He had finished this task and was standing in the door, looking across the street to where a boy was running out a flag from a piazza, when he heard his grandfather behind him in the shop. Before he turned, however, the flag unfolded in the sunshine and he thought that he had never seen so bright a one.

"Jan," the old man said, "to-day, of course, there is no work, and this afternoon I shall not be here. To-morrow, also, I shall be gone, and the next day. You will not mind to be alone?"

"No, no, grandfather."

"And this morning I shall gather the lilacs and the snowballs—if you will help me, Jan."

"Yes, to be sure, grandfather."

So they went out and spent the long forenoon in the yard beside the little building, stripping the two big lilac-bushes and the snowball-bush of their blossoms. They did not talk. Jan was increasingly grateful that his grandfather's words had made that last decision easy. There need be no painful parting. His grandfather would go

away, as he had said, and then come back and find him gone. It would all be over. . . . By noon the shop was fragrant with the flowers they had gathered. Neither cared for dinner. Old Anthony said that he must dress.

Then the boy rose. He strove hard not to betray himself, and succeeded. "I am going out now, grandfather. I—I have something to do."

Old Anthony did not answer, but all at once he turned and came back and kissed his grandson. Jan took his hat and hurried out.

He was somewhat surprised, when he reached the street, to find so many people there. Somehow he had not caught the idea that this was to be a holiday, but such it seemed to be. There was a holiday spirit abroad, and yet it was a peculiar kind of holiday spirit, too. He dared be more tolerant this last day, and he thought about it. He could not decide at first what it reminded him of, and then he remembered. It was strangely like the spirit of the boy whose grandfather had told him the story of the Ninth. There was pride in it, a kind of happy pride, and thankfulness, and here, perhaps, a shade of sadness. And it appeared, too, that it was the Ninth these people talked most about. He found that he liked them better when they talked about it. They seemed to forget themselves and to cease for a minute from that task upon which they were engaged.

He heard a hail, and looked around to catch a glimpse of that other boy hurrying through the crowd across the street. The other boy waved his hand joyfully.

"You will see them, Jan!" he shouted, beaming. Then he was gone.

That stirred him. He began to go over the story once more as the bright-eyed little man had told it to him. Its power had not diminished. And now he was to see these men, the very record of whose deed could make his blood dance. It made him forget other things again.

At length he was down-town, and the crowd was becoming denser and denser. The people were forming along one wide, straight thoroughfare and packing themselves in till no one could move. He walked along the narrow lane behind them, wondering and thrilling in spite of

himself. Yes, everybody was talking about the Ninth. It pleased him. He gathered that there had been other men who fought, but he was not interested in them. It was the Ninth he thought of—that Ninth which a whole city was assembling to see; that Ninth which had been put to the severest test and had not failed. He was not surprised at his excitement and the drumming of his heart. The blood of the old heroes of the fatherland was throbbing, and all at once it seemed as if it throbbed in harmony with some spirit it had met and known before.

For the time he had forgotten that he must find a vantage-place. Then a burst of music and a cheer from up the street abruptly warned him. He was struggling to get through when some one called out. He looked quickly. It was the old lady who had driven past the shop. She was standing in the little carriage, which was set in the crowd with people hanging all over it, and she beckoned to him.

"Get right in here," she said. "Then you can see. Hurry! They're coming now!"

He had no time to marvel, but only to climb up. Then he was beside her, looking out across the moving heads and tossing hats and breathing so fast that at first he could hardly collect himself to see. . . . And then down the broad, white aisle between the people came the column—the soldiers, the flags, boys in khaki, the carriages. He watched it marching by amid the cheering and felt his heart pound with the measure of moving feet.

"But the Ninth—" he whispered, without looking away.

"In a moment," the old lady answered, eagerly. "See now! These are regiments that served, too! See there! And there!"

He started. The cheering had grown louder. The column was changing. He did not know what manner of men he had expected to see, but he was astonished that these were all old men. The hair and beards of all were white; shoulders that tried to be upright were bent; there were many who had empty sleeves. Yet the ranks were as straight as those that had gone before, and in the eyes

light shone. He found himself wishing that his grandfather Martin could be there to see, and then he knew where he had seen a light like this before. It was in old Martin's eyes the times he talked about the spirit and the fatherland. He watched them going on through the cheering people, and it was not till many companies had passed that he realized they wore blue, old, worn, and shiny suits of blue, like those upon which he and his grandfather had worked so many evenings. But even then he did not guess.

"The Ninth?" he asked again. "The—"

But there was no need for the old lady to answer. A cheer had rushed his words away, a cheer that rose and thundered till all the other cheers were merely whispers, a cheer that burst up in one great roar as if a single mighty throat had let it loose instead of many throats.

"The Ninth! The Ninth!"

"The Ninth!" the old lady cried. "See there, there! There—"

He looked, a little bewildered. At first he could not make it out. He saw a carriage, another rank of blue. But his eyes remained upon the carriage, and he leaned forward, staring. A little man was riding there, a little man with a crutch across his knees, a little man he had seen many times before, looking then, as now, straight on ahead. The boy turned toward the old lady, but she was pointing, and he looked again. The first rank was opposite. He made out the bright-eyed old man and was going to clap his hands. But he did not. He sat still, his hands upheld, his lips parted. It was a fierce white whisker that had caught him first. All at once he felt strange and dazed. He looked along. There was a broad, fat man; a tall, thin one; another with a sleeve pinned on his breast. He could not believe. He looked again and again and again. Karel, Vaclav, Ludvik, Josef, in the old blue suits, marching past him—For a moment it was as if he saw nothing at all. Then his vision cleared. And then he saw his grandfather. Quietly, as one who bears a sacred trust and has no thought but to be worthy of it, old Anthony was marching there before

them all, bearing in his hands a flag—a flag whose edge was whipped to rags, whose red was dim, whose white was stained; a flag gray with the smoke of battle; a flag that told a thousand stories— Then they were gone.

Silent and white-faced, the boy stood there trying to understand. He could not put the facts together. He had come to see the Ninth, and here were these men whom he had scorned. And this grandfather who had led them from the fatherland, whom he had been ashamed to love: this grandfather had borne the flag. There was a mistake, but he could not find it. This was the Ninth—the cheers were still surging in the street: the Ninth had fought and served and given till the world thrilled at its sacrifice. Did cowards and traitors do these things? Did any men do them for gold? What was it? He stood there till he felt the carriage begin to move rapidly through the breaking crowd, then he sat down. There were a million questions. He tried only one.

“Why—why was it that they fought—these men?”

But in the noise the question could not be heard. Then the crowd was dense again, and they were getting down and pressing through it, he and the old lady; and suddenly they were in a vast, high-roofed place where a great, tumultuous audience was gathered. In its bigness the place was dim, but the sunlight, slanting through narrow windows far above, glowed down upon the restless people and the flags and palms and flowers, and the old men gathered here again. His mind was whirling. He could not have said whether he had been here for minutes or for hours. There had been music and applause and singing, but he had not heard. Then all at once the place was still, and the stillness was as startling as uproar after stillness. He looked about.

“See,” the old lady whispered, close to his ear. “It was he who formed the Ninth! He said that he must help, though his body was too crooked to be used.”

Jan looked down toward the stage. An old man was standing forth to speak, but the boy could not be surprised again. It was the same old man, supported by

his crutch. It was the old man who had gone past the shop so often. Jan turned back confusedly.

“And you, too,” he stammered; “you gave all that you had—”

“I was glad,” she whispered, proudly. “Hush—”

He looked at her again, and then a voice reached out and held him, and he sat still in his seat.

“... There was a spirit in the world, a soul. The tyrants feared it—wished to purge it out. They struck and struck again, the tyrants among men; and worse, the tyrants in the minds of men—injustice, greed, and fear, and ignorance. They struck it down, but forth it flashed again, and yet again. It would not die—because it was the thing that was right to be. It is the thing that lifts men up to make them men with souls, not beasts. They struck it down, but still it grew and grew. It had to live! It had to live because it was the Truth!”

Jan looked upon the little man who spoke, and the eyes of the little man were lighted with the vision that has stirred the souls of men around the world. It came to the boy that in this place and by this voice his questions were to be answered. His mind opened to receive. He forgot himself.

“... Then, when the time had come, God gave to those who saw a task, a task that was a sacred task, to build somewhere upon the earth a land that should be like a lamp to hold the spirit that was Truth, a land whose very soul should be the spirit that the tyrants scourged! He gave a gift to those who knew the task—a broad, fair place between the seas. It was a wonder gift. They took the trust; they took the gift; they took the task. And with every power had they wrought upon it. From every fatherland beneath the sun men came; those men who understood and those who did not understand, but only felt down in their hearts—they came to do the task. They came to make the great, new fatherland, the fatherland of hope and freedom; the fatherland in which the souls of men might be and grow!

“Then all at once the spirit that had fought to live leaped free; and as it

did so a giant torch was fired that lighted up the world! A fatherland was being born for every man who wanted to be free; into which every man who came could be received. They worked and gave and served; we work and give and serve—all sons of the fatherland. When the fatherland was threatened, the sons went forth together; but that was but an incident and is past. Now there is other work; we must do that, too; and after that, other work still. But all to build our vessel for the Truth. That is our task. That is the task we do. We must always do it! Those who come after us must do it! Sometimes it seems we have forgotten; sometimes it seems we are not true. But this is not so! It must not be so! The task we do is God's task, to light the torch till at last the tyrants themselves shall understand. And I—in my heart—I think we shall not fail!"

The boy felt tumult around him, rushing, cheering, stamping. It was stunning; yet somewhere in his mind he could think. Was this the answer? Was this the task? Was this the cause that drew men from their fatherlands? Why, it was the same cause for which men had always fought! These men had but come here to stand together in fresh hope, to work and strive, to be brothers in that cause that is the one great cause, to make a fatherland that should be a fatherland indeed. . . . He could not hold it all at once. It was too big, too sudden, too strange and beautiful. . . . He was following the old lady again, tossed and pushed and shaken.

He saw the street and the crowd and the carriage, but he did not know where they were going till they stood in a quiet place of trees and lawns and gathering shadows.

"The Ninth's men are not here," the old lady whispered, "but there were others who gave their lives."

He looked, and understood where he was. He saw the people standing hushed, these young, strong, restless people, as if, just for a moment, they

had paused to look back on memories and pay a tribute to helpmates who were gone. He heard a prayer and saw the mounds of white and purple on the grass, and knew that some were crying here and there. A bugler rose, very tall and straight, and sent quavering out into the coming evening a long, sad call that rose and fell and rose and died away.

. . . He was alone. Somehow he had been separated from the old lady, and every one was gone. It was dark. He had been crying, but the agitation was over. He understood it all, the old men, the old lady, the people, the task. And he must tell his grandfather. . . . He ran all the way back to the little shop, and then down to the station.

"The Reunion train has been gone two hours," a clerk at a window told him. "There is another south at midnight. You must wait for that."

"I will wait," he said.

High up on the hill the monument's white shaft rose into the morning sky, and before it the Ninth was formed. The grass was fresh and green again, and the rows of small white headstones stretched away upon it. On every side the people stood to watch the ceremony.

There was a pause, and it was very still. Then, crisply, one by one, the names were read, the names that were carved there in the stone; and bit by bit the short blue line shifted forward in response. The man who bore the flag, somehow, was last. His name was called. Some said he had seemed to falter; others that he had not. But a boy burst through the crowd and stood beside him. At the touch the old man started and looked around.

"Grandfather," the boy whispered, "it is changed now!"

Quickly, without a word, the old man shifted the flag. The boy laid his hands upon the staff. Then they stepped forward together and stood there with the regiment, holding between them the flag of the great, new fatherland.

The Wetmore Clothes

BY MARIE MANNING



THE Misses Bayle were spinsters living on a plane of human experience where all the sterner obligations of life seemed to have vanished, leaving them free to follow the bias of inclination, which in their case had taken the form of traveling. It was quite twenty years since they had seen their native New York, and touring compatriots, discovering them at long intervals in out-of-the-way corners of Europe, were beginning to suspect them of being untrue to their national ideals in porcelain tubs and electric lights. Little was the degree of their apostasy suspected—the Misses Bayle actually preferred wax tapers, and as for tubs, they refused everything but the individual, portable, packable affairs of rubber, imported from the United States as often as was necessary. It had come to pass that the occasional importation of a rubber tub had grown to be their only connecting link with their mother country.

On the other hand, they had an immense and secret pride in being authorities on “unspoiled Europe.” They knew the least frequented byways from Liverpool to St. Petersburg. They knew the history of every fresco, statue, palace, cathedral, portrait, bridge, or inn likely to have escaped the conscientious tourist horde working its way, in regular grooves, from Naples to Hammerfest.

A more empyreal soar, in their continual flitting, was their annual visit (usually in the spring) to some cousins who lived near Florence. These wonderful sojourns with the Baldwins, at their Medicean villa beyond the Porta Romana, were as an apex achieved, a planting of a banner inscribed “Excelsior,” a crowning of their pursuit of “unspoiled Europe” with social experience possible only to the elect.

Once past the obsequious lodge-keeper at the entrance of the park, they ran no further chance of encountering a tourist, or a guide-book, or a rumor that a trolley was to be laid in another hallowed spot, or yet one more medieval convent turned into a museum. The atmosphere of the villa was rich with the aroma of the past; it had not been “restored.” There were frescos by Jacopo da Pontorno in the *salon*; there was a loggia that afforded the most ravishing view of Florence. The tenants on the estate regarded the Baldwins as their rightfully ordained princes, and there was a great deal of courtesying, genuflecting, and hat-doffing when they or their friends drove by; no wonder the free-born American ladies at the villa felt that they had died and gone to heaven!

An humble appendage to the suite of the Misses Bayle was Janet Thurston, poor relation, secretary, reader, go-between in all situations incident to constant travel. Janet filled her multifarious rôle without an outward sigh; she was twenty-five years old, but in all her life she had never had a moment’s conscious youth or deliberate festivity, though she was beautiful in her own silent, brooding way—like an unsmiling Botticelli lady. These visits to the Baldwins were the happiest events in her life, and the Baldwins treated her with the greatest kindness, though they were only cousins of her cousins.

The house-party at the villa in a certain spring was not a week old when news came that shook the house to its venerable foundations. Mr. James Furnivall Wetmore, a splendid arch-cousin of the Baldwins—the sort of cousin to whom a casual reference at once settles the status of a family—had died in London. And the Wetmore family, in the first clutch of its grief, was sending its entire wardrobe—that had been selected with special reference to the London season and presentation at the Court of

St. James—to the Baldwins to be given to the poor. The Wetmores being, of course, too thoroughly prostrated to find any poor.

J. Furnivall Wetmore was one of that group of American multimillionaires that have created the ineradicable impression, on the continent of Europe, that all Americans are rich beyond the dreams of avarice. He really was, but, at the same time, his innate simplicity and the fact that the money had been in his family three generations before he came into possession of it gave him an instinctive horror of notoriety. Therefore, when certain enterprising New York newspapers began to compute that if his fortune were reduced to silver dollars, piled one on top of the other, they would reach several times as high as certain sky-scrapers that he owned, he contrived to spend the greater part of his time in Europe where the supplying of entertaining reading at all hazards has not yet become the principle upon which newspapers are published.

The Baldwins were poorer than the Wetmores, by so many many millions that the stricken family might readily be excused in thinking that their Florentine relatives would know just the worthy souls to benefit by court frocks, duchesse-lace *négligées*, and hand-painted carriage wraps. Without a misgiving, the newly bereft family sent ten trunks full of modern gorgeousness to the Medicean villa. If any of the Medici were given to ghost-walking, how poor and simple their medieval finery must have seemed in contrast!

It was, of course, apparent to every one at the villa that it would be ridiculous to offer such garments to the poor. And the Baldwins reflected, with an amused tolerance, on the narrowing influence of great wealth; it must have been years since the Wetmores had spoken to any one lower in the social scale than a notary, or perhaps the custodian of a museum happily possessing something that had elicited their favorable comment. They were immensely charitable in a bread-withholding, stone-giving sort of way; their endowed institutions on both sides of the Atlantic were renowned; but it was plain to the Baldwins that they had lost touch with

the poor. So had the Baldwins themselves, for that matter, but they had not lost sight of the requirements of the needy, and they knew that chiffon carriage wraps and court trains were not among them. If they turned the clothes over to "their peasants" the effect of such rash giving would undoubtedly have had some far-reaching sociological influence. It was a trying question.

Now the Misses Bayle were past-mistresses of the art of an elegant economy; they took pride in having everything needful and eminently suitable to that station of life to which it had pleased Providence to call them, and in having it without dispensing those spectacular tips in the reckless fashion characteristic of so many of their compatriots and so destructive to the pleasant régime of travel. Their tastes had always inclined toward an elegant simplicity; but the downright, unqualified sumptuousness of the Wetmore clothes went to their heads. It dazzled and incited them to an overpowering primitive greed; they craved those triumphs of the *couturière's* art as Eve craved the apple.

Ways and means of disposing of the Wetmore chiffons had been discussed till the group at the villa began to lose sleep. The clothes must be given away before they left Florence for the summer; but to whom, with the exception of royalty or the family of an American millionaire, could such sumptuousness be given? The Bayles had not said a word, but the Baldwins, nevertheless, were becoming gradually aware of their true state of mind. They divined it from the almost painful silence with which the sisters greeted any possible solution of the Wetmore clothes question. They read it in the way Miss Margaret handled certain of the things on which she had set her heart, and in the little stoical gesture with which Miss Eleanor shoved others of them away. Janet Thurston said or did nothing; she only looked at the creations as she did at all the beautiful things of life passing her by.

"If we were only in New York," Mrs. Baldwin said, tentatively, "it could be managed beautifully—just a very carefully worded little notice in



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball

Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

TEN TRUNKS FULL OF MODERN GORGEOUSNESS

some paper that does not get into the hands of the mob, to the effect that the wardrobe would be given to ladies of birth and assured social position, but with a modest income, if they, in turn, would give their clothes to some deserving poor people."

The Bayles, whose eyes had assumed a strange glitter while their friend unfolded her plan, stirred uneasily, and their words came thickly, greedily:

"We—should be glad to relieve you of the responsibility—"

"I should never think of advertising—"

"So sweet of you, and such a weight off my mind," purred Mrs. Baldwin; "there are some things that will be too lovely for Janet."

"Janet—?" the Bayles queried, blankly. "I'm afraid they're a bit elaborate for her position."

"Not at all—just the things for a pretty girl." And their hostess faced them with a staccato pause that had the effect of an impact. Nothing further was said, but the Misses Bayle understood an implied condition that Janet should share in the loot.

Cinderella rushed from the room; she suddenly felt young enough to cry.

The far-reaching influence of the Wetmore wardrobe can only be compared to the effects of a stone—and one of considerable size—dropped into the tranquil waters of a lake, the final eddies touching the uttermost shores. Once secured by the Bayles, it started an "endless chain" of clothes-swapping that touched an interesting variety of social grades; for if the Wetmore clothes were unsuitable to the poor, so, in lesser degree, were those of the Misses Bayle. "Feeling" immediately manifested itself on the part of the potential receiver of a wardrobe a little better than her own on being told the terms of the gift; no woman was ever found, in all that painstaking complication, who would admit that her own clothes were in any degree suitable for the poor.

The Bayles lost no time in finding just the people to endow with their own excellently chosen garments. They were Americans stranded for three years, in a five-lire-a-day *pension*, by reason of having listened to a gentleman talk elo-

quently of a copper-mine paying twenty per cent. These exiles, while admitting that their clothes were not in the latest style, were convinced that they would be "unsettling"—that was always the word—in their effects on the actual poor. But they took the Bayle things eagerly and set themselves to find just the worthy souls to profit by their own. It should be noted that from now on the recipient of the discarded clothes was known in each case as "person" rather than "lady."

The marooned Americans in the Florentine *pension* discovered in the family of a bookbinder, lately deceased, their sartorial understudies; and the bookbinder's family had cousins a shade poorer. After them there was a rumor of the wife of a butcher, but the Bayles sternly refused details—the matter had really gone beyond their hands.

It was now high time for the two sisters to seek one of those unprofaned haunts to which, at this season of the year, they were in the habit of retiring. But here a vexing question arose: the Wetmore mourning would, of course, keep the family in retirement; under the circumstances, it was not improbable that they might take the notion to visit some of those quaintly unspoiled places that they had heard of through the Baldwins *via* the Bayles.

For the Bayles knew the Wetmores "by sight," even as the Wetmores knew the Bayles. It was improbable that they would ever meet; the difference in fortune precluded the idea. But the Wetmores knew the Bayles to be worthy, cultured souls who spent their small patrimony in living out of their own country; and the Bayles, with intense sensitiveness, felt that in not knowing them the Wetmores exhibited one of the most unpleasantly stultifying phases of the possession of great wealth—that of overlooking "interesting" people of small means. Of the two, the Bayles were the more militant in avoiding a meeting, once leaving the Baldwin villa by a back door when the Wetmore motor was observed approaching by the front. The Wetmores were, of course, serenely unconscious of any such feeling; indifference was their sole offense.

The fear of a meeting now induced the

Bayles to avoid their favorite haunts, and for once to mingle with the traveling throngs. Perhaps, though they were unconscious of this, they felt that the display of such a magnificent wardrobe demanded a larger stage than the byways of "unspoiled Europe" afforded. Venice was their daring choice—Venice at the Feast of the Ascension. They knew exactly what to expect in the way of crowds, trippers, and the whole peep-show-seeking mob, but for once they did not seem to be revolted by the prospect. Indeed, they appeared to anticipate it with a certain gustatory relish, as persons of delicate taste are sometimes found enjoying the hearty pleasantries of the circus.

Janet Thurston had not been present at any of the discussions regarding immunity from peripatetic Wetmores. As behooved one in her humble circumstances, she did not even know the plutocratic family "by sight." She felt, however, that when Venice had finally been decided upon, the gods had been secretly in league with her; of all the world, she wanted most to be in Venice in the spring.

After a season of refittings, the sisters and their ward established themselves in one of the better hotels on the Grand Canal; it would have been ridiculous to bury such clothes in a *pension*. It would seem that the thought-waves produced by the Wetmore wardrobe were all of heroic size, and the elegant economy, which in these ladies' hands had become a fine art, was brushed aside with sophistries about the saving in dressmaker's bills. Still, their rashness seemed justified: a Russian princess passed Miss Eleanor her cigarette-case after dinner; and though the younger Miss Bayle fairly execrated the habit, the taken-for-granted passing of the coroneted bauble was felt, by both sisters, to show a singular discrimination on the part of the great lady.

Janet Thurston, who had, heretofore, slipped through life like a little gray mouse, scurrying from one obscure corner to the other, could hardly have been recognized in the girl who stood among the waiting throngs in the Piazza San Marco, on the Monday following Ascension Day. The girl, intent on the great

clock tower about to give the first of its annual eight-day representations of sending forth the Magi to salute the Blessed Virgin, was a happily transformed Cinderella.

She enjoyed the shifting panorama of the crowd—officers, soldiers, travelers, lovely women, and beggars—waiting in a mood compounded of the jocund and the semi-devout for the mechanical miracle to take place. And as a background for these happy holiday-makers, St. Mark's rose like a jewel-incrusted casket from the Adriatic, and there was Spring with her thousand sorceries in the air, and sky and sea melting into a heavenly blue, and, lastly, Janet wearing one of the Wetmore creations that would have made happy any woman worthy the name. Perhaps the "artist" who designed the frock was some mute, inglorious Whistler, and the nocturnes and *études* he did not paint came forth in sartorial masterpieces. Had he tried to reproduce the depths of a shaded forest at noon, in the golden-brown tissue over shimmering emerald? The effect was of trees and moss and sunshine mingled in inextricable harmony, which, in turn, gave a deeper accent to the somber brown eyes and leaf-brown hair of Cinderella. The girl, lovely in her borrowed plumage, continued to look from the crowd to the little gold-railed gallery on the façade of the Giant's Clock Tower. It wanted now but two minutes of noon, and every eye in the Piazza had turned to the Virgin, enthroned above the azure circle of the zodiac, holding the Child resplendent in gold.

The stately giant on the near side of the great bell woke from his year's sleep and thundered out the noon hour splendidly and impressively, as one who had been doing it for centuries. First came the trumpeter, blowing the glad tidings of the Ascension; then the first king saluted the Mother and Child, then the second, and finally the Ethiopian prince, gorgeous in green and gold; but, alas for the Ethiopian! he was like those faithful old black servitors in the South who love to bow and scrape, but whom age has forestalled at back and knees. A nervous titter swept through the crowd, as the black prince tried and tried and tried to raise a hand to his

gorgeous turban and it as persistently fluttered in the neighborhood of his nose. Again he struggled with all the strength and might of wheel and cog, and the black hand went to the black brow. Off flew the turban of green and gold, prompt as a cuckoo from its clock, and again the mechanical miracle had been wrought.

A great sigh of relief went up from the Piazza. The Venetians reverence profoundly even the ghosts of their once great *festas*—had the Ethiopian failed them after all these centuries? But he had not. Then everybody—loungers, beggars, glittering officers, great ladies, tourists—smiled with the *naïveté* of an Italian crowd; they had all seen the miracle, and, for the moment, the free-masonry among them was complete.

Janet felt a touch on her arm: "What are *you* doing here?" She turned and found herself looking into the eyes of an agreeable, keen-faced young man, evidently an American. He was dressed entirely in black, with a wide band of crêpe on his top-hat. Even after he had seen his mistake, something drew his eyes to hers for a breathless number of seconds and she stood looking up at him, somberly beautiful. Janet had not often looked into the eyes of youth. The fretful glance of middle-age, demanding service, was what she was more accustomed to. And the frankly approving regard of this young stranger, which was as respectful as the passing glance of the native mustache-twirlers had been bold, was like finding a friendly face in the crowd among which she had been taking her little holiday alone.

"I beg your pardon, but I thought, for a moment, you were my—sister." He rather gulped the last word, flushed, and looked again his admiration. The witchery of Janet, brown-eyed, brown-haired, clad in a subtle mingling of woodland-hued chiffons, seemed almost too much for the young man's sense of the conventions. For all his air of cosmopolitanism, decked with the sartorial garnishings of Bond Street, his glance was that of a young faun surprising a lovely dryad in the forest.

"No, you're not my sister, and"—his look was still of Arcady, youth, and spring—"and I'm glad."

He was gone, and Janet felt that something had gone with him. Suddenly, the beautiful Piazza, St. Mark's, and the clock tower, that had all been so delightful a moment before, seemed very empty indeed.

That night the Russian princess, who by no means despised the simple pleasures of the tourist, suggested that they should go out on the Grand Canal after dinner and listen to the serenades from the illuminated boats. The promiscuity of such an entertainment, suggested by any one else, would have ordinarily driven the Bayles into some eyrie of rarefied exclusiveness, but, coming from such a source, they decided to regard with amiability the tripper disporting himself by artificial light, though they rather insistently urged on the Russian lady that such things were a new experience for them.

The Grand Canal by moonlight is, at best, a fantastic vision, from which we are likely to awaken and find that perhaps, after all, we have been dreaming. Let each enjoy the magic of his own particular mirage while it lasts. The Russian lady saw only the loveliness of the night, with the honey-colored moon throwing into relief the spires and domes of St. Mark's. For her, even the tourist throng—bent grimly on its pound of sight-seeing—began to reflect something of the gaiety of old carnival crowds, and Venice was no longer part of United Italy, but the Venice of Romance, where the Doge wedded the Adriatic with a ring.

The Misses Bayle had broken the wings of their Pegasus so long ago that they could not even remember when they had left earth levels; they scanned the other boats and felt a heady triumph in realizing that none were dressed as they. Not even St. Mark's, in all her proud Byzantine glory, was comparable to them in the splendor of their Wetmore clothes.

And Janet thought, with a pang of youthful rebellion, of the good-looking stranger of the Piazza San Marco, and wondered if the chance confluence of some other crowd would afford a second glimpse of him. Suddenly Miss Margaret sat up with a stifled little shriek; then, huddling within her fine feathers,

said she must go home immediately. Miss Eleanor, pale and gasping, said nothing; she only clung to her sister and hid her face. In the shrunken relaxation of outline that the countenances of both sisters presented, they were like waxen images of themselves that had been held close to a devastating flame. Janet looked from one to the other in painful anxiety; were they ill? What had happened?

"Zey must have eat somezing zat not agree—ze *table d'hôte* often is mose dangerous," murmured the Russian lady sympathetically, as she bade their gondolier take them to their hotel landing quickly. The Misses Bayle said nothing on the way home, but sat like two figures of dumb, magnificent wretchedness.

On their way to the lift the hotel porter handed them a telegram, but there was no need to open it. Already they had surmised its frightful contents, and they were not deceived. Alone together a few minutes later, they read:

Leave Venice immediately. The Wetmores arrived yesterday. AGATHA.

"There they were!" gasped Miss Margaret—"Matilda Wetmore and that queer, artistic son of hers, young Furnivall; he was fairly eating our gondola alive with his eyes. Janet and the princess were talking and did not notice. What were the Wetmores doing in Venice at this season—in deep mourning, too? Isn't any place on earth safe from them?"

"The Baldwins say young Ferny's eccentric enough for anything—wants to be an artist—think of it, with their money! And that he has designed! Oh, heavens! That's it! He sometimes designs his sisters' gowns! That's it—he recognized Anna's dress on Janet!"

"I felt all along that something awful would happen if we gave Janet those clothes. I shall not tell her, however, as we should have to buy her new things. We can take the morning train to Innsbruck and then make up our minds what to do later."

Janet packed all night long; trunk after trunk of Wetmore splendor was folded away between reams of tissue-paper, garnished with sachet-bags tied with ribbons. Bodices were stuffed into

a semblance of the human form to keep them from crushing; the frothing lace and chiffons seemingly increased and multiplied as the clock ran away with the night.

At Innsbruck, for the first time, the Misses Bayle began to have misgivings about their clothes. If only some of them had been simpler and had not necessitated the taking of cabs for every step. Furthermore, the modest tips that they had made it a sort of religion to dispense—that Europe might not be utterly spoiled for people with "refined" incomes—were no longer received with smiles. Ladies wearing Paquin creations could not hand out a few pfennigs without submitting themselves to unpleasant cynicisms on the part of the lower classes. It was a hideous thought, but the Bayles had to face it: their clothes were helping to spoil Europe!

They did no unpacking at Innsbruck; they knew of an old castle in the Kitzbühler Alps where "paying guests" who could lay claim, convincingly, to a sufficient number of quarterings on their shields were admitted to a sublimated order of *pension* life.

And while they waited, the opera-bouffe-ish postman brought strange, incalculable communications to Janet. The first of these bore her name and address in a jerky, determined handwriting which in itself was a sufficient mystery, not a soul having had time to learn her whereabouts since the flight from Venice. The contents, as she at first anticipated, were not the usual police inquiries to which travelers in Europe are constantly subjected, but a sonnet with some really delightful turns of expression. It told, in the octave, of the miracle of the clock tower, while the sextet told of yet another miracle, one that had taken place in the heart of the writer upon seeing a Botticelli lady wandering out of her picture-frame in the Piazza San Marco. Janet received this first tribute to her youth and charm as if it had been an infernal machine. She hid it away in terror where it could explode without doing serious damage, and she thanked Heaven that it was one of her duties to receive and sort the mail. More poetical bombs followed, and were stowed away with the first explosive.

Miss Margaret; in a day or two, had sufficiently recovered from her Venetian flight to take what degree of comfort she could from dove-gray crêpe, with suède slippers to match, and go in search of a library. Janet in her capacity of book-carrier was in attendance. There was nothing in the library later than George Sand, and while Miss Bayle hesitated, with just the hint of patronage that a pearl and amethyst lorgnette can confer, she glanced up, and at her elbow there stood young Furnivall Wetmore!

He had taken off his hat, and it was evident that he was speaking to her; through all the clutching horror of the nightmare scene, she remembered, in thinking it over, having heard him use the words "Miss Bayle." But the guilt of being caught in that dove-colored crêpe, with the very lorgnette in her hand that had come with it, seemed to rob her of her senses, and she found herself fleeing, like a departing Macbethian supper guest, actually dragging Janet after her.

In the family conclave that followed, Janet learned for the first time that the young man of the Piazza San Marco episode was none other than young Furnivall Wetmore. The discovery put an end to the airy structure that, in spite of all her struggles, her rebellious imagination had persisted in building. The whole incident immediately changed color; it was nothing now but the questionable prank of an overpoweringly rich young man who had pretended to recognize them because they were wearing his mother's and sister's clothes. It was cruel, ignoble. Janet's eyes flashed.

"I saw him in Venice, that day in the square," she said in a quick, thrilling contralto that had a 'cello note in it. "Of course, it was my clothes—he recognized them!" But beyond this one speech, which seemed to have been precipitated by an emotion as deep as it was unusual, she, with quiet finality, refused to say more. But she did a thing that for her represented the last ditch of recklessness—she withdrew her savings and asked for a day off!

When Janet had departed, the Misses Bayle sat together with such serenity as they could command, waiting for something yet more terrible to happen.

What could be expected after a series of such crucial prefaces—another Wetmore meeting, Janet's drawing out her savings, and, to top all, this unheard-of request for a day off. But nothing more startling occurred than the return of Janet at nightfall with such an assortment of ugly ready-made clothes as she had been able to buy, haphazard, in the Tyrolean metropolis. Then, folding away every vestige of Wetmore splendor, she went about openly, with head high, in the ugly, dowdy things, as hopelessly out of fashion as the crinolines of the sixties.

And now began a wild chase of Bayles and Wetmores over the continent of Europe that resembled nothing so much as the helpless dodging of criminals, hounded by some clever prefect of police who gives them sufficient start to make the final pounce more brilliant. The Bayles stole, under cover of darkness, to the Frau Baronin's stronghold in the Kitzbühler Alps, only to learn, a day or two later, that the Wetmores had engaged a *Schloss* in the immediate neighborhood. It was then that the desperate sisters, again taking counsel, made up their minds for a decisive stroke. They would make a brave dash for London while the season was at fever height. The Wetmores would not dare show a head in London at such a time, while the very banking-houses with which the late magnate had been connected still displayed fluttering emblems of woe.

In the great, grim world of London, making merry in the spring, they forgot, for the moment, the pursuing shadow of the Wetmores. Again they plunged into the shimmering magnificence of the ten trunks; they rioted in their contents; life became one long sartorial spree. Indeed, they lost their heads, and, decking themselves in the very richest of their delicate trappings, they engaged penny chairs in Hyde Park, to see nobility itself, for the moment no more sumptuously garnitured than they, defile before them.

Miss Eleanor had recognized in the whirling throng two duchesses and the American wife of a Cabinet officer. She was wavering between the delights of identifying a celebrated actress and a South-African millionaire, when she collapsed! There, like the specter of *The*

Flying Dutchman, was a black apparition that precipitated itself into the stream of carriages. From out its sable entourage of coachmen, footmen, horses, and paneling, their dazed perceptions made out the stern profile of Mrs. James Furnivall Wetmore reclining in her memorial blacks. At sight of them she roused herself and made a distinct effort to bow.

"She's known us by sight for twenty-five years, and this is the first time she has taken the trouble to recognize us," Miss Eleanor said to her sister.

But even to the heady egoism of the Bayles it was inconceivable that people of the Wetmores' importance would rush from one end of Europe to the other solely for the ignoble purpose of bowing to a couple of elderly gentlewomen wearing their cast-off clothing. Some other solution of the mystery must be advanced. The Bayles now got together for another family council, and made the frightful discovery that in rushing from place to place at a moment's notice, with the reckless engaging of *wagons-lits* and other luxuries coincident with the pace they had been keeping—not to mention the continual hiring of cabs to save the infernal frocks—they had trebled their expenses since coming into possession of the Wetmore clothes.

At this stage of "their case," as they had begun to call it, they emulated Janet—laid aside their false plumage and bought entirely new wardrobes. But even this did not seem to soften the hearts of the sinister Wetmores. Giving them a week's start, they overtook the Bayles at Cowes, where a frantic telegram from Agatha Baldwin bade the sisters again fly. On they went to Paris, and from Paris to Munich, the Wetmores doggedly keeping up the chase.

In Munich the Bayles (mere wraiths of their former selves) took obscure student lodgings, which they never left except after nightfall, and then heavily veiled. From even this humble shelter, they were likely to be dispossessed at any moment by a landlady who could not make up her mind whether the ladies of mystery were Russian spies, nihilists posing as Americans, or international counterfeiters. She was not, perhaps, unjustified in assuming that lodgers who

had nothing to conceal would have conducted themselves less furtively.

The Wetmore-Bayle clothes comedy had by this time reduced the two valiant spinsters—traveled, poised, vainglorious in an exclusive knowledge of the haunts and shrines of Europe that had evaded the vigilance of both tourists and guide-books—to a pair of skulking, terrified ghosts who ate in their rooms and took their exercise in back streets, swathed in the thickest of motor veils.

It was in the Alte Pinakothek, where she had gone, a day or two after her arrival, to try and escape for a brief hour the frenzied atmosphere created by the Bayles at home, that Janet again had a little brush with fate. She had been looking at one of the old masters when Furnivall Wetmore, deferential but grimly determined, stepped between her and the Albrecht Dürer Madonna, and said:

"Why won't you let me speak to you? I know perfectly well who you are and you know who I am. We are even some sort of homeopathic, high-dilution sort of cousins; you are related to the Baldwins, so am I. But you and your aunts won't stand still long enough to clear up the puzzle of the family relationship. Heavens! What sprinters all of you are! My mother and I are half dead pursuing you—not a professional in modern athletics could keep the Bayle pace. Laugh at me, ridicule me, rail at me, do anything—only stand still long enough for me to tell you how much I love you. I have nothing but the old worn words to say it in—I can't tell you as Chopin told George Sand, with music that flows like happy tears. Or paint the eternal spring, like Botticelli, though you've put it in my heart. I can only catch railroad trains, pursue diligences, run for steamboats, leap from motors; but it's my absurd way of saying I love you—the only way open to me. Won't you stay long enough for me to tell you in a sweeter way, dear, beautiful Botticelli lady?"

Janet, with color that swept from high to low tide, looked at him with eyes that brightened, but the sad mouth, that had been swallowing the bitter portion of the poor relation for years, drooped.

"You mustn't talk to me like that; Cousin Margaret wouldn't like it, nor



Drawn by Atonzo Kimball

"NOTHING!—THE GIRL I'VE RUN ALL OVER THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE AFTER!"

Cousin Eleanor, either; they are so upset meeting you and your family everywhere—they can't understand—"

"Let them keep still a few minutes, then, and I'll explain fast enough that I'm not running after them, but after you."

"Perhaps I've misjudged you, but I thought you kept meeting us because—because—" Looking into his eyes, she could not bring herself to put her unworthy suspicions into words. "How can you love me?" The doubts and misgivings of thwarted youth surged to her lips like a bitter wave. "How can you love me? I'm nothing but the Bayles' Cinderella!"

"Nothing! the girl I've run all over the continent of Europe after, nothing! Granting you *are* the Bayles' Cinderella, who was more beautiful, who was more beloved, and who lived happily ever after but Cinderella—tell me that?"

"They'd never forgive me if they knew I was at the bottom of their troubles—"

"Their troubles! I like that! As if it isn't *our* troubles, I'll have them know! And the poor old mater nearly dead with rushing all over Europe like a barn-stormer. She's a brick, the mater. I told her all about you after I saw you first in the square, and she's been keeping up the race with me like a two-year-old. You see, ever since I've grown up she's had fits about what she calls 'throwing myself away,' and she's so pleased that you're like the happy countries and haven't any history. Why, dear, beautiful Botticelli lady, you're smiling! That's worth living for—I've made you smile at last!"

Cinderella needed no fairy godmother or magic wand for her transformation. As her impetuous lover had said, she was smiling.

"I think," she said, "I hear a clock striking twelve somewhere. In another moment my splendid clothes will not turn to rags, because they did that in Innsbrück, some weeks ago."

At the word "clothes" their voices rang out in genuine girl and boy laughter, and the old custodian, hurrying to

see what was the matter, saw the girl wave her hand to the boy in a little gesture of farewell, then hurry down the steps—plainly it was too late to command silence.

When she reached the *pension*, the Misses Bayle were packing, they having been unable to restrain their anxiety and wait for her return, after Miss Margaret had caught sight of a lady in deep mourning on the other side of the street. The lady had proved to be nothing more terrifying than an English tourist in search of lodgings, but the shock of the black crêpe had been too much—it had started the Bayles once more, and they had made up their minds that this time it would be New York. But before the clothes that had brought about their ruin had again been put away there came another telegram from Agatha Baldwin that read: "Do not move. All a mistake. Await my letter explaining."

This second form of suspense was as nerve-racking as the first; smelling-salts were sent for, bromide was taken, and the Bayles managed to keep alive till the arrival of the letter from Mrs. Baldwin, extracts from which were:


For goodness' sake, don't move till Matilda Wetmore can catch up with you and call. Young Furnivall, who has caused them the utmost anxiety with his eccentricities ever since he left college, has apparently fallen head over heels in love with Janet. It seems that he's always dabbled in art, and he designed some sort of wonderful costume for his sister Anna that fell to the lot of Janet. He saw Janet with it on in the Piazza San Marco and fell in love with her. His mother, who has been terrified that he would marry an actress or some impossible person, is delighted. I'm horribly sorry you've had all this worry and expense, rushing from place to place—it must have been hideous, when all that the poor Wetmores wanted was to get acquainted. Matilda has taken me fully into her confidence, and I'm sending her a letter of introduction.

"Where is dear Janet, our dear little ward?" exclaimed Miss Eleanor with unction. "Call her, Margaret—it's only right that all the family should read this letter together."

Along the Uncharted Pampaconas

BY HIRAM BINGHAM, Ph.D.

Director of the Yale Peruvian Expedition



IN the lower Urubamba Valley, about a week's journey north of Cuzco, Peru, is a charming sugar-estate, once worked by the Jesuits and now owned by a delightful and highly cultivated gentleman, Don Pedro Duque, who was born in Colombia, but who came to Peru many years ago. It was my good fortune in July, 1911, to meet his oldest son, Don Alberto, in Cuzco, while we were arranging for a trip to the Vilcabamba country. As Don Alberto, who was educated in the United States, spoke not only English and Spanish, but also Quichua, the language of the Incas and of the majority of the residents of the Peruvian highlands, and as he was most courteously willing to aid us in every possible way, we saw quite a little of him, and eventually received letters of introduction to several of his friends in the Urubamba Valley, and in particular a letter of commendation to his father, the owner of the Santa Ana sugar and cocoa estates.

It will be remembered that we were at that time engaged in a search for Vitcos, the last Inca capital. We were also desirous of finding a place referred to in the early Spanish chronicles as Vilcabamba Viejo, or Old Vilcabamba.

Even in a country where we have always received valuable government assistance and generous hospitality from private individuals, our reception at Santa Ana stands out as particularly delightful, largely because Don Pedro took such an interest in enabling us to get all possible information about the little-known region into which we purposed to penetrate.

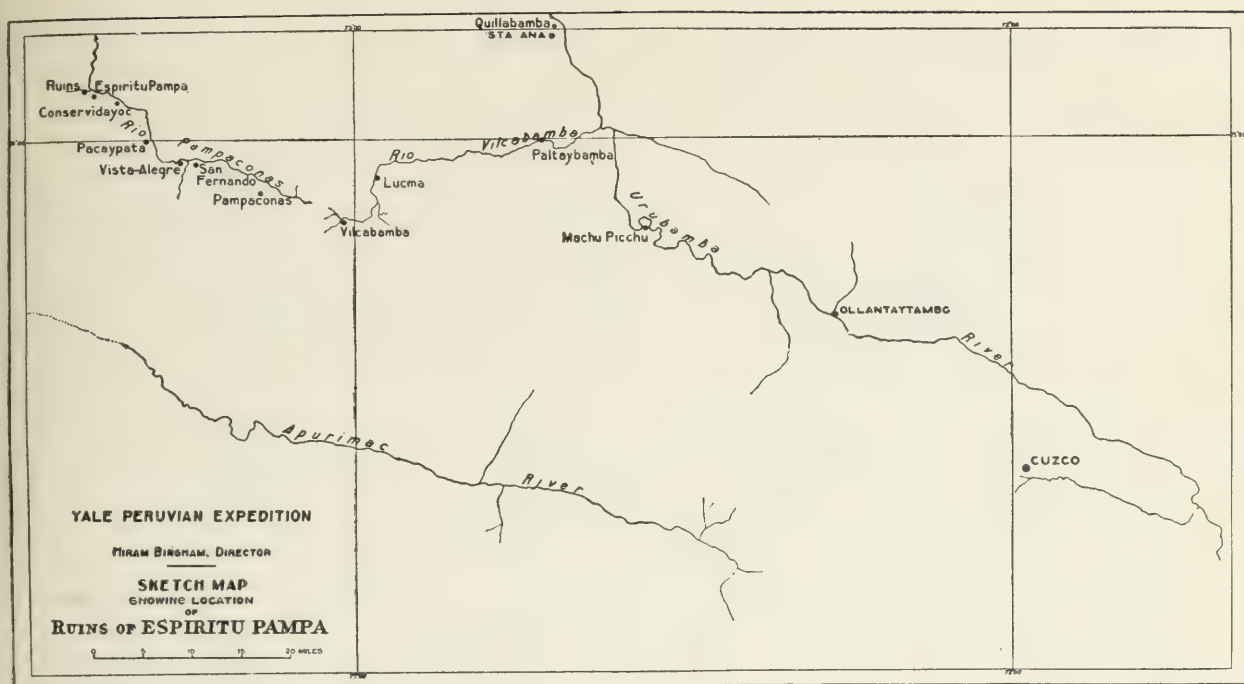
Santa Ana is less than thirteen degrees south of the equator, and the elevation is barely three thousand feet above sea-level; the heat in the middle of the day is intense. Nevertheless, Don Pedro

was so energetic and enthusiastic that, as a result of his efforts, a number of well-informed residents were persuaded to come up on the second floor of the great plantation-house, with its magnificent view over the cane-fields of the lower Urubamba Valley, and tell us all they knew about that almost totally unexplored Vilcabamba region between the Urubamba and the Apurimac valleys.

It was not much that they had heard, although they all agreed that if only Lopez Torres were alive he could have been of great service to us, for he had prospected in those parts more than any one else. It seems that in 1902 he had reported that at a place called Conservidayoc, "somewhere over in the *montaña*," there was a forgotten Inca city. This place appeared also to have the name of Espiritu Pampa, and was thought by some to be Vilcabamba Viejo. They said it was near Pampaconas; but that village was not on any map. We could find no one who had been there, but all assured us that it was a terrible place to reach, and that the savage Indians who lived near Conservidayoc would not let us come out alive.

We were not able to get much information with regard to the character of the aforesaid Lopez Torres as a witness; but Don Pedro assured us he had been an energetic man who went about considerably in the *montaña* looking for rubber-trees.

One day, by great good fortune, there appeared at Santa Ana the *teniente gobernador*, or administrative officer of Lucma, Ebaristo Mogrevejo. Lucma was on our way to Vilcabamba, near Pampaconas, and Mogrevejo promptly received orders from the sub-prefect at Santa Ana to see to it that we were given every facility for finding the ancient ruins. He declined to risk his skin in Conservidayoc, but still he carried out these orders most faithfully.



SKETCH MAP OF THE PAMPACONAS AND ADJACENT REGIONS

A few days later, in company with Prof. H. W. Foote, the naturalist of the expedition, I left the delightful hospitality and the charming conversation of Santa Ana, went back a little way up the Urubamba, and then turned south to ascend the Vilcabamba.

This valley had once been visited by the Italian-Peruvian explorer Antonio Raimondi, to whom, more than to any other one person, Peru owes a knowledge of her own geography. But his notes on the Vilcabamba Valley are not very full. He was interested chiefly in mines and minerals, and made no mention of any ruins hereabouts. Accordingly, it was with a feeling of considerable uncertainty that we proceeded on our quest.

Our first stop was at the sugar-plantation of Paltaybamba. The owner, Sr. José S. Pancorbo, was away attending to the affairs of a rubber estate, not many days' journey off in the *montaña* of San Miguel; but his wife received us most hospitably, and his majordomo confirmed the information that way off somewhere in the *montaña* of Conservidayoc, beyond Pampaconas, there lived a Peruvian mestizo named Saavedra, and that he would know all about the ruins of Espiritu Pampa. They all said that Saavedra lived an extremely retired life, and that his place was a difficult one to reach. But no one here had been

there, and accounts differed as to how long it would take us to reach it.

Two days later we were in Lucma. Our friend, Teniente Gobernador Mogrewejo, showed us a number of ruins in the vicinity, including the very important ones of Rosapata, which we were able to prove later were those of Vitcos, the last Inca capital. Meanwhile, Sr. Pancorbo of Paltaybamba, on his way back from his rubber-estates, took pains to look us up and to beg us not to attempt to find the ruins in the lower jungles, explaining that the land there was controlled by Saavedra, "a very powerful man, having many Indians under his control, and living in grand state with fifty servants, and not at all desirous of visitors." Sr. Pancorbo and his *administrador* both agreed that the Indians were of the Campa tribe, very wild and extremely savage, using poisoned arrows, and most averse to strangers. They admitted that they had heard that there were ruins over there, but they begged us not to go and look for them. Our curiosity, however, was now thoroughly aroused, and we believed the danger to be exaggerated.

A day or so later we reached the town of Vilcabamba, once called San Francisco de la Victoria, and found it to be a compact village of solidly built stone huts, with heavy thatched roofs, at an

elevation of 11,700 feet above the sea. The nights were unusually cold. The village had the appearance of being deserted. Most of the men were away attending to little *chacras*, or farms, and small herds of sheep, in the neighboring valleys. Only at special festival times and at the annual visit of the priest has the village many inhabitants.

The church, an ancient structure with a thatched roof that leaked, was built, they told us, in the time of the Spaniards, at least three hundred years ago. Its picturesque belfry stood slightly apart. Its furnishings were meager and its air of desolation extended over the entire village.

In the sixteenth century, during the viceroyalty of the celebrated Don Francisco de Toledo, gold-mines were discovered in the adjacent mountains, and the solidity of the stone houses was probably due to that ancient industry.

We stayed with the *gobernador*, Manuel Condoré, who had received orders from the sub-prefect to aid us in our search. On the following day he summoned the oldest Indian living in the vicinity, a picturesque old fellow named Quispicusi. After it was explained to him that this was a very solemn occasion, and that a governmental inquiry was in progress, he endeavored to the best of his ability to tell us about the surrounding country. Other intelligent Indians were summoned, but neither he nor they, nor apparently any one else in the village, had ever been to Conservidayoc, although they all agreed that it was not more than four days' journey away on foot in the *montaña*, beyond Pampaconas, and that they had heard that there were ruins there.

Our supplies were getting low; there was nothing to be bought in Vilcabamba; and so, against the protestations of the hospitable *gobernador*, we decided to leave the following day for Conservidayoc, provided we could get carriers, as all agreed it would be impossible to use mules after the first two days.

It seemed strange that here in the village of Vilcabamba, only a few days' from Conservidayoc, we could not find any one who had ever been in the valley, and it seemed stranger still that on

Raimondi's map there did not seem to be any place where this valley could exist. Apparently, Vilcabamba was as far as Raimondi got in this direction, and it appeared that he was the only scientific explorer who had penetrated this far. On his map, hitherto the only one of the region, the watershed between the Urubamba and the Apurimac is shown as being at a point about six or seven miles west from the village of Vilcabamba. It is so shown on the map of South Peru published by the Royal Geographical Society in 1910. No one could tell us of any Vilcabamba Viejo, so we had to give that up. All our hopes were now based on the report that at the village of Pampaconas, about five hours' journey on muleback from Vilcabamba, there were people who had been to Conservidayoc.

Pampaconas is mentioned in some of the early Spanish chronicles as being an important village in the time of the Spanish conquest. It was here that a meeting was held when the emissary from the viceroy came to talk with one of the sons of the unfortunate Inca Manco, who was ruling all that his father had saved of the grand empire of their ancestors. But the name does not occur on Raimondi's map, nor on those given us by the Lima Geographical Society.

After the usual delays, caused in part by difficulty of catching the mules which had wandered far up into the mountain pastures, we finally left Vilcabamba and set out for that vague place Conservidayoc, which had been surrounded with so much mystery and seemed to be in a land of dangerous savages, albeit possessing also an Inca town buried in the jungles.

Our first day's journey was to be to the village of Pampaconas. Here and in its vicinity, the *gobernador* told us he could find guides and the half-dozen carriers whom we needed for the trip. As the mountain Indians were reported to be very averse to going, and particularly averse to the sight of a man in uniform, the two soldiers who were accompanying us, by the orders of Prefect Nuñez in Cuzco, were instructed to stay behind for a few hours, and not to reach Pampaconas until just before dark. In



OUR FIRST STOPPING-PLACE—A SUGAR PLANTATION OF PALTAYBAMBA

the mean time, our carriers were to be engaged. It was said that if they saw the brass buttons of a soldier coming over the hills they would hide so effectively that it would be impossible to secure anybody for the journey.

Leaving Vilcabamba, our path descended rapidly to the smooth, marshy bottom of an old glaciated valley, in which one of our mules had that morning got thoroughly mired while nibbling the succulent grasses that covered the treacherous bog. Crossing the little stream, we ascended the other side of the valley and turned westward.

As we rode along there were pointed out to us the vestiges of several ancient mines. According to the chronicles, it was the presence in these mountains of rich gold-mines and their discovery in 1572 or thereabouts that led to the establishment in this bleak, upland valley of the town of San Francisco de la Victoria, now called Vilcabamba. Raimondi reported that at a little distance from here he discovered mines of cobalt and nickel, and also saw silver-bearing copper ore, and even some lead sulphide. The difficulties of transportation in this region, however, are so great that it is not likely any more mining will be done here for some time to come, now that the ancient gold-mines have been exhausted.

From the top of the pass we had a superb view, back to the eastward, of a long chain of snow-capped mountains. We were greatly surprised at seeing these, for they were not mentioned in any way nor referred to on any map. It was not until long afterward that we realized that they lay mostly in a region which actually did not exist on any map because of an error in locating the great river Apurimac. The old maps do not leave room enough between the Apurimac and the Urubamba for this magnificent glaciated area, probably one of the largest in the world thus far undescribed. In a portion of this region the Expedition of 1912 carried on topographic surveying, and it was expected that the Expedition of 1914 would continue the work under the auspices of Yale University and the National Geographical Society.

To the west of us, as we stood on top of the pass, there stretched a great area of high mountains and deep valleys, unknown rivers, and splendid forest-clad slopes. We supposed, from Raimondi's map, that from our elevation of 12,500 feet we were looking down into the valley of the Apurimac; but as a matter of fact we were looking into the valley of the hitherto uncharted Pampaconas, a river probably over one hundred

miles in length, which seems to empty into the Urubamba some distance below Rosalina. Somewhere far down in this valley was Conservidayoc, with its savage Indians and its ancient ruins.

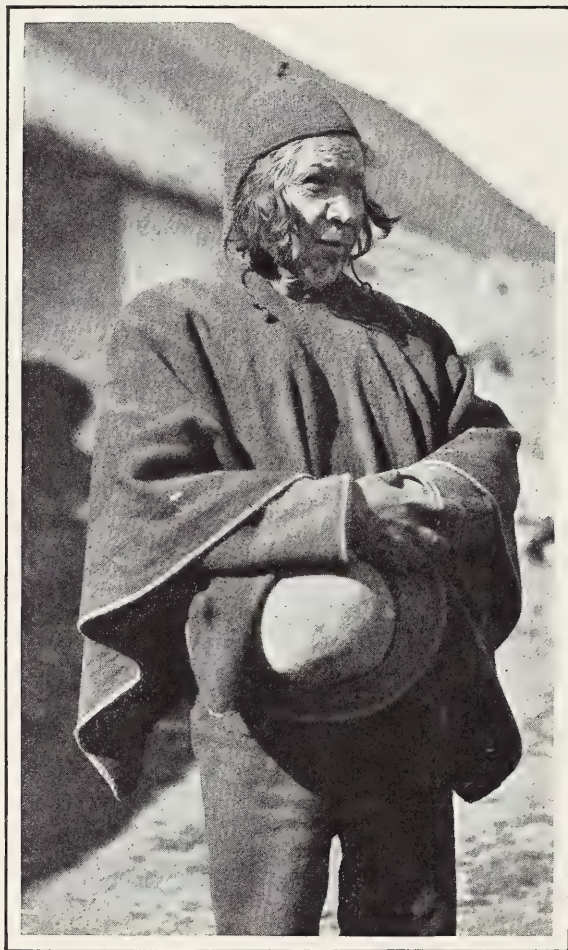
Our trail—it could hardly be called a road—was so bad that it was only with the greatest difficulty that we succeeded in getting our sure-footed mules over it. We frequently had to dismount, as the path led over a long, steep rock stairway; but at last we got over the worst of it. We rounded a hill and came in sight of a little hut perched on a shoulder of the mountain. In front of it were two or three women, seated on mats set out in the sun, shelling corn. As soon as they saw the *gobernador* approach with strangers they at once began the preparation of a hearty meal, for it was about eleven o'clock, and they did not need to be told that the *gobernador* and his friends had not had anything but a cup of coffee since last evening.

Our hosts began by catching four or five guinea-pigs which were running squealing about the mud floor of the little hut, and before very long the savory odor of roast guinea-pig, well basted, whetted our appetites.

After lunch, we went on to the village of Pampaconas, a settlement of small huts scattered over gently sloping glaciated hillsides. It is at an elevation of 10,000 feet above the sea. Its score of huts, built of stone and mud and thatched with grass, are occupied by sturdy Peruvian mountain Indians, who

find it a good place in which to raise sheep and potatoes. There was some excitement in the village on account of the fact that on the previous night a jaguar had made his way up to the settlement from the *montaña* jungles and carried off one of the village ponies.

The *gobernador* led us to the dwelling of a stocky, well-built Indian named Guzman, who was selected to be the head of the party of carriers that was to take us down to Conservidayoc. Guzman, his wife, and five or six children lived in a hut that seemed no better nor worse than any of the others in Pampaconas. It had no windows; two lofts; a damp earth floor; three or four rude niches in lieu of shelves; a fire in one corner which frequently filled the hut with smoke; piles of sheep-skins for the visitors to sit upon; three mongrel dogs, a flea-bitten cat, and a



THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF VILCABAMBA

dozen pigs which at frequent intervals entered stealthily with muffled grunts, only to be speedily driven out, squealing loudly.

During the course of the day, the *gobernador* and the *teniente* had commandeered the services of half a dozen sturdy Indians, one of whom had actually been to Conservidayoc, and knew the trail that Saavedra used when he came out on his annual or biennial visits to trade. Furthermore, Guzman had seen the ruins! At last the somewhat mythical Conservidayoc began to take on aspects of reality.

Although it was August and supposed to be the middle of the dry season, rain

began to pour early in the afternoon, and continued without intermission during all of a very cold and dreary night.

After pitching our tent and spreading our blankets, we went down to Guzman's hut to oversee the butchering of a sheep which had been killed preparatory to our journey into the lower valley. When we came back to the tent various and sundry comfortable grunts greeted our ears, and we found that in our brief absence a large sow and six fat young pigs had decided that this was the driest place on the mountain-side, and that our blankets made a particularly attractive bed. As the tent was of the small mountain pattern, later used on Mount Coropuna, the pigs had some difficulty in getting out as fast as they were urged to. They returned at intervals during the night. Their own shelter leaked.

Just as we were dropping off to sleep our kind Indian friends insisted on sharing their food with us, and sent up two plates of "macaroni soup," a great delicacy made out of the intestines of the sheep.

At daybreak we found ourselves in most uncomfortable surroundings. Our tent, which had not been wet before, leaked badly during the night; the only part of it that seemed thoroughly

waterproof being the floor. We were lying in puddles of water. Everything was soaking wet, and it was still raining hard. As soon as Guzman heard our voices he sent one of his children with two more plates of hot soup, which were most welcome, even though among the vegetables we found this time the jaws and teeth of the sheep that had been killed the afternoon before.

We were anxious to make an early start, but, partly owing to the rain and partly owing to the necessity of preparing food for the ten days' journey ahead of them, it was nearly noon before enough carriers had put in an appearance to justify us in starting.

In preparation for the journey, Guzman's wife spent the morning grinding frozen potatoes, by rocking one stone on another, and roasting large quantities of sweet Indian corn in a terracotta olla.

Toward noon most of the Indian carriers arrived, and we were told that it was possible to use the mules for one day's journey to a place called San Fernando, some seven leagues hard journeying down the valley.

Leaving Guzman's hut, we climbed the mountain-side back of the village to reach a dangerous and precarious trail



INTERVIEWING THE INDIANS OF VILCABAMBA AS TO TRADITIONS OF THE INCAS

on top of the ridge. We had to go most of the way on foot. The recent rains had not improved matters. Owing to rain and fog, we could see but little of the deep valley below us, into which we soon began to descend by a very steep, winding trail. From an altitude of 10,000 feet, we rapidly dropped down to 6,000 feet. The fog lifted and we found ourselves near a small abandoned clearing, or *chacra*. Passing this, and fording occasional little streams, we followed the narrow path along the mountain-side until we finally came to a little *chacra* with two extremely primitive and very small shanties, hardly deserving of the term "hut." This place, we were informed, was San Fernando. The three or four Indians living there were so alarmed by our arrival that they disappeared during the night. We found they had made little clearings where they could raise the corn and vegetables which would not grow any nearer the sheep pastures and potato-fields of Pampaconas. It was only with the greatest difficulty that we could find, and clear, a place for our tent, so steep were all the slopes, even in the *chacras*.

About half-past eight we felt an earthquake, and the Indians rushed out of their shanty, crying, "Temblor!" There were a dozen vibrations, lasting three or four seconds.

During the night it rained hard.

The next morning we arranged the loads so that each man should carry not more than fifty pounds, one soldier was sent back to Pampaconas with the mules, and we started off on foot. Half an hour's walk brought us to another little clearing called Vista Alegre. It deserved its name, for it certainly had a charming view both up and down the Pampaconas Valley. Near here the river, which had hitherto been running in a westerly direction, turned to the northward. In the clearing at Vista Alegre we saw the tallest corn-stalks that either Professor Foote or myself had ever observed. Some of them were about eighteen feet in height. In the midst of the little clearing rose a gigantic tree, almost completely enveloped in the embrace of a magnificent parasite.

Our path now followed the banks of the Pampaconas River, and then turned

into the jungle, where it became more and more difficult. Crawling over rocks, under branches, along slippery little precipices, on steps that had been cut in earth and rock, over a trail that not even a dog could follow, we made our way painfully down the valley.

We could see little of the scenery on account of the density of the jungle. About three o'clock we reached another little clearing named Pacaypata, where there was a six-by-five shanty, and where we managed to bank up a bit of nearly level ground on which to pitch our tent. So steep was most of the land that it was apparently only with the greatest difficulty that the Indians had succeeded in finding a few gentle slopes on little alluvial fans which it was worth while to clear for the sake of planting a small garden. In the clearing at Pacaypata we noticed sugar-cane, sweet-potatoes, bananas, green peppers, corn, and grenadillas. A magnificent forest-covered mountain rose opposite us across the valley to a point which we estimated to be about five thousand feet above the river, or twelve thousand feet above the sea.

We made an early start the next morning, and found ourselves confronted by several very steep descents and ascents as we crossed the little tributaries of the Pampaconas. As we advanced deeper into the *montaña*, the men found it more and more tiresome to carry their loads. About one o'clock Guzman told us we must stop, as we were approaching territory of *los salvajes* (the savages), and that we must now send a man ahead to warn them that we were coming on a friendly mission; otherwise, they might attack us, or else, if afraid of the size of our party, run away and disappear into the jungle. He said we should never be able to find the ruins without their help. The man who was selected did not seem to relish his task.

It was a rather exciting half-hour while we waited, wondering what attitude the savages would take toward us, trying to picture to ourselves the potentate Saavedra, who had been painted as sitting in the midst of savage luxury, surrounded by fifty servants, and directing his myrmidons either to fight or to disappear into the jungle.



ONE OF OUR CARRIERS CROSSING A TYPICAL BRIDGE OVER THE PAMPACONAS

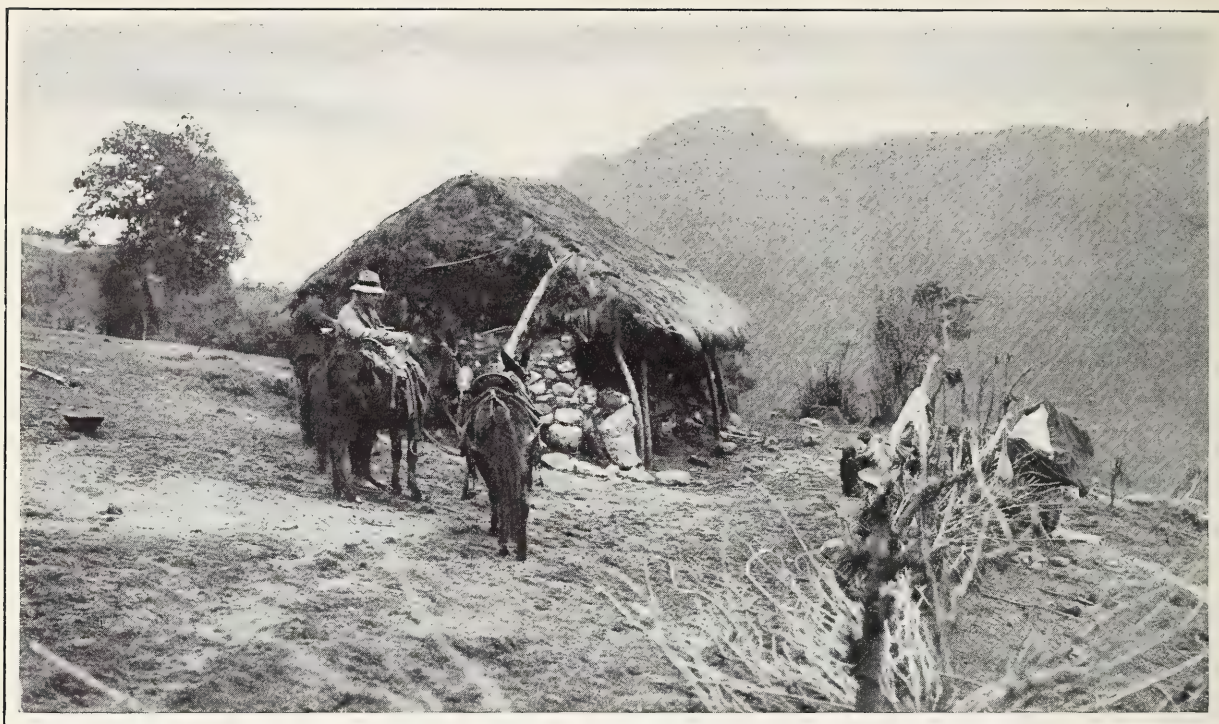
Suddenly we were startled by the sound of rapid footsteps, and we instinctively held our guns a little tighter, when there burst out of the woods into the little clearing where we were seated a pleasant-faced young Peruvian, quite conventionally clad, who had come running from his father Saavedra to give us a most cordial welcome. It was quite a relief to encounter this kind of welcome instead of a shower of arrows, but we still wondered what Saavedra must be like. Gathering up our packs, we continued on through the jungle, that got continually higher and deeper, until presently we saw sunlight ahead, and came out on the edge of a sugar-cane field! This was Conservidayoc! In a few moments we were at Saavedra's hut, welcomed very simply and modestly by that worthy himself. A more pleasant and peaceable little man it was never my good fortune to meet. We looked for the fifty savages, but all we saw was his good-natured wife, three or four small children, and a wild-eyed savage girl, evidently the maid-of-all-work.

Back of his hut was a thatched shelter under which he had constructed a little sugar-mill that could be worked by foot-power. Near it were some large pots which he used in the process of making

crude sugar, but which we recognized were of Inca origin and had been constructed probably several centuries ago. He said he had found them in the jungle not far away.

Before long an abundant meal of boiled chicken, rice, and sweet yucca was set before us, and we were given to understand that we were not only most welcome, but that everything would be done to enable us to reach the ruins, which, it seemed, were some distance farther on down the valley, and at present separated from us by an almost impassable trail.

The next day, while our carriers were engaged in clearing this old trail, Professor Foote collected moths and butterflies, including eight new species, and I inspected Saavedra's little plantation. We found he had more sugar-cane than he could grind, plenty of sweet-potatoes and yuccas, nice coffee-trees, and some bananas. Here in the wilderness this veritable Peruvian pioneer had established his primitive sugar-estate, and had constructed two primitive hand-and-foot-power sugar-mills of the hardwood of the forest. He was not an Indian potentate, but only a frontiersman and sugar-planter, and also an ingenious carpenter and mechanic. He told us he



A HALT NEAR PAMPAONAS

had managed to send two of his children to school to Cuzco.

It seemed strange that he should have taken the trouble to make two sugar-mills, one near the house, and the other in the valley below; but when we remembered that he had no pack animals, and was obliged to bring the cane to the mill on his own back and the back of his son, except when he could get an Indian to help him, we realized that it was easier to put in time, while the cane was growing, in constructing a mill near the cane-field than to have to carry the cane up the hill.

His heaviest burden was to get money with which to pay his taxes, as the only way in which he could get any cash was by making a few pounds of crude brown sugar, *chancaca*, and selling it, at ten cents a pound, in the village of Vilcabamba, three hard days' journey on foot from his little plantation.

His was certainly a hard lot, but he did not complain, although he said it was very difficult to keep the trails open, as the jungle grew so fast and the river continually washed away his bridges. His chief burden was the fact that, as a result of a recent revolution with which he had had nothing to do, it had been decreed that all firearms should be

turned in to the government; and so he had lost the one thing he needed to enable him to get fresh meat other than the occasional chickens which he could raise.

He said that near his house he had found several bottle-shaped holes lined with stones, with a flat stone placed on top, evidently ancient graves. However, he discovered nothing in them except a yellowish clay, the bones having entirely disappeared. The stone over one of the graves had been pierced, and the hole covered with a thin sheet of beaten silver. Apart from this, he had found a few stone implements, two or three small bronze axes, and the large jars which he used in making sugar.

We had almost forgotten about the savages when our carriers announced in a flurry of excitement that there was one in the offing. When at length he got sufficient courage to come and speak to us he proved to be a miserable specimen, suffering from a very heavy cold. He was by far the dirtiest, most wretched savage that I have ever seen. He was dressed simply in a long sleeveless gown, coming nearly to his ankles, made of a large square of coarsely woven cloth, with a hole in the middle for the head to pass through, and the sides stitched up, leaving holes for the arms.

By evening two others had come in, a young man and his sister. All of them had colds. Saavedra told us that they were Pichanguerras of the Campa tribe. Saavedra and his son spoke a little of their language, which sounded to our unaccustomed ears like a succession of low grunts, breathings, and gutturals, pieced out by the sign language. The long gowns worn by the men indicated that they had at home one or more wives. Before marrying they wear very scanty attire.

The next day we continued on down the valley, using the trail that had been cut through the thicket by Saavedra's son and our carriers. About noon we emerged from the jungle onto a promontory, from which we had a fine view up and down the valley, and particularly of an alluvial fan, called Espiritu Pampa, heavily wooded, containing two or three small clearings, in which were the huts of the savages.

On top of the promontory was a small rectangular ruin of crude late Inca design. From the promontory down to the alluvial fan we followed the course of an ancient stairway that appeared to be nearly a third of a mile in length. It was roughly built of uncut stones, and about four or five feet in width.

We arrived at the clearing of the sav-

ages at half-past two, just in time to avoid a heavy thunder-shower. There was nobody at home, and we hesitated to enter a hut without invitation, but the heavy downpour overcame our scruples, if not our nervousness.

After the shower had passed, we found a good place to pitch our tent not far from the two little huts of the savages.

Not far from the Indians' huts and in a part of the little plain which they had cleared, we found the remains of eighteen or twenty ancient dwellings. The ruins consisted of roughly circular and oval walls, fairly close together, arranged in an irregular group. All the walls were low, averaging from two and a half to three feet in height, and the buildings were from fifteen to twenty-one feet in diameter. Some of them contained fragments of Inca pottery. They appeared to be the low walls on which the arched roofs of primitive huts had rested. We were told that there were better ruins some distance off. While wandering in the woods around the edge of the clearing we saw the ruins of a few other houses. The little arable plain of Espiritu Pampa, in this country of terribly steep hills, must have been occupied, off and on, for many centuries.

After a brief rest, the Indians took us over to the principal group of ruins



CAMPA INDIANS ILLUSTRATING THEIR METHODS OF HUNTING



RUINS OF AN INCA HOUSE—ESPIRITU PAMPA

situated on an old river terrace a little distance up one of the tributaries of the Pampaconas.

Here, in dense, wet woods, we found the remains of fifteen or twenty small rectangular buildings somewhat resembling those of Choquequirau. The lintels of the doors were made of three or four narrow blocks of stone. In the walls were a few niches. None of the buildings were particularly well made. In the vicinity was a fountain, resembling those on Titicaca Island described by Squier and Bandelier.

In the huts of the savages, and also in the vicinity of the ruins, there were several fragments of Inca pottery, and one or two whole pieces that the Indians were using in their cooking. Equally interesting were a few red Spanish roofing-tiles of various sizes and one or two round stones, apparently made by Spanish hands, as though, at some time in the distant past, this had been a missionary settlement.

The characteristic architecture of the principal group of ruins, however, left no doubt in our minds that these buildings had been constructed by the Incas. This conclusion is borne out by the shapes of the houses, the general arrangement of the group, the presence of niches and projecting cylindrical stones

in the walls of the houses, and the general appearance of the walls. Most of the houses appear at one time to have been a story and a half in height, with gable ends like those of Choquequirau.

Two hundred yards away is another group, called by the Indians Eromboni Pampa. The principal building of this group is 192 feet long, 24 feet wide; with twelve doors, fairly equally spaced, in front, and a similar number in the rear of the building. The doors were about three and a half feet wide; none of the lintels were in place, although some were on the ground near by. This building had no niches and no cylinders, so far as one could judge, although the whole place was very much in ruins. The walls appeared to have been covered with mud. This place, with an altitude of only 4000 feet, is lower in the jungles of the Amazon than any Inca ruins hitherto reported.

The next day we cleared away as much as we could of the jungle so as to get a few pictures, and to our surprise, and apparently to that of the Indians, discovered, only a few feet away from the principal group of ruins, two houses of superior construction, well fitted with niches and perches. These houses stand by themselves on a little artificial terrace below the level of the other group.

The Inca Titu Cusi may have lived here.

In the last of the houses that we found were small ventilators (or possibly holes for rafters) in the side walls above the niches. The fragments of pottery found in these houses were characteristically Inca, and included pieces of large water, or chicha, jars of the type known as the *aryballus*.

So dense is the jungle that one could hardly see more than five or six feet in any direction except along the trail, and we sent the Indians to hunt all about for more buildings. All they managed to find was a group of three little fountains and a carefully built stone bridge over a brook, on the path connecting the two groups of ruins. More or less rain interfered considerably with the work of clearing and taking photographs.

It was impossible, in the length of time at our disposal, to continue the survey of the river any distance below the ruins. It was to see if the ruins of Espiritu Pampa existed that we had ventured into this region, and after locating them and observing their Incaic character our work was over. In the mean time we had been so fortunate as to alter materially the map of this portion of Peru.

Our carriers showed signs of restlessness, and so we returned to Saavedra's house at Conservidayoc that evening. While we had been gone from Saavedra's he had secured the services of some of his Indian neighbors to help him grind some sugar-cane, and part of the evening was spent in boiling the juice and making some excellent brown sugar, which was allowed to cool in primitive square molds cut in a huge log flattened on two sides. Into some of the molds Saavedra's son sprinkled a few peanuts, making a delightful mixture which we greatly enjoyed on our return journey.

The next day proved to be the sixth of consecutive rains; but although we had been thoroughly drenched each day, we all felt well repaid for our hard trip. That night we came again to Pacaypata.

Another day of rain brought us to San Fernando. Here we met our soldier,

who had returned with the mules, and the next day, in the midst of torrential tropical downpours, we worked our way up the valley to Pampaconas. It is doubtful whether a more cold, wet, and bedraggled caravan ever arrived at Guzman's hut.

A couple of weeks later, Messrs. Hendriksen and Tucker, of the topographic section of the expedition, went down the Pampaconas Valley as far as Espiritu Pampa, and made a sketch map and a number of astronomical observations so as to fix the course of the river and the location of the ruins.

It is interesting to note that the Pampaconas River actually follows the course laid down on the maps for the Apurimac River, between latitude 13° and $13^{\circ} 10'$ S. and longitude 73° and $73^{\circ} 30'$ W. As a matter of fact, the Apurimac is thirty miles farther to the south than it is represented on the maps, and the little river which is shown on Raimondi's map as rising near Vilcabamba and flowing south into the Apurimac actually turns to the north, becomes a considerable stream about one hundred miles in length, and probably empties into the Urubamba somewhere below Rosalina. Professor Bowman and Dr. Erving, of the expedition, in their journey down the rapids of the Urubamba, later reported two large rivers, the Coribeni and the Sirialo, said to rise in the Vilcabamba mountains. It is entirely possible that the Sirialo is the local name of the river known higher up as the Pampaconas.

Perhaps some day it will be our good fortune to determine more accurately the full course of all of these rivers. In the mean time we must content ourselves with the satisfaction of having put a new river on the map and of having located Inca ruins at a lower elevation in the Amazon jungles than had been hitherto supposed possible. If, as seems likely, these ruins represent one of the last royal residences in Peru, it was doubly worth while to venture into the imaginary terrors of Conservidayoc and the Pampaconas Valley.

The Younger Twin

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE



ISTER—'r you a pirate?"

Skipper Lemuel Hanks looked up from his seat on the deck of the *Equatorial Dawn*.

"Naw," he growled.

"Go on home."

The small "summer folkses'" boy expressed disappointment by a disrespectful grimace, withdrew his face from the edge of the wharf, and trotted away along the boards in search of a more entertaining and less law-abiding seafarer. Skipper Lemuel listened to his waning footsteps with a slight frown between his eyebrows. The frown deepened and spread over his forehead. He squeezed a wooden egg out of the blue-yarn sock which he had been in the act of repairing, and commenced to pace the deck uneasily, still frowning.

The tide was out, and the *Equatorial Dawn* lay on the flats in the shadow of Pickert's Wharf, canting outward a little. It was not a large vessel, this schooner of his. Skipper Lemuel was at the same time Owner Lemuel, Mate Lemuel, Able-Seaman Lemuel, and Cabin-boy Lemuel, pursuing his business quite alone; and when he spoke of the *Equatorial Dawn* as "Fo'ty fut over all," it was with a mental reservation in favor of the bowsprit.

He stood in the stern, which was square, like a brick church, and scowled to himself. When he became aware that his eyes rested upon Spankin' Head Light a mile across the harbor, he turned them away violently, as though there was something wrong with his conscience.

"Be I a pirutt? Be I a pirutt? Well, I snum t' man—mebby I *be*."

He mopped a red and troubled brow and retired below, as though the honest light of day had asked him a question. Skipper Lemuel Hanks, besides being tall and thirty, and rather well built, was extraordinarily deliberate in mind

and movement. It was quite widely said of him that he "knew what he wanted," and also that he "went and got it." So when, on a day some two years prior to the episode just recounted, he had raised the Tin Cup Islands two points on his weather bow, and at the same moment and quite without relevancy muttered to himself, "I must be gettin' a wife," it then became perfectly fixed and certain that he would be "gettin' a wife." And also that there would be no furore or fuss of any sort connected with the operation.

He went ashore in Chatham with an unclouded eye and found a girl—"quite a putty girl." He wooed her for three trips running, and then, on the very evening he had considered laying his proposition before her, she had to "scuttle the hull c'ntraption" by turning "soft." She had even made it apparent that she desired to hold his hand. He left the house and took no more freights to Chatham. He was looking for a wife, not for a "mush."

He had paid his suit to a widow in South Boston, and she had betrayed him in a similar fashion. Another possibility in Rockport, Maine, had laid her fair head on his chest in a disastrous moment when he happened to be off his guard. Skipper Lemuel despaired, and for the first time in his life began to waver.

Perhaps he had set his ideal too high. Perhaps the world had fallen upon "softer" days. Perhaps there *were* no more women like his mother—perhaps that race of mortal Amazons had become extinct. But he had seen connubial happiness, and the vision refused to depart out of him. He had heard his father (likewise a mariner) giving orders on his own deck, and he had seen him *taking* orders in his own kitchen, and he had watched him ripen in pleasant days and pass away unhurriedly, without the insidious palliative of "mush."

Skipper Lemuel refused to give up. Instead, he did a more cowardly thing—he sank into inaction. For thirteen months he studiously avoided the paths of women.

And then one evening he steered the *Equatorial Dawn* into Old Harbor with a cargo of early apples from up Connecticut way. Through the dusk he made out a vessel lying in his accustomed berth alongside Pickert's Wharf, and he turned to the westward and dropped his anchor in the Cove, under the sheltering thumb of Spankin' Head.

He got up early in the morning, in hopes that the intruder might have cleared during the night. He was anxious to get the apples out. But she still sat there on the sand. He repaired below to wash up, only to discover that the last drop of water in the butt had gone for supper coffee the night before. Immediately thereupon he became not only three times as dirty as he had been before, but frightfully thirsty as well. Returning above-decks to look out for the local water-boat, he found her trundling solemnly between a couple of mackerelmen at least two miles away to the eastward. He sighed and let the yellow dinghy-boat slide down from the stern davits. It was quite a pull from where the *Equatorial Dawn* lay to the wharves of the waterfront.

"S tew much," he grumbled, as he fitted the oars in their locks. "An' 'thout breakf's', tew." Then he happened to look over his shoulder and his face lightened with a fresh thought. "I snum t' man! There's Spankin' Head—no more'n a step er so. They must hev water at th' Light, hey."

He went up a crackly path from the beach and stood in the kitchen doorway of the light-keeper's quarters.

"Could I beg a drop o'

water, Mrs.—ah—Miss—*Madam*? I find I'm all out an' the water-boat's—"

The young woman who had been kneading bread, with her back to the door, turned slowly and regarded the speaker without embarrassment. Something turned over with a flop in the chest of Skipper Lemuel. She had red hair—tied with a blue ribbon. His mother's hair had been red. But this pleasurable displacement lasted only a moment before he recognized it as something which had happened to him before, and recollected also that inevitable disillusionment lay in its train. To complete his return to sanity he murmured the word "mush."

"I was sayin'," he repeated, "I wonder if I could beg a drop o'—"

"I heard you the first time."

Skipper Lemuel whirled about with a gasp of incredulity. The blood mounted to his scalp. She came



"MISTER—'R YOU A PIRATE?"

across the floor and leaned against the door-jamb, uncomfortably near.

"See that strip of land over there?" she asked, pointing across the water to the place where Spankin' Head Neck joined the mainland.

"Ugh-huh." The man gazed blankly. "'S I was sayin'—"

"See how it runs along there and comes away around here—a long ways, isn't it?"

"Ugh-huh." And then he raised his tin bucket and shook it and said very loudly, as though to a deaf person, "Water, you understand—*water!*"

"Yes. That's what I'm talking about. You know we don't have *city* water out here. We haul it all that way around through heavy sand. You can fill your bucket at the tank this once, but don't get the habit—that's all."

The master of the *Equatorial Dawn* allowed his mouth to hang open for some moments, but the eyes fixed upon her were glowing. How well he remembered that tone—those gestures. He might have been a lad again, in the maternal kitchen. Moved by an ancient association of ideas, he shifted his boot-toe a fraction of a second before the butt of a broom-handle struck that spot on the floor.

"You may not know it, but I have to sweep all that gravel out after you bring it in," she informed him. "Good day."

It was the following day, and a Sabbath. The interloper still monopolized Pickert's in idleness and the skipper of the *Equatorial Dawn* sat on his deck-house and darned socks—he was extraordinarily hard on socks. Now and then his eyes wandered, without evident purpose, to that portion of the horizon dominated by Spankin' Head Light. Occasionally he might have been heard to mutter something to the effect that "she hed the right of it."

"Reckon 'twas sort of an imp'sition. Might's well go an' pay it back."

He rose, put away the sock, filled the bucket from the now replenished butt, and entered the dinghy-boat.

Man is a helpless sort of an animal. Most other creatures having had any experience at all with traps seem to know enough to let them severely alone

thereafter. In general they have wonderful noses.

Skipper Lemuel went up the crackly path, came to a halt before the door of the light-tower, stood there for a moment in a state of petrification, and, when he had at last found his internal voice, cried out that he might have known.

Five of them! Five youthful and smirking ensigns from the ship in the lower harbor, draped over the steps—and she was actually *holding hands*. She took one of them away to wave at him, calling, merrily: "Hello, good-looking man! What do *you* want?"

It may be said to his credit that he did not answer. Instead, he lowered his bitter eyes and moved off toward the water-tank. He had learned his lesson. He reached up with a grim gesture of finality and poured the water into the tank and came away. It had been in the kitchen there—he paused to scowl into that House of Judas—and the bucket left his limp hand and crashed on the gravel.

"Once you can do it—twice you can't," a familiar voice emerged. "No *siree*. Not to-day. You go right straight and buy it off the water-boat—*hear?*"

The admonition fell short, for the reason that the head of the intended listener had been thrust around the corner of the building. After a moment the owner withdrew it and exploded into the doorway, "*You ain't her.*"

"I do hope there's somebody looking out for you, because if there isn't—" But the ears were out of range once more.

"No, you ain't her," he recapitulated, after a season of mental gymnastics. "I see. She's got a green ribb'n wropped round her head, an' yourn's—yourn's *blue*." He sighed. I imagine Newton may have sighed so after the apple struck the ground. There is nothing so exhausting as a perfectly new idea.

"This is the day I'm busy," the lady of the blue ribbon suggested. It was evident that she was about to do some Sabbath sweeping, as she took up the broom in both hands. Skipper Lemuel moved off toward his beached dinghy, and under his feet the gravel sent up a staccato of triumph to the sky.

It was a month before the *Equatorial Dawn* had another freight for Old Harbor, and on this occasion the berth at Pickert's was vacant. Accordingly, being so handy, Skipper Lemuel went ashore and hunted up some of his old friends. Some of these old friends were old friends of Cap'n Dave Small, over at the Light. Yes, Dave had "a couple o' twin girls." Josiah Nickerson gave the straightest account.

"Nice one's Laura—sour one's Aura. An' they's certainly some dif'runce. Laura's quite young, y' know—'Younger Twin,' we call 'er hereabouts."

The morning after, Skipper Lemuel rowed the yellow dinghy a whole mile across the harbor to call on Cap'n Small—no slight thing to do for an old friend once removed. He had a narrow escape in the Light garden, where he almost ran into the "green ribb'n" watering the geraniums, but he managed to sheer off before she could effect any greater indignity than a pleasant nod. He attained the kitchen door without further misadventure, walked in boldly, and took a chair not too far from the entrance.

"I'm thinkin' o' gettin' married," he announced in a loud tone of voice, this being his idea of eliminating furore and fuss. Then he arose hastily and moved to the doorway as the fair one advanced out of the gloom. She came and stood in front of him, her arms akimbo, her chin thrust forward, a calculating and unimpassioned light in her eyes.

"Well," she said, "and just exactly *who* were you thinking of getting married to? Say."

The suitor's feet shuffled restlessly. He fingered the door-jamb behind his back.

"Mmmm—I—I hedn' jest decided."

"I thought you hadn't. Don't step on those geraniums as you go out, or—"

He did not step on the geraniums, but he went, hugely elated with the progress he had made. For three days in succession he toiled across the harbor to call on Cap'n Small, made his announcement, suffered cross-examination, and came away, all with increasing satisfaction. It was on the evening of the third day, while he was smoking his go-to-bed pipe on the edge of Pickert's Wharf, that doubt first assailed him.

After all, how rapidly *was* he getting on? After all, was the time not approaching when some further development was to be expected? He brooded over this problem for upward of an hour in the gathering gloom. Then he let himself down to the deck of the *Equatorial Dawn* and shook his head.

"I'll do it," he muttered with determination.

The following day was rather warm, and Skipper Lemuel's face was moist and rosy from his exertions over the oars.

"I'm thinkin' of gettin' married," he repeated his formula, at the same time hitching forward a little on the chair, as was his precautionary habit. But the other did not advance this time. Instead she tittered.

"Oh, isn't that nice!" she said. "Won't you have a doughnut? They're just fresh out of the kettle."

The man ignored the offer. He peered at her figure with a stern perplexity.

"I said," he repeated, "I'm thinkin' of gettin' married."

"Who to? Do tell me!"

The time had come for developments.

"To *you*!" he exploded.

"Oh, you dear old sweet thing! *When*?"

The skipper's gorge rose and he retreated to the door, smothered with a huge disgust. He reflected upon the fact that it had been too good from the first to be true. And then he remembered his decision of the preceding night and turned, defiantly.

"I stepped on the geraniums," he growled.

"Oh, dear suds, don't mind about that. Tell me some more about marrying me. I might as well tell you right off that I wouldn't think of it under any considerations—but if I *should*, you know you'd have to carry me off—in secret."

Skipper Lemuel was so dumfounded that he blurted, "Why?"

"Because father wouldn't hear to it, and sister would just about raise the roof—that's why."

"I ain't that kind," snarled the mariner. And then he went back and clambered into the yellow dinghy, oppressed by gloom. He remained gloomy for five days, nor did he return to Spankin'

Head during that time. For the most part he sat on the taffrail of the *Equatorial Dawn* and brooded over the ruins. Laying aside the suggested criminal aspect of the affair, what was there left? He could perceive little but "mush." She had come so splendidly through the preliminary stages—only to fail in the moment of stress. He winced at every fresh consideration of it. Sift it as he would, there remained forever but one meager residuum of cheer, and to this he returned time after time for what comfort it held. She had said she would not marry him under any considerations. There was something self-respecting about that—something high-handed, almost belligerent.

"Well," he said on the sixth morning, "I give in. When 'll it be?"

"When will *what* be?" she inquired,

with a return of asperity. She was rolling out pie-crust and there was a certain vague suggestion of offensive weapons about the roller in her hand.

"Our gettin' married."

"When the cows come home."

"I never knew you kep' 'em."

"We don't. Good-by."

The delighted seafarer had a narrow escape in the garden, where that young and frivolous "green ribb'n" nearly had hold of his sleeve before he realized what she was about, and then pursued him in his dignified retreat to the beach with irritating pleasantries. Once fairly off the flats, however, he could rest on his oars, mop his blazing brow, and return to his pleasant contemplation of the beloved's rehabilitation.

"She hez her off days," he ruminated, in a glow of charity, "just like any other mortil. 'S tew much t' ast puffection every day 'n the week, I s'pose."

He decided it was an "off day" when he came back on his next trip and reiterated his formula of capitulation.

"Waal, I give in. When 'll it be?"

"When will *what* be?"

"Our gettin' married." He prepared to rise.

"I tell you I wouldn't think of it—I wouldn't—I *wouldn't*." But she offered him a pie-crust tart, putting the effect to death. He scowled. He leaned forward and squinted suspiciously. No. It was "blue ribb'n" all right.

"Don't want it," he growled, in extreme bitterness.

"Lem's mad and I'm glad," she caroled.

The master of the *Equatorial Dawn* rose to his feet, pulled down the sleeves of his jacket, and strode to the door.

"I'm through," he said. "I'm through with you an' all yer kind. T'-morrow I won't come nigh ye, ner day after t'-morrow. I'll leave ye be t' think. When I *do* come you'll say 'yes' er 'no.' Good day, Miss Small."



"I'M THROUGH WITH YOU AN' ALL YER KIND"

"You wait just a minute," she cried. She came swiftly across the floor and stood before him, her chin raised and an unaccountable light in her eyes. "I wouldn't be chained to that dreadful temper of yours for a million trillion dollars—in gold," she assured him. "It's positively dangerous. You ought to see a doctor about it—Lem."

The man, unable to make head or tail of his conflicting emotions, lowered his bewildered eyes. "Blue ribb'n" was holding his hand. A moment later the yellow dinghy-boat experienced the most violent launching of its existence, and Skipper Lemuel Hanks quitted the shores of Spankin' Head for ever.

Late in the evening of the same day Gabe Dow, Mr. Pickert's handy-man, perceived the master of the *Equatorial Dawn* beckoning him with an impetuosity quite astounding in that most deliberate of men.

"What's a matter?" he inquired.

"Matter a plenty," roared the other. "If ye want them salt fish carried out o' here in this vessel, ye got t' scrabble round an' get 'em hove aboard bright 'n' early in the mornin'. Ye must think I'm summer folks, th' way ye 'spect me t' hang round dewin' nothin'."

So it was that the handy-man was up, and a half-dozen co-laborers up with him, long before the morning stars had begun to pale; and so efficacious were the profane labors of the handful that by ten o'clock in the forenoon their leader was slapping the skipper of the laden craft on the back and bidding him a fine voyage.

His expression was less congenial when he happened to pass the berth some six hours later and found the *Equatorial Dawn* squatting there as stolidly as ever, and her master puffing a meditative pipe on the after-deck.

"What seems t' be the matter, Lem?" he called down. "Go t' sleep an' lose yer tide, did ye?"

The master turned a fiery and scowling countenance. "Who's navigatin' this vessel?" he inquired. The handy-man thought of an answer, but decided not to make it. He had old Mr. Pickert down in person the day after that to point out to him the defects

in the sailing schedules of the *Equatorial Dawn*.

"Them haddick 'll sp'ile on his hands afore he gets his old she-raft outside the Head," he intimated, making occult gestures above the stranded vessel.

"On *his* hands," the wharf-owner repeated with grim significance. And then, fearing that perhaps his meaning had not quite gone home to his only legal witness, added, "Not on *your* hands, Gabe—nor on *mine*." He went away, but the handy-man remained to hang over the edge of the wharf and converse with an imaginary companion.

"Wouldn't be s'prised if he took a row over t' th' Head. Wunnerful exercise, rowin'. Ye say ye ain't blind. I ain't, either." Then he, too, went away, followed as far as the wharf-end by an outraged seafaring character with baleful red eyes.

Skipper Lemuel did row over to the Head the next morning—not in the interests of physical culture, but rather for the purpose of bestowing in certain quarters what he termed "a piece of his mind." From afar off he marked a figure in white hovering about that part of the beach where it had been his habit to land, but as he came nearer the figure withdrew and disappeared among the Light buildings.

"Won'er what she's up tew," murmured the oarsman, wrinkling his brow, "whichever she is."

His wonderings were to be set at rest sooner than he expected. He was striding purposefully up the gravel incline, mentally rehearsing his "piece of mind" with appropriate contortions of his forehead, when his steps were arrested by the sight of a bit of paper reposing in his path. There was something neat and geometrical about it that led him to bend over and examine it at closer range. Bold on its face he read the inscription, "For Mister Lemuel."

The master of the *Equatorial Dawn* straightened up with a jerk and peered about him guiltily. He stared suspiciously at the Light buildings. He lurched forward and covered the treacherous missive with his boot, as if by accident.

After a season he bent down to pluck a wild flower (though not generally giv-

en to such soft practices) and deftly abstracted the fragment of paper from beneath his sole. Still casually, he opened and read:

"Yes." Three o'clock to-morrow morning on the beach. Don't say anything to

signalized chiefly by the absent text. After five minutes or so of this dreary monotone the young woman at the bread-board turned around and spoke with an irate sarcasm.

"Would you have the kindness not to stare at me so?"

Her caller smiled sagely, but did not remove his gaze from the ceiling.

"And stop talking so loud," she adjured him, stamping a wrathful foot. "I declare to goodness—"

"Hum dummit dum," continued the mariner, making it plain that he saw through her swindle. "I got it all right," he vouchsafed at length, tipping his chair down and favoring her with a slow wink of his left eye. "Don't you worry about that."

"You've got it? Well, if its anything catching—and I presume it is—please get out of this kitchen. *Scat!*"

"Hum dummit dum," he resumed, returning his attention to the ceiling. "I won't let on," he reassured her when he had come to the end of the stanza. "I won't take no notice of ye. Don't you worry. Hummity dum dum—"

"You *won't*, won't you?" The young woman lifted a pail of tepid mop-water from the sink. "Now I'm going to start cleaning this kitchen in five seconds by the clock—understand?"

Skipper Lemuel left off his humming and regarded the object of his affections a little uneasily. It seemed to him that she was rather overdoing the part of caution. Then with a sudden qualm of misgiving he wheeled and stared out through the doorway. Ah—that was the lay of the land!



"I'M HERE, LEMUEL," CAME THE SUPERFLUOUS REASSURANCE

me to-day—don't even notice me—somebody might suspect. Get Rev. Whatcomb. YOU KNOW WHO.

"So." He hitched up his sleeves, smoothed his forelock, and strode on with a lighter step than his deliberativeness had ever allowed him to utilize before. Once seated in his accustomed chair in the kitchen, he fell to staring at the ceiling without a word. The silence at length becoming oppressive, he commenced to hum an old seafaring tune,

That frivolous "younger twin," her bright hair held in thrall by the verdant witness to her identity, was hoeing in the strip of garden across the gravel walk, but her labors were desultory, as though her whole attention was not upon them.

"C'n she *hear* thet fur?" whispered the seafarer.

"I warned you," answered his hostess, irrelevantly, and the next moment Skipper Lemuel's boots and trousers-legs sopped their outraged way to the door. At that point of comparative security he turned with an emotion compounded of resentment and delight.

"You wait," he bawled back over the wavering trail of his retreat. "I'll fix *you*, when—er—when—" He glanced behind him and hesitated.

"When the cows come home," supplied his tormentor. "We don't keep them," she cried after his receding form, and he distinctly heard a sound of laughter.

This was the day upon which he answered the question: "Mister—'r' you a pirate?" to his own uneasy soul on the after-deck of the *Equatorial Dawn*. And then, as we have recounted, he went below to snatch a few hours of troubled slumber.

The silence of the night was disturbed by a rumor of oars creaking in rowlocks. By and by they ceased, and then there came a sound of splashing as Skipper Lemuel climbed over the gunwale of the stranded dinghy into some four inches of water which covered the flats. The note of the morning before had designated an unfortunate hour for the venture—an hour when the tide was at its ebb and fifty yards the nearest approach a small boat could make to the beach-line. The night-rover took a small anchor out of the boat, sunk one of its flukes in the sandy bottom with his boot, and spattered his way to the shore, where he stood, shivering slightly and with his head revolving in an inquisitive circle, for upward of fifteen minutes.

"I'll fix 'er," he muttered under his breath. Then he began to grow uneasy. He remembered the laugh which had pursued him down the gravel path the previous morning, and in the memory

its echo possessed a certain disturbing quality of derision. He fell to tramping furiously up and down the beach, reiterating at bitter intervals his intention of fixing her.

"I do hope I'm not late," a whisper floated through the shadows. The ardent swain halted and gloomed at a vague figure which approached.

"No—no," he said. "Not at all."

"Oh, I'm so glad. Now we must hurry."

"Do tell. I hedn't thought of it. I'll take yer bundil." With an astonishing exhibition of urbanity he relieved her of the suit-case she carried and strode into the shallow water. "Come 'long," he called over his shoulder. He had proceeded perhaps a dozen steps before he became aware that he was proceeding alone. He turned, perplexed and impatient.

"Well?"

"Lemuel," complained the lady.

"Yes? What is it?"

"Lemuel, I can't *walk*—through *that*."

"Why?" Her suitor left "in Heaven's name" unuttered.

"Why, *Lemuel*—I'd get my feet *sopping*!"

The man of ships lifted his eyes to heaven. He abstracted one of his own feet from the water and allowed it to drip significantly for a long moment.

"You'll have to carry me," came the quavering plaint of his lady, "—in your arms."

The first blue-gray flush lightened the eastern sky. The man put his boot back in the water and shifted the suit-case wearily from one hand to the other.

"She hez her off days," he sighed. Then he raised his eyes to that luminous threat of the coming day and sighed again.

"But—but mebbly she's wuth it, after all."

The sun rode high in a blue heaven and a moderate breeze out of the southwest bowled the *Equatorial Dawn* pleasantly over the sparkling waters. Far and far away along the vessel's fading wake the diaphanous sand-cliffs of Old Harbor hung for a moment on the skyline and were gone.

The master of the vessel lounged at

ease within handy reach of the wheel, smoking his pipe. His thumbs were tucked comfortably beneath his suspenders; his face was illuminated by the suggestion of a smile; he meditated largely over the surface of the sea. By and by one of his hands abandoned its suspender-strap and strayed to the mid-ports of his vest.

"Hey, woman!" he bawled pleasantly, without shifting his eyes from the horizon, "how about thet thar breakf's? Putty nigh ready?"

No answer.

He reiterated the substance of his inquiry in a slightly louder tone of voice, and then, startled and gasping profanely, he struggled to free his neck from the embrace of a soft, round arm which had overtaken it from behind.

"I'm here, Lemuel," came the tender but quite superfluous reassurance. "Don't shout at your little wife."

He became aware that something pressed against his cheek; a wisp of auburn hair tickled his right nostril, and he was about to sneeze violently when a glow of foreign color in the corner of his eye distracted him.

He threw off his encumbrance and retreated to the deck-house, where he leaned, glowering and perspiring, his wide eyes fixed upon his wife.

"Which be ye?" he demanded.

"Which? I don't understand you, Lemuel."

"Yer ribb'n—look at yer ribb'n. It's green, ain't it?"

"Why, of course it is, you old silly! Isn't this 'Light week'?" She stopped and appeared to evolve a new thought. Then she laughed, pointing a thumb at herself. "I guess I'm the silly, to be thinking of 'Light week' now—or 'kitchen week' either—ha-ha. Good-by, 'Light week.'"

Her lord and master sat down slowly.

"'Light week.' Woman, I don't foller ye."

"Why, 'Light week,' you know. The

week you tend light, Goosey. The other week's when you do the house-work and wear a blue hair-ribbon—that's the only way father could ever tell us apart. 'Light week's green. I always thought it was silly—having to wear one color one week and another color the next, year in and year out—but father used to be in the navy and said it was dis'pl'ne. You look fairly faint, you poor soul. I'll run right down-stairs and finish that breakfast, now."

The *Equatorial Dawn*, through long neglect of her tiller, had begun to luff up into the wind and rattle her canvas warningly. Mechanically Skipper Lemuel crossed the deck; mechanically he shifted the wheel; mechanically he squinted at the leach of the mainsail till it grew taut again; mechanically he muttered, "Waal, I'll be dinged!" A muffled but cheery hail impinged upon his consciousness.

"Come on down and eat your wedding breakfast, Lemuel."

He moved to the companionway mechanically.

"Mind and take off your hat before you come down here," continued the voice of the Younger Twin.

The master's hand, where it was suddenly arrested upon the edge of the opening, showed white around the knuckles. He sucked in a huge breath of air and strove in vain to keep his voice from shaking as he bent down and tested fate.

"I guess it's my cabin," he challenged.

"And I guess it's my breakfast," came back the sweet but unyielding answer. "Now if you're at all anxious for food, Lemuel dear, you know what—"

The master of the *Equatorial Dawn* straightened up and mopped his streaming brow with a red-and-yellow bandana.

"Waal, I'll be double-dinged!" he pronounced, cautiously removing the ancient derby from his head. And the sun shone pleasantly over all the fair and happy sea.





EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

AS most readers, by this time, will have experimentally decided the question of their summer whereabouts, the whole question of a summer whereabouts may be considered quite academically, at least with reference to the present season. There may be some practical application to future seasons in what we purpose saying, but we doubt it; in fact, we are not sure but we have been merely amusing ourselves in the comparison of temperatures at different points in the country on certain days of May which we have been making.

At one time, thirty or forty years ago, there was much talk of an isothermal line which, on the maps inspired by the occasion, showed the course of the Arctic Pacific Railroad through a boreal region much freer from snow and ice than any region farther to the southward. In these charts the road beginning at New York, say, and crossing the continent to St. Louis, say, there made a bold leap to Duluth, say, and thus avoided the blizzards which habitually raged in Arizona, say, on the route of the Antarctic Pacific, say. We have mislaid our copy of that map, and are obliged to speak somewhat conditionally, but we remember that it was in obedience to an isothermal line drawn in the interest of the Arctic Pacific road that these surprising deflections were made. It was claimed by its friends that the line was drawn also in the light of the latest discoveries of science; but on the other hand it was held by its enemies that the line was purely imaginary, the effect of a hard-pushed fancy acting in behalf of a struggling corporation. Our memory does not serve us as to the outcome; the road may or may not have been built on that isothermal line, but if it was, it was prophetically constructed upon a solid basis of scientific reality.

Taking the figures for the hottest May weather ever known to people who had not noticed the May weather much for

some years past, we find that on the 27th of that month in this year the mercury stood at a maximum of 84 degrees in Bismarck, N. D., and at exactly the same figure in Jacksonville, Fla., and New Orleans, La., while at Portland, Me., it was 86, at New York, N. Y., 90, and at Boston, Mass., 95. From these readings it would seem that the places of most equable summer temperature in the country were Bismarck, Jacksonville, and New Orleans, and a logical inference would be that the winter temperature, on the coldest day of February ever known to people who had not noticed before, was the same in these places. The readings not only go to prove that the isothermal line of a former generation was scientifically divined, but they suggest a scientific revision of the whole plan of our summer life. Of course when we say *our* summer life we mean that of such among us as are forced by their easy circumstances to fly from their luxurious homes, during the heated term or terms, and if they do not go to Europe, to seek a climate in their own country where neither the mercury nor the mosquito shall molest them or make them afraid. But their cottages in the hills or on the shores are often so charming that they make the dwellers dissatisfied with their city life, and unwilling to go back to it in the fall. The summer hotels once so popular had not as great social disadvantages; people were glad to leave them, early in September, and from a continuous sojourn at any time in such hotels now the universal automobile has come to save the cottageless class, by far the largest above the class which earns its daily bread by its daily job, when it can get the job.

It is a little odd that the automobile which the houses of so many have been mortgaged to buy, should perhaps be a means of re-establishing the good old all-the-year-round home in something of its former permanency. Instead of going

to a summer hotel with the children, for a month, or two, or three, and leaving the husband and father in his city solitude, the wife and mother now puts the whole family into the car which he has learned to run (at least well enough to run it into other cars, or over people) and sets off with him on a week-end excursion, returning on Monday early enough to do the weekly wash. The new custom perhaps makes for cockneyism, but that is not so very regrettable; it is much better than the smattering of nature which the absentees used to get.

Or, is not it? We are trying to make the best of the situation which has developed; and we see in it a refuge from climate by way of the good weather which is from time to time prophesied by the meteorological authorities. The question still left is how to ascertain the best climate in the interest of cottage life, or of those people who can afford to live in two or three houses during the year between their trips to Europe. Our study of the daily weather reports has not been so exhaustive as to enable us to say just where the maximum of climatic happiness is to be found, or to be counted upon with entire security during the whole year. We have owned that we do not know whether the temperature of Jacksonville is the same as that of Bismarck in February; we would not rashly infer from its Maytime parity that it is so, or advise the orange farmer who has suffered from frost in Florida to try North Dakota. But what about the "anguish of the solstice" in Boston and its delight in New Orleans? Does 95 to 84 prove nothing against the summer climate of Massachusetts, nothing for that of Louisiana? Does the mosquito rage worse by Lake Atchafalaya or by Jamaica Pond? Shall we resort to Baton Rouge in winter, or to Brookline, if we want to escape the cold? Such an inquiry opens up the consideration of the relative attractions of the different sections of our country. We have all heard the boast of our Southern friends, "We never have such hot summers as yours in Alabama (or South Carolina, or Georgia, or Tennessee). The mercury seldom goes above 85, and rarely into the nineties. It's the *long* summer that tires us."

But there is a great deal to be said in favor of the protracted heat of the long-summered climates. One ought to reflect that all the civilizations of antiquity flourished in tropical or sub-tropical regions. Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Italy were countries where an unprecedented culture was attained without the aid of artificial heating; the sun warmed them in summer and the people bore their chilblains as well as they could in winter, without remitting their exertions for an intellectual and artistic uplift. Their moral and religious condition left something to be desired, but with the universal spread of ethical culture the lapse to any such condition in our time is scarcely to be feared for civilization in the hot countries of the Western Hemisphere. Our aborigines, especially our prehistoric aborigines, instinctively wrought on the lines of antique empire and grew more and more enlightened as they avoided Greenland on the north and Patagonia on the south, perfecting themselves in architecture and sculpture as they went, till on the breathless plains and among the volcanic mountains of Central America they left monuments surpassing in beauty those of Egypt. At least, this is what travelers say; any who doubt it may go and see for themselves; and if we are to trust the logic of our weather reports they will probably find themselves more secure from sunstroke in Guatemala or Yucatan than in eastern Massachusetts.

It is true that in the impenetrable forests which hide the self-forgotten cities of Central America the very latest type of automobile would work its way with difficulty, and we are not now urging any owner of a touring-car to undertake their exploration. But it seems to us that if we owned an automobile of very great h. p., with a chauffeur who kept sober during the summer, we should feel it a sort of public duty to visit Charleston, Tallahassee, Memphis-on-the-Mississippi, New Orleans, and Natchez-under-the-Hill, in September, say, with a view to ascertaining whether, in the long, mild summer of those parts, the mercury still refrained from going above 85. If we found this to be the case we should not hesitate to urge the advantages of those places as summer

resorts and residences, and we should look forward to the time when we could cheerfully indorse the prospectus of the real-estate agent and the advertisement of the summer-hotel man setting forth the attractions of the canebrake and the everglade as cottage sites, and the mocking-bird and alligator above anything in the Adirondacks or on the Maine coast.

If we could once establish that there was really a summer in the South where the fantastic leaps and bounds of the thermometer in the North were unknown, we should have gone a great way toward repermanentizing the American home, once the prey of the summer hotel, and now the victim of the touring-car, the seaside cottage, and the Atlantic liner. The desirable climate, if reliably ascertained, would strike hands, as it were, with the moneyed and the mortgaged classes and restore them to all-the-year-round firesides, where the light-wood knot need scarcely be kindled more than three months out of the twelve. To be sure, this would ignore the immensely larger class which is neither moneyed nor mortgaged, but would not so really as apparently ignore it. The natural conditions of our long but mild summered section have not proved adverse to industries supposed to be conditioned in the energy native to the short hot-summered and long hard-wintered North. Foundries and factories flourish equally in both sections, with some advantages from unrestricted child-labor under the kinder skies. With the more constant or continuous sojourn of the moneyed and mortgaged classes in the South, there would be more demand for labor of every sort, and a universal prosperity would prevail.

We would not be too sanguine in urging the South as a refuge from the inclement summers of the North; it has not always been found a refuge from our inclement winters, but in an academic discussion like the present the matter may be fitly considered. It is said that Mr. Brice believes South America destined to be the seat of the happiest and greatest power of the future by reason of its varied natural advantages, and we could not perhaps too soon apply the Monroe Doctrine to the ex-

propriation of the Latin races in something like a retroactive resentment of the Spanish and Brazilian colonizations. It is well known that the equator is situated in South America, and it is probable that in the long summers there the milder heat has been found conducive to the prospect of a higher type of civilization than our own, say something nearer the Egyptian if not the Greek. If we can accept the readings of the thermometer at Jacksonville and New Orleans, there is no reason why we should continue to swelter in Boston or New York, and when we have practically verified the claim of those more meridional cities to a summer as mild as it is long, it should be merely a question of time as to our advance through Mexico and Central America to that Southern continent where the truest America is to be. In the soft latitudes of Yucatan and Guatemala we may linger long enough to let our scientists thoroughly explore the scenes of prehistoric empire in the tropical forests of those all but fabulous regions. We must not forget that it was North American research which discovered the wonders of that inarticulate past to the modern world: the mute glory of those ruined cities, forest-hidden and half-buried, with the incredible fascination of their sculpture, and the grandeur of their architecture. We should hope, if our fancy of a wiser and more unselfish summer were ever realized, that the hieroglyphic inscriptions of those walls and pillars would yet interpret themselves to our more leisured learning. Perhaps (though we own the dream is wild) some automobiling American family, leaving its mortgaged home far behind it in the North, might even chance upon that mighty metropolis, as perfect in the preservation of its palaces and temples as when it was the capital of a prehistoric empire. This remained the dream of Stephens and Catherwood after their explorations, and its existence has never been disproved, though its area is so great (we believe some twenty miles square) that an automobiling American family might almost skid upon it in one of these August nights. Then, though they burst a tire or two in the accident, what a glorious August were this!



ONE of the commonest mistakes of the novice in literature is his conception of a magazine editor as an awarder of literary prizes.

It does seem to belittle our office if we say that it is truer that literature exists for magazines than that magazines exist for literature—if we confess that all periodicals, like the publishing houses to whose business they are so often tilters, owe their origin to private or partisan interests. Literature itself, like every other form of human activity, had its rise in use, and even religion began as an agricultural rather than as a celestial investment. Man is a builder before he is an architect, an artisan before he is an artist. This is the obvious and historical course. The *real* beginnings of faith and art are not obvious, but are bound up with man's destiny, and, like that, are disclosed only in the full manifestation of the psychical activities involved; as the spring is first seen to gush from the earth, and only when it fulfils its course, becoming the stream and rising in vapor to the skies, do we identify its source with its destination, and see with the poet that "all foundations are laid in heaven."

So that it is rather a fine conception, if the literary aspirant can frankly entertain it, blinking the apparent actuality—this idea of pure literature as the beginning and end of any enterprise daring to call itself literary. It shows at least the singleness of his own purpose and fore-shows the possibility that in the ardor of his quest this purpose may become so disinterested as to forego even the promptings of personal ambition.

A publisher with any proper sense of his responsibilities would not issue books pandering to a degraded sensibility, whatever the profit; and of edifying literature he would select by preference the most excellent in point of art. If in the course of his experience as the publisher of books his well and widely

established relations with authors and readers should develop a promising field for magazine publication, he would, in entering upon it, be guided by the same principles. But it must be a business enterprise. Any advantage it might be to literature would be a happy incident in his regard of it, and to become that it must first of all be profitable.

Such precisely was the situation of the publishing house which in 1850 started this Magazine. There had been other monthly periodicals before it, but none of them illustrated, none established on so broad and at the same time so homely a plan or, we might add, one so bold, since it laid claim to the whole kingdom of current literature—by virtue of selective discovery, for it began as an eclectic.

We select this Magazine to illustrate the tendency of the modern periodical away from "pure literature," however steadfastly it may adhere to approved literary standards, because of the significant epoch at which it started, significant as marking the point of departure, and because it was planned for an appeal so wide that any radical change in the demands of its audience or in the character of its response to these demands would be in a general sense representative of a new era.

The very fact that the Magazine, though open from the first to American contributions, was obliged, if it was to fulfil its promise of giving its readers the best accessible contemporary literature, for its first two years to be mainly an eclectic, was in itself significant of the continued dependence of America upon England in this field. However this is to be accounted for, the new magazine was in truth drenched with good literature—the best mid-Victorian fiction, essays, and poetry. It was, as a merely casual glimpse at the contents of those earliest numbers of the Magazine will show, pure literature in a sense that

no popular magazine literature ever has been since or is ever likely to be again.

This was due to the peculiar audience, the like of which will never be seen again, for which this literature was selected. It was still a remarkably homogeneous audience just at the point of beginning to become one very heterogeneous; on the point, indeed, of becoming in almost every way what it precisely then was not. Its homogeneity was especially manifest in its literary sensibility, so generally and from long habit responsive to the old-world and, particularly, to the old-home note. It had in this respect, from Colonial times, out-Englished the English. All the great names of British literature were cherished household words, and it was in comparison with these that the distinction of American writers was rated. It was this tenacious loyalty which, far more than the absence of international copyright, had precluded distinctive American authorship.

The audience of the new monthly magazine demanded pure literature and could fully appreciate the distinction of essayists like De Quincey, Macaulay, and Carlyle—so much more keenly than the general English reading public that collected editions of these authors' essays were first called for in America. The new magazine bristled with names like these, and its readers had for once full satisfaction. The audience was large and grew steadily and with unprecedented rapidity, and it is a most significant fact, as bearing upon our present theme, that in the course of less than three years it had ceased to be eclectic.

The audience was changing. Between 1850 and 1860 the quiet simplicity of American life was rapidly being broken up. The impetus given by steam and electricity to material and mechanical progress and the sudden quickening of pioneer activities following the acquisition of California were awaking a new American consciousness. With this industrial expansion economic issues became prominent, the one most critical relating to the extension of slavery. The reaction of what was known as the "American Party," against the too easy naturalization of aliens was also sig-

nificant of the new self-centered regard. The awakening of a buoyant, self-conscious Americanism, such as found its note in Walt Whitman, created a diversion more favorable to distinctively American authorship than could have been effected by an international copy-right treaty.

This diversion must have had its source in the sensibility of the audience, affecting its demands, before it altered the course of literature. Whitman almost yelled his response, but it was bound to find expression in story and humor, and in every possible literary shape in books and periodicals. It was a diversion from pure literature. It was not unprecedented. There had never been a modern literature which, taken in mass, was pure literature. The great masters of either life or literature in any age were as much law-breakers as law-makers. Cervantes, in *Don Quixote*, broke up the pre-existing world of romance. The classic creators are, least of all authors, literary.

The Magazine whose genesis and early growth we have been tracing could not follow the broad plan of its foundation—broader than its founders consciously recognized—without responding to the impulses that were stirring a whole people and awakening new demands in its wide audience. The serial English novel retained its place, but no longer to the exclusion of the American. A wholly new order of short stories emerged, not formed on English models, but thoroughly American—a portraiture of character mainly, of unsophisticated types and abounding in humor. It was in key with Porte Crayon's Virginia sketches, and J. Ross Browne's pictures of Western mining-camps. Outside of fiction the largest feature of the Magazine in its new shaping, was its illustrated articles of travel and exploration. The new industrial economies were as faithfully mirrored in its pages.

Now, all this is very remote from any ideal conception of pure literature. In 1850 this Magazine reflected the best current literature, as it had to in response to the demand of its large audience brought up on the best English models. By 1860, under the same compulsion, it had come to reflect an Amer-

ican life which had become conscious of its own distinctive character and destiny. There never could be again an American magazine, meeting the needs of this new audience, of as purely a literary type as those which sprang up before the middle of the century.

Both long and short fiction were to have in the years to come, and in response to social and sociological changes, progressive or reactionary, an infinite range of diversification as to theme and purpose, with a tendency to become less literary, until it should reach its present state of bewildering heterogeneity, in which the vastly larger proportion of it is not allied either to art or literature, and much of it that is creative and genuinely allied to both frankly confesses to a vital rather than a purely esthetic or literary purpose.

The diversification was of the reading public before it was of fiction. Outside of the audience that in 1850 any magazine could have had—one, say, to which the eminent names in English literature would have been significant—another audience which is simply literate has very greatly increased in numbers through the general diffusion of elementary education. Its reading is usually confined to journalism—secular and religious—and to fiction which is either of the Sunday-school-library order or elementally sensational, but, in either case, immune to literary criticism. This outlying audience is all on nearly the same level mentally and emotionally—provincial isolation being no longer possible—is divided by partisan and sectarian lines, but is not stratified. Any real stratification is conditioned upon intellectual culture, to which this audience makes no pretensions.

The original audience of this Magazine, on the contrary, had intellectual curiosity and aspirations, with a sensibility to the charms of literature—all these in varying directions and degrees. Here specialization was possible, developing different strata not only in the general audience, according to diverse interests, but often in the individual reader. A corresponding specialization of periodical literature was inevitable. The scheme of this Magazine implied a

response to its audience as a whole—a satisfaction of intellectual curiosity, a meeting of new social and sociological aspirations and of all interests, in so far as the audience as a whole was participant in these. It must reflect informingly the living and ever-changing world in every phase of its progressive movement; but it could not narrow its plan so as to specialize in any field, so as to be distinctively literary for the sake of those demanding literary criticism, distinctively scientific to meet the need of the special student, distinctively sociological by entering the arena of discussion, or distinctively anything outside of its reflective function, which it the more effectively exercised because it was an illustrated magazine. The agitating questions dividing its audience—especially dividing it during the first decade of its existence—lay beyond its scope. Therefore for the diverse strata of its own audience there arose the need of periodicals with more special functions. These could enter the field of political discussion or that of literary criticism, and in essays—for which, being unillustrated, they had more space—could give more prominence to the individual note; but they were compelled to yield to the trend of the new age, which was away from what had been known as pure literature, in the preceding generation, to a direct dealing with life. Lowell neither could nor would have made the *Atlantic Monthly* as distinctively literary as he had, a few years earlier, his short-lived *Pioneer*.

Perhaps we should say that the magazines of the last sixty years represent a new literature; certainly they cannot fairly be called no literature. But, while the best of them maintain literary standards as to form, they are as to content mainly non-literary. Style is not less appreciated than in a former age, but even in fiction—more than all in that which is the fruit of creative realism—it has changed along with our whole manner of living.

More important, therefore, to the beginning contributor than his technical literary equipment—though that is far from being negligible—is his developed sense of life.

The Waddingtons

BY REBECCA HOOPER EASTMAN

I DO not know the Waddingtons.

If ever I should meet any member of that unusual, illustrious family, I should say—but not tritely, because there would be no enthusiasm in my tones—"I have heard *so* much about you that I feel as if I knew you."

It was one day, when I was ordering a salad for Monday's luncheon, that the Waddingtons popped into my life, introduced by my new cook, Eliza Snart.

"The Waddingtons," reminisced Eliza, "just ate what was left over from Sunday for Monday noon."

"The Waddingtons?" I inquired, with assumed interest.

The reason for my seemingly courteous question was a resolution that I had made—to be human with Eliza Snart as long as Eliza herself would permit it.

And who may the Waddingtons be, Eliza?"

"English folk," replied Eliza, with devout eyes on the kitchen ceiling. "The largest and loveliest family I ever lived with."

"Oh!"

I thought that I did well—to manage that one little ejaculated monosyllable; such implied perfections absolutely stifled my ability to comment. And as Eliza's eyes were still inclined ceilingward, I silently withdrew, feeling somehow that my kitchen was crowded so full of large, lovely Waddingtons that there was no room at all there for me. And yet, in spite of the Waddington disapproval about the salad, Eliza made and served it. But she did so with condescending superiority.

The second or third night that Eliza was with us, my eldest son was late to dinner;

indeed, he failed to make his appearance until the dessert was on the table. Sally—our second maid for years, and angel always—brought in his dinner, course by course, kept nicely warm, and waited on him as if she was deeply grateful for his being late, as if she had been longing for some such opportunity to manifest her devotion.

"When Master Robert Waddington or any of the other Waddington gentlemen was late for dinner, they always left twenty-five cents under their plate for the table-girl, and another twenty-five for me," observed Eliza Snart, the next morning.

"Indeed!" I retorted, icily. "The Waddingtons must have had a great deal of money, Eliza."

"Oh no, ma'am, they wasn't rich.



AS ELIZA'S EYES WERE STILL INCLINED
CEILINGWARD, I SILENTLY WITHDREW



"MRS. WADDINGTON," SAID ELIZA, "HAD ELEGANT CLOTHES"

They was better than rich. They was—generous."

Again driven forth from my kitchen by the virtues of the Waddington family, I resolved to give up being human with Eliza Snart.

"Eliza," I said, "since the furnace-man has a lame shoulder, I shall have to ask you to polish the candlesticks and irons and warming-pans."

Pell-mell the Waddingtons were upon us.

"The Waddingtons had grand brass antiques," enthused Eliza Snart. "But they never had 'em shined. They kept 'em dull, purpose, to make 'em look older. But I can polish yours, of course, if you like."

"I do like, Eliza," I answered, in a rasping voice.

Those Waddingtons were getting on my nerves. I was beginning to loathe them so that I showed it, and for a while they stayed away. I hoped that they might have been killed in a railroad wreck or an automobile accident. But no! They were just out of town for a few days, and they all returned, by a peculiar coincidence, on the very morning that Eliza Snart and I were planning the Thanksgiving dinner. I had presumed to invite four relatives to this function.

"The Waddingtons," said Eliza, "always

took their holiday dinners at a restaurant, and gave us servants the day."

With grimly compressed lips I managed to control myself, and tried to recall the fact that Thanksgiving often meant a period of gloomy rebellion on the part of the servants. When I marshaled my courage to order the plum-pudding and presented Eliza Snart with a copy of our ancestral recipe, she superciliously said:

"Mrs. Waddington always bought imported plum-puddings. They're much better than you can make at home, and they don't cost near as much. And it's the truth that I never had to make one single dessert when I was at the Waddingtons'. They bought all their desserts."

Our Thanksgiving dinner was in the evening, and just before the guests arrived Eliza Snart rapped on the living-room door with an entirely unnecessary question about how I wished the cranberry sauce to be served.

"Just as we said when we talked it over, Eliza," I reminded her. "In the little glass dishes."

Eliza surveyed me minutely from head to foot. I was wearing a low-cut gown, simply made, and my one valuable piece of jewelry—a string of pearls.

"Mrs. Waddington," said Eliza, "had elegant clothes! And every afternoon she was all a-blazing with diamonds and rubies."

At this information I inwardly resolved that as soon as Thanksgiving was over Eliza Snart and her precious Waddingtons should leave my domicile for ever. It had been bad enough to have them all hanging about the kitchen, but now that they had taken to roving higgledy-piggledy through the house, and, by subtle comparison with their own clothes and jewels, telling me how to dress, I resolved to endure them no longer.

"Eliza," I said, gritting my teeth, the Monday after Thanksgiving, "I am afraid that you are not suited here."

Eliza Snart looked at me in a way that made my spine quiver.

"I ain't complained of the place," she said. "Of course, I don't expect to find another place like the Waddingtons'."

"But perhaps you might, Eliza," I urged. "I won't detain you another day, if you wish to look for a better place."

Eliza's next words contained volumes of reproach.

"Mrs. Waddington," she began, and then repeated the dear name for emphasis—"Mrs. Waddington never dismissed a servant just before Christmas. There ain't any places, and then, if you get a place, you don't get presents, being only just come. No, I'll stay where I am until after Christmas."

Of course I ought to have given Eliza Snart her notice then and there. But I was too cowardly; I was afraid that the Waddingtons would fight with me and by force of superior numbers compel me to retain their Eliza. There was nothing they wouldn't do for her, and I felt that I was in real danger.

"Very well, Eliza," I surrendered. "We'll wait until after Christmas, and then see how we both feel about your staying."

Those powerful, omnipotent Waddingtons were delighted to such an extent that they held their peace for two whole days. The consequence was that when they finally broke out again they were worse than ever.

"Mr. Waddington himself used to come round with a note-book the week before Christmas and ask all the servants what they wanted," said mouthpiece Eliza Snart, connotatively.

I tried to picture my husband doing that same thing, and although I have an average imagination, I failed completely.

"Of course we all had our ten dollars and a silk dress apiece. But Mr. Waddington always wanted to know what we needed, besides."

I walked with dignity to the ice-box, and looked it through.

"Mrs. Waddington was a lovely lady. She

never came into the kitchen," said Eliza Snart. "And she wouldn't have known an ice-box from a—porcupine."

At last, although Eliza had not at all intended it, I had found a flaw in that woman of women, that superwoman—Mrs. Waddington. Her glorious selflessness, her tremendous beneficence, and her overwhelming generosity had all but obliterated her intelligence. Porcupines and ice-boxes should be distinguishable, even to Waddingtons.

"Did I never tell you about the parties we had at the Waddingtons'?" inquired Eliza, sociably, as I took a cake of sulphur-naphthol soap from the butter-firkin and put it in the soap-dish.

"Please be a little more careful about the butter, Eliza," I said. "It tasted so strange this morning. How could that sulphur-naphthol soap have got into it?"

"I presume the cat put it there," suggested Eliza, who hated Puccini, our pet cat, aged nine years. "But I was telling you about the parties at the Waddingtons'. Once a week the Waddingtons all went out and let us servants have the whole house and ask in our friends. We danced in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Waddington sent in lobster-salad and ice-cream and cake and candy from the same caterer that furnished them desserts I was telling you of."

I faced Eliza Snart.

"Eliza, why did you ever leave the Waddingtons?" I asked, very distinctly.

"They broke up housekeeping," said Eliza, with cheerful finality. "But for that I'd been there yet. And when they let us go they give us fifty dollars apiece."

"How many of 'us' were there, Eliza?"

"Well, there was me, and the parlor-maid, and the chambermaid, and the waitress, and the lady's maid, and the inside man, and the outside man."

"Seven," said I.

"Seven," agreed Eliza.

"Three hundred and fifty dollars, Eliza."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And where are the Waddingtons living now?"

"In the same hotel where they went when they broke up."

"What hotel is it?"

"It's down-town, Mis' Brown."

"But what is the name of the hotel?"

"Ain't it funny? I forget the name, ma'am."

"What? Don't you ever go to see the Waddingtons?"

"Oh no, ma'am."

"But an old servant like you, and after all they did for you! It seems ungrateful of you, Eliza."

"Yes, ma'am. If I hadn't lost the address



"OH, DEAR ME," SAID ELIZA, LOFTILY, AT LENGTH, "THEM AIN'T MY WADDINGTONS!"

I'd go there this very day. I expect they want to see me dreadful bad."

"Shall I ask Mr. Brown to hunt them up for you, Eliza?" I inquired.

"Oh, thank you very kindly, ma'am, but it would be too much trouble, Mis' Brown. Come Kitty! Ain't she the cunningest cat?" asked Eliza, referring to the despised Puccini. "She's knowing, too. Nice pussy!"

The skies were in the act of falling. Eliza Snart was trying to be agreeable—she was actually smiling, and she was pretending to like the cat. What had come over her, I wondered. Was it, could it possibly be because I had suggested trailing her Waddingtons? If so, I resolved to pursue my inquiries. The next morning, therefore, when I entered the kitchen, I had the Waddingtons with me.

"There's a family named Waddington living down in the old Tuileries on lower Broadway," I said, pleasantly. "At least Mr. Waddington was there before he embezzled and was sent to Sing Sing. That eldest son you were telling me about ran away with a circus troupe.

There was a long, long pause.

"Oh, dear me!" said Eliza, loftily, at length, "them ain't my Waddingtons!"

Of course they weren't her Waddingtons; they weren't anybody's Waddingtons; they were creatures of my own invention, just as I was beginning to suspect that Eliza's Waddingtons were characters fashioned entirely from Snart gray matter.

"What was your Mr. Waddington's Christian name, Eliza?" I asked, animatedly.

Eliza groped.

"Patrick," was all that she was able to muster.

That there was at that moment a vegetable-wagon standing on the street with the name Patrick Cassidy painted on the side, and that I saw Eliza Snart looking at this wagon just before she answered me, may or may not have had anything to do with Mr. Waddington's first name.

"Patrick? What an unusual name for an Englishman!" I said.

"So folks often said, ma'am. What do you say to me making a frozen pudding for dinner to-night?"

"But, Eliza, we are not expecting guests."

"I know, ma'am; but you like it so much yourselves. Mr. Brown is crazy over it. And I've plenty of cream."

"Thank you," I murmured.

Eliza Snart had made frozen puddings for us before, but she had never made one like this. There probably never was another as delicious. And I knew that my inquiries about Mr. Waddington's first name were entirely responsible for the feast.

"How long did you live with Mrs. Patrick Waddington?" I asked Eliza, when I saw that she was feeling the reaction from having made frozen pudding. I thought best to get out the Waddingtons before she did.

"Eleven years," replied Eliza.

"Did they live all that time in one place?"

"Oh yes, ma'am."

"And what was the address?"

"Somewheres—just off the Bowery," responded Eliza, haphazardly. Either she was all worn out with the Waddingtons, or else her powers of invention had succumbed to a great and continuous strain. At any rate, from that day, as long as I knew her, she behaved as if she had had words, and even hand-to-hand fights with the Waddingtons.

In the four years that Eliza Snart has lived with us and cooked for us she has been slowly growing more and more like our old Sally. She now takes a marked pride in our humble deeds and doings, and says of people who have and do more than we: "They put on airs. They overdress so they ain't decent.

And whenever she grows difficult or shows signs of restlessness I promptly resurrect the Waddingtons. Eliza fervently wishes that I would let them stay buried. But I sha'n't.



Lying on the Sand

A Golf Problem

AN official of the Government at Washington, who is an enthusiastic golfer, amuses his friends from time to time with his "golf problems." Here is one of them:

"Two men, A and B, were at the third tee. A made a splendid drive, but a cow tried to swallow his ball, whereupon he whacked her with his club to such good effect that she advanced and disgorged the ball at the edge of the third hole, and he holed out with one more stroke, claiming the hole in 2.

"But B said: 'No; your score is not two; it's seventeen.'

"How so?" demanded A, indignant.

"Because," said B, 'you hit the cow with your cleek just fifteen times. That, plus your drive and putt, makes seventeen exactly.'"

Motor-car Economy

MOST men are not blessed with such a treasure of a wife as is Langley.

"My wife is the most economical woman in the world," confided Langley to a friend one night, with profound pride. "Why, do you know, she's even found a use for the smell of my motor-car."

"Great heavens! Do you mean it?" exclaimed his friend.

"Surest thing you know. She hangs cheese-cloth over the gasoline exhaust, and packs away her furs in it to keep the moths out during the summer."

An Enthusiast

A CERTAIN New York clubman, who spends a bit of his time in Canada, hunts with a camera as well as a gun. During his last expedition in that quarter he was accompanied by a friend, who, going off by himself, stumbled full upon a big black bear. As he was the only thing in sight, he became the immediate object of bruin's attentions. He had only a slight lead, but was going pretty well, when the first-mentioned hunter poked through the bush with his camera and took in the situation.

"Hold on there, old chap!" he yelled. "You're too far ahead. I can't get you both in."

Not Valued

A YOUNG fellow called on a dealer in dogs one day and said:

"I'm lookin' fer a certain kind of dog, but I don't know the name of it."

"Can you describe it?" asked the dealer. "I have nearly all kinds for sale."

"Well," said the young man, thoughtfully, "I want a kind of dog about so high and so long," as he designated the size. "It's a kind of greyhound, an' yet it ain't a greyhound, either, because his tail is shorter than any of th' greyhound's, an' his nose is shorter, an' he ain't so slim round th' body. But still he's a kind of greyhound'. Do you keep any such dogs?"

"No, I do not," replied the dog man. "I drown 'em!"

A New Degree

ELI BROWN, an impressive ebony figure in his long, black, clerical coat and collar—gift of the rector of St. James's—had come in answer to a post-card of mine asking him to call and whitewash my back fence.

"I'se done moved, Miss Ma'y," he said, when he explained to me that he could not undertake the work that day, as a noon service at St. James's necessitated his presence at the organ bellows, "and I reckon I'll jest leave my card so you can know whar to sen' for me when yer wants me ag'in."

With an expression of dignified gratification he unfolded a scrap of a church-announcement leaflet which he had pulled out of his vest pocket and handed me a card with the words:

Eli Brown, E.O.B.,
50 Fenchurch Street.

"What do these letters stand for?" I asked.

"Why, Miss Ma'y, all de quality in our congregation has letters after der names. Dr. Price he has D.D.; Dr. Simmonds has M.D., and dere's LL.D. for some of 'em, and U.S.N. for dat Yankee off'cer; and coase I naterally has 'em, too."

"But what do they mean?" I insisted.

"Now, Miss Ma'y, don't you know? E.O.B.—Episcopal Organ Blower, dat what I is."



Good Intentions

One Means of Support

MISS CAMPBELL, the Sunday-school teacher, discovered, to her horror, that some of the small members of her class had taken as literal truths the tales of ancient gods and goddesses which they had read in a child's mythology at school.

She determined, if possible, to destroy this belief by simple logic, and with this end in view she asked:

"Who was it, Amelia, that supported the world on his shoulders?"

"Atlas, ma'am," the little girl replied, promptly.

"That is correct," said the teacher. "Now, children, think. If he was supporting the world on his shoulders, of course he could not be standing on it. Now, what supported Atlas?"

"I know," cried Amelia. "He married a rich wife!"

The Best

A WASHINGTONIAN was taking a well-known author over the golf-links at Chevy Chase. While the writer did not himself play golf, he thought he would like to walk over the course and observe his friend's play.

Now this friend was, in the language of golfers, "rather a duffer." Teeing off, he sent clouds of earth flying in all directions. To cover his confusion he said to his guest:

"What do you think of our links?"

The friend, with his handkerchief, removed a bit of the soil from his lips and replied:

"Best I ever tasted."

It Looked That Way

FREDDIE, accompanied by his nurse, was passing a street where a load of straw had been scattered in front of one of the houses, in which there had been a serious illness.

"Why did they put all this straw here, Rosa?" he asked.

"Well, Freddie, a little baby came to Mrs. Thompson last night," replied the nurse.

"My!" exclaimed Freddie, "but it was well packed."



Boys Will be Boys

He Saw Him

EBENEZER HOLCOMBE had a twelve-hundred-pound hog which he had exhibited in a tent at the fairs for three years, charging ten cents admission.

One day a traveling-man who was passing through the town in which Mr. Holcombe lived called at the house and asked if he might see the hog of which he had heard so much. Ebenezer proudly led the way to the hog-house, but at the door he turned.

"Cost you ten cents," he drawled.

The visitor took a dime from his pocket, passed it to the farmer, and turned back.

"Why, you ain't seen the prize hog!" called Ebenezer.

"Yes, I have," retorted the traveling-man. "I've seen him," and continued his walk back to the country store.

Ignorance of the Law

IN a case tried in a Philadelphia court the prosecuting attorney had a good deal of fun at the expense of counsel for the defendant, each of whom seemed as stupid as the other.

"Ignorance of the law," interposed the judge at a certain juncture, "is no excuse for violation of law."

"May I inquire of your Honor," asked the prosecuting attorney, "whether your Honor's remarks are directed at the defendant or his counsel?"

New to Him

HE was indeed a diamond in the rough. He was a ranch-owner from the "wild and woolly" and was quite a catch financially.

One evening he was a guest at a reception, which was his first. One of the charming society buds was introduced to him. After trying one or two topics of conversation, and finding the young man rather slow about expressing an opinion, she asked:

"Do you like Balzac?"

"I never played it," he drawled, "but I'm willin' to take a hand, if it 'll oblige you."

In Spite of Himself

IN Denver they tell of a young Britisher who will some day inherit a title, and who not long ago married the daughter of a supposedly wealthy man of that town.

A month or so after the marriage the father-in-law took the husband aside. "I am ruined!" he exclaimed. "Practically every cent is gone!"

The Briton was a good loser, however, for he gave vent to a long, low whistle, and exclaimed with a little laugh:

"By George! Then I did marry for love, after all!"

Suggestive

"**O**H," exclaimed an impulsive little lady on meeting an acquaintance who was actively connected with civic reforms, "my dear Mrs. Black, I never see you without thinking of garbage!"

Nearly Accurate

"WELL, Johnnie, what did you learn at Sunday-school?"

"Why-e-e, I learned 'bout Lot's wife. The town was goin' to burn all up to ashes, an' the angel he tole Lot's wife to skate for her life, and she looked behind her an' turned a summersault."

No Use to Her

AFTER Elderfield inherited a fortune, his wife bought the very latest in everything. One morning she stopped at the motor-dealer's for some accessories.

"Here's an entirely new invention, madam," remarked the dealer. "This machine contains a small ice-chest."

"Oh, that doesn't attract me," replied the woman, haughtily. "I never stop to pick up the things I kill."

Another Meaning

AN old farmer was laboriously filling out a claim-sheet against a railroad company that had killed one of his cows. He came down to the last item, which was, "Disposition of the carcass?" After puzzling over it for a while he wrote:

"Kind and gentle."

The Cause of Brother's Distress

A WASHINGTON mother, hearing cries of distress from the nursery, hastened thither to find her youngest boy in "a state."

"James," she demanded of the older lad, "what's the matter with your brother?"

"He's crying," explained James, "because I'm eating my apple and won't give him any."

"Is his own apple finished?"

"Yes, ma'am; and he cried while I was eating that, too."

She Wanted to Know

A HANDSOME young man had just arrived at one of the fashionable hotels in the White Mountains. Late in the afternoon, while he was sitting alone on the veranda, a very charming young woman and her five-year-old son came out. The little chap at once made friends with the new arrival.

After a few moments he asked, "What is your name?" When this information had been advanced, he added, "Are you married?"

"No, I am not married," replied the young man, with a smile.

The little fellow paused thoughtfully for a moment, then, turning to his mother, said:

"What else was it, mother, you wanted me to ask him?"



"Phew! Poof! Boy, what the deuce was the matter with that ball?"

"Please, sir, it wasn't the ball you played. 'Twas a egg!"



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Turmoil"

SHE TREATED HIM AS IF HE WERE SOME DELICIOUS JOKE

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The Romantic Voyage of Polly Jefferson

BY KATHARINE M. TRUE

ON the 23d of October, 1788, Francis Hopkinson writes to Thomas Jefferson, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, anent certain "vinegar" which Mr. Jefferson had promised to send him and which has not yet arrived. "It will be a great Regale," says he, "and very acceptable to me. I thank you for it heartily. I hope it will not lose its way—but it is long coming." Mr. Hopkinson then mentions that he in his turn is about to make a present, namely, of a book of songs—"words and music all my own; the music is now engraving, when finish'd I will do myself the Pleasure of sending a copy to Miss Jefferson." The "Seven Songs" were sent in due season, and the harpsichord for Patsy Jefferson's use had preceded them, according to the bill of lading which is preserved among the Jefferson papers, having been "Shipped by the Grace of God in good order" from London on the 22d day of August, 1787. "And so God send the good Ship to her desir'd Port in Safety, Amen."

By these means it came about that Patsy Jefferson sat at her harpsichord one day early in 1789, in Paris, playing one of these Hopkinson songs to her father—the last song of all, beginning:

The trav'ler benighted and lost,
O'er the mountains pursues his lone way.

Mr. Jefferson "looked toward the fire," where sat his second daughter, a little girl ten years old. She was "all in tears." He asked her "if she was sick." She said, "No, but the tune was so mournful." Nor was it perhaps strange that the demure little girl should be sensitive to the woes of a lone traveler—she could not, indeed, have felt inexperienced by way of the passage perilous herself. In July, 1784, two years after their mother's death, Patsy had accompanied her father to France, while Lucy and Polly [Mary], two and five years old, remained in Virginia at the home of Francis Eppes at Eppington, whose wife was Mrs. Jefferson's sister. Mr. Jefferson had not been more than a month in Paris when these two children and Mrs. Eppes's children contracted the whooping-cough, of which Lucy Eppes and Lucy Jefferson both died in November. News of this did not reach Mr. Jefferson until January 26, 1785. He then began to arrange to have Polly sent to him, writing letter after letter to Mr. and Mrs. Eppes, anticipating every difficulty by the most detailed instructions, and these difficulties were not a few. First there were the "equinoxes," on whose account she must set sail from Virginia "in the months of April, May, June, or July." Then a safe sailing-vessel must be chosen, "one that should have performed one voyage at least, but not be more



SCHOOL DAYS IN PARIS

than four or five years old." Some responsible person must attend her. "A careful negro woman, as Isabel, if she has had the smallpox, would suffice under the patronage of a gentleman." Thus Polly's father writes to Mr. Eppes under date of August 30, 1785. On the 20th of September he writes to the little girl herself:

I wish so much to see you that I have desired your uncle and aunt to send you to me. I know, my dear Polly, how sorry you will be, and ought to be, to leave them and your cousins; but your sister and myself cannot live without you, and after a while we will carry you back again to see your friends in Virginia. In the meantime you shall be taught here to play on the harpsichord, to draw, to dance, to read and talk French. . . . You shall have as many dolls and playthings as you want for yourself, or to send to your cousins when you shall have opportunities.

Two days later he writes to Mrs. Eppes:

Would to God the great step was taken and taken safely; I mean that which is to place her on this side of the Atlantic. . . . Kiss dear Polly for me and encourage her for the journey.

Presently we find the little person most concerned taking cognizance of these letters and others of a like nature in a manner both vigorous and to the point.

DEAR PAPA [says she],—I long to see you, and hope that you and sister Patsy are well; give my love to her and tell her that I long to see her, and hope that you and she will come very soon to see us. I hope that you will send me a doll. I am very sorry that you have sent for me. I don't want to go to France, I had rather stay with Aunt Eppes. Aunt Carr, Aunt Nancy, and Cousin Polly Carr are here.

Your most happy and dutiful daughter,
POLLY JEFFERSON.

DEAR PAPA,—I should be very happy to see you, but I cannot go to France, and hope that you and sister Patsy are well.

Your affectionate daughter. Adieu.
MARY JEFFERSON.

And again, with a quite Jeffersonian persistence:

DEAR PAPA,—I want to see you and sister Patsy, but you must come to Uncle Eppes's house.

POLLY JEFFERSON.

In spite of these finalities the letters still go on, and the catalogue of obstacles continues, with every possible provision for their removal from Polly's path across the sea. Among the most serious dangers was perhaps that to be apprehended from the Algerians, who had captured two American vessels late in 1785 and were holding "twenty-two of our citizens in slavery." "I do not

think the insurance against them on vessels coming to France will be worth one-half per cent.," says Mr. Jefferson, "but who can estimate the value of a half per cent. on the fate of a child? . . . so that unless you hear from myself—not trusting the information of any other person on earth—that peace is made with the Algerians, do not send her but in a vessel of French or English property; for these vessels alone are safe from prize by the barbarians."

At the storm-center was another deeply interested person, that Mrs. Eppes of whom Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mrs. Trist, "You would have found [her] among the most amiable women on earth. I doubt whether you would ever have got away from her." The kind Aunt Eppes, while recognizing the august parental authority, was nevertheless a natural partisan of Polly, not only from motives of intense anxiety, but also because she dearly loved the little

girl she had mothered so long. Toward the end of March, 1787, she writes:

I never was more anxious to hear from you than at present, in hopes of your countermanning your orders with regard to dear Polly. We have made use of every stratagem to prevail on her to consent to visit you without effect. She is more averse to it than I could have supposed. Either of my children would with pleasure take her place for the number of good things she is promised. However, Mr. Eppes has two or three different prospects of conveying her, to your satisfaction, I hope, if we do not hear from you.

And again:

This will, I hope, be handed you by my dear Polly, who I most ardently wish may reach you in the health she is in at present. I shall be truly wretched till I hear of her being safely landed with you. The children will spend a day or two on board the ship with her, which I hope will reconcile her to it. For God's sake give us the earliest intelligence of her arrival.



"YOUR MOST HAPPY AND DUTIFUL DAUGHTER, POLLY JEFFERSON"

So the day came, and Polly went on board accompanied by her little friends. "While the child was one day asleep," Miss Randolph tells us, "they were all taken away, and before she fairly awoke the vessel had cut loose from her moor-



THE CARRIAGE WAITS

ings and was fairly launched on the tedious voyage before her."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the water, preparations were made to receive her. She must be taken charge of in London, and to that end, six months before her arrival, Mr. Jefferson sends to Abigail Adams a letter; of which, as one reads it now in the Library of Congress, the edge is torn, leaving parts of some of the words missing.

PARIS, *Dec. 21, 1786.*

DEAR MADAM,—My friends write me that they will send my little [daugh]ter to me by a vessel which sails in May for England. I have t[aken] the liberty to tell them that you will be so good as to take her [under] your wing till I can have notice to send for her, which I shall do [ex]press in the moment of my knowing she is arrived. She is about 8 years old, and will be in the care of her nurse, a black woman, to whom she is confided with safety. I know your goodness too well to scruple the giving this direction before I had asked your permission. I beg you to accept assurances of the constant esteem with which I have the honor to be, Dear Madam, your most obedient and most humble serv't,
TH. JEFFERSON.

Early in March Mr. Jefferson set off for the South of France on a tour of investigation of conditions affecting our commerce, and from Toulon he writes to Patsy, now quite at home in the school in the Abbaye Royal de Panthé-mont in Paris: "Our dear Polly will certainly come to us this summer . . . When she arrives she will become a precious charge on your hands. The difference of your age, and your common loss of a mother, will put that office on you." Patsy, from her convent, which was to be Polly's home in Paris, too, wrote eagerly to her father in her turn about the little

sister's coming. But it is Mrs. Adams in London who experiences the real excitement of the little girl's arrival, and out of a manila-paper case, among the uncatalogued manuscripts of the Library of Congress, she speaks for herself and for Polly, in a letter to Mr. Jefferson:

LONDON, *June 26, 1787.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have to congratulate you upon the safe arrival of your Little



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

THE LONG AND WISTFUL DAYS AT SEA

Daughter, whom I have only a few moments ago received. She is in fine Health and a Lovely little Girl I am sure from her countenance, but at present everything is strange to her & She was very loth to try New Friends for old. She was so much attached to the Captain and he to her, that it was with no small regret that I separated her from him, but I daresay I shall reconcile her in a day or two. I tell her that I did not see her Sister cry once, she replies that her Sister was older and ought to do better, besides she had her pappa with her. I shew [here the seal obscures the word] your picture. She says she cannot know it. How should she when she should not know you. A few hours acquaintance and we shall be quite Friends I daresay. I hope we may expect the pleasure of another visit from you, now I have so strong an inducement to tempt you; if you could bring Miss Jefferson with you it would reconcile her little Sister to the thoughts of taking a journey; it would be proper that some person should be accustomed to her; the old Nurse whom you expected to have attended her was Sick and unable to come. She has a Girl of about 15 or 16 with her, the Sister of the Servant you have with you. As I presume you have but just returned from your late excursion you will not put yourself to any inconvenience or Hurry in coming or sending for her; you may rely upon every attention towards her and every care in my power. I have just endeavored to amuse her by telling her that I would carry her to Sadler's Wells; after describing the Amusement to her, with an honest Simplicity, "I had rather," says She, "see Captain Ramsey one moment than all the fun in the World." . . .

Miss Polly sends her duty to you and Love to her Sister and says she will try to be good and not cry, so she has wip'd her eyes and lay'd down to Sleep.

believe me dear Sir

Affectionately yours, &c &c

A. ADAMS.

This manner of subscribing herself sufficiently indicates Mrs. Adams's state of mind.

On the next day she writes again:

LONDON, *June 27, 1787.*

DEAR SIR,—I had the Honour of addressing you yesterday and informing you of the safe Arrival of your Daughter. She was but just come when I sent off my letter by the post, and the poor little Girl was very unhappy being wholly left to Strangers; this, however, lasted only a few Hours and Miss is as contented to day as she was miserable yesterday. - She is indeed a fine Child. I

have taken her out to day and purchased her a few articles which she could not well do without & I hope they will meet your approbation. The girl who is with her is quite a child, and Captain Ramsey is of opinion will be of so little service that he had better carry her back with him, but of that you will be a judge. She seems fond of the child and appears good Natur'd . . . you will find it, I imagine, as difficult to separate Miss Polly from me as I did to get her from the Captain. She stands by me while I write and asks if I write every day to her pappa? but as I have never had so interesting a subject to him to write upon . . . [The page is torn off here.]

Eight days after this, a Frenchman named Petit, Mr. Jefferson's house-keeper, who afterward came to America in that capacity, arrived with instructions to convey Polly to Paris. This, from the point of view of Polly and her new friend Mrs. Adams, was not so easy. So Mrs. Adams writes immediately:

LONDON, *July 6, 1787.*

MY DEAR SIR,—If I had thought you would so soon have sent for your dear little Girl, I should have been tempted to have kept her arrival here from you a secret. I am really loth to part with her and she, last evening, upon petit's arrival, was thrown into all her former distress, and bursting into Tears told me it would be as hard to leave me as it was her Aunt Epps. She has been so often deceived that she will not quit me a moment lest she should be carried away, nor can I scarcely prevail upon her to see petit: tho' she says she cannot remember you yet she has been taught to consider you with affection and fondness, and depended upon your coming for her. She told me this morning, that as she had left all her friends in Virginia to come over the ocean to see you she did think you would have taken the pains to have come here for her & not have sent a man whom she cannot understand. I express her own words. I expostulated with her upon the long journey you had been, & the difficulty you had to come and upon the care, kindness and attention of petit, whom I so well knew, but she cannot yet hear me. She is a child of the quickest sensibility and the maturest understanding that I have ever met with for her years. She had been 5 weeks at sea, and with men only, so that on the first day of her arrival she was as rough as a little sailor; and then she had been decoyed from the Ship, which made her very angry; and no one having any authority over her I was apprehensive I



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"I HAVE NOT THE HEART TO PUT HER INTO A CARRIAGE AGAINST HER WILL"

should meet with some trouble, but where there are such materials to work upon as I have found in her there is no danger. She listened to my admonitions and attended to my advice and in two days was restored to the amiable lovely Child which her Aunt had formed her, in short she is the favourite of every creature in the House, and I cannot but feel, Sir, how many pleasures you must lose by committing her to a convent; yet, situated as you are, you cannot keep her with you. The Girl she has with her wants more care than the Child and is wholly incapable of looking carefully after her, without some Superiour to direct her.

As both Miss Jefferson & the Maid had cloaths only proper for the Sea, I have purchased and made up for them such things as I should have done had they been my own to the amount of about eleven or 12 Guineys; the particulars I will send by Petit.

Captain Ramsey has said that he would accompany your daughter to Paris, provided she would not go without him, but this would be putting you to an expence that can perhaps be avoided by petits staying a few days longer; the greatest difficulty in familiarizing her to him is on account of the

language. I have not the heart to put her into a carriage against her will and send her away from me almost in a Frenzy, as I know will be the case, unless I can reconcile her to the thoughts of going; and I have given her my word that petit shall stay until I can hear again from you. Books are her great delight, and I have furnished her out a little library, and she reads to me by the hour with great distinctness and comments on what she reads with much propriety.

Four days more and Mrs. Adams writes again:

LONDON, *July 10th, 1787.*

When I wrote you last I did not know that petit had taken places in the Stage and paid for them; this being the case I have represented it to your little Daughter and endeavor'd to prevail with her to consent to going at the time appointed. She says if I must go I will but I cannot help crying so pray don't ask me. I should have taken great pleasure in presenting her to you here, as you would have then seen her with her most engaging countenance. Some lines of an old Song frequently occur to me as different objects affect her.

What she thinks
in her Heart
You may read
in her Eyes
For knowing no
art
She needs no
disguise.

I never saw so intelligent a countenance in a child before, and the pleasure she has given me is an ample compensation for any little services I have been able to render her. I can easily conceive the earnest desire you must have to embrace so lovely a child after so long a separation from her; that motive and my own intention of setting out next week upon a journey into the Coun-



LEADING HER DAILY TO THE CONVENT SCHOOL

ty of Devonshire, has prevailed with me to consent to parting with her so soon, but most reluctantly I assure you: her temper, her disposition, her sensibility are all formed to delight, yet perhaps at your first interview you may find a little roughness, but it all subsides in a very little time, and she is soon attached by kindness. I enclose a memorandum of the articles purchased. I have desired petit to Buy me 12 ells of black lace at 8 Livres per ell & 1 dozen of white & one of colour'd gloves. Col. Smith will take them when he returns.

You will be so good as to let me hear from my dear little Girl by the first post after her arrival. My love to her sister, whom I congratulate upon such an acquisition. . . . With sentiments of the highest esteem, I am, dear Sir, your Humble Servant,

A. ADAMS.

The record of Mrs. Adams's shopping and dressmaking for Polly is preserved with these letters. It is as follows:

	£	s	d
paid for bringing the Trunks			
from Tower hill		5	- 6
four fine Irish Holland frocks	3	- 10	- -
5 yd white dimity for skirts . .		15	- -
4 yd checked muslin for a frock	1	- 10	- -
3 yd lace edging to trim it . .		6	- 6
To making the frock		5	- -
3 yd flannel for undercoats . .		7	- 6
A Brown Bever Hat & feathers		13	- -
2 pr leather gloves		2	- 4
5 yd diaper for arm cloths . .		5	- 10
6 pr cotton stockings		13	- 6
3 yd blew sash ribbon		3	- -
To diaper for pockets lining			
tape cloth for night caps &c.		5	- 6
To a comb & case, comb Brush			
tooth Brush		1	- 6
For the maid servant			
12 yds calico for 2 short gowns			
and coats	1	- 5	- 6
4 yds half Irish linen for aprons		7	- 4
3 pr Stockings		6	- -
2 yd. lining		2	- -
1 shawl handkerchief		4	- 6
paid for washing		6	- 8

Sterling 10 - 15 - 8

Received 6 Louis d'ors of Petit.

A. ADAMS.

On the back of the memorandum, in Mr. Jefferson's fine hand, is written:

Mrs. Adams expenditures for me on the other side

10 - 15 - 8

Error of addition
to her prejudice

1 - 0 - 6

11 - 16 - 2

Cash pd her by Petit	£	s	d
6 Louis @ $\frac{1}{2}$ the Louis,	5	- 19	- 0
pd by ditto per black lace	3	- 1	- 5
do 2 doz pr gloves	1	- 10	- 6
bal due to Mrs. Adams . .	1	- 7	- 8

11 - 16 - 2

It is pleasant to think of the little girl, in the "Brown Bever Hat with feathers," arriving safely, at last, at her journey's end. How glad we are that Mrs. Adams could not resist the "blew sash ribbon"!

There appears to be very little by way of description of Polly's face and features in the records we have. Mr. Randall, however, gives a clue in saying that she had "that exquisite beauty possessed by her mother—that beauty which the experienced learn to look upon with dread, because it betrays a physical organization too delicately fine to withstand the rough shocks of the world."

At least we may be sure that little Polly afforded a pleasant sight to the eyes of her father and sister, from whom she was never long separated afterward while she lived. During her first week with her father, Patsy came and stayed with her, "leading her from time to time to the convent until she became familiarized to it." In 1784, after a visit to this convent at the time when Patsy Jefferson first took up her residence there, Mrs. Adams's daughter Abigail had written in her journal: "This is considered the best and most genteel convent in Paris. . . . There are three princesses who are here for their education, and are distinguished from the others by a blue ribbon on the shoulder." Here we must leave our little Polly, "perfectly happy," her father assures Mrs. Eppes on the 28th of July, only eighteen days after she had come to her brave decision: "If I must go I will, but I cannot help crying." Through all the changes and chances of life this little creature of smiles and tears kept Mrs. Adams's affection, in spite of that lady's later grievances against Mr. Jefferson; and the news of the death, in April, 1804, of Maria Jefferson Eppes, a young matron not yet twenty-six, leaving a son and a little Polly of her own, brought the first word of sympathy for many years from Abigail Adams to Thomas Jefferson.

Miss Clara's Perseus

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—I

BY MARGARET DELAND

I



ONCE in a while a human creature is born a Friend, just as every dog is born a friend, or as ordinary people are born butchers, or housekeepers, or artists. For one born friend (who is not a dog) there are, of course, hundreds of the rest of us who are born just anything. Considering, then, the rareness of the species, it is a little remarkable that Old Chester should have had one of these beings within its borders. There were many friendly folk in Old Chester; there were many friends, even; but there was only one Clara Hale!

Miss Ellen Bailey's school-girls were brought up on the ideal of friendship as exemplified by Miss Clara. But it was during our last year—the year before Miss Ellen got married and the school closed—that that which had been a tradition of the past suddenly became a feature of the present; the old and wonderful friendship, supposed to be dead, came to life! It took shape before our very eyes, and all Miss Ellen's girls gaped with sympathetic sentimentality. That Miss Clara Hale had been a good daughter for many sad years was as nothing to us, in comparison with the fact that she had been a good friend "ever since she was born!"

For she and Fanny Morrison began to be friends in their cradles, so their mothers said. When they got into short clothes they learned their letters first with one mother and then with the other; and by and by they progressed, still side by side at one or the other maternal knee, to *Reading Without Tears* and, like the two gilt cherubs on the brown cover, they read out of the same book, in big black type (which it makes

my head ache now to think of), "o-x, ox; a-x, ax." When they began to go to school (this was before Miss Ellen's day, of course) they came together, and sat together, and went home with their arms about each other's waists. Their hair ribbons were just alike, they both had Campbell-plaid best dresses, and each possessed a "treasure-trunk"—a doll's trunk in which they kept precious keepsakes of each other. It was said they had never squabbled. We, observing Miss Clara now, thirty years later, quite understood that; how could anybody quarrel with this silent angel with a vaguely lovely face? We always thought of Miss Clara when people talked about angels. Certainly Fanny Morrison would have been simply a fiend if she had squabbled with Miss Clara!

"She never said a cross word to *any* one," Mary Dilworth said once, looking significantly at her bosom friend; "much less to Fanny."

"Well, I wouldn't, either, if you were an angel like her," the bosom friend retorted.

"Her' isn't grammar," Mary said, loftily.

"I wish she had got married, though," some one sighed; "she'd have made such a beautiful bride."

Here was another wonderful thing about Miss Clara: she could have got married, *and she didn't!* "He," as Miss Ellen's girls called him, had been as devoted to her as she was to her Friend. But to think that a young lady could have had a veil, and white slippers, and the third finger of her left glove ripped, so that the ring could be put on, and, oh, everything!—and wouldn't! It was unbelievable. But we knew it was true, because here was Mr. Oliver Ormsby still hanging around like a faithful dog (of course "faithful dog" is tautology,

but we didn't know that); in fact, Miss Clara could be married even now, old as she was—and she still “wouldn't.”

“Not that I blame her,” Mary Dilworth hastened to add; “just look at him!”

We liked Mr. Ormsby; he always had “kisses” in his pocket which he shared with any young person he might meet; but he was not beautiful to look at,—poor Mr. Oliver! He was roly-poly, and bald, and had red side whiskers; and he wasn't as tall as Miss Clara. Imagine walking up the aisle, and looking down at a bald head! Oh no; she couldn't have married him when she was young, and certainly not now when she was old. “My mother says she's forty-four,” Mary announced. We knew exactly how old the angel was, but we always gasped when her age was mentioned.

“Forty-four! Oh, do you think she will die soon?” some one asked, apprehensively,—which moved at least one girl to tears.

According to tradition, this wonderful friendship, unbroken by a squabble, went on until a most dreadful thing happened—the Morrises went out West to live. Probably the older people would have called the reason of that removal to the West dreadful, but it was the moving itself which was so appalling to Old Chester youth—for it separated the Friends! As for the reason, the eldest Morrison boy got sick, and his father and mother took it into their heads that they ought to live in California; so they packed up and left Old Chester at a month's notice. They never thought of Fanny's feelings at being torn from Miss Clara! Fathers and mothers are very cruel about such things. The two girls were about fourteen when this happened. During those weeks before the crash of departure, the impetuous Fanny cried and raged, and Clara's smooth forehead, so full and pure and girlish, gathered lines that never left it. She used to come over to Fanny's house, and creep up to her room to sit beside her in absolute silence. Sometimes she held Fanny's hand, sometimes kissed it, sometimes quickly and furtively touched her lips to the older girl's shoulder, or even to her skirt. Fanny talked vehemently all the time, not pausing even while she

straightened Clara's hair-ribbon or fastened a hook and eye on her waist. “Of course I'm sorry Freddy is sick; but I don't see the slightest use of going away. . . . “Oh, you are a dear untidy thing, Clara! . . . I guess Pennsylvania ‘air’ is as good as any in California! . . . I'll just simply *die* without you, Clara! Here—let me pin your collar. Simply die!” This last, over and over.

In answer, Clara, very pale, would press Fanny's dimpled hand against her young bosom, then kiss each individual finger. She rarely said more than, “Oh, Fanny.”

But Fanny did not need any response; in fact, she would not have heard it in the torrent of her own words: “I'll miss you every minute. I'll think of you every minute. We'll write to each other every day!”

“Every day.”

“And I'll tell you every single thought I have, and every single thing I do. Oh, Clara, how cruel they are to drag me out there, away from you! I don't see why they couldn't take poor Freddy and leave me here!”

As the day of separation came nearer Fanny suggested that they should run away together; and, while Clara looked on, haggard and speechless, she broke open her savings-bank to see if she could finance the scheme.

However, the three dollars and sixty-two cents on deposit put an end to this project. Instead of running away they vowed and vowed and vowed again eternal, unchangeable friendship, and letters every day. The night before the Morrises left Old Chester was one of real agony to the two little creatures. They were so miserable that the poor Morrison father and mother actually had a glimmer of amusement in the midst of their melancholy preoccupation of anxiety. Fanny went around with a parboiled face of tears and snuffles. She was a perfect nuisance—when everybody was so engrossed in packing up, and trying to remember this and settle that, and say good-by to all Old Chester! It was a relief, Mrs. Morrison said, to get the poor child, with her sobs and sulks, out of the way for a while; so no one called her back when, in the May dusk, Fanny slipped down to the gate to

meet Clara. There, under the shadows of a great hedge of blossoming laburnum, they took their last farewells. Fanny, freckled, voluble, her honest, good-humored face streaming with tears; Clara, white, silent, and entirely dry-eyed. They flew into each other's arms, and Fanny sobbed loudly.

"I shall never get married," she said; "I decided that this afternoon. I told mother to-day. I said, 'Mother, I shall never, never, never get married!' And what do you suppose mother said? She said, 'Perhaps no one will ask you.' I said, 'I should consider it unfaithful to Clara even to be asked!' And I would. No, I shall never marry. As soon as I am allowed to do what I please I shall come back to you. I told mother so. I said, 'Mother, as soon as I can do what I please I shall go back to Clara.' You won't get married, either, will you, Clara?"

"No."

They sat down in the grass, Clara holding one of Fanny's curls against her lips, listening for the thousandth time to vows of enduring love. Suddenly Fanny stopped short in the middle of a sentence:

"I will nev— Clara! Let's sign it in our blood!"

"Sign—what?"

"That we will always, always love each other! I told mother at dinner that I would always love you, and she said '*Always* is a long word.' I said, 'Well, mother, I've vowed.' She just laughed. Oh, aren't they cruel? Grown-up people don't understand love; 't'any rate, mothers don't. Let's vow, and sign it—"

Clara broke in, in a passionate whisper, "*Yes.*"

Fanny jumped to her feet. "I'll tear back to the house and get paper and things; if they haven't gone and packed every single blessed th—" Her voice was lost in the sound of her flying steps.

Alone in the shadow of the laburnums, in the fragrant twilight, Clara put her face down in the grass and moaned: "She's going away. She's going away. She's going away." She was still lying there when Fanny came running down the path.

"It was hard work to get the things!

Just as I said! They'd gone and packed up everything! I told mother at supper. I said, 'Why pack ev—' But I tore two pages out of the back of my speller, one for you and one for me. And"—her breathless voice fell and thrilled—"here is a pin."

"A pin?" Clara said, bewildered.

"To prick our fingers. But we must write out the vow first"—she had brought a pen for the signatures, but a pencil for the oath—"because," she explained, "all those words will take too much blood."

The vow was quickly decided upon and written in a round, pot-hook hand on each of the blank pages rifled from the spelling-book:

*I promise to love { Fanny } all my life.
 { Clara }*

"We'll sign right under it," Fanny commanded. Her face was alert with interest, and her poor little swollen nose was distinctly less red. "Give me the pin!" she said, solemnly; then squealed, dropped the pin, and put her finger in her mouth. "We'd better get red ink," she mumbled; isn't there some red ink at your house?"

Clara, on her knees in the grass, feeling for the pin, broke in: "No. It must be in our blood. Here it is," she said, and got on her feet, holding the pin in a steady hand. Then her breath caught, and a red drop welled up on the tip of her left forefinger; but she did not utter a sound. She took the pen hurriedly so as not to lose the living ink, and holding the page of the spelling-book against the gate-post, straining her eyes in the gathering darkness, she traced her name below the impassioned words.

"Don't let's sign our last names; mine is so long," said Fanny.

But Clara's scarlet "*Hale*" was already written.

"It's stopped bleeding," said Fanny, ruefully, looking at her finger.

"Mine hasn't," Clara said; "take my blood."

Fanny, who had a real sense of fitness, hesitated, sighed, and squeezed her finger. "I can't make it bleed any more," she said; "well—" She dipped the pen into the rapidly drying drop on Clara's



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THE VOW WAS QUICKLY DECIDED UPON AND WRITTEN

finger and scrawled a faint "Fanny Morr—" There was no more ink! "Well, never mind," she said; "that's enough. Now you give me your vow and I'll give you mine."

The exchange was made, but Clara kissed her scrap of paper before she handed it over to Fanny.

"You put my vow in your treasure-trunk, and I'll put yours in mine," Fanny said.

Clara nodded. She was beyond words.

The story of the final rending apart was almost more than Miss Ellen's girls could bear, although the grown people used to laugh, all these years afterward, when they talked about it! Miss Ellen's girls never laughed. Each of us wished we knew a girl worthy to be a Fanny to our Clara, for no girl doubted that she could be a Clara—jabbing that pin right down into her finger and, "with the blood streaming all over the grass," write the full name, even if it did have eight letters in it!

Well, then, at last the Morrison family were gone. . . . Mrs. Hale said she was glad to get the thing over; now, perhaps, Clara would eat her meals like a sensible child.

"Wasn't that just like a girl's mother, to say a thing like that?" Miss Ellen's pupils said; "and of course she *didn't* eat; look how thin she is!"

As for what happened after the actual tragedy of parting, that wasn't so interesting. It leaked out, somehow (until poor Mrs. Hale was stricken with paralysis, Old Chester never lacked for information), it leaked out that on Fanny's side the correspondence soon flagged. Her letters, like those of most talkative persons, were infrequent and laconic; in a month the "daily" letter became a weekly one; in half a year it arrived once in eight or ten weeks. But Clara kept up her end of the correspondence with disconcerting punctuality. She used to reply to Fanny's brief missives almost in the same hour in which they were received, and at great length—inarticulate people often have voluble pens; then a week later she would write again, and perhaps yet again, before a response came. The epistolary flame flared up once, when the girls were about twenty, because Fanny had a lover. For some

months before her marriage she shared with Clara her ecstasies about her Mr. Herbert. In the reflected glow of young love, Clara expanded like a slowly opening white lily. She began about this time to have a lover herself—fat, good, sandy-haired young Oliver Ormsby, who played on the flute, sucked "kisses," and read every novel he could lay his hands on. But Miss Clara was unresponsive to her own romance. When she looked at Oliver her soft eye was as cool as a mountain spring; all the passion she possessed was given to Fanny's passion. When Fanny's baby boy was born—and named Hale, after Clara—Clara brooded over the news as a bird might brood over its own empty nest, and again the old correspondence revived. But it was one-sided, for Fanny was too busy to answer more than one letter in five. By the time the friends were twenty six or seven the letters were only rather long Christmas and birthday notes from Clara, with an occasional acknowledgement from Fanny.

Then all communication ceased. This was the year that Mrs. Hale was taken ill. After that, with the most faithful intentions in the world, Clara had no time even for birthday notes. She was not a very capable person, and the nursing of her mother left her time only for her bird-like meals and an occasional Sunday-morning service. Once a rumor reached Old Chester that Fanny's husband was dead, and then Clara did write; but her words of sympathy came back to her through the dead-letter office. That was the end. She did not write again. Probably Fanny Morrison—Herbert, rather—hardly noticed the cessation of the letters. It was all she could do—poor, good-natured, impulsive, sensible woman!—to fight the realities of bereavement and poverty.

To Clara, in the back-water of a sick-room, the gradual ending of the friendship was not, perhaps, an acute unhappiness; it was rather a dully aching regret. Although she did not know it, part of the regret was for the loss of an interest—the only interest in her life, except her mother. Mrs. Hale was her tender but pathetically monotonous occupation. In those years of slowly increasing help-

lessness, Clara, with the aid of her deaf old Maggie, took entire care of the invalid. It was a patiently sad task, devoid of interest because devoid of hope, and, to any extent, of distress, for Mrs. Hale did not suffer. Clara and Maggie did what they could for her body; and for her mind, her daughter read aloud to her for hours every day. She did this even when the time came that she could not tell whether or not her mother heard her. What this meant of persistency of purpose during the last year or two of dumb, blind, apparently deaf helplessness, can be imagined. Not the flicker of an eyelid or the pressure of a finger showed whether Mrs. Hale could understand, or even hear, the newspaper or Bible or novel, which, with slow, painfully distinct enunciation, week after week, month after month, Clara read to her. It was so mechanical that often this faithful daughter did not know what she read; her mind drowsed in the gently dulling flow of her own voice. Her dutifulness (faithfully reported by Oliver) was the wonder and admiration of Old Chester; but no one realized how, little by little, in the silent house, with the silent woman on the bed, and the almost equally silent old servant downstairs, Clara—traveling this narrow path of duty where no temptation held out a warm, alluring hand, and where the hedge of habit hid the wider fields of other people's hopes and joys and sorrows—grew narrow, too, and emotionally sterile. Her serenity seemed to those who looked on, and thought of the burden she bore, a sign of saintliness—"or stupidity," Oliver Ormsby's mother said, "which is the same thing."

"What! What!" said Old Chester, horrified.

"Saints are drefful narrow-minded," Mrs. Ormsby explained; "and narrow people are stupid, and stupid people make me cross!"

Martha King took pains to repeat to the old lady Dr. Lavendar's comment on this remark, "because," said Mrs. King, "that's one thing about me; I may not be perfect, but I am frank. . . . Dr. Lavendar said no one could call *you* saintly," Martha said, gravely.

Old Mrs. Ormsby made a fine courtesy. "He compliments me!" she said.

As for that reading aloud, when asked about it, Clara said, briefly, "Yes, I read."

"Does she understand?"

"I don't know."

"But why—"

"Oh," Clara said, "if there is even a chance that she understands—"

"Clara, you are an angel!" Oliver Ormsby would say. "I wish you would let me help you; I could read to her sometimes."

"You do help me; you bring me books."

"I could do more than that if you would only marry me," he pleaded.

Clara, growing pale and then red, said, faintly, "Oh, now, Oliver, *please!*"

Oliver was silent. After years of semi-annual offers of marriage he did not press his proposals; in fact, they were a little casual: "Don't you think you care enough for me, now, Clara, to marry me?" or, "I wish you felt like marrying me, dear!" or, "That chimney of yours is smoking pretty badly; if we were only married I could look after the house better than I do."

"It's queer she doesn't take him," Old Chester said, observing his faithfulness.

"She has no idea of taking him!" Mrs. Ormsby said, resentfully; "she just keeps him hanging on."

He had hung on for twenty years. In the days when Miss Ellen's girls paid him the tautological compliment, what there was left of his sandy hair was getting gray around the temples. He had a quiet humor of his own that kept him from being embittered by what his mother, in moments of displeased confidence to Old Chester, called Clara Hale's "selfishness"; and with his humor was a fine sort of courage that made him willing to be ridiculous. It takes more courage to be deliberately ridiculous than to be either good or bad, and a man is a little ridiculous who, as Mr. Mack said, "runs after one petticoat for twenty years." Oliver, on a stool in Mack & Company's counting-room in Upper Chester, bending his bald head over his ledgers, used to watch his employer out of the corner of an amused eye. When somebody repeated the remark about the single petticoat he moved a lump of candy from his left

cheek to his right, and looked thoughtful.

"Old Mack is qualified to express an opinion," he admitted; "but until he raises my pay I can't afford new boots. So I can't follow his example and run after twenty petticoats in one year." Instead, he continued the pursuit of the one and only petticoat which, so far as he was concerned, Old Chester had ever possessed. He called on Miss Clara twice a week. On Wednesday evenings he brought his flute, and, just before he said good night, went out into the hall and, sitting on the lowest step of the stairs, played a little tune. "I left her door open; perhaps she hears," Clara always said. On Sunday afternoons, if the weather was fine, he and Clara went to walk; if it stormed, they sat in the parlor, and Oliver told her about the last novel he had read. Sometimes a tired look would come into her soft eyes, and when he saw it he would pop a "kiss" into his mouth as if it were a cork.

"I know I tire you by talking, Clara," he would mumble.

"A little," she would admit, gently.

Oliver Ormsby was rather a talkative person, and yet, curiously enough, Clara's silences charmed him.

"Love is the most incomprehensible thing!" Mrs. Ormsby used to say, despairingly. "I don't see how you stand her dumbness."

"I like it," Oliver declared.

"I want you to be married," she protested; "I'm not going to live for ever, and you ought to have a wife to take care of you. You never know when to put on your winter flannels. Clara ought to take you or leave you. But she's just a dog in the manger!"

"I'd rather have Clara's affection, such as it is, than the gush of six blatherskite girls," he said, mildly. "Clara is an angel! Look how she takes care of her mother."

"Tch!" said Mrs. Ormsby.

But when he started off to make his Sunday-afternoon call she winked and blew her nose. "I don't care if she is an angel," she said, "she is no housekeeper! And he is the best friend any woman ever had."

On that particular October Sunday af-

ternoon, Oliver, when he presented himself at Clara's door, found her with a faintly eager look in her face.

"I have something to tell you!" she said, a thrill of excitement in her voice.

"Let's take a walk," Oliver suggested, "and you can tell me then."

She agreed, and went up to her room to smooth her hair down over her ears and put on a little scoop bonnet which had a wreath of pansies inside the brim. When she tied the lilac ribbons under her chin her eyes were so vague with happiness that the bow was even more careless than usual. Then she went into her mother's room; Maggie sat by a window, rocking drowsily, and on the bed was the log-like figure, blind, dumb—deaf, as far as any one knew. But Clara bent over, and whispered in the livid ear: "Good-by, dear mother. I am going out to walk. With Oliver. I'll tell him the news." She kissed the cheek that seemed dead to the soft pressure of her lips, and sighed. "You'll speak to her sometimes, Maggie, to let her know you are here?"

"Yes, me dear," Maggie promised sleepily.

Oliver, waiting in the parlor, took the wrapper off a "kiss," read the line of verse printed in blunt, gray type on the strip of paper that was folded about it, and popped the candy into his left cheek; then he opened the *Poetesses of America* which lay in the glory of its gilt binding on the marble-topped center-table, and read until he heard a step on the stairs. He turned as she entered, and looked at the girl he had loved so long—she was still a girl to Oliver; he saw the sweet face, the pansy-trimmed bonnet, the black mantilla over a shimmering lavender-silk dress; he saw the faint excitement in the myrtle-blue eyes; he never saw the little wrinkles or the gray hairs; still less did he see the dog in the manger. He opened her parasol for her as they stepped out into the October sunshine, and then he said, gaily:

"Well, what's the wonderful news?"

"Oh, Oliver!" she said. "Think! I've heard from Fanny!"

"Fanny who?" he asked (which showed that he was not one of Miss Ellen's girls! The idea of saying "Fanny who?")

She told him "who," briefly.

"Oh yes; I remember her. Fat girl."

"She and I are friends, Oliver," she said, gravely.

"Yes; I know you are; at least I know *you* are. As for her, seems to me a friend wouldn't let it be so long between drinks."

"Oliver!"

"Between letters. Have a 'kiss,' Clara? Why does she write now?"

The emphasis on "now" was delicate, but it brought the color into Clara's face. She waved the "kiss" aside.

"She knows that I want to hear from her, *now*."

"I mean, why hasn't she been writing?"

Fanny's friend was silent. Her silence was always like a soft finger laid against Oliver's lips; he swallowed what he wanted to say, and for some time the only sound was the brush of their steps through the fallen leaves. Under the bare branches of the maples the October sunshine fell warm on dells of frosted brakes and patches of vividly green moss; the trunks of the little white birches, bending, some of them, sideways, from forgotten ice-storms, were gilded with sunshine. Clara, Oliver thought, was like one of these virginal trees. The people who wrapped the poetry around the "kisses" might print something about birch-trees instead of the everlasting

... rose is red, the violet blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you.

"Why," he reflected, "don't they say something like: *Sidewise they lean, the little lady trees, as if they mourned their softly falling leaves.* . . . No; leaves don't rhyme. . . . *As if they feared the—the—the roving robber breeze.*"

Then he forgot his rhymes with a start. Clara was speaking:

"Her son is dead. She was too unhappy to write."

"Yes?" Oliver said.

The path had brought them to the top of the hill, and they could look down across meadows at the river slipping in a silver gleam toward the hills that lay in a haze of darkening amethyst. Clara's eyes lost themselves in it; she seemed to be thinking aloud:

"She doesn't like her husband's relations."

"Maybe they don't like her."

"She is my *friend*, Oliver," she reproved him, gently.

"I never could see why, because a person was my friend, he was beyond criticism," Oliver said. "Clara, what rhymes with 'trees'?"

Clara shook her head. Oliver found a convenient log, and, sitting down on it, drew his flute from his pocket; presently a little thread of melody wandered through the still air.

The sun, like a swimmer standing waist-deep in gray water, had sunk into a bank of cloud; scarcely half of the great red disk glowed above the engulfing purple. The gilt had faded from the white trunks of the birches. The faint tootle of the flute went on:

Oh, listen to the mocking-bird—

Suddenly Clara began to speak:

Fanny was very poor. She had no home. Her husband's relatives didn't ask her to live with them. Could Oliver imagine anything so unkind?

"Well," Oliver said, wiping his flute with a big white silk handkerchief, "perhaps they haven't room for her."

"They should *make* room!"

Oliver put his flute in his pocket, opened a "kiss," and read the verse on the strip of paper. "*I could do better than that,*" he said, disgustedly, and popped the square of candy into his mouth. "*I wonder what put it into her head to write to you?*" he mumbled.

Clara made no answer. Perhaps she wondered a little herself. She had supposed that Fanny had entirely forgotten her. To be sure, she had not forgotten Fanny; she never could forget her. Was not the blood covenant in the little brass-bound rosewood desk which stood on the table in her bedroom? Sometimes, a little sadly, she looked at that page torn from the old spelling-book and read the smudged lead-penciled words above Fanny's economical signature. But for years she had had no more impulse to communicate with Fanny than with some one who was dead. For that matter, Clara never had any "impulse" to do anything. That Fanny should suddenly write to her was as startling

as if the sober earth had moved under her feet. She thrilled, as a sleeper stirs and smiles in some pleasant dream. She was so absorbed in the interest of it all that she hardly heard Oliver's comments on the birch-trees as they walked home, although she did flush a little when he said they looked like young ladies in white stockings—which showed Oliver that an allusion to stockings was not quite delicate.

"She is nothing but an angel," he thought, disconsolately.

II

PERHAPS Mrs. Herbert herself did not quite understand why she had written to her old friend, who, for all she knew, might be dead and buried, as were most of her friends and relatives—poor Fanny! The letter was just one of her impulses. . . . She had met another financial cataclysm; she had had so many of them that one might have supposed she would have got used to them; but this was more complete than the others. A boarding-house which she had been running with comfortable efficiency for people who omitted to pay their bills had finally failed, and it was when she was rescuing a few personal effects from the auctioneer's hammer that, suddenly bursting out laughing, she bid in a doll's trunk. She had spent the morning in the great barn-like auction-room watching her possessions go at prices which were saved from being heart-breaking because they were ridiculous—with all her misfortunes Fanny had the luck of being able to see the ridiculous. It was when the little trunk was put up and was "going—going" for a nickel that her sense of humor got the better of her.

"The Lord knows what's in it—I don't!" she told a woman who sat next to her; "but just for the joke of it—*Ten cents!*" she bid, giggling recklessly; and the little green trunk, with strips of lacquered tin across the top and two leather straps crumbling in rusty buckles, was handed down to her.

That night, in the hall bedroom of a boarding-house not nearly as well run as her own had been, but very successful, for all that, she pried the flimsy hasp

open with the handle of her tooth-brush, and looked at the treasures.

Some of them were perfectly meaningless; what significance could there be in a bent and rusty nail? A pressed rose in a faded blue envelope roused no memories; a "button string," which broke as she lifted it and let the buttons roll all over the floor, she did recall; she and Clara Hale had each had a "button string."

"Good gracious! I haven't thought of Clara for years!" she said to herself. She wondered if Clara were married—or dead? At the bottom of the trunk was a yellowing sheet of paper, torn, apparently, from a book; she could hardly read what was scrawled on it in pencil, and the brown signature was so faint that she could not have deciphered it had not memory come to her assistance:

I promise to love Fanny all my life.

CLARA HALE.

Fanny put the paper down and laughed heartily. "Well, well, well! Why, I remember that night, perfectly!" Suddenly she blinked away a tear. "My goodness, if Clara loves me, she's the only person on earth who does. I declare, I believe I'll write to her!" She jumped to her feet like a girl, and dashed off that letter which fell into her old friend's quiet life as a pebble falls into a smooth and silent pool. . . .

It was through Oliver Ormsby that Old Chester heard that Fanny had, as he expressed it, "come to life" and that the wonderful friendship had revived. Mrs. Ormsby was a little sharp when her son told her that the old correspondence was in full swing again; it seemed that now poor dangling Oliver was not to have even the pleasure of dangling; for all Clara's time, not spent at her mother's bedside, was given to writing letters to this Fanny Morrison—no, Herbert. Even the Sunday-afternoon walk was sometimes omitted because Clara was "busy writing."

Old Chester thought the whole affair rather foolish. Clara was nearly forty-five, and forty-five is too old for ecstasies. Old Chester was inclined to be disapproving; then, suddenly, something happened which made people for-

get everything but the old admiration for the "good daughter,"—admiration, and a peculiarly tender pity, for, after all Clara's years of devotion and service, all the log-like years, Mrs. Hale—entirely alone—had suddenly and quietly stopped breathing. It might have happened at any moment; nothing could have prevented it, and no one could have foreseen it; many times in these long years the inert body had been alone; in that small household it was impossible that some one should be with her always. Only, on this particular day and moment, Clara was in the next room, "writing to that Fanny Morrison!" and—her mother died.

Of course the shock to Clara was great, and the effect of it was very strange. The renewal of the old friendship had stirred her faintly—but the reality of death burst in upon her stagnant life like the surge of a tidal-wave. And to it was added that soul-shaking thing, remorse. For, unreasonable as it was, she reproached herself for that lonely dying. This new pain awoke her mind as a rough hand might arouse a sleeping body. Her eyes, in their mists of tears, looked about her in scared bewilderment, and she clung to Oliver with a sort of frantic helplessness. Mrs. Ormsby told Old Chester she believed that, at last, her poor son was going to be appreciated!

"I wish she was anything of a house-keeper, though," she said, sighing. "I'll have to keep an eye on Oliver's flannels; *she'll* never think of 'em!" Mrs. Ormsby was really quite happy over the situation; she was not very fond of Clara, but she wanted Oliver to have what he wanted. Yet Oliver was never further from his heart's desire than now—and, poor fellow! he knew it, though his mother did not. Clara was staggering under the shock of the destruction of the habits of life. For nearly thirty years she had lived in the monotonous round of small, pottering duties; for the last ten she had lived like a machine, simply with and for that silent figure on the bed. Now, suddenly, the motive power of the machine was withdrawn; everything stopped. Her clinging to Oliver was only the clinging to a little vestige of the old routine of life. And he knew it. If

he had had any illusions they vanished the day of Mrs. Hale's funeral. He had stood beside her in the snow at the grave and felt her quiver at that sound which is like no other sound on earth: "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes"—and the dust and ashes fall upon the coffin down there between the walls of earth. The crumbling rattle of that handful of gravel does not stir the sleeper under the coffin-lid, but the mourner awakes to every reality of loss. Clara, hearing that sound, leaned against Oliver, and he felt the shudder that ran through her; he put his arm around her, and she accepted it as she would have accepted any other human arm; she leaned on him, as she might have leaned against a stone, or the trunk of a tree. He knew then that he would never again ask her to marry him. He would always love her, he told himself, but he would love her differently, for she was an angel.

In the next few weeks he was like her shadow. Every evening when he came home from his work he stopped at her door; every morning he looked in on her before he started for Upper Chester. She was quieter than ever. Perhaps the cessation of those hours of reading aloud plunged her into deeper waters of silence. But although she did not often speak, Oliver felt that her heart was quite open to him. A crystal heart! Perhaps that was why it was so cold. But, being crystal, it could not conceal anything; its sorrow and its self-reproach and its loneliness were so obvious that words were not needed. Feeling this, the discovery, about two months after Mrs. Hale's death, that there was something in her mind of which he had never dreamed, was a distinct shock to him. He had been sitting at her fireside, telling her about a book he had been reading, when, noticing that she was not hearing what he was saying, he swallowed a half-sucked "kiss" with great difficulty, and took his flute out of his pocket. He was just about to begin the faint tootle-tootle of the "Mocking-Bird" when she spoke. In his amazement he kept the flute against his lips and stared at her in complete silence.

"I am all alone," she ended.

"Clara, you have me!"

"I have nothing to do."

"Your house?"

"Fanny has no house."

"But to ask her to come and *live* with you!" he said, with a gasp. "Why, my dear Clara!" For a minute he was silent with dismay. Then he began to wipe his flute. "It's a very dangerous thing to ask anybody to *live* with you."

"She isn't 'anybody.' She is my Friend."

"But you don't know her the least bit in the world! She's an absolute stranger."

"A stranger? She is my *Friend*!"

"Clara, consider; you haven't seen her for—how many years, did you tell me? Thirty! Good gracious! I tell you you don't know her any more than Adam!"

"I have known her all my life."

"Ask her to visit you for a fortnight," he urged; "for a month, even; then, if you like her—"

"*'Like'* my Friend?"

"If you like her, ask her to make a long visit. But don't, for Heaven's sake, put on a sticking-plaster!"

"Oliver!"

But Oliver Ormsby was not to be stayed: "It's a very great risk!"

"She is coming next week," Clara said.

Oliver was silent. He was very much troubled. It was not only the "risk," it was the shock of discovering in an absolutely familiar landscape something entirely new. Who could have dreamed of anything positive in this gently negative mind? Clara had not had a new idea in twenty years, and Oliver Ormsby had loved her for her sterile serenity. Now, suddenly, she had an idea which would change her whole method of living! No wonder Oliver was startled. Indeed, he was so disturbed that he stopped on his way home at the rectory and poured out his troubles to Dr. Lavendar. . . . "And she has actually asked this Fanny Morrison to come and live with her for ever!" he ended.

"In heaven, I presume?" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Far from it—in Old Chester! You

know it's folly, Dr. Lavendar. They are absolute strangers."

"They are," Dr. Lavender agreed.

"This woman will be a perfect Old Man of the Sea!"

"Oh, she may be all right," Dr. Lavendar comforted him. "The Morrisons were nice people, though the father was the kind that talked you to death. But of course it's rash in Clara to give her an indefinite invitation."

"Do go and see her, sir," Oliver urged.

And Dr. Lavendar said he would.

He did; but his sensible words slipped off her mind like water off—"off a rose leaf, I suppose?" Oliver interpolated, despairingly.

"I was going to say a duck's back," Dr. Lavendar said, "but rose leaf will do. I believe you write poetry, Oliver?"

Oliver was equal to the question. "Do I look like a poet, sir?" he said, grinning.

"All the same, I have faith to believe you do," the old man insisted.

"Faith is the evidence of things not seen," Oliver parried.

Dr. Lavendar chuckled. "I told Clara," he said, "that thirty years' absence makes strangers of most of us."

"What did she say?"

"She implied that one might make the same objection to meeting one's friends in heaven."

"That's rather unanswerable," Clara's lover said, ruefully.

"No, it isn't," the old man said; "our friends in heaven are with their Heavenly Father. If we keep close to Him we can't get far from them."

"Oh," said Oliver, respectfully; "well, yes, perhaps so. But Dr. Lavendar, don't you think we can keep this woman from coming?"

"I don't believe we can. She's forlorn, and practically homeless. Clara has a house, and a little money, and nothing to do. No, you can't stop it. But it's possible Mrs. Herbert won't like it when she gets here. That will stop it."

"No such luck," Oliver said, gloomily.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Booked Through

BY NORMAN DUNCAN



SYDNEY was intolerable even to the patient travelers that we were. We who had with genuine delight been blistered in the dusty willy-willies of the Western Australian open now heartily wished ourselves an escape from the glistening walls and pavements; nor—so aggressive and terrible was the punishment of the time—could we endure to contemplate another day of dispirited behavior or challenge again the heat and exasperating white sunlight. A lovely, enlivening town, truly—given greatly to pleasure, too, in the favorable seasons, and more amply provided with fields, and beaches, and sheltered salt-water than any city that I know of: yet now dull and wretched in a suffocating midsummer weather, the people indoors, languishing without heart. A hot wind blew from the west. It came from the way of the dry-lands. It stifled the town—an occasional midsummer visitation of distress. It would presently switch to the south (said they). A southerly buster would blow—a Sydney brickfielder; and then we should know a rare thing, worth coming all these miles to see, and worth telling about, too, when winds of consequence blew elsewhere in the world: a swiftly falling temperature, a change of thirty degrees, perhaps, with a great blast of weather and a cloud and swirl of fine dust to amaze us beyond the sandstorms of the African deserts. Quite so; but all at once, then, a shilling copy of the *Popular Verses* of Henry Lawson, that wayward, homely poet of the Australian bush, caught us off our feet. We read “The Ballad of the Rouseabout.” We read “The Boss Over the Board.” We read “The Song of the Old Bullock-

Driver.” And we read “The Lights of Cobb and Co.” And we strapped our luggage, in haste to be gone upon this new business; and we called for the bill, and we harried the porters, and we were presently thanking God for the pleasure of exercising our irresponsibility, the while we rattled out of Sydney station, bound north to the bush and long roads of mid-Queensland—the wool-track and the irresistible outlands, the wind and odors and small adventures of the far-away open places.

Fire lighted—on the table a meal for sleepy men—

A lantern in the stable—a jingle now and then—

The mail-coach looming darkly by light of moon and star—

The growl of sleepy voices—a candle in the bar—

A stumble in the passage, of folk with wits abroad—

A swear-word from a bedroom—the shout of “All aboard!”

“Tchk-tchk! Git up!” “Hold fast, there!” and down the range we go!

Five hundred miles of scattered camps will watch for Cobb and Co.

The roads are rare to travel, and life seems all complete:

The grind of wheels on gravel, the trot of horses’ feet—

The trot, trot, trot, and canter, as down the spur we go—

The green sweeps to horizons blue that call for Cobb and Co.

At half-past three o’clock of a raw Queensland morning the ostler of the inn knocked us up for the Royal Mail. A tap on the door, and a surly whisper, breathing through the keyhole, with reluctant discretion: “Coach below, sir!” The warning ran into the “Aouw!” of a creaky yawn. Tap-tap next door. A

snort in surprisingly prompt response. Tap-tap across the hall. A grumble. It was enough for the ostler. He tiptoed down the corridor upon his yawning business. Tap-tap down the corridor. No answer. Tap-tap-tap-tap—peremptorily—down the corridor. A growl and a wicked sputter of rage. "I s'y, sir!" the ostler complained, deeply injured, expressing his resentment with colonial candor, "coach below, sir, gor blime me, sir! W'yke up, sir—gor blime it!" A muffled outburst of anathema indicated that the prospective passenger had heard and would attend. No more tapping. Four of us, obviously, were for the road that day. Yawns, then, next door. Yawns and sighs across the hall. Yawns and a smothered rumble of growling down the corridor. When, presently, we tiptoed past the gentleman-jackaroo's door, the breathings of that young English exquisite's slumber disclosed that he, at any rate, was not bound on to the 'prentice labor of his station. Snore's resounded from the corner room—snore's of such a downright and abandoned character that they could proceed from nobody but the drunken horse-breaker. And they came like the music of good news: the drunken horse-breaker, too, was remaining, and his luggage of contentious conversation. The trooper was a horse, the shearer was a wheel, the swagmen—two weathered old mates—were afoot; and in the sleepy dawn we recalled nobody else—except the young lady who had until midnight executed "The Robin's Return" on the inn piano with exact precision.

Departure was appointed for four o'clock. It lacked twenty minutes of the hour. In the yard below, the coach, a great rattle-trap, already bulky with the mail, was drawn up and drearily waiting.

"Ave yer tucker, sir," the ostler whispered, making a mystery of the thing, like a tip on a horse-race, "an' 'ave it in a 'urry."

"Our—tucker?"

"Breakfus', sir. 'E don't del'y, sir, w'en 'e's goin' through."

A black night pressed in upon

the pallid light of an overhead lantern which projected into the yard from the lintel of the public-room door. A yawning coachman, wrapped to the ears against the foggy weather, stood under the lamp, whip in hand, his fat legs spread wide, as if cunningly prepared against the accident of his falling asleep, where he stood, and toppling over. And the coach, too, which was tilted a bit, having fallen into that posture, apparently, in a



THE START BEFORE DAWN

cat-nap, seemed to have kept late hours, and to have been turned out of quarters, a disreputable slumber cut short, without time to wash its face. The horses were dejected and sleepy. A sleepy coach-boy held the heads of the drooping leaders. He was sound asleep, indeed, with his face against the shoulder of the near horse, and his bare legs, stiffened like the legs of a tripod, of which the horse may be supposed to have formed the third, inclined in a way to hold him upright. Observing the wretched state of men and beasts, we yawned, and rubbed our eyes, and yawned and yawned again. And the ostler yawned, and the coachman yawned, and the horses seemed imminently about to yawn, and the coach-boy, awakened by this disturbance of yawning, yawned, too, and so capaciously, for one of his age and stature, that we fancied his little jaws would stick fast at the extremity of their width and require the immediate services of a physician to restore them. But nothing of the sort happened: the coach-boy was doubtless accustomed to managing his sturdy little jaws at that early hour of the morning; and having stretched them to their amazing capacity, and having maintained them in that situation until his satisfaction was complete, he snapped them shut, without any difficulty whatsoever, and put his face down again, and once more fell sound asleep.

In the coffee-room, in a meager, smoky lamplight, we found a stout, florid man, nodding over ham and eggs, while he breakfasted in company with a rusty old fellow with a long, gray beard.

"Booked through?" says the florid man, waking up.

"Booked through."

"Humph!" growled the other.

It seemed they were surly fellows. And we were surly, too. A hundred miles of the hospitality of the coach was a shocking prospect at that dispiriting hour.



THE OSTLER

These were to be our fellow-passengers of the long road of that day: the drowsy florid man and the rusty old fellow with the gray beard; and promising folk they were, indeed, to travel intimately with, though now melancholy and selfish with the need of being abroad from warm beds before dawn. The rusty old fellow, a limp, broad-brimmed black hat drawn to his ears, was lean and of a cadaverous pallor, clad in a threadbare black great-coat, buttoned under his

beard, collar turned up, his neck incredibly long and scrawny and limber, so that when he moved his head it was like the grotesque nodding of a toy manikin. He attended to his porridge with that selfsame energy and anxious economy of time which (we learned before the day was out) had made him rich in lands and sheep and cattle; and when he had smacked his gray lips for the last time, he was not only comfortably furnished for the journey, but impatient with the little leisure that remained, which he could not by any means turn to remunerative account. The florid man was in a pitifully sleepy way. He could not rouse himself—try as he would, with all the flabby will that he had. He nodded and started and blinked and shook himself, and he sighed and yawned, and coughed in a sudden, loud, determined way, as though now, at last, he was wide awake and master of his faculties; but he could not for the life of him command an interval



Drawn by George Harding

THE ROYAL MAIL CROSSING A FORD



A TEAMSTER

of unblinking attention to the ham and eggs, an interval sufficient to make his heroic effort to devour them in the least worth while. Indeed, we saw him fall asleep with his fork midway from the plate—and start awake, then, before he had nodded twice, and stare at the morsel, and slowly recognize it as something with which he had once been importantly concerned, and swiftly dispose of it, in a snap and a gulp, and nod helplessly off to sleep again. He was sound asleep, the delectable platter close to his florid countenance, poor chap—caught unready and sheepish—when the ostler came to warn us to the coach.

A spare, jockey-like little man, this ostler: the smell of the stable enveloped him, to be sure; and he had the secretive, obsequious habit of the paddock tout.

Every word that he uttered, in the company of his betters, was let drop, in seclusion, like information of consequence, not to be spread abroad, among the clods and fools of the neighborhood, who would surely damage the issue, but to be kept close, with proper cunning, for employment to advantage the knowing. Late of the night before, on the quiet, withdrawn from the loquacious presence of the shearer and

the drunken horse-breaker, we had been informed that five points of rain had fallen to the west of us. We must bend our ears to catch this; and though, at first, five points of rain to the west of us seemed to be a matter of no grave moment, when we had received the ostler's glance, and had caught his gradual wink, we were on the point of exclaiming, "You don't mean to say so!" and conceiving ourselves put in possession of information which with a little capital might father a most profitable speculation. A vastly entertaining fellow: I would not forget him—an amiable rascal, no doubt. And now he whispered the news that it was four o'clock—breathed it with a wink so sly, so still, so subtly insinuating the importance of the communication, that had we been bush-rangers of the old days, challenging capture in town, for mere sport of the hazard, and had the ostler been the bush-telegraph, and had the police been upon us, and had the locality been infinitely perilous, we could not have been more surely convinced of the wisdom of escaping to the night and the open road by way of the coffee-room door. Move we did, in response to the ostler's dark suggestion, somewhat in advance of the florid man and the rusty old fellow with the long, gray beard; and our expedition gave us some small advantage, after all, as the ostler had intended: we tumbled into the black interior of the rattletrap coach and were in time to seize the most comfortable places.

"Right-oh?" called the fat coachman from the box.

"Right-oh!" yawned the florid man.

"Right-oh!" snapped the rusty old fellow.

"Right-oh!" said we.

"Right-oh, sonny!" said the coachman to the coach-boy.

And we were instantly on the jump. It was thrilling. Expectation delighted us.

Well, now, the coach-boy, all awake and lively, dropped the heads of the leaders, leaped to the saddle of his hack, and galloped off into the dark, bound on, in smart haste, as a diminishing clatter of hoofs indicated, to the first post-change, there to round up fresh horses for the stage beyond. And the coach-horses, having shaken themselves awake in answer to the fat coachman's soft "Gid-ap, you beauties!" drew away from the circle of misty lantern-light, turned out of the inn-yard, and broke into a gallop on the black road. It was thick dark. There were no stars; there were no lighted windows. The little town was sound asleep. We turned a corner, jumped a ditch, careened down a hill, rattled over a bridge, rolled into the bush, and sped along, swaying and jolting; and all this while (until our searching fingers found something to grasp)—though the fat coachman was merrily caroling "I Married Her On the Downs" to what must have been the first faint flush of dawn—all this while we were tumbled about in the dark, in a fashion to pain and irritate us, and had no heart, not one of our tumultuous company, to make a joke of our misery, but

were all melancholy and grim. The expectation of Pickwickian adventure vanished. A grave situation all at once confronted us. It could not be made light of: there was no laughing it away—no transforming it, with a touch of the imagination, into an experience of novelty and delight, in the way of jocular travelers who have learned how to deal with the various discomforts of the road. It was to be faced with what measure of courage we could command; and—in literal terms—it was a terrifying prospect. There was no turning back: a hundred miles of that bruising road lay ahead in the empty bushlands and all the slow hours of the inimical day we had begun, dark of dawn to dark of night—with other days of the back-block coaching roads immediately impending; and the Royal Mail, under contract to perform the incredible feat, would accomplish its hundred miles, weather permitting, no matter to what desperate state of black-and-blue exhaustion the bounden duty of transferring His Majesty's mail from place to place without interruption might reduce idle travelers from overseas.

Now the ostler's warning—his wink and whisper—seemed no burlesque of significance.

"'E don't del'y, sir," says the ostler, "w'en 'e's goin' through."

New Australian railroads are building and projected—government undertakings: there is a lusty boasting of spurs and connecting lines and transcontinentals, all about to be, and sure to be, indeed, in fulfilment of the fine Austra-



A WOOL-TEAM WITH ITS LABORING SPANS

lian ambition to be progressive and ultimately wealthy and great; but in these raw times, with a new wave of pioneering gathering impulse and a wide sweep, twenty thousand miles of railroad inadequately serve a populous little south-east (which is provided out of proportion) and an amazingly vast territory of settled outlands. Whom the saucy *Sydney Bulletin* calls the squatocracy of the land, being bound from great, comfortable estates to the markets and fashionable pleasures of Sydney and Melbourne, in the seasons for Town, may travel the intervals of highway in equipages of distinction, alone and aloof; but the selector and small farmer take the Royal Mail, as a matter of course, with the commercial traveler, the wool-buyer, the horse-trader, and the schoolmarm, or book places with a rival, the Democrat, the Lively Billy, or the Thunderbolt. A dashing fellow, in the coaching way, has his privileges in the coaching country, as of old: he may strut the inn-yards, hobnob with consequential passengers over the bar, chuck the maids under the chin, curse the ostlers—precisely as though he had no real substance at all, but lived, at intervals, in the chapters of some old tale of the highroad. Sometimes the journeys are of tedious length—out from the Kimberly, the mulga and red sand of the West, the salt lands of upper South Australia, the back-blocks of New South Wales, the remoter Queensland bush: a day and a half, a week, a fortnight or two, in ochre heat, in crisp, sparkling weather, as it may chance, across the deserts, over the frosty ranges, perilously through the flooded bush. To the north and west of us, where we tumbled along in the dark, the rains were down: the rivers were overflowed, the bush was under water, the roads of the uplands were hub-deep, the mails were ten days late; and we had news of a Royal Mail mired between stages, travelers in the trees, the start of a rescue expedition.

It was tolerable, presently: our muscles warmed to the emergency, and we swayed in unison to the dip of the road, and cushioned ourselves, the one with the other, and braced, with new cunning, against the jolt and swing of the coach,

and were far too clever to rise quite to the roof or alight with violence. It was still black dark; and the four horses were still at a clattering, jingling gallop, and the fat coachman, perched high outside, with the stacks of mail, still sang "I Married Her On the Downs." The stout, florid man was asleep—limp and soft and heavy: so that, as it were, his presence worked both ways, being a great weight to receive, but a comfortable bulk to fall against; and the rusty old fellow with the gray beard, awake and stiff and angular (he was really rather unsportsmanlike with his elbows), brooded upon his own concerns, silent in the shadows. By and by a splash of rosy light, far beyond the contorted black shapes and tufted tops of the bush, heartened us with the promise of dawn. And the dawn came radiant—crimson color, yellowing fast, spreading wide and high, determined, at last, in the deep blue of a fine Queensland day. A laughing-jackass jeered at us from the tuft of a bottle-tree, and the cockatoos screamed their indignation, and fluttered and scolded, as though the disturbance our passage created were a nuisance the law should put down, and a dingo slunk into the depths of the Brigalow scrub, with scared backward glances, and two wallaby, in hurried hops, gave us the road, and a flock of emu, feeding in a grassy space, went striding and flapping to seclusion. The florid man rubbed the last of the sleep out of his eyes, and shook himself into an aspect most genial, smiling like a red August moon; and the rusty old fellow, without wrinkling his pallid face, or twinkling his deep-set, bleared little eyes, or unbending his attitude, managed to convey to us, when he remarked that it would be a fair day, that his disposition was amiable and his inclination toward companionable behavior of the best.

It was broad day when we approached the first post-change. Warm, yellow sunlight, a fine abundance of it, flooded the dusty road and flecked the open reaches of the bush. At that moment there was a stirring on the floor of the coach—the stirring of a small, living body, to be sure, earnestly endeavoring to emerge from under the rear seat, and in somewhat wrathful impatience with a



WE PASSED A SELECTOR'S PRIMITIVE HOME AND GOT A STARE FROM HIS WIFE

tangled barrier of feet and legs. Was it profanity we heard?—or a more or less innocent wheeze of angry breath? I recalled, then, that a rumpled horse-blanket had occupied the rear seat, in the dark of our departure from the inn, which seemed to enfold a great leg of mutton or a small shoulder of beef; and as the rear seat was no place, at all, for either a shoulder of beef or a leg of mutton, we had tumbled it to the floor, blanket and all, and kicked it out of the way. With the jouncing of the coach it had persistently returned to trouble our comfort; and we had as persistently heeled it back (with the violence of aggravation)—and the florid man and the rusty fellow had toed it back (so

that at times we were engaged in a concerted assault and battery upon it)—to make room for our feet in the space which our feet had lawful title to occupy. And now it turned out to be neither a large leg of mutton nor a small shoulder of beef, but a sullen little half-caste boy, as sullen as ever I knew, who said that he was the spare-boy, and demanded opportunity for instant exit, else how (says he) could he get into action when the coach drew up at the post-change, now less than a hundred yards ahead? How in the world he had kept asleep through the jolting of the coach and the brutal treatment of our exasperation was not to be explained by any wit that we had; but the mystery of this—which

sufficiently entertained us—was fairly dwarfed by the mystery of how he had in that blind corner managed to wake up to his duty precisely without another instant to spare.

"Black-fellow blood," the rusty old fellow explained.

"Knows every hump and hollow of the road," declared the florid man. "A touch of color, sir."

We went galloping helter-skelter down a long, slow hill. The coach rolled like a ship in a seaway. Here was the last little stretch of the first stage. There was no sparing the beasts. It was a spurt. "Gid-ap!" yelled the fat coachman. "G' long, you beauties!" And he flourished and cracked his whip, like a man with a race to win, in a desperate finish, and halooed and clucked, and stamped his feet, and shook his ribbons; and the horses, heads down, ears flat, all on the jump, expended the last breath they had to oblige his urgent humor. All at once we drew up short and gasping beside a great bush-paddock, into one corner of which, fenced high and furnished with slip-rails, the coach-boy, who had ridden ahead, had already rounded up the relay. There was a fine dash in the thing—in the rush and dust and rearing halt: yet there was nobody to applaud our spirited arrival (the post-change was deep in the bush)—except the little willy-wagtails and a flock of stupid parrots. A laughing-jack-ass passed a word or two of comment; but this was in the way of contemptuous criticism—as though we might have done more brilliantly. Smart work, now, you may believe: coachman and coach-boy and half-caste fell upon the horses in a fury of haste, and stripped them and

slapped them steaming into the paddock; and the fresh relay was led out and strapped and buckled to the coach—all in a disciplined way, without a waste of seconds. The half-caste boy caught the heads of the leaders; the coachman clambered to the box and gathered up the reins; the coach-boy grasped the

mane of his riding-hack, and was away, in puffs of dust, with one foot in the stirrup and a bare leg in the air. "Right-oh, sonny!" says the coachman. The half-caste boy dropped the heads of the leaders and came scurrying back. And the whip cracked. "Gid-ap! Wheet, wheet! G' long, you beauties!" The leaders reared; the steady wheel pair buckled to the labor; and we moved off with a jerk and swung at a gallop into the bush road.

We were the Royal Mail; and the Royal Mail—in

the remotest places of all the wide world—moves importantly and with expedition.

"Smart work," says the fat coachman. "We'll go through on time."

In the nick of time we had caught the hapless little half-caste by the scruff of the neck—he was clinging like a monkey between the wheels—and hauled him inboard.

Clear the road for the Royal Mail! The Royal Mail is forever in haste. It *must* go through. And here is a singular devotion: it takes no account of hardship, small thought of peril, but considers duty. Wherever the Royal Mail penetrates, desert, forest, jungle, ice-field, wild autumn seas, and however transplanted, dog-team, whale-boat, camel-train, the backs of savages, it goes with its own dignity; and thought of the



WAITING FOR THE MAIL

round world, flashing over the British outlands, in a swift vision, discovers it forever moving, indomitably, securely, urgently—going through, and doing its level best, with cunning, courage, and prodigal energy, to go through on time. Here were we, in the coaching country of the Australian back-blocks, remote from observation; but smart work was the word for the rattletrap Royal Mail—smart work and a hearty pride in smart work: so that what would have been a dull journey, accomplished with groaning and sighs, had speed been of no consequence, and a moving clock no master, seemed now, so exhilarating was the behavior of the coach, as we galloped into the green lowlands, to promise an acceptable adventure, in the complex nature of a patriotic achievement and a race against time. Subsequently, going north, in these parts, we traveled by other coaches—private enterprises, these, to catch pounds and pence when the Mail was booked up; and our coaches were slovenly, our beasts of poor quality, our passage not hailed and respected, our way a lazy going, with leisure to pause for gossip in the encounters of the road, time to stretch and smoke and talk horseflesh at the post-changes. Invariably, however, the Royal Mail was taken seriously by the folk of the highways and inns—by all creatures, indeed, except the laughing-jackasses, which, wretched birds, being constitutionally incapable of anything better than jeering cachinnation, made game of us, and would have ridiculed even the Person of Royalty, traveling the King's own highway!

Fresh and eager, the new relay took the road with spirit, to the delight of the fat coachman, who flicked their flanks and ears, to indicate his interest, and whistled encouragement, and chirruped affec-

tionate praise. And in response to these stimulating communications the four snorted and jingled and added something of vigor to what appeared to be a determined endeavor to shake the rattletrap Royal Mail to fragments and scatter the passengers in the dust. "Smoke it up, you beauties!" says the fat coachman; and smoke that road his beauties did—a rolling yellow cloud behind. It seemed we were flying: there was the illusion of breakneck speed, due, no doubt, to the swaying of the coach,



IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY

which threatened instant disaster, and to the crack of the whip, and to the fat coachman's "Gid-ap!" and to the commotion of hoof-beats; but of course the most decrepit of motor-cars, expending the same measure of effort, would have made a snail of our pretensions. And so galloping, it coming near nine o'clock, we cantered, at last, into a sunlit open. A long lift of road lay ahead, reaching slowly to the crest of a ridge; and there a small figure popped into view, waved a hat against the blue sky beyond, and vanished over the hill, leaving a spurt of dust to describe the speed of his errand. In consequence of the alertness of this little lookout, when we drew up at the Range House—a bit of shanty, a touch of green paint, and a brilliant flowering vine, alone at the roadside near the edge of the ridge—a breakfast of steak and onions, with fried potatoes and coffee, and with marmalade and toast, was already laid out—the most savory breakfast to be imagined: upon which we fell at once, you may believe, the florid man with exceeding voracity, being now wide awake and capable of exercising his obvious quality as a trencherman, while the coachman and the coach-boy and the sullen little half-caste took out the exhausted horses and went to breakfast in the kitchen.

"All aboard, gentlemen!" says the coach-boy.

"My word!" puffed the florid man.

We were at a canter in the bush beyond before the florid man had fairly wiped his lips and commanded his indignation; and the fat coachman, his weather eye pleased with the prospect,

was singing again—"Flash Jack from Gundagai" and "The Old Bullock Dray." Long after noon, having by this time changed three times more, twice at lonely paddocks in the bush, Twenty-Mile Gully and Bottle-Tree Creek (there was neither gully nor creek to be seen), and once near the slip-rails and dipping-pen of some wealthy cattle-station, and always with the precision of a drill—the day being now blue and dry and hot, and all the bush drowsy in the summer weather—we had leisure to dine at a coaching-inn. It was a mean place, perhaps, but the chief public-house of the day's stage of that highway, and a proud one: a little yard of gravel and brown grass, a low, long house, with a hot iron roof, a projecting lantern, a post and blistered sign, a deal bar, a talkative landlady, stablemen, and a swarm of house-flies. A stockman, knocking down his check—expending his wages, that is, over the deal bar—and now near the end of his cash and welcome—slightly interrupted the somnolence of the time and locality. The dull ebullitions of his orgies evoked no genuine interest (he was a slow-wit in his cups); and the landlady—who might at least have had the grace to contribute a smile to the joy of his holiday—served him listlessly, wishing haste to his spending, it seemed, and himself gone back to the labor of his station. A blacksmith's forge, and a second habitation, with beggarly out-buildings, made a town of the place. And town it was, truly, with a cherished pastime, in the way of all Australian towns, as we confirmed—with another lost hamlet within sporting distance, half-day's



RACING INTO TOWN

reach of a riding-hack: for a manuscript notice, posted in the bar, announced a cricket match, presently to be played against Dry Creek, and "earnestly requested" all the town "to roll up for the honor of the town, and team will be picked from the field."

All afternoon the road flowed under our reckless wheels. We sped. A gray-

green, ragged bush—always a gray-green, ragged bush—swung to the rear and vanished in the dust of our passage. There was the bush poet's blithe "grind of wheels on gravel, the trot of horses' feet—the trot, trot, trot, and canter."

It was no fenced, kept highway, but a winding course through the bush—hill, gully, dry watercourse and flat-land—sand, gravel, and black loam; and the bush grew close—an open, grassy, sunlit bush, of box-trees, oak, blackbutt, spotted-gum, stringy-bark, bottle-trees, with

patches of thick scrub, which were tangled and dark as a jungle. Our journey was in eight stages, twelve miles to a stage—a matter of ninety-six miles of variable highroad; and as we traveled a coach and four, thirty-two horses, with the coach-boy's four riding-hacks—thirty-six horses in all—drew the Royal Mail that day. Wheelers and leaders came exhausted to the post-changes and were turned out to browse themselves into condition again; they went to their brief labor with a leap, when the fat coachman first cracked his whip, and sweated and snorted and pawed, like race-horses, at the end of the last dash. Grass-fed beasts (said the fat coachman): they fended for themselves in the paddocks; and they were soft, good for one stage at least—for two stages, most

of them—a week. Not that they were beasts of poor quality! My word, we were not to think so! They were beasts of most excellent quality—we could see for ourselves (said the fat coachman); and the standard of that excellence was maintained by occasional purchase and frequent clever trading. As the Mail made three round trips a week, with the best of luck, in the very best weather,

the mail-contractor, whom the fat coachman served, kept one hundred and sixteen horses in his paddocks and stables, meaning to "get through" with that degree of expedition and regularity which should assure him the good-will of the countryside and a continuance of the government's favor.

It was an exhilarating thing, now that we had settled to the rumble and jolt of it—thus to travel in the ancient mode, and to catch, here unspoiled and inevi-

table, the flavor of the long highway. The sky was blue over the road, blue beyond the shaggy tree-tops; and the clatter of hoofs, and the rattle of wheels, and the fat coachman's "Gid-ap, you beauties!" were pleasant sounds to hear, and we made a breeze of our noisy speed and left our dust to trouble others. Post-riders, waiting by the roadside, here and there, mounted when we came cantering into view; and having exchanged a word of the news with the fat coachman, and having taken their small sacks from the little half-caste, they spurred away on their far routes, vanishing in the bush. We passed a selector's primitive home, and got a stare from his worn wife—hapless woman—and a wave and a shrill cheer from his forlorn little family; and after that we glimpsed the low roofs and



OUR TRAVELING COMPANION



CAUGHT IN A SHOWER

wide, white porches of a cattle-station, established in the midst of its many thousands of green acres of succulent bush, and presently drew up to pass the time of day with the gray, strapping owner, a man of land and social importance, now in condescending company with a swagman, and with the driver of a wool-team, whose many spans of horses were resting at the foot of the hill. At the next post-change we found a bullock-team, in charge of a deaf old grandfather and the leanest little grandson that ever wore leggings and spurs—some tons of wool and twenty-four bullocks—the outfit gone into camp for the night, the billy - can boiling, the damper (a scone of flour and water baked in hot ashes) in preparation, the bullocks being unspanned to graze their own fodder; and now, indeed, we could better apprehend the pomp and speed of the Royal Mail: for the bullock-team (said the fat coachman) had these nine days past been

on the way through the twenty miles that remained of our day's run.

"Gran'fer's so slow," growled the lean little boy, "that I can't m'yke out whether 'e's goin' or comin'."

All this time, the florid man, a reticent companion, from shyness, I think—he was a Brisbane butcher (said he) and bound out to buy cattle for his stalls—had agreed with whatever was said. "Quite so!" says he. It was a pleasant thing, in the beginning, to find him not too disputatious; but as the day wore along, so intimate was our situation, and so in need of distracting conversation were we to cut short the rough length of these last hours, we fancied his company would have been more agreeable had he been disposed to contribute a contrary notion or two to feed the languishing discussions. Not once was his caution entrapped. "Quite so!" says he. And "Quite so!"—with an owlish appearance

of wisdom, assumed to indulge us, we complained, his wits being elsewhere, gathering wool of some precious sort, which he would not share with us. It was not that he seemed to have no mind to employ; he seemed rather to have better occupation for his mind than we could provide—price of beef on the hoof, rise and fall of cold-storage mutton, Argentine competition in the British market, the invasion of American refrigerating plants, the establishment of great Queensland tanneries with American capital, and such important matter—and to be engaging his thought so busily that he could not spare the smallest moment of it for the trivial exchanges of the road. "Quite so!" says he. And "Quite so!"—returning abruptly to distant fields of reflection. We should have thought him churlish had not this queer habit of agreement entertained us with its own perfection—with the hopeful expectation, too, that it would at any moment break in a lusty contention. And at last, moved by the rusty old fellow, the florid man dropped an original comment. In the course of years, a man's business will teach him at least a little of philosophical truth—a little of truth, obtruding again and again, perceived often, confirmed a thousand times, and at last establishing itself, like a fact of the physical universe; and dealing with death, as the Brisbane butcher did, he had learned something true concerning it, in a general way.

We passed a small mob of sheep, dawdling content through the dust, on the way to the mutton-market.

"For slaughter," said the florid man.

We all of us—the rusty old fellow observed, with a sanctimonious wag, and a doleful sigh, too—are like sheep driven to the slaughter.

"I reckon," the florid man drawled, "that it don't matter very much to the sheep."

Taken deeply it was profoundest wisdom—the wisdom of the stars. Surely a man will not discover in his own death a complete disaster to himself. It will not matter very much.

It was late in the afternoon when we completed the last stage of the day and cantered with our dust into the little

town of our destination. The sun was low, then, and first beginning to swell and flush—the shadows remaining still long and black. All the little scrubbers—the sun-browned, rosy, hearty children of the place—were at play on the green common, after supper, and calling cows in the pastures, and stripped naked and dripping in the swimming-hole, a black pool below the bridge. It was a pastoral village, communicating with the world by coach, far away from any railroad—a gathering of cottages, with picket fences and pretty door-yards, some with a luxuriant flowering vine, and all drawn near the four-corners, where the general store was, and the saddler's shop, and the blacksmith's forge, and the wheelwright's shed, and the inn and the public-house, and the police station and the post-office. Our dash was not diminished, but enlivened with larger importance and new fire, here at the end of the run, where the fat coachman lived. We swung from the high-road, at full gallop, the coach on two wheels, the horses sweating and straining—a spirited spectacle for the waiting villagers. And we were boarded in a rush from the common. There were cries of "Whip behind!" But the fat coachman had more urgent use for his whip than to fleck half a dozen little shavers from the springs and luggage-rack with it: he was cracking it over the heads of the leaders as we rolled into the yard of the inn—but whether to agitate their speed or to restrain their devilish behavior was a mystery for his own enjoyment. And here we drew up, with a last, amazing jolt, before a comfortable inn, with spacious porches, all the odors of a waiting table emerging to ease our weariness and entice a good humor to the arrival.

Down came the fat coachman from the box.

"Pleasant trip," said I.

"Not too bad," said he. "I've been as much as ten days coming through."

"In the rains," said I.

"In a spell of dry weather, once," said he, "I came through in six hours and forty minutes."

And the coach-boy winked at the half-caste—and the half-caste put his tongue in his cheek.

Ranny Discovers America

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER



ON a Thursday afternoon late in May the United States government, which had hovered vaguely over Ranny's horizon for eight-going-on-nine years, came down and began to dabble in his personal affairs. This was amazing conduct on the part of a government which was something like a flag and the Fourth of July, and which the teacher talked about on Washington's birthday. Strangest of all, this majestic government revealed itself through the trifling person of Bud Hicks, a contemporary of Ranny's, who lived right there in Lakeville and who was a notoriously poor speller.

Ranny and Bud were coming home from school together, but because the grass was so warm and green and inviting they were not making rapid progress.

Bud, in the act of inverting himself and standing on his hands, dropped some valuables out of his coat pocket—a piece of shoemaker's wax, two moss-agates, and a letter. Before Bud could get back into the position intended by nature Ranny had seized upon the letter. It was duly stamped, canceled, and postmarked, and was addressed, miraculously, to Mr. Raymond Hicks—"Raymond" being the stylish name by which Bud was known to his mother and teacher.

"Gimme my letter," Bud commanded as he gathered up his other treasures.

"Where'd you get it?" asked Ranny, complying.

"In the post-office."

"Yes, you did," Ranny said.

"I bet you a thousand dollars!" exclaimed Bud, adding, without waiting for his offer to be accepted: "I answered a ad. in a magazine. If you get five 'scriptions you get a air-gun." In proof of his statement Bud displayed a lifelike portrait of the weapon. "Le's go an' see if they is any more mail."

Ranny, deeply impressed, assented. He had often gone to the post-office on pleasant Sunday mornings with father, but he had never before thought of the institution as having any direct interest to boys.

"Who owns the post-office?" he asked, as they started away."

"Nobody don't own it, you crazy," Bud replied, scornfully. "It belongs to the gov'ment."

"You mean the *gover'ment*," said Ranny, glad to find a rift in Bud's armor. Just the same, he felt a respect for Bud Hicks which he would never before have believed possible. Bud, though still of tender years, had a letter from the government's post-office; it had his name on it, and a stamp with George Washington's picture. It seemed to Ranny that in some mysterious way this short, curly-haired boy had joined the United States, while he, Randolph Harrington Dukes, was still, as the teacher had said on the day he spelled the great President's name "Lincon," a kind of foreigner.

There was no mail for either of them at the post-office, and the man in the window winked annoyingly over their heads at an adult who stood behind them; but one very important thing happened. In the post-office they met Tom Rucker, who displayed a letter alleged to be from a cousin in Manchester. So it seemed that Tom, also, was on speaking-terms with the government. Ranny began to wonder how far this thing had gone.

"Does everybody get letters in the post-office?" he asked as he and his companion were setting out for home.

"Sure they do," Bud replied. "Except Chinymen; they can't read." This last remark was suggested by the sight of the Chinese laundry which they were passing.

"Chinymen eats rats," said Ranny, and by a mutual impulse they slipped

around to the side-window of the laundry and peeked in, as they had often done before, half hoping, half fearing that they might find the Chinaman preparing his favorite dish. When the laundryman caught sight of them they ran very fast, because it is a well-known fact that Chinamen cut off boys' ears.

But though post-offices, governments, and Chinamen were for the time forgotten in the joy of stealing a ride on the back of Alleston's delivery-wagon and the rapture of being chased off, these matters weighed heavily on Ranny's mind when he reached home. He had an impulse to ask mother a few questions, but she seemed to be too busy with the baby and the supper to give out information upon affairs of state. By six-o'clock-whistle time, when, with face and hands washed and hair pasted down, he sat on the front porch waiting for father to come home from the shop, he had firmly resolved that by some means he must have a letter from the post-office and get in touch with the government. He would speak to father without delay. Father knew all about the government; Ranny had heard him tell Mr. Jennings that the government had fallen into the hands of "the interests."

So absorbed was Ranny with his new idea, that, before he knew it, father, pretending not to know it was the right house, had walked past the gate and had to be scampered after and brought back. As Ranny held fast to father's hard, knotty hand and tried to match his long-legged strides, he realized that the present was no time for questions, because when mother with a white apron on is in the doorway waiting to be kissed, father's conversation is apt to be sketchy and unsatisfactory.

Not until supper was over, and father in his rocking-chair on the front porch had begun to hold the evening paper close to his eyes in the thickening dusk, did Ranny feel that the time was ripe to put his new idea into words. He was seated on the floor by the step where he could reach over at any time and pull father's trouser leg for dramatic emphasis.

"Bud Hicks got a letter," he said by way of opening the conversation with a bang.

Father grunted in that annoying way adults have of answering without paying attention.

"It's about a air-gun," Ranny continued.

That weapon brought father's paper down at once.

"No air-guns, Ranny," he said; "they're dangerous. I'll make you a gun out of a broomstick." Thereupon he closed the interview by raising the paper again.

Ranny, seeing that the conversation had gone astray, made a desperate effort to recover it.

"Father," he said, with a tug at the "emphasizer," "I wish I—"

"Randolph!"

Father seldom resorted to the stern form of the name, and, now that he did, the boy stood unjustly convicted of the high crime of teasing. Apparently this was one of those problems that had to be worked out without the aid of parents.

Remembering Bud's route to citizenship, Ranny went into the sitting-room to see if there was some magazine that would be of help. But the only periodical which the Dukes' home contained, upon examination, was *The Wagon-Maker*, a publication which father seemed to find interesting, but which offered no aid in the present crisis. True, it contained an advertisement of real estate near Long Island Sound, but a haziness upon the meaning of real estate made it seem best not to "write for particulars." Better abandon the magazine idea entirely, he thought, than to run the risk of landing himself, and perhaps father and mother and the baby, in prison.

In the quiet darkness of his room that night Ranny tossed to and fro on an uneasy bed, wide-eyed, gazing on the goal of his desire. He could think of no cousins in Manchester or elsewhere who would send letters to him; it would be years before the baby would be of letter-writing age. Sleep put an end to these reflections, but day streaming through his window brought an inspiration. At the noon hour he hastened to Bud Hicks for co-operation.

"I tell you what let's do," he said. "You write a letter to me and I'll write a letter to you. We'll mail 'em in the post-office."

"I ain't got no money," Bud replied.

"I could get four cents, easy," Ranny said, boastfully.

However, Bud, clinging to his monopoly, refused to have a part in any such plan.

"They wouldn't be reg'lar letters," he said, fondling his own grimy and desirable envelope.

"Aw," said Ranny, "you think you're smart with your dirty old letter." The interview degenerated into an exchange of sticks and small stones as they went their separate ways.

In his search for another correspondent that afternoon Ranny met with nothing but discouragement and ridicule. "Fatty" Hartman, who sat across the aisle, was not interested in his government at all.

"You could *tell* it to me," he said, inanely, in reply to the proposal. "Why should you write me a letter?"

At recess-time "Fatty" told the joke to Bud Hicks, who repeated it to most of the other boys in the class amid widespread snickering.

"He's only trying to copy after me," said Bud, displaying his own poor apology for a letter.

Tom Rucker, whose humor always took a practical turn, increased the general hilarity by pouring water down Ranny's neck. After school there were further persecutions. Bud, suddenly remembering the conversation of the previous day, advanced the theory that Ranny was a Chinaman. The other boys adopted it gleefully, and the crowd that was gathered about a marble game in the open space back of the Methodist church greeted him as "pigtail." As Ranny slipped away he heard one boy call out, "He's goin' home to eat rats."

That night after supper Ranny sat on the front step in deep despondency. He seemed further from his patriotic goal than ever; there was not a boy in the class who would write him a letter now. Mother came out of the house and with a sigh of relief sank to the step by his side and laid a tired hand upon his own. Putting away the paper and lighting a cigar, father became human and jovial. An electric light on the corner came to life with a hiss, and mother pointed out how beautifully it glowed through the

green of the new leaves. A young girl chattered somewhere in the shadows, just as girls do on the way home from school.

Suddenly a desperate thought came to Ranny. Why not exchange letters with a girl? Of course he would not dare to show the contents of the envelope to anybody, but surely it would be better to have a letter from a girl than never to get into government circles at all.

The next day Ranny took the matter up with Josie Kendal, who sat in front of him. Except when he pulled her hair, Josie always listened to him and laughed at his jokes. Josie's writing was queer, and she probably cared nothing about the government, but the time for being particular had passed.

"Say, Josie," he whispered, "if I write you a letter, will you write me a letter?"

Josie giggled, but did not commit herself.

"I mean reg'lar letters in the post-office," Ranny went on, "with stamps an' everything."

Josie turned around and looked at Ranny with serious inquiry in her blue eyes. "What should I write to you, Ranny?" she asked.

"Josie, turn around, please!" Miss Mills said, sharply, to the great amusement of "Fatty" Hartman.

"I'll write you a letter," Ranny whispered when conversation seemed safe once more, "and you can answer it."

Josie bobbed her pigtails in assent.

Ranny hurried home that afternoon so fast that when he arrived there mother said, "My gracious!" and looked at the clock.

"Mother," said Ranny, "I wish you'd give me two cents."

"What do you want it for?" mother asked.

"Oh, somethin'," Ranny replied, fumbling with a button on his coat.

After searching through some coins in a baking-powder can, mother produced the required amount. Putting the pennies in his pocket, Ranny went to the writing-desk in the sitting-room and got an envelope, a tablet, and a pencil. At last he stood face to face with the problem that had been giving him trouble all day. What should he write to Josie? None of the usual remarks about "Fat-

ty" Hartman's fatness or the teacher's crossness or Josie's pigtails and freckles seemed suited to the demands of that great mysterious government. But as he stood reflectively chewing his pencil, suddenly the whole difficulty was cleared away. On a shelf in the combination bookcase-desk, between *The Story of Man* and *The Treasury of Golden Thoughts*, was a volume that showed you how to do everything properly. In this hitherto useless book were letters already written out; Ranny had only to copy one, sign his name to it, and mail it to Josie. To avoid questions he withdrew with his task to the "secret den," which parents and other ill-informed adults spoke of as the woodshed.

This structure, which adjoined the kitchen, did, as a matter of fact, contain wood, also a tool-bench, a discarded bedstead, and the remains of a clock. In one corner there was a small inclosure constructed of boxes by father's help, and devoted to Ranny's own purposes. Sometimes it was a robber's cave, sometimes a drug-store, and it was always a picture-gallery for color work of a humorous nature. To-day it looked like one of those advertisements which invite you to "study drawing at home"; for Ranny had hit upon a fine device. One letter in the book was printed in script, and Ranny was tracing it with a lead-pencil over a carbon paper that had come with his Christmas drawing set. The result revealed Ranny as a flawless penman and an inveterate letter-writer—except for the signature and the address on the envelope. He would try to get down to the post-office and mail the letter at noon the next day; for the evening he had nothing to do except to reach into his pocket from time to time to see that the letter was safe.

The next forenoon, just by way of assuring Josie that everything was going along without a hitch, he poked her respectfully in the back and gave her a glimpse of the envelope, concealed from the public gaze by the covers of his geography. Josie giggled gratifyingly and put back her hand.

"Let me look at it," she whispered.

Ranny started to comply, keeping his eye on the teacher, but at this moment Bud Hicks, who was evidently watch-

ing the proceedings, gave an appreciative cough. The teacher's eye swept over the room. Josie, alarmed, withdrew her hand, and the letter fell into the aisle. Ranny dropped back into the position of one deeply concerned about the Orinoco River, but the teacher was beside his desk in an instant, asking him to pick up the letter.

"Did you write that, Randolph?" Miss Mills asked, noting the address.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, with a sinking heart.

"Did you write to him first, Josie?"

Josie's braids bobbed emphatic denial, and she looked at Ranny as though she had never before noticed that he sat behind her.

Ranny had a fleeting fear that Miss Mills was going to open the letter; a moment later he was sorry she had not. It is doubtful if anybody but a teacher could have thought of the scheme that she immediately unfolded.

"Miss Kendal," she said, with an ironical bow, "this is your letter. Please open it and copy it in full on the black-board. The gentleman who thinks this is a post-office will kindly stay after school and learn better."

Ranny heard a muffled snicker back of him somewhere and felt his ears growing hot. He had a sensation as of eyes sticking into him from all directions, and he knew that to meet "Fatty" Hartman's gaze would be disastrous. He wished he was out in the open air; he wished he had a drink of water.

Finally Josie finished her task and was allowed to take her seat. Ranny had a new sinking of the heart when he realized how his work had suffered from Josie's ruinous scrawl. Miss Mills, who had been busy suppressing outbreaks of lawlessness, now read the message over, wrinkling up her brows in perplexity. The letter was as follows:

DEAR SIR:—Your esteemed favor of the seventh inst. at hand, and in reply will state that we have this day forwarded to your address the following mdse., for which we hand you invoices herewith, subject to 5% 10 days, or 4% 30 days.

9 bbls. flour No. 7B,
18 cwt. lime,
1 hgds. Orleans molasses,
100 lbs. leaf lard.

Thanking you for your valued order and anticipating a continuance of your patronage, we beg to remain,

Yours very respectfully,
RANDOLPH HARRINGTON DUKES.

Upon reading this letter Miss Mills was seized with a violent fit of coughing and had to take refuge in a handkerchief and a glass of water. To Ranny this was a welcome reprieve, as though he had arrived at the dentist's and found him occupied with another patient.

"You may give me that letter, Josie," she said at last. "The children will please remember that this is not the place"—another cough—"for business transactions. The class in geography!"

That ordeal over, Ranny began to hope that the interview at noon might also pass without physical violence. At any rate, he thought, as the other pupils filed out with grins in his direction, he would escape the scoffing public opinion in the street below.

Miss Mills's first question as she leaned against "Fatty" Hartman's desk and looked down upon Ranny with searching, puzzled eyes, was reassuring.

"Where did you write this letter, Ranny?"

"At home."

"But this isn't your handwriting," she exclaimed, as she looked at the contents of the envelope for the first time.

Ranny enlightened her as to the carbon-paper device.

"And you brought it to school to give it to Josie?"

"I was going to take it to the post-office," he explained, laboriously producing two cents as proof. Even now, in one of life's crises, he found himself wondering whether it wouldn't be well to spend the money for all-day-suckers.

"Ranny," said the teacher, "you are telling me the truth I know; but why did you want to write to Josie? Is she—"

Ranny recognized the silly adult idea from afar and forestalled it.

"I want to get a letter from the post-office, and Josie said she would answer," he said, earnestly. "I want to belong to the gover'nment like Washington an' Lincoln. I never get any letters. You said I was a foreigner, an' the boys call me Chinyman an' everything."

The teacher seemed at last to under-

stand. She dismissed Ranny with the confusing impression that he had not done anything wrong, but that he mustn't do it again. Just as he was leaving the room he looked back, and there was Miss Mills at her desk, her face very serious as she gazed thoughtfully at the window.

This scene was but the foretaste of a long, hard, painful afternoon. "Fatty" Hartman, whenever the teacher's back was turned, made violent motions, as of one writing letters. Once Bud Hicks succeeded in catching his eye with a libelous caricature on his slate, labeled, "Ranny and Josie." That young person was scornful; to a friendly tug on her hair she responded by elevating her nose and pulling her braids over her shoulder to safety, indicating to a gleeful world that her latch-string was no longer out to Randolph Harrington Dukes. The long school-day expired in gloom. He had tried everything and failed. He might have been a Spaniard, for all the good the United States was to him.

Leaving the other boys at the school-yard gate, Ranny set off for home through Carrington's alley. But his tormenters were not to be evaded so easily.

"Hey, Bob, there goes your girl," he heard Bud call out. Bud, followed by a number of trouble-seekers, caught up with Ranny at the intersection of the two alleys. Ranny, clenching his fists, turned and faced his enemy.

"Aw, let me alone," he said. "What's the matter with you?"

Bud, encouraged by the shouts of the boys behind him, ignored Ranny's threatening attitude, and crowded up close. "Pig-tail Chinyman!" he said, tauntingly.

Nobody was more surprised at what followed than Ranny himself; his fist flew out and landed solidly on Bud's chin. As if encouraged by its partner's success, the other fist traveled straight to Bud's stomach. In the next instant Ranny found himself lying flat upon his prostrate enemy.

"Pull 'im off, kids!" Bud gasped, but nobody moved; Bud's side of the controversy seemed suddenly to have grown unpopular.

"One fella at a time," said "Fatty" Hartman.

Ranny pressed one hand, not gently,

over Bud's face and with the other succeeded in reaching the letter in Bud's pocket. Thereupon, still sitting securely upon Bud's wriggling form, he stowed the letter away in his own pocket.

"Who's a Chinyman now?" Ranny asked.

"Let me up," Bud sputtered in a tone of surrender.

Ranny released his beaten foe, took the cap that Tom Rucker handed him, and let "Fatty" Hartman brush some dust off of his knee. Nobody called him names now.

"It's all right for you!" Bud said as he started off alone. All the other boys laughed.

But when the excitement was over and Ranny sat alone in the "secret den," his depression returned. He had disposed of Bud Hicks and stopped the jeering, but he was just as far from being a good American as ever. The "secret den" presently changed to a drug-store, wobbled awhile between a robber's cave and a picture-gallery, and ended—sure sign of a disordered universe—as a plain woodshed.

The six-o'clock whistle was a welcome sound that evening, and when the dingy hat appeared, bobbing up and down along Webber's picket fence, Ranny was down the path like an arrow. But father, curiously, did not boost him to his shoulder or pull the too-big hat down over Ranny's ears. Instead he acted strangely, stopping and gazing thoughtfully at the house, more like a tall, thin book-agent than a father.

"Young man," he said, "perhaps you can tell me where I can find a person by the name of"—here he consulted an envelope that he had drawn from his pocket—"Randolph Harrington Dukes?"

With a wild half-hope Robert flashed an inquiry up at father's face and pounced upon the envelope. It came upon him in a burst of glory—stamp, postmark, and, in a handwriting that was faintly familiar, strange and wonderful in their new dignity, the words, "Randolph Harrington Dukes, City."

Clasping the letter tightly, Ranny went dancing and skipping up the path to bring mother the joyful news. She

came out of the house wiping her hands on her apron so that she might examine the letter. Instead of getting ready for supper, father sat down and looked expectant. It was the general opinion that the letter should be opened, so Ranny intrusted it to father, who read in his best "company" tone:

DEAR RANNY,—When vacation begins, next Thursday, I shall be packing my trunk to go away. I want you, if you can, to come to my boarding-house in the morning and run some errands for me. Then maybe you will help about my plan. I am looking for a bright American boy about eight years old, who writes a good hand and knows about Washington and Lincoln, to exchange letters with me this summer. I have lots of stamps. Maybe you would like to do it. I am going first to Washington city, where the government is, and I will write you a letter from there.

Your friend,

Here father pretended that he could not make out the signature and asked for a loan of mother's eyes. Ranny had to bombard father's knee to get the letter. It was signed by—"Edith Mills."

Randolph Harrington Dukes, City, sat on the gate-post after supper, dangling bare, white legs and ruling over a smiling June universe. Foremost in his thoughts was the United States government, fathered by Washington, saved by Lincoln, and now fallen into the hands of "the interests." He would have to ask father about "the interests" one of these days; in fact, there were many things he would have to learn about the government—now.

"I'll give Bud back his letter tomorrow," he said to himself, "and show him mine."

The level rays of the setting sun touched the new-green leaves with flame, splashed liquid gold upon the bowed bare head of the wondering little boy. His eyes rested proudly upon the breast-pocket of his faded blue jacket; there it gleamed where all the passing world might see, his badge of citizenship—a white envelope and a red stamp.

"Red, white, and blue," said Ranny with a patriotic thrill at the discovery. "It's something like the Fourth of July."

Her Own Life

BY HELEN ALEXANDER



THE very moment I received Gerry Allen's letter asking if she might come to visit me on our ranch, I knew that something would happen. I really did not care. It is lonely in South Dakota, no matter how much you may brag about the outdoor life and the spirit of the West. My only fear was that my letter urging her to come might be too eager. Perhaps she would merely inveigle me into giving a suffrage tea, or would form our cooks into a union. At least she would rearrange all the furniture in my house and banish the pretty-girl calendars which one of the big buyers in Omaha sends to my husband. I knew just how she felt.

Just the fact of Gerry Allen's being in one's neighborhood seemed to start things. When I first met her at the Art League in New York City she was the leader of the radical impressionistic group. She made fiery suffrage speeches when "Votes for Women" was not a fashionable slogan. She lived in Bohemia when you could find it on Tenth Street and did not have to look for it in the magazines. There was nothing too new for Gerry Allen. She camped on the firing-line of Modernism. She lived in the center of the frothy metropolitan whirlpool whose faint ripples barely rose and fell as they straggled out to the peaceful serenity of the inland towns.

At this time she was the best-known interior decorator in New York City. She was the first woman to bring the craft into the limelight, though now I believe it is almost overcrowded.

Gerry had been duly met in Aberdeen and driven down to the ranch. She had taken long walks over the reservation and made friends with the Indian basket-weavers. If she had noticed the pictures on my wall she had forgiven them, or had been too tired to care whether they were

good art or bad. All was going very well when Gavin Greig stopped in to read his mail and stayed for dinner. He often did this, and we considered him one of the family. I do not know why I had forgotten him. Perhaps they were so different that I could never have thought of them together. By afternoon, however, I could see that the danger had not passed. He was a big-framed Highlander, this Gavin Greig, although he had lived so long in the States that he had lost the accent. He must have come from a good family in Scotland, for there was a certain air of the aristocrat about him, in spite of the rough clothes he usually wore. Perhaps it was his arched eyebrows and long, thin, Stuart nose. His eyes reminded me of a deer's—one that meets you suddenly and looks half shy, half defiant. He had a trick of throwing back his head with a certain wilful yet appealing manner which was fascinating. It was almost boyishness, and yet I knew that he was thirty-three at least, because he had been five years in Arizona and five here.

It was not at all surprising to me that he should like her. She was wearing that day a short brown skirt, a long, loose, white sweater, and high, laced, leather boots. The reason I remember the costume so well is that when I was sponging the blood from Gavin Greig's coat, a year later, I found a well-worn magazine-cover in his pocket. It was one that a celebrated illustrator had done of a girl dressed much as Gerry had been. Behind her rose a wood of white birch; at her feet a tawny collie leaped in the snow. Gerry's eyes were of that queer pansy blue, while those in the picture were black, but they both had the same burnished brown hair and a certain air of energy and *joie de vivre*.

"Who is she?" Gavin asked me at once when Gerry had gone to get ready for dinner.

"Her name is Gerry Allen. She is an



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

NEVER HAD HE BEEN SO PATIENT IN TEACHING A WOMAN TO RIDE

interior decorator in New York, and she is here for a rest."

"Women ought not to have to go out in the world to work," he answered. "They are not strong enough. They ought to stay at home where they belong."

I ought to have explained Gerry to him. But I saw how impossible it would be to set forth the modern woman to this big, silent Scotchman.

The next week we all went to a house-party at the Greig ranch, and the following week Gavin stayed with us. There was nothing unusual in this, and yet I knew. Never had he been so patient in teaching a woman to ride horseback; never had he lent his own saddle horse to any one, and yet here it stood eating its head off in our stables. The big man would sit by the hour on our porch and watch Gerry's skilful fingers weave the Indian baskets. I really think that he felt sorry for her because she had to work so hard. I am quite sure it was this fact which gave him the most encouragement.

"Gavin Greig is too nice a boy for you to hurt," I said, somewhat sharply, one day to Gerry when she had come in from a long drive with him.

"We are to be married next week," she said, slowly. "I was just going to tell you. Annie, I could do wonders with that log house of his. I am just wild to get my hands on it."

"It is no reason that you should ruin a man's life just because you have a sudden desire to decorate his house. Go ahead. He will let you do it, and I could chaperon."

"But I mean to marry him," she insisted. "Why shouldn't I? He seems like a good man. What is wrong with him? From the standpoint of eugenics I think it would be rather a good match. He is so different."

"Yes," I said, dryly, "that is the trouble. He is *too* different. Do you know that he did the British Museum in twenty minutes because he did not care to look at snakes and pictures of mummies?"

"Isn't that lovely! Oh, Annie, you don't know what an absolute relief it is to get away from shop talk! This Art, Art, Art, all day long! I am so tired of

"tones" and "effects"! I just want to be plain common and married, like other women. Sometimes I don't feel like a real human being at all."

"But it won't last," I went on. "You will want to get back to your work. Then what will become of Gavin Greig?"

"Don't worry about him," she laughed; "he can take care of himself."

So they were married, and things went, apparently, very well. It was the house which served as an outlet for her wonderful energy. It was only a log cabin divided in two by a burlap wall, with furniture as hard and ugly as one lone man could collect; but the bareness merely spurred Gerry on to do her best. Nothing she has ever done proved her so much the artist. She didn't send to New York and Paris for rare rugs and gilt furniture, although she had money enough to do anything. She seemed rather to absorb the spirit of the land as I had never been able to do. I had succumbed to it, but she not merely absorbed it: she had molded it to her fancy.

Onoto, the Indian weaver, would stop on her way home and tell me of the wonders which they were accomplishing. To her, Gerry was the embodiment of all art. They had effected a wainscoting of birch bark, and above that the rich brown of potato-bags made a background for the pictures. More bags made the curtains and pillows. These she appliqued with huge violet thistles cut from an old silk dress. Two lamps, their bowls made out of rare Indian baskets and the shades woven of the reed, drew the room together and lighted up here and there the misty whiteness of the birch furniture. The material she used was the simplest and nearest to her hand. That is what I call art. It was material that any of the half-starved homesteaders could easily have procured; it was something they had never thought of doing.

It was wonderful the amount of work she did that summer and fall. The church, the school-house—everything—showed a trace of her influence. We were better for her coming. She made us discontented with ourselves, she gave us hope, she gave us enthusiasm. But, finally, she lost her own.

Fall had come and the men were out

working with the cattle. Many and many a day she must have sat there, just thinking. The mail came once a week and a neighbor perhaps as often. It would have been a lonely life even for a woman who was content with just being married. To Gerry Allen it was slow death. She drove over to see me once, and she talked of what this one and that one was doing, the new plays that were going on, the fashions, and everything that suddenly seems so vital and important to you in the early fall. Try as I might, I could not get her mind away from New York; so when Gavin came over and asked me to go back with him, I knew what had happened before he told me. There was a high color in Gerry's cheeks as she watched us come into the house.

"I suppose Gavin told you," she began, when I had taken off my hat, "that I am going back to the city. The firm has sent for me. They have a new hotel to do, and they need me at once."

She was walking the floor; her arms were folded tightly together across her breast.

"In another year I can't go back. I will be all out of touch with the work and shall have to begin again. You have to keep running in New York in order to stand still."

"But you are married—"

"Yes, I'm married," she laughed queerly, "but is that any reason why I should commit suicide? Look at Gavin. He goes on with his work just as if he were single, while I stay here and do nothing. Why, I'm a seventy-five-dollar-a-week woman, and here I stay doing the work of a four-dollar one. Economically considered, it is awful."

"But what will Gavin do when you are gone?"

"He could give up his work and come with me to New York. I could take care of both of us."

I looked so shocked that she laughed through her tears. I picked up his plaid coat and sombrero from the chair where he had thrown it.

"Can you imagine these in New York? He would stifle."

"Let him marry some one else, then. The divorce laws are easy enough in this state. I tell you I won't stay," she

choked. "I have a right to my life. It is my own. You can't deny that, Annie Ferguson. I'm leaving him better off than when I found him, you can't deny that," she sobbed into her very wet handkerchief.

Gavin, white and quiet, stood in the doorway. He was so still that I was almost afraid of him. Then I saw the fierce pride which tightened his lips and yet could not control the aching muscles of his neck. His eyes had the hurt look of a dog which has been struck by the man it loves. He looked at me appealingly.

"Don't go. We all need you here. The whole country needs you." But as I said it I knew that it was useless. I had learned the creed of the modern professional woman. I knew that her return to New York would be heralded as heroic. She would be the newest of the new—an experimentalist. Perhaps it is a battle which every married woman has to fight.

"I can't help it," she sobbed hysterically. "I must go."

Gavin went over to her. He took her hands down from her face and drew it up to his. He smoothed her hair with his big, hard hands as gently as a mother could have done.

"Annie will help you get ready and I will drive you over to Mobridge this afternoon. Don't worry any more about it."

"There are plenty of women who are medieval," she gulped. "You could marry one of them. I—I'm sorry."

For answer he kissed her silently and looked deep down into her eyes. Then very tenderly he pushed her away from him and went out to order the team.

We heard often from Gerry during the long winter—letters full of success. She described the magnificence of the hotel she was doing.

"I cannot tell you how valuable those months in South Dakota have been to me," she wrote. "They have developed my feeling for space, which, as you can see by the Japanese influence, is the basis of the new movement." That part I did not read to Gavin Greig, nor yet the lines about the kindness of the bachelor member of the firm.

Gavin would stop in to hear the latest

news from her. She never wrote to him. I think she had the idea that in this way he could obtain a divorce, but she must have known that he would ask me. Sometimes it seemed that the over-successful note was sounded for his benefit more than mine. "Crude, but eugenically perfect," I heard him mutter to himself, after he had listened to one of her dissertations on the most modern idea in co-operative housekeeping. There was a queer little twist to his mouth that I did not like.

As spring came on, people inquired when Gerry would come back. Later they perceived, somewhat vaguely, what had happened, and in a rough way the men around the post-office tried to show the big, silent man the sympathy they felt. After that one of the boys came in for the mail. From him I heard that Gavin might go to Australia, and that they were getting things in shape for the new man who was to take over the place.

"He don't never say nothing about the missus," the boy replied to my unasked question. "But he leaves the door of the house open and everything is just as she left it. He stays over at the ranch-house now."

"Gavin," I said to him when he came in a few days later, "why don't you go home to Scotland before you go to Australia? We don't like the idea of your going off to the wilds alone this way."

"I couldn't go back," he said, gruffly.

"Why not? It isn't your fault if your wife has views."

"They wouldn't understand. There is only one reason for a woman leaving in Scotland. They would think that I had not been faithful to her or that I beat her. Perhaps it would be that I could not support her. I should hate it."

"Get a divorce and marry some one else. There are plenty of nice girls in the country. Most women are old-fashioned. It's just a few of these moderns who get in the limelight and make people think that they represent the sex."

"I'm married to her, and I will be until she dies, or I do," he answered, simply. "You can tell her if she sends any one to Australia to serve me with

papers that he won't come home to tell the tale. I don't blame her for not liking me. No one ever did except the ladies of my family. 'Crude,' she called me. What could I give a woman like that except her release? Well, maybe it will come quicker in Australia. This isn't any little soft job like raising cattle in South Dakota, where people are used to the idea. But then there wouldn't be the big money, either. People aren't so anxious to go off to educate the Bushmen."

It was this heroic solution of the tangle that roused me. He wouldn't shoot himself here in South Dakota where they would blame her or she could blame herself. He would go out and explore a new country so that some business genius in London or Paris could make vast sums of money. A noted nerve specialist has said that all explorers have a subconscious suicidal tendency. But this was not subconscious. It was deliberate. It was medieval—for then men died for their ladies' glory.

When he had gone I packed a bag, pinned a note for my husband to the parlor curtain, and started for New York. I can act quickly enough when it is necessary. The train crawled through Chicago and loitered down the Hudson. I left my bag at my favorite hotel and hurried down Forty-second Street. Gerry's studio was on Forty-first, near Fifth Avenue. It was a short walk, but every moment seemed precious. I did not know how much time there would be before Gavin Greig started. I did not know how long it would take to bring Gerry to reason. All through the journey I had been planning what I should say to her. Had I the right to ask her to give up her life to save Gavin Greig's, and would it do any good for them to try it all over again? I did not know.

A discreet maid ushered me into a Jacobean studio, where a customer discussed gray and mulberry from a pathological standpoint. Gerry looked very much the woman of the world in her soft blue gown. The long antique ear-rings gave her a Russian air—or was it the shadows around her very tired eyes which emphasized the deep unrest? Yet everything about her spoke of success.



Drawn by W H D Koerner

MANY A DAY SHE MUST HAVE SAT THERE, JUST THINKING

The order which she was taking seemed to be a very large one. Rich velvets hung over priceless chairs. The Boule cabinet in the corner was worth at least five thousand dollars, and the few bits of Chinese pottery looked old enough to be very expensive. After all, could she have cared a little for the Highlander? He was the type of man the domestic woman loves—a shelter in time of storm, and a bit bossy. The new woman, I had always understood, preferred an esthetic creature who devoured poetry and let her do as she pleased. I realized, however, that I could not counter her arguments if we met on the ground of modernism. I could only do my best in the old, old way.

Gerry grasped my hand nervously.

"Has anything happened?" she asked, curiously. "I did not know that you were coming."

"I did not know it myself," I laughed comfortably. "I was in Chicago and I decided to come on to New York and do some shopping. I was getting a little rusty, you know. Perhaps you are busy now. I can run in again, but I was so anxious to see you, my dear."

I tried to keep my voice cool, but it was difficult work when I felt that every moment counted. She assured me that she was not busy, so we talked of her work, and especially the hotel which had been such a great success.

"I did it in white birch and dull browns with big piny pillows and rough-stone fireplaces. Space—none of that old overcrowded effect."

"Something like the log house," I said, quite casually.

"Very much the same," she said, softly. "How is Gavin?"

"Gavin? Oh, he's very well. I suppose you know he's going to Australia. We haven't seen very much of him this spring. He has been so busy arranging things and going back and forth to Canada. Yes, it is a Scotch company. Delightful people. The owner and his wife and her sister are all going out. Such a charming girl. I met her in Minneapolis. Very much of the outdoor athletic type. She seems quite taken with Gavin, too. But women, as a rule, do like him. Of course with you it was different. We all understood.

You were too advanced for us. The domestic woman understands that kind of a man so much better. You can soon get a divorce, can't you? You've been away six months—or is that Nevada? I really pay so little attention to the laws."

"Has Gavin spoken of getting one?" she asked, but she did not look at me.

"Oh no," I said quickly; "but of course he will. If he goes to Australia it isn't at all likely that he will ever come back to this country. There is no reason that you shouldn't have your freedom and marry some one in your set. You were very tired, or you would not have liked any one so crude and impossible. You would be happier with an artist or a poet. This Scotch girl rides like a boy and enjoys skating and all the sports."

"I wonder what Gavin will do with the things in the log house?" she asked, suddenly. "Take them with him?"

"All the way to Australia? . . . Of course it was artistic. You helped us all, Gerry. The girl did admire it, but they would only take the hangings and a few of the smaller things, if any."

"Is Gavin at the ranch now?" Gerry questioned, sharply.

"He went to Canada the day before I started." It was the truth, but I knew he must be back at the ranch by this time.

"You will make me a little visit," she said, turning the subject. "It seems so good to see some one from home."

That word "home" told me more than a whole confession.

"I must make the train at three tomorrow. I wish you were going with me. You look as though a week or two on the prairies would put new life into you."

"I hardly have time. It is the busy season. But, Annie, I would so love to have the furniture out of that house. It was mine. I made it all myself. He hasn't the right to give it to any one else. Couldn't you ask him for it?"

"Come out and get it," I answered, brusquely. "He won't say anything, and you could take the things you wish."

"It wouldn't be stealing?" she murmured wistfully, looking up at me with her big, sad eyes.

"Stealing!" I repeated. I would just

like to see Ferguson hand *my* furniture over to another woman, no matter how little I cared for him."

She went back with me the next afternoon. Once at Chicago she asked what the girl looked like, and at Minneapolis she had a vague fear that he might have come home sooner than we expected. I reassured her with the thought that the young lady would be there and he would stay as long as possible.

We went through to Mobridge. It is nearer both of the ranches. My husband met us, and if he was surprised at seeing Gerry he did not show it—we have lived together ten years. He always liked her and there was no pretense about his welcome. I noticed that he was very busy, however, in collecting our baggage and loading it into the wagon which one of the boys had brought over for it. He seemed to have something on his mind. As for Gerry, she seemed utterly crushed, now that we were here. There was nothing for me to do but carry on a chatty monologue and make the situation as natural as possible.

Suddenly we heard a shot. It came from the saloon down the street. The crowd rushed out into the street and a thin wisp of smoke curled after them. My husband was gone like a flash, though I called to him to keep out of it. There was nothing to do but to wait and hold the excited horses until the men came back. We could see them carry some one carefully into the hotel, but we could not distinguish who it was. At last a boy came running toward us.

"It was Gavin Greig," he jerked out, then looked at Gerry in dismay. "The mister says for you to come. The idea of a man like him trying to save a worthless old soak like Jack Bender. I say it's too bad. He hit a half-breed, and the Indian pulls a gun on him. Greig he jumps in front of him. Guess he got him alright-alright."

I knew whose life he was trying to save. For the moment I hated Gerry Allen. I handed the reins to the boy and started. Gerry was walking weakly by my side.

"Do you think you'd better go?" I said. "He doesn't know you are here,

and it will make a lot of talk for you to come back and leave again. Let the boy drive you over to the ranch."

She did not even seem to hear me. We walked on. They had carried him into a dim room in the dingy little hotel. The young doctor had just finished bandaging his arm.

"Just fainted," he said to me as he passed out; "nothing serious."

Gerry seemed utterly unconscious of the men about her as she went over and knelt down beside the red-plush lounge. Her thin arm drew his head against her heart. He opened his eyes and met the love in her big pansy ones, then he cuddled down like a tired little boy. The men filed out of the room.

"Mrs. Greig just came home in time," one of them muttered in the hall. "She's an awful nice woman, Mrs. Greig. I always knew she would come back just as soon as the weather warmed up. Pretty cold winters here for them that ain't used to it."

I stooped to pick up Gavin's blood-stained coat from the floor. As I washed out the sleeve that old magazine-cover, with the picture of the girl who looked as Gerry Allen did the first day he met her, fell out of the pocket. It was creased and soiled. Evidently it had been much handled.

The doctor returned, and Gerry came out to find me. We wept in each other's arms. I showed her the picture.

"I'm just a plain, common woman, Annie Ferguson, and I've been homesick for my man," she sobbed. I folded the cover and slipped it back in the coat.

"You go out and tell Ferguson that we will soon be ready," I whispered, "and he will take you to the hotel for your dinner. You will need strength," I said, to make her go.

Gavin looked at me very quizzically as I went into the room.

"How do you suppose she ever got the idea that I was going to divorce her and marry that Canadian girl?" he said. "Why, the one reason the Australian deal appealed to me so was that I would be in a city part of the time and I thought she might work at her profession. She can vote there," he added, proudly.

American Holidays

SPRINGS AND MOUNTAINS

BY HARRISON RHODES



TO pursue pleasure while you pretend to hunt health is one of the oldest and happiest subterfuges of the holiday-maker. No one needs so much distraction as an invalid. And nothing is so easy, if you need distraction, as to be an invalid. It has always seemed that the most agreeably dissipated were the soonest in need of health, and that folly and fashion were the first to require fresh strength. Health-resorts have, from time immemorial, been notably pleasant places.

"Mineral springs," especially, have profited by this very human tendency. It is the pomp and glitter of Bath, of Spa, of Homburg, of Ems, of Baden-Baden, of Aix-les-Bains upon the older continent which come most easily to the mind, not the virtues of their healing waters. And to-day, if properly medicated fountains could only be induced to gush forth from Monte Carlo's lovely rock by the blue Mediterranean, or from Trouville-Deauville's tawny sands upon the emerald coast of Normandy, it is unquestionable that their value for health would be almost the greatest in Europe.

This tradition of pleasure-seeking has enlivened more centuries than our own and more continents than Europe. Here in America, as the turmoil of the Revolutionary War died down and life came again to have a softer aspect, people began, in the pleasant manner that had come down from the eighteenth century, to "take the waters." For more than a half-century the history of the White Sulphur Springs and of Saratoga was the history of the country—a long, picturesque, romantic chapter of our national life, mellow now with age and fragrant with memories.

It is a chapter particularly interesting and pertinent to-day, when fashion's

pendulum, with its long, sure swing, is again making it the mode to travel "to the springs." In the peaceful green valleys of Virginia they are building extravagantly luxurious hotels and bathing establishments, while on the pleasant green turf of Saratoga they have again set the horses racing. Luxury and pleasure are secondary considerations; what is to be noted is the present tremendous vogue of health. It may be because all gowns are so unreticent nowadays, or because all ladies, even old ones, are so young—in any case, red meat and rich sauces, champagne and burgundy, are gradually disappearing from the highest and gayest tables. There are fashionable seasons of the year when nobody who is anybody eats more than a slice of the breast of chicken and a fresh green pea, or drinks more than a cool cup of water from the spring. Possibly on the principle of no cross, no crown, some trifling ailment has again become absolutely essential to social position—if not an ailment of your own, then someone else's. Indeed, just as it used to be the best style to take a child along as an excuse for going to the circus, so perhaps the pleasantest way to visit a modern watering-place is for the purpose of boiling the rheumatism out of an elderly relative. To tuck such an invalid safely into bed and out of harm's way before going to the card-table or the ball-room makes you feel what a blessing to others ill health, rightly treated, may become.

In the old days, one twinge of the gout in the toe of paterfamilias sufficed to start a whole caravan to the springs. In those times it was the habit of many Southern gentlemen to own their "cottages," generally called simply "cabins," at their favorite cure in the Virginia mountain country. It was a fashion followed, if not set, by Mr. Washington;



THE PENDULUM OF FASHION HAS SWUNG BACK TO WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

as late as 1842, the foundations of his cabin were shown to visitors in Berkeley Springs. Berkeley is unknown to most of us now, and we may imagine it sleeping quietly in the sun. But until very recently, at least, gentlemen of Maryland and Virginia followed Mr. Washington's example at other places—only this year the writer heard a Baltimore negress of the old régime boasting of the number of servants "her family" always "carried" to "the Springs."

It is pleasant to think of them driving to the watering-places in the old days.

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"M. Pencil"—an agreeable writer with an agreeable pseudonym—in 1839 dangled before his readers' eyes the hope that the railroad would soon come near enough to the Greenbrier White Sulphur—the famous "Old White"—to bring the springs within three days of New York; but he offered philosophical consolation—in case the railroad project failed—by reminding them that twenty years earlier, in 1819, the journey had taken a month.

Such journeys, however, daunted no one. The same "M. Pencil" estimated

that in the preceding summer, that of 1838, over six thousand people had visited the Western Virginia springs. Small wonder, since there were so many of these pleasant fountains! There were the White Sulphur, the Red Sulphur, the Salt Sulphur, the Blue Sulphur, and the Gray Sulphur; the Rockbridge Alum, the Bath Alum, and the Jordan Alum; the Hot, the Warm, and the Healing; the Sweet, the Old Sweet, and the Chalybeate, and numerous others, some unrecorded, some just forgotten; and to all these springs there came, on horseback or by coach, the blithe, gay aristocracy of that early day.

The imaginative traveler, even now, goes through Western Virginia in a cloud of memories. The through vestibuled trains dash on to the Hot and to the Greenbrier White, to which, of course, our traveler must inevitably repair. But he can still, if he chooses, travel on horseback to many of the lovely old-fashioned springs. It is romantic country. A certain Paulding, in a leisurely old volume of *Letters from the South*, says of it, "Boys in these mountains are all born poets," and then adds, quaintly, "but they run around in the sun till their brains dry up." Let the traveler protect his head and see if he can for the moment be the poet. Let

him see if he can get his morning meal where they always used to breakfast in the old days on their way to the Hot Springs or the Old White—at "Callaghan's," immortalized by the author of *Westward Ho!* Let him arrive at night, as he easily may, at some quiet, crum-

bling hotel, along the long verandas and the gusty corridors of which ghosts must wander, where under the rickety spring-house they must on moonlight nights jest and make love as of old. In such places the guests still seem perpetually to swing to and fro in rocking-chairs, while troops of amiable, careless, ill-trained black servants, living in white-washed quarters near by, occasionally do their bidding. There is dinner in the early afternoon, at about two; and in some hotels by his place at table the guest still finds his name upon a card, just as

did Mr. Washington and Mr. Jefferson. There is a tea at night, mostly hot bread and the stewed fruit which, under the name of *compôte* and at ruinous prices, is so popular at all the most fashionable and most modern European cures. If, called mere "sauce," it seems still to leave the bill of fare a meager one, the plea of invalidism, firmly advanced and accompanied by a physician's certificate, will ordinarily produce



THE OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRYSIDE

a supplementary egg. The regimen is simple, but happily the prices are modest, and life in such a sunny half-forgotten corner of an older world may be very delightful.

There, it will be found, traditions still survive, and "M. Pencil's" quaint advice to visitors—to take a volume of Charles Lamb along for light summer reading—seems not altogether preposterous. The society in such places is good-natured, well-bred, and idle, inclined to prefer Bourbon whisky to the water from the spring, and apt to know a good poker hand when it sees one. The young ladies are vivacious and not disinclined to accept the addresses of the young gentlemen—there are, in fact, an enormous number of engagements arranged, quite out of proportion to the number of marriages resulting therefrom. There is a vast amount of gay, light talk always going on along the verandas, and no one really very bitterly minds if either the golf-course or the tennis-court is in such bad condition as to be practically useless. In the old days ninepins on the green, and quoits, were the accustomed sports, and something of the agreeable unathletic atmosphere of those times still lingers.

The South is full of such places, to which Northerners rarely go. That the



A BALTIMORE NEGRESS OF THE OLD RÉGIME

writer, as a boy, spent summers at one of them, and learned to swim in a great, warm, sulphurous pool, taught by an ancient negro who seemed to have taught Mr. Washington and Mr. Jefferson and to be likely to teach Presidents still unborn, are facts of no importance to the reader, but they are, nevertheless, set down with pride. Summer in the South, whether at the springs or merely in the mountains, might be, to the sentimental holiday-maker, a delightfully romantic experience.

Economical, too. For example, the ramshackle North Carolina mountain hotels which shelter that proud, impoverished Charlestonian aristocracy have a tradition of cheap rates almost incredible farther north. (It must be remembered, of course, that in Charleston itself it is ostentatious and bad style for the visitor with connections in the local society to go either to a hotel or to the more expensive of the two boarding-houses. For



COTTAGES OF AN EARLIER AND BYGONE TRADITION

those unable, while in Paris, to penetrate the Faubourg St.-Germain, it might be interesting to make a similar attempt at home in some remote Carolinian mountain valley.)

Presidents of the United States have perhaps been mentioned rather familiarly in connection with these Virginia springs, but great people, even Presidents, were no strangers—especially at the Old White, where the visitors one morning saw Mr. Van Buren arrive on horseback, unannounced, and unattended save by his son. Foreigners of distinction almost invariably made their pilgrimage to the most famous Southern spa, and wrote in many musty and forgotten books pleasant descriptions of its life and gaiety.

Something of that life and gaiety it would be pleasant to recapture, for a

moment, upon this page. There was always a great deal of dancing at the Old White—even morning “hops” existed there long before the present craze brought daylight dancing into general fashion. It sounds quaint to read in the old memoirs that Floridian families introduced and made popular a Spanish dance—doubtless the tango of its day. Other diversions seem less definitely contemporaneous. It was a favorite excursion to drive to Lewisburg when the court was sitting there, listen to a speech at the bar by some well-known lawyer, dine, and return to the springs. It suggests the days when politics and the law were more essential parts of the community's social life than they are now. There was always, one way or another, plenty of amusement at the springs, but, after all, the one chief diversion was



MEMBERS OF THE OLD GUARD STILL LINGER AT SARATOGA



A HAY-FEVER CONGRESS IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

flirtation, itself usually followed by an honorable matrimonial engagement.

What the French term *le bon motif* reigned supreme. It was the era of the young girl; and the Old White, though frisky, was no place for frisky matrons. Marriage was the one object of the summer. Even as late as the seventies or eighties it was said that purses were made up in little Southern towns to send likely maids or youths to the marriage mart of the Old White. The wood walks near the hotel were significantly labeled Lover's Rest, Lover's Walk, Courtship's Maze, and, finally, Acceptance Way to Paradise! (Saratoga, not to be wholly outdone, placed in its hotel parlors a strange piece of furniture called a "proposal sofa.") And in the thirties the eligible gentlemen at the White Sulphur deliberately formed an association the constitution of which, printed on pink paper, hung conspicuously in the ballroom, "The Billing, Wooing, and Cooing Society," a name in itself a pledge of their intentions such as elusive modern males would hesitate to give.

Life even in mid-century days must

have been on a tremendous scale at the Old White—a legend heard in childhood was that the dining-room of the hotel was so enormous that the waiters served on horseback! This old hotel has been replaced, of course, on a new but equally tremendous scale. There is French furniture now, and the bills are higher. There is a bathing-pool which might have been the pride of Rome. Something of the Old World atmosphere is gone, as it is gone at the Hot, where even as late as the eighties there was only a small, dilapidated, red-brick hotel intermittently open. But it would be wrong to regret the gallant way in which the old Virginian springs have again become the haunt of fashion. Golf and auction replace the drive to Lewisburg to hear a speech, and the honeymoon itself has perhaps made "Courtship's Maze" a useless provision. But nothing can alter the loveliness of the landscape nor the qualities of the climate. And if fashion now chooses to come in the spring and fall rather than in summer, it is quite possible that she considers two seasons better than one.

Saratoga was more famous even than the Old White—she was, indeed, for decades the real Queen of American Watering-places. Even now, during her racing month, she welcomes a huge, miscellaneous horde of lovers of the horse and one-time lovers of the betting-ring, and during these weeks remembers the old days and fondly hopes they have come again. But June, July, and September are sleepy, sunny months, and likely to remain so until the village realizes that probably only as a health resort may it again become a resort of pleasure. But to achieve this end it must face the facts. No modern ailment will budge an inch in a hotel which is still lit by gas, which has no porcelain tubs, no motor-bus at the station, and no restaurant *à la carte* with head waiters who have been at the best hotels in Paris. This matter of the restaurant is particularly important. Nothing nowadays gives such distinction as the inability to endure ordinary, cheap cooking. There are very few places, even in Europe, where a really fashionable stomach can obtain proper nourishment. If Saratoga would only build an extravagantly expensive hostelry and announce that its

chef was the only man in America who knew how to boil an egg, the tide of the best illnesses would set rapidly toward the springs.

Of course it may still be doubted whether water will ever really touch the liver at a spa where there is no gambling-house—the balance of proof both here and abroad is to the contrary. This may be a suitable place to refer to French Lick, where they renew so many theatrical managers, leading stars, and queens of society, and to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, where they repair the high-livers of the West and Southwest; at both these resorts gambling is said to be an essential feature of the cure. Possibly poker and auction privately indulged in may suffice for Saratoga. But its whole general tone of luxury must be considerably heightened. For example, the spring-houses must be done over to provide an agreeable promenade. The springs themselves will do very well as they are, but they must be prescribed by famous, expensive, and suave physicians. A few first-class shops, milliners, modistes, and jewelers near by would greatly help the cure.



MOUNTAIN PICTURES CLING TO THE MEMORY AFTER A HOLIDAY IN THE WOODS



IN FORMER DAYS THE CHIEF DIVERSION WAS FLIRTATION

In the mean while, till some such radiant future shall come, the present hotels and the sleepy town are delightful to the sentimental tourist. Perhaps nowhere else in America does what one might call the country's social past so clearly come before one. The very names of the chief hotels hint at a time more vividly American.

In 1830 a scornful writer, prejudiced in favor of the Virginia springs, asserted that since the completion of the railroad Saratoga was no longer fashionable, for you could go there from New York in a day and for five dollars. Saratoga, to tell the truth, was never limited and

exclusive; it was always democratically good-natured, vulgarly tawdry and extravagant. It was the classic reproach of visiting foreigners that its ladies wore diamond ear-rings in the daytime and promenaded its sidewalks without hats and in *décolleté* gowns. But it is to be noted that the visiting foreigners as well as the natives had a very good time. In fact, just that pleasant kind of welter of all the classes is what in America we have always done so well; we would be well advised to be proud of it.

Memories of these crowded times still linger at the Springs. To the imagina-



SECLUSION IS NOT ALWAYS EASILY ATTAINED

tive traveler, Saratoga, even in her present desolate days, is still the Queen of American Watering-places. If, at least in this present article, the writer seems to dwell, perhaps excessively, upon the historic side of American holidays, and so upon Saratoga as the greatest existing record of our national pleasures, it is because he is so firmly convinced that we neglect the romantic associations of our own past, and could, if we would,

make visiting our own country a deeper, richer experience.

The village of Saratoga itself, not considering the hotels, is an agreeable historic page. The "cottages" give one a survey of our bad architecture for fifty years. And the surrounding grounds are almost the only existing examples of an earlier tradition of American gardening, when the chief desideratum was a smooth green lawn, "like velvet," and there was

no nonsense about pergolas, Italian statuettes, and garden furniture—a few nice zinc dogs and stags and some iron benches being thought quite sufficient. But Saratoga's hotels are more significant than its cottages.

Along the great verandas, along those interminable corridors, there still creep wearily a few habitual old ghosts. They will die some day, this old guard, but till then they will never surrender their summer at the Springs. The men, one guesses, were perhaps friends of Roscoe Conkling or of James G. Blaine; or, perhaps, instead, they could give you gossip of the Tweed Ring. The ladies' gossip would be lighter—of frocks and famous beauties of the past. And they themselves, though they may use ear-trumpets now, have by no means renounced elegance; but their finery is of the days when gentlemen admired a figure and a pretty woman had a waist. It is pleasant to see them in the sweet, foolish, old Victorian parlors of the hotels, all gilt furniture and pale-blue satin. It is like taking up a faded yellow volume of *Godey's Lady's Book* and reading again one of its dashing novels of gallantry and fashion at Saratoga. Those were indeed the brave days of flowered carpets, of romance, and of pink champagne. Can nineteenth-century Europe show any braver?

The writer's net has had to be thrown pretty wide over the subject of American Holidays; it is perhaps partly by chance that mountains come in with mineral springs. Geographically, they are to some extent allied, but socially they are of a different stripe, at once more rural and more modern. At the time when America began to "take the waters" and to indulge in sea-bathing, Châteaubriand's eighteenth-century view of mountains—that they were horrid features of the landscape, only to be viewed from a distance—was doubtless still prevalent. The White Mountains were actually scaled in 1642, when one Derby Field brought back stories of what he quaintly called the Muscovy Glass (isinglass) upon the modestly named White Hill, now Mt. Washington. But for a long time tourists scarcely ventured there. Mountaineering was considered

a singularly dashing recreation; the manager of one of the older of the White Mountain hotels wrote of his hostelry as the favorite resort of "accomplished tourists." Female visitors' climbing was not actually tabooed, but the Misses Austin, of Portsmouth, who visited Mt. Washington in 1821, were daring innovators. Even as late as the late fifties a hotel proprietor endeavored to still any possible terror in gentle breasts by advertising that his local mountain, "Pemmigewassett," could be easily ascended by ladies. Nowadays every summit of these White and Franconia Hills is scaled by rosy-cheeked girls in sweaters, and the terrifying mountains have become almost domestic pets. Even motor-cars climb to the very wind-swept summit of New England; and in the valleys below thousands of these machines dash constantly to and fro upon "Ideal" and other tours. It is greatly to the credit of the air that, in spite of their dust, it remains clear and cool, and the chosen medium in which the hay-fever sufferer may hope to breathe.

The White Mountains are devoted to sports. Yet so crowded and elegant do they become in the height of the season that symphony orchestras play upon their lawns and in their gardens and elegant ladies trail elaborate gowns along their hotel corridors. The poised pen hesitates, suspended above such a wealth of subjects. But the hay-fever victims, and, above all, their annual Hay-Fever Congress, are perhaps the most characteristic phenomena of all the mountain region. The delegates are indeed "accomplished tourists," to borrow the last century's phrase. Bound together by a universal detestation of a certain odious plant called ragweed, they are still at variance concerning other vegetable pests, and bring to the congress's experience-meetings a varied and picturesque testimony. It makes an outing at once admirable and agreeable. Altruism is satisfied, for they wish well by the mucous membranes of the whole world; and social cravings are satisfied in the intervals when they are at their ease in a comparatively pollen-free air—it is indeed an ideal and sneezeless holiday.

The writer has no wish in this article to arrange mountains as in a geograph-

ical catalogue. It is preferred, if possible, to name them only as symbolizing some feature of our national vacation life. The Catskills, for example, so near the metropolis that they were early tamed and taught to eat from the hand, are mentioned merely that they may suggest at once to the mind the farm boarding-house, the straw-ride, the buckboard, the dark and dangerous drygoods-store clerk fluttering the maiden dove-cotes over Sunday—all the simple, old-fashioned pleasures of the countryside. This is not the Wild West of the leather hat-band and the puma or mountain-lion, nor the wilderness of the Adirondacks, where the camp valet has your bath drawn and gets you up in time to go out and trap something before the *chef* has breakfast ready. This is just the country—the lovely, ragged American country, gay with goldenrod and pretty girls, devoted to our own American life, unchanged by European models.

There is a deal of talk about how we nowadays live in the country like the English country gentleman. We don't: that is the truth of it—not even those who are most securely in society. To the writer, the most significant feature of the accounts printed not long ago of a great jewel robbery near a famous resort was the astonishing disclosure of the fact that a near neighbor, a lady of the very highest fashion, had been that evening "entertaining" at a "marshmallow roast"!

Is it not better to be honest and admit that the real American vacation is largely devoted to candy? From a certain favorite resort visited recently one brought away merely the memory of a huge trade done in that form of confectionery termed "kisses," which appeared to be the local specialty. There were Goldenrod Kisses, Crystal Kisses, and (doubtless for those of a reprehensible looseness of life) Assorted Kisses. Of these the Goldenrod appeared to be the favorite, for during the preceding season the monstrous quantity of thirteen tons of this kind had been sold! This is a grotesque example of the effect of the national sweet tooth, which in its milder manifestations organizes the marshmallow roast, the popcorn party, and the candy pull. How pleasantly it all hints

at the farm and country life from which, only a generation or so back, most of us, of the pure American stock, derive! And how pleasant it would be if one could add to the list of indigenous summer diversions the now almost forgotten husking-bee!

Among our green mountains and river valleys there flourishes occasionally a special variety of the simple life, in which, as an archaic revival, as a kind of fancy-dress party, the husking-bee might exist. The Artistic Colony, in which the elect are segregated and live in a rarefied atmosphere and upon small incomes, has been described by one unkindly critic as a "collection of old maids painting in barns." The definition is not quite accurate, for although the ravages of Art are perhaps always greatest nowadays among the ranks of female celibates, it devastates as well the married and the male. There is unquestionably a general lack of artistic quality in American business life; it does fail to supply that famous "atmosphere" in which so many people seem to wish to grow like orchids in a hothouse; yet the refined withdrawal of any group of people from the vulgar turmoil seems a little self-conscious to the unregenerate. A poet on the mountainside lying down, deliberately and before competent witnesses, to drink in from Mother Earth her strength and her soul, is at once a fantastic and pleasing sight. And there is tragedy in the story of the gallant retired general who lived like a leper in the midst of one of our most famous artistic colonies because he painted his cow-shed and pigsty a certain crude yellow without having first taken the sense of the community as to the suitability of the unhappy color. Legends like these, though no doubt apocryphal, still convey something of the agreeable exotic flavor of this Higher Life.

One must pause here, seriously to record and praise the gallantry of any art braving our stiff commercial breezes, and the real merit of any community deliberately fixing the standard of living at a reasonable and decent level. Having done so, one may be permitted some mild amusement. The men of an artistic community are supposed to ab-



Painting by Howard Giles

THE BRAVE DAYS OF FLOWERED CARPETS AND ROMANCE

jure conventional evening dress as a badge of servitude to philistinism. The women, happily, are expected to supply the element of beauty, and are consequently permitted to dress in any wild, sweet way they will. The bead chain, the pretty jewel (home-made, if possible) of enamel and wrought iron, the peasant's cap, and the loose, flowing Algerian robe (is it not called "gibbah"?), all have their advocates and users in these rural domains of Art. The inspiration of one painter's art (she is his wife as well) wears, when traveling, a fresh gardenia pinned coquettishly upon a sealskin toque. A poetess has, poetically, a long necklace of amber beads, in each of which is literally embedded a pretty fly!

It has been found possible, happily for many people, to elude Art and to return to Nature without her disquieting presence. And since something of the humorous side of the Artistic Colony has been hinted at, it would be only fair for a moment to dwell upon the comic aspects of the millionaire's mountain retreat. This is, commonly, in the Adirondacks. And it is true that they plumb the pine woods so that you may have hot and cold water in the tents, that the *caviare* and the *pâté de foie gras* arrive regularly, and that the champagne is unexceptionable. Luxury in a real wilderness, all within a night's journey of the metropolis, is of course a fairy-story kind of thing, requiring to produce it either Aladdin and his lamp or the modern American and his money. There is an artificial side to it; Marie Antoinette, who would unquestionably have been fashionable and popular in New York, would as unquestionably have had an Adirondack camp. But there is a genuine side to it as well, the deep-seated national love of simplicity and open air. Mountain pictures themselves are what cling to the memory after a holiday in the woods: dancing waves upon some small clear lake in the morning, dark pines against an orange sunset sky. One recalls picnics where the canoe has been pulled up at the edge of some lonely, winding, sedgy river. One remembers dashing motor-boats and boys and pretty girls in country clothes, browns and yellows and crimsons, all the

colors of our unequaled American autumn landscape. The clothes came from expensive shops in town, but they belong upon expensive people near expensive mountains in the expensive country. They are a natural part of the whole pretty scene.

It would be pleasant to delay here, in our somewhat rambling literary course, for a passage upon country costume, and for a phrase or two of self-congratulation upon the way we are learning to wear it in America. True, we have borrowed from that older continent, but the sweater and the Mackinaw coat which enliven the mountain woods and streams always hint at "Leatherstocking" and "Pathfinder," and all our native legends of trapper and Indian in the forest primeval. Aided, of course, by the somewhat exuberant taste in dress nourished in our colleges, we are learning not to be afraid of color, but to put on gold and crimson which vie with autumn's painted woods themselves in splendor.

It is indeed with autumn and the turning of the leaf that our American mountains look their bravest and most beautiful, and excel in their gay garb all foreign mountains. In some sense they seem to have special claims upon the fall, which, of all seasons of the year, is the most nearly perfect thing the American climate has to offer. The tang and brilliancy of our October and November air is unequaled in the world. What can be pleasanter than to retreat from the summer sea to the autumn hills, to see goldenrod and aster bloom, and to gather red apples? The mountain world is pleasantly full of pumpkins and sunshine. The days are for horseback rides and climbs and rambles in the woods. The nights are for open fires and cups of our real *vin du pays*, cider. Until Thanksgiving, all over the land, in the Alleghanies, the Catskills, the Berkshires, the Adirondacks, the White and Green Mountains, and the vaster Western ranges, happy people linger, postponing from day to day their return to the gay, busy, pleasant, exhausting town. And when Thanksgiving comes have we anything for which to give greater thanks than our lovely American country, our own mountains and crystal springs?

Denis

BY RUTH SAWYER



SOMETIMES I stop under a certain picture in our living-room and philosophize about Destiny. Life creates a man, but Destiny molds him; and when she chooses she can make a master-builder out of a chimney-sweep or a sculptor out of the son of a hod-carrier. If we could stand before mankind as Mendel did before his peas, and say with any degree of surety, this child will inherit from its mother, these three will be like their father, then Destiny would have to pack away her whims and caprices along with her notions of democracy, and we should find no more surprises hanging on family trees. As it is, Destiny has her own way. She can work all the miracles she pleases with the mud and scum of humanity, while with a mischievous glint in her eyes she lets the common weeds grow out of chosen ground. And why? How should I know? You must ask Destiny.

The day of Denis's coming over was the day of my coming out. It is easy to remember—I was eighteen that day, and led the cotillion with Stephen.

It was noon when I came into the hall where the florists had piled the flowers for the decorators, and found him standing behind a great mound of roses, holding out a crumpled note to me. The note was from the head of a Belfast linen-house with whom my father did business; and it asked a place for "Denis MacLean, a Derry lad." I looked at Denis. He was plainly Irish and immigrant—the prototype of thousands who come over seeking their fortunes. We had no work for him, but, hating to tell him so, I asked him to wait until my father came; and I hurried back to the bustle and excitement of preparations for my party.

An hour later I was in the hall again, listening to the news brought by Timo-

thy, our stable-boy, that no decorators had come from town, and that Patrick, the gardener, was under a greenhouse bench, past articulate speech or movement—he had been over-celebrating my birthday. There were hundreds of roses, miles of smilax, and battalions of palms; and to marshal them into any kind of decorative order seemed impossible. I wanted to cry; I know that my heart was in my throat, brought there by the leverage of despair, when I appealed to the servants and caterers who were scurrying in and out.

"Isn't there some one," I asked, pointing to the flowers, "who can take these and do something with them?"

On every face I saw refusal. Not a refusal prompted by unwillingness, but simple inefficiency. There are so many who feel as helpless with flowers as with children. Then a hand pulled me gently by the sleeve, and looking over my shoulder I saw Denis.

"Do ye have to put them any special way, or just pretty-like?" he asked, eagerly.

"Just pretty-like."

"Then I'll be doin' it if there's a lad or two handy as can help."

It was nearly eight when my father and I sat down on the bottom stair to watch, through the open doorway, the last of the smilax going into place. The rooms were garlanded as if by magic. Never did an expectant bud come to blossom in a fairer bower. Denis, on a step-ladder, was twining the green about the chandelier, looping it with great clusters of roses and Southern clematis. He was still working with that silent intensity that had held him all through the afternoon.

"The boy's a genius," my father was saying. "Only an artist soul has that skill and divine abandon. . . !"

We sprang, together. Denis had pitched headlong from the ladder and was lying in a crumpled heap at the

bottom. I think he must have fainted, but the fall revived him.

"A lad's head can easy overbalance an empty stomach," he said, struggling to his feet. And then he added, "I've had naught to eat since yesternight."

I looked at my father in mortification.

"That settles it," said he; "the lad stays."

The next morning Denis went proudly into our greenhouse as gardener, while the disgraced Patrick came secretly and humbly out. The ensuing weeks and months constituted a time of unmeasured joy to us, for we were watching the silent thoughts and fancies of a rare nature shape themselves into bud and blossom, shrub and garden-plot. It was before the days of landscape architects; but had a thousand come knocking at our gate I doubt if they would have wished to move a plant or add a vine after they had once looked into our garden. Denis's trowel was his artist's brush, and he played with his colors over the earth-canvas as only a master can. He thought in terms of seed and soil, root and branch; he pruned and grafted and trained with that ever-vigilant tenderness that is wrought of true parenthood.

"You and the flowers get on famously together," I said to him one day when he was showing me a row of rose-bushes which, after having been almost winter-killed, he had been coaxing back to life.

"Aye, why not?" and he smiled. "Sure a man never had a better fam'ly o' childher. They be's grateful for every slither o' food an' care I give them. They're well minded an' well mannered—doin' what they're told an' growin' where they're put. Aye, they be's good childher."

He seldom spoke to us; but often I came upon him, unbeknown, talking to the plants in the garden.

"Haven't ye any feelin' for your neighbors at all—to go crowdin' them that way?" I overheard him scolding a young birch that was throwing out unruly roots and branches in every direction. "Don't ye know 'tis little any one thinks o' them that spreads out an' acts big? Now if ye want to count wi' the Almighty ye'd best begin to root deep an' grow sthraight."

Another time I caught him wheedling a row of sickly peas. "Sure ye'd better hearten up a bit; ye'll never get any consolation out o' bad health. I've propped ye sthrong, an' given ye all the dthressin' an' sun ye can stand. Just forget your throubles an' blossom a bit; 'twill cheer ye wondtherful."

And again I eavesdropped when he was transplanting some common asters: "Now I'm goin' to give ye a first-sthraight chance to show off," and he took a blossom between finger and thumb, eying it quizzically. "Ye're naught but a vagabone lad, an' ye know it. Faith, what was your grandmother, if she wasn't a weed? But ye've been growin' grand, as careful wi' your leaves as if ye'd been quality. I'm goin' to put ye here to bordther these cannas, where every one comin' into the garden can see ye fine."

But the best memory of those early years is of Denis in the garden at day-break. Often I saw him standing with bared head, a trowel in his hand, and his face glowing with a radiant worship. I knew that he was watching for the sun to waken his "childher." A druid might have looked that way as he waited for the first shaft of light to kindle his sacrificial fire.

Whenever I would let him, Denis chose the flowers for the house, selecting them with a sensitive appreciation of fitness. On those hectic summer mornings when the temperature wandered above 90° and not a breath stirred, he would come with his arms full of exquisite blossoms, pink and mauve and ivory, with abundance of delicate green. When days were cold and gray there was always something warm and cheerful—flashing peonies, brilliant four-o'clocks, or sprays of trumpet-vine. There were flowers for sad days and glad days. And this brings me to our wedding—Stephen's and mine.

We were married in June; and Denis grew every blossom and plant that went to make the wedding beautiful. This was his wish—again he wanted to make the house "pretty-like." I remember I was ready, waiting for the minister, when Denis brought my bridal flowers, the usual roses and orange blossoms, tied with satin ribbons. His face was

full of the deep emotion a true Celt never tries to hide.

"I've grown a bit o' happiness wi' each one," he said, holding them out to me. "An' there be's good luck tied into every bud. They'll all come thrue, I'm wishin'."

What others said that day has long since gone the way of forgotten things. Only my father's blessing and Denis's wish have lain green in my memory.

We had come to look upon Denis as the omnipotent spirit of our greenhouse and garden; but as a man, with interests and desires apart from his work, we had never thought of him. My surprise was all the greater, therefore, when Stephen and I returned from our honeymoon, to miss him from the group of welcoming servants. I also saw a news-ful smile on my father's face.

"Where is Denis?" I asked.

"Married."

"Married!"

"Yes, daughter. Did you think you were the only one who could mate and come back to the old place to nest? I am having the garden lodge fixed up for him."

"And what is Mrs. Denis like?"

This time my father shook his head; nor could we glean any gossip from the servants. There was nothing left to do but let our fancies have their way, which they took with little coaxing. We pictured her an Irish lass from Denis's own county, loved before ever he came over. She would be simple and shy and pretty, with a rosy, healthful prettiness, as well as capable and thrifty. You see, we chose the very best we could for Denis; and with this picture in our minds we went down to the lodge to welcome them home.

Memory has a happy way of storing up the pleasant things of life for us; while she crams the unwelcome ones into a stout bag, with a heavy stone at the bottom, and drops them into the waters of Lethe. But somehow Denis's wife slipped out. I can remember every little incident, and all the heartache and disappointment of that day. She was pretty—oh yes, pretty as many who walk the streets or dance in the first row of the chorus. Of the other qualities we had prophesied I could find no

trace; and we came away wondering how long Denis's happiness would last. For Denis was happy—and blindly worshipful.

The months that passed brought flurries of gossip, like the scattering of leaves in the fall; at first they mean little, and you hardly notice them, until suddenly you find the ground covered and the trees bare. I wondered if Denis's happiness was being stripped, bit by bit, that way. We learned that his wife was the daughter of an East Side pawnbroker and a music-hall singer. She boasted of her ignorance in household matters—she could neither cook nor sew, and she scorned to clean. She also scorned the quiet and seclusion of the little ivy-covered lodge, and went fluttering off down the primrose path toward the lights and amusements of the city, leaving the lodge to keep itself as best it could with an occasional hand from Denis.

Their son was born the week before ours. Fearing that there might be scant preparation for him, I sewed a second basketful of little clothes, making them with the same care and daintiness. It was my return to Denis for the bridal flowers; I wanted to stitch into the slips and jackets some of the good luck he had grown for me. When everything was finished I took the basket down to the lodge, but it was Denis's hands that took it from me. It was Denis's fingers that smoothed the little dresses tenderly, noting each band of lace and knot of ribbon, while the wife looked on with restless, discontented eyes and a fretful pout on her rosebud lips.

"Thank ye," he said, simply. "If anything could be makin' the wee lad more welcome, 'tis this."

Both sons were named for their fathers. I lay with little Stephen on my arm and listened to their voices as they drifted up to me through the open window, vibrant with the conscious pride of new-found fatherhood. They were comparing such important matters as weight and hair and lungs with careful exactness.

"Do ye think," I heard Denis ask, "when they be's lookin' about wi' them far-away eyes, so wise-like, that they're thinkin' of anything?"

And big Stephen laughed. "Of course they are. They are thinking us over and wondering if they made any mistake in coming."

I echoed the laugh, but the next moment I was thinking about the mother at the lodge. Had birth-giving brought any message to her? Pain had been a miracle-worker since God created the first man and woman. Would it count for anything now?

Stephen kept the drift of things from me as long as he could, but as soon as I was about again I saw clearly enough. Denis's wife had gone beyond the primrose path. Denis was already in debt and had little money to give her. She had grown to despise him for depriving her of the indulgences she craved and for the love he lavished on his son; so she took the baby with her when she ran away with a circuit-manager—it was the only way she could conceive of getting even with Denis.

He brought us the news of her going; he was too proud or too sensitive to leave it to a less kindly tongue.

"Ye mustn't be blamin' her," he said, tremulously appealing. "She was too purty to stay by a no-account, set-at-home man like me. Sure isn't my name Denis? An' did ye ever know aught o' good in a man by that name?"

"They made one a saint in France," I said, hotly.

"Maybe. But 'tis a long cry from there to Ireland." He was silent a moment, asking at last, with a sob in his throat, "Ye think 'twas love, just, for the wee lad that made her fetch him along wi' her—don't ye?"

And love sealed our lips.

Denis made no effort to find them. I remember he said once, pointing to a poor withered-looking thing in a pot: "That be's a calceolaria; an' if it won't grow for ye 'tis no use coaxin' it. Ye'd best let it be—or leave it them that can make it grow."

This, I think, was his philosophy regarding his wife. As for the child, no philosophy could make that loss bearable. I saw him a hundred times slip a flower into the curled fingers of our baby, turning away afterward, white-lipped, to face his own loneliness.

Little Stephen was a year old when

Denis came to us one morning, an open letter in his hand. He looked as a man looks who has thought himself walking with the greatest sorrow life can hold, and then turns suddenly to find an unspeakable horror at his heels. He said nothing, put the letter in my hand, and walked away. We watched him leave the house and take the road toward the station before we read it. It was from his wife: the baby was sick, probably dying; she could be bothered with it no longer. If Denis wished to see it again and have it buried decently, he must come at once.

Two days later Denis walked into my room and laid the little wasted figure of his son across my knees. So white and still it lay, I thought he must have died, and I looked fearfully up at Denis.

"'Tis not gone—yet," he said, huskily. "Ye'll save him—aye, ye'll save him." This was not a question or a prayer; it was the plain statement of belief in my power to fight for the life of a child, whether it were my own or another's.

So Denis's son was put to bed in my son's crib, and for days we battled against starvation and neglect. Somehow I knew we should win. But I often questioned, as I sat through the long watches at night, whether God might not do a wiser, kinder thing in taking the child. Could any lasting form of love or faithfulness come from such a mother? Again I set to wondering.

The child lived. One day Denis came to me with both thankfulness and yearning in his face. "I've not the words to piece out half I'd like to be sayin'," and he gathered the baby hungrily into his arms. "Sure I feel like one o' them tulip bulbs that's been lyin' i' the dark an' cold all winther, an' some one has put back i' the warm earth again, wi' the sun overhead. If ye don't mind I'll take him home—the day. 'Tis a poor gardener entirely that can't make a wee lad grow along wi' seeds an' such."

Denis cared for his son after much the same fashion as he tended his plants. We soon grew accustomed to seeing him busy at his work, the child tucked under his arm or on his shoulder while he pruned or planted as skilfully as if he had two free hands instead of one. For a time I stood by in silent guard-

ianship, ready with suggestions for food and general upbringing, but they were never needed. The child was fed simply and regularly; and for the rest, there was plenty of love and sunshine.

When the boy was older he played near by at picture-making. He would gather the fallen petals and leaves and lay them, like mosaics, in the wet earth or dust; sometimes it would be just a jumble of rich colors, sometimes a hint at symmetrical design or definite form. He was not a sturdy, mischievous little boy like our own; he had a fragile beauty and a solemn, thoughtful way which made him seem strangely old. They were always together, Denis and his son. Even at daybreak in the garden the boy would sit, perched high on his father's shoulder, waiting with clasped hands in silent wonder for the coming glory of the new day.

Garden days had changed to school days before we laid any special significance to the boy's picture-making. Denis would bring over at night, after the boy was asleep, marvelous drawings of maps and churches, ships and flowers—always flowers—which he would show to us so proudly, asking, "Are they fair for a wee lad, do ye think?"

"Perhaps he will be a painter," I said once, when Denis had brought a truly remarkable water-color of some tawny iris. And his answer only added fresh apprehension to an already disquieted mind:

"Aye, we have it settled, him an' me."

The day our boy went to college Denis's boy left for Paris to study art. My father and Stephen wanted to finance him, but Denis shook his head.

"Betther not, thank ye. Ye've paid me well; an' what I've saved, along wi' what the lad's goin' to earn, will see him through." He stopped a moment, deep in thought. "Ye see, some plants take nat'ral to proppin' an' trellisin', an' some does best alone wi' a free soil. Them last is always the hardiest."

And again it came to pass that the two fathers met on the open porch to compare notes concerning their sons. Stephen's news was always of college doings: freshman honors, the making of

the varsity crew, creditable scholarship—just the average achievements of the average boy; but Denis told of hard work and steady climbing.

One morning, over a score of years since that other morning, Denis came into the breakfast-room with another open letter in his hand.

"'Tis from the lad," he said, waving the letter excitedly; and then he looked at me. "Ye read it."

It was wonderful news—his picture had taken the *grand prix* at the Salon. This had brought him a number of orders, for portraits and panels, but first of all he was coming home—he wanted to see his father. There was a clipping from the *Figaro* inclosed, which told more—the critics were agreed in their praise of the picture and in their surprise at his refusal to sell to an art-collector at a fabulous sum.

"Well—" I said to Denis.

"Well," said he, "ye see, a man can grow a lad along wi' flowers an' have him turn out as fine as any o' them."

There is little more to tell. Denis's son has become famous over two continents, and he shares every honor and happiness with his father. A part of each year he is here; and again we grow accustomed to seeing the two all day long together in the greenhouse or garden, Denis busy at his work, and the boy near by, picture-making.

His first picture—the one he would not sell—hangs in the room from under whose chandelier Denis tumbled on the day of my coming out. It is a picture of Denis in the garden at daybreak, bare-headed and trowel in hand. All the tender radiance and worship is in his face, and underneath is printed the one word, "Fatherhood." It is here that I stop and philosophize about Destiny; and the other day I caught Denis standing before it in solemn scrutiny. He looked very foolish when he saw me.

"I was just seein' could I mind what spring I planted them flowers," he said, by way of explanation. And then he put out his hands, deprecatingly. "Wouldn't ye think, now, that the lad could ha' found somethin' grander for a prize-winnin' picture than an old, ignorant Irishman?"

The Turmoil

A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER VI



It was a brave and lustrous banquet; and a noisy one, too, because there was an orchestra among some plants at one end of the long dining-room, and, after a preliminary stiffness, the guests were impelled to converse—necessarily at the tops of their voices. The whole company of fifty sat at a great oblong table, improvised for the occasion by carpenters; but, not betraying itself as an improvisation, it seemed a permanent continent of damask and lace, with shores of crystal and silver running up to spreading groves of orchids and lilies and white roses—an inhabited continent, evidently, for there were three marvelous, gleaming buildings: one in the center and one at each end, white miracles wrought by some inspired craftsman in sculptural icing. They were models in miniature, and they represented the Sheridan Building, the Sheridan Apartments, and the Pump Works. Nearly all the guests recognized them without having to be told what they were, and pronounced the likenesses superb.

The arrangement of the table was visibly baronial. At the head sat the great Thane, with the flower of his family and of the guests about him; then on each side came the neighbors of the "old" house, grading down to vassals and retainers—superintendents, cashiers, heads of departments, and the like—at the foot, where the Thane's lady took her place as a consolation for the less important. Here, too, among the thralls and bondmen, sat Bibbs Sheridan, a meek Banquo, wondering how anybody could look at him and eat.

Nevertheless, there was a vast, continuous eating; for these were whole-

some folk who understood that dinner meant something intended for introduction into the system by means of an aperture in the face, devised by nature for that express purpose. And besides, nobody looked at Bibbs.

He was better content to be left to himself; his voice was not strong enough to make itself heard over the hubbub without an exhausting effort, and the talk that went on about him was too fast and too fragmentary for his drawl to keep pace with it. So he felt relieved when each of his neighbors in turn, after a polite inquiry about his health, turned to seek livelier responses in other directions. For the talk went on with the eating, incessantly. It rose over the throbbing of the orchestra and the clatter and clinking of silver and china and glass; and there was a mighty babble.

"Yes, sir! Started without a dollar." . . . "Yellow flounces on the overskirt." . . . "I says, 'Wilkie, your department's got to go bigger this year,' I says." . . . "Fifteen per cent. turnover in thirty-one weeks." . . . "One of the biggest men in the biggest—" . . . "The wife says she'll have to let out my pants if my appetite—" . . . "Say, did you see that statue of a Turk in the hall? One of the finest things I ever—" . . . "'Not a dollar, not a nickel, not one red cent do you get out o' me,' I says, and so he ups and—" . . . "Yes, the baby makes four they've lost, now." . . . "Well, they got their raise and they went in big." . . . "Yes, sir! Not a dollar to his name, and look at what—" . . . "You wait! The population of this town's goin' to hit the million mark before she stops." . . . "Well, if you can show me a bigger deal than—"

And through the interstices of this clamoring Bibbs could hear the continual booming of his father's heavy

voice; and once he caught the sentence, "Yes, young lady, that's just what did it for me, and that's just what 'll do it for my boys—they got to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before!" It was his familiar flourish, an old story to Bibbs, and now jovially declaimed for the edification of Mary Vertrees.

It was a great night for Sheridan—the very crest of his wave. He sat there knowing himself Thane and master by his own endeavor; and his big, smooth, red face grew more and more radiant with good-will and with the simplest, happiest, most boylike vanity. He was the picture of health, of good cheer, and of power on a holiday. He had thirty teeth, none bought, and showed most of them when he laughed; his grizzled hair was thick, and as unruly as a farm laborer's; his chest was deep and big beneath its vast façade of starched white linen, where little diamonds twinkled, circling three large pearls; his hands were stubby and strong, and he used them freely in gestures of marked picturesqueness; and though he had grown fat at chin and waist and wrist, he had not lost the look of readiness and activity.

He dominated the table, shouting jocular questions and raileries at every one. His idea was that when people were having a good time they were noisy; and his own additions to the hubbub increased his pleasure, and, of course, met the warmest encouragement from his guests. Edith had discovered that he had very foggy notions of the difference between a band and an orchestra, and when it was made clear to him, he had held out for a band until Edith threatened tears; but the size of the orchestra they hired consoled him, and he had now no regrets in the matter.

He kept time to the music continually, with his feet, or pounding on the table with his fist, and sometimes with spoon or knife upon his plate or a glass, without permitting these side-products to interfere with the real business of eating and shouting.

"Tell 'em to play 'Nancy Lee'!" he would bellow down the length of the table to his wife, while the musicians were in the midst of the "Toreador" song,

perhaps. "Ask that fellow if they don't know 'Nancy Lee'!" And when the leader would shake his head apologetically in answer to an obedient shriek from Mrs. Sheridan, the "Toreador" continuing vehemently, Sheridan would roar half-remembered fragments of "Nancy Lee," naturally mingling some Bizet with the air of that uxorious tribute.

"Oh, there she stands and waves her hands while I'm away!"

"A sail-er's wife a sail-er's star should be! Yo ho, oh, oh!"

"Oh, Nancy, Nancy, Nancy Lee! Oh, Na-hancy Lee!"

"Hay, there, old lady!" he would bellow. "Tell 'em to play 'In the Gloaming.' *In the gloaming, oh, my darling, la-lalum-tee—* Well, if they don't know that, what's the matter with 'Larboard Watch, Ahoy'? *That's* good music! *That's* the kind o' music *I* like! Come on, now! Mrs. Callin, get 'em singin' down in your part o' the table. What's the matter you folks down there, anyway? Lar-board watch, ahoy!"

"What joy he feels, as—ta-tum-dum-tee-dee-dum steals. La-a-r-board watch, ahoy!"

No external bubbling contributed to this effervescence: the Sheridans' table had never borne wine, and, more because of timidity about it than conviction, it bore none now; though "mineral waters" were copiously poured from bottles wrapped, for some reason, in napkins, and proved wholly satisfactory to almost all of the guests. And certainly no wine could have inspired more turbulent good spirits in the host. Not even Bibbs was an alloy in this night's happiness, for, as Mrs. Sheridan had said, he had "plans for Bibbs"—plans which were going to straighten out some things that had gone wrong.

So he pounded the table and boomed his echoes of old songs, and then, forgetting these, would renew his friendly raileries, or perhaps, turning to Mary Vertrees, who sat near him, round the corner of the table at his right, he would become autobiographical. Gentlemen less naïve than he had paid her that tribute, for she was a girl who inspired the autobiographical impulse in every man who met her—it needed but the sight of her.

The dinner seemed, somehow, to cen-

ter about Mary Vertrees and the jocund host as a play centers about its hero and heroine; they were the rubicund king and the starry princess of this spectacle—they paid court to each other, and everybody paid court to them. Down near the sugar Pump Works, where Bibbs sat, there was audible speculation and admiration. "Wonder who that lady is—makin' such a hit with the old man." "Well, wouldn't she make a hit with you?" "Prettiest sight I ever saw!" "Must be some heiress." "Heiress? Golly, I guess I could stand it to marry rich, then!"

Edith and Sibyl were radiant: at first they had watched Miss Vertrees with an almost haggard anxiety, wondering what disastrous effect Sheridan's pastoral gaieties—and other things—would have upon her. But she seemed delighted with everything, and with him most of all. She treated him as if he were some delicious, foolish old joke that she understood perfectly, laughing at him almost violently when he bragged—probably his first experience of that kind in his life. It enchanted him.

As he proclaimed to the table, she had "a way with her." She had, indeed, as Roscoe Sheridan, upon her right, discovered just after the feast began. Since his marriage three years before, no lady had bestowed upon him so protracted a full view of brilliant eyes; and, with the dazzling look, his lovely neighbor said—and it was her first speech to him:

"I hope you're very susceptible, Mr. Sheridan!"

Honest Roscoe was taken aback, and, "Why?" was all he managed to say.

She repeated the look deliberately, which was noted, with a mystification equal to his own, by his sister across the table. No one, reflected Edith, could imagine Mary Vertrees the sort of girl who would "really flirt" with married men—she was obviously the "opposite of all that." Edith defined her as a "thoroughbred," a "nice girl"; and the look given to Roscoe was astounding. Roscoe's wife saw it, too, and she was another whom it puzzled—though not because its recipient was married.

"Because!" said Mary Vertrees, replying to Roscoe's monosyllable. "And also because we're next-door neigh-

bors at table, and it's dull times ahead for both of us if we don't get along."

Roscoe was a literal young man, all stocks and bonds, and he had been brought up to believe that when a man married he "married and settled down." It was "all right," he felt, for a man as old as his father to pay florid compliments to as pretty a girl as this Miss Vertrees, but for himself—"a young married man"—it wouldn't do; it wouldn't even be quite moral. He knew that young married people might have friendships, like his wife's for Lamhorn; but Sibyl and Lamhorn never "flirted"—they were always very matter-of-fact with each other. Roscoe would have been troubled if Sibyl had ever told Lamhorn she hoped he was susceptible.

"Yes—we're neighbors," he said, awkwardly.

"Next-door neighbors in houses, too," she added.

"No, not exactly. I live across the street."

"Why, no!" she exclaimed, and seemed startled. "Your mother told me this afternoon that you lived at home."

"Yes, of course I live at home. I built that new house across the street."

"But you—" She paused, confused, and then, slowly, a deep color came into her cheek. "But I understood—"

"No," he said; "my wife and I lived with the old folks the first year, but that's all. Edith and Jim live with them, of course."

"I—I see," she said, the deep color still deepening as she turned from him and saw, written upon a card before the gentleman at her left, the name, "Mr. James Sheridan, Jr." And from that moment Roscoe had little enough cause for wondering what he ought to reply to her disturbing coqueties.

Mr. James Sheridan had been anxiously waiting for the dazzling visitor to "get through with old Roscoe," as he thought of it, and give a bachelor a chance. "Old Roscoe" was the younger, but he had always been the steady wheel-horse of the family. Jim was "steady" enough, but was considered livelier than Roscoe, which in truth is not saying much for Jim's liveliness.

As their father habitually boasted, both brothers were "capable, hard-working young business-men," and the principal difference between them was merely that which resulted from Jim's still being a bachelor. Physically they were of the same type: dark of eyes and of hair, fresh-colored and thick-set, and though Roscoe was several inches taller than Jim, neither was of the height, breadth, or depth of the father. Both wore young business-men's mustaches, and either could have sat for the tailor-shop lithographs of young business-men wearing "rich suitings in dark mixtures."

Jim, approving warmly of his neighbor's profile, perceived her access of color, which increased his approbation. "What's that old Roscoe saying to you, Miss Vertrees?" he asked. "These young married men are mighty forward, nowadays, but you mustn't let 'em make you blush."

"Am I blushing?" she said. "Are you sure?" And with that she gave him ample opportunity to make sure, repeating with interest the look wasted upon Roscoe. "I think you must be mistaken," she continued. "I think it's your brother who is blushing. I've thrown him into confusion."

"How?"

She laughed, and then, leaning to him a little, said in a tone as confidential as she could make it, under cover of the uproar, "By trying to begin with him a courtship I meant for *you*!"

This might well be a style new to Jim; and it was. He conceived it a nonsensical form of badinage, and yet it took his breath. He realized that he wished what she said to be the literal truth, and he was instantly snared by that realization.

"By George!" he said. "I guess you're the kind of girl that can say anything—yes, and get away with it, too!"

She laughed again—in her way, so that he could not tell whether she was laughing at him or at herself or at the nonsense she was talking; and she said:

"But you see I don't care whether I get away with it or not. I wish you'd tell me frankly if you think I've got a chance to get away with *you*?"

"More like if you've got a chance to get away *from* me!" Jim was inspired to

reply. "Not one in the world, especially after beginning by making fun of me like that."

"I mightn't be so much in fun as you think," she said, regarding him with sudden gravity.

"Well," said Jim, in simple honesty, "you're a funny girl!"

Her gravity continued an instant longer. "I may not turn out to be funny for *you*."

"So long as you turn out to be anything at all for me, I expect I can manage to be satisfied." And with that, to his own surprise, it was his turn to blush, whereupon she laughed again.

"Yes," he said, plaintively, not wholly lacking intuition, "I can see you're the sort of girl that would laugh the minute you see a man really means anything!"

"Laugh'!" she cried, gaily. "Why, it might be a matter of life and death! But if you want tragedy, I'd better put the question at once, considering the mistake I made with your brother."

Jim was dazed. She seemed to be playing a little game of mockery and nonsense with him, but he had glimpses of a flashing danger in it; he was but too sensible of being outclassed, and had somewhere a consciousness that he could never quite know this giddy and alluring lady, no matter how long it pleased her to play with him. But he mightily wanted her to keep on playing with him.

"Put what question?" he said, breathlessly.

"As you are a new neighbor of mine and of my family," she returned, speaking slowly and with a cross-examiner's severity, "I think it would be well for me to know at once whether you are already walking out with any young lady, or not. Mr. Sheridan, think well! Are you spoken for?"

"Not yet," he gasped. "Are you?"

"No!" she cried, and with that they both laughed again, and the pastime proceeded, increasing both in its gaiety and in its gravity.

Observing its continuance, Mr. Robert Lamhorn, opposite, turned from a lively conversation with Edith and remarked covertly to Sibyl that Miss Vertrees was "starting rather picturesquely with Jim." And he added, languidly, "Do you suppose she *would*?"

For the moment, Sibyl gave no sign of having heard him, but seemed interested in the clasp of a long "rope" of pearls, a loop of which she was allowing to swing from her fingers, resting her elbow upon the table and idly following with her eyes the twinkle of diamonds and platinum in the clasp at the end of the loop. She wore many jewels. She was pretty, but hers was not the kind of prettiness to be loaded with too sumptuous accessories, and jeweled head-dresses are dangerous—they may emphasize the wrongness of the wrong wearer.

"I said Miss Vertrees seems to be starting pretty strong with Jim," repeated Mr. Lamhorn.

"I heard you." There was a latent discontent always somewhere in her eyes, no matter what she threw upon the surface to cover it, and just now she did not care to cover it; she looked sullen. "Starting any stronger than you did with Edith?" she inquired.

"Oh, keep the peace!" he said, crossly. "That's off, of course."

"You haven't been making her see it this evening—precisely," said Sibyl, looking at him steadily. "You've talked to her for—"

"For Heaven's sake," he begged, "keep the peace!"

"Well, what have you just been doing?"

"Sh!" he said. "Listen to your father-in-law."

Sheridan was booming and braying louder than ever, the orchestra having begun to play "The Rosary," to his vast content.

"I count them over, *la-la-tum-tee-dum*," he roared, beating the measures with his fork. "*Each hour a pearl, each pearl tee-dum-tum-dum*—What's the matter of all you folks? Why'n't you sing? Miss Vertrees, I bet a thousand dollars you sing! Why'n't—"

"Mr. Sheridan," she said, turning cheerfully from the ardent Jim, "you don't know what you interrupted! Your son isn't used to my rough ways, and my soldier's wooing frightens him, but I think he was about to say something important."

"I'll say something important to him if he doesn't!" the father threatened, more delighted with her than ever. "By

gosh! if I was his age—or a widower right now—"

"Oh, wait!" cried Mary. "If they'd only make less noise! I want Mrs. Sheridan to hear."

"She'd say the same," he shouted. "She'd tell me I was mighty slow if I couldn't get ahead of Jim. Why, when I was his age—"

"You must listen to your father," Mary interrupted, turning to Jim, who had grown red again. "He's going to tell us how, when he was your age, he made those two blades of grass grow out of a teacup—and you could see for yourself he didn't get them out of his sleeve!"

At that Sheridan pounded the table till it jumped. "Look here, young lady," he roared. "Some o' these days I'm either goin' to slap you—or I'm goin' to kiss you!"

Edith looked aghast; she was afraid this was indeed "too awful," but Mary Vertrees burst into ringing laughter.

"Both!" she cried. "Both! The one to make me forget the other!"

"But which—" he began, and then suddenly gave forth such stentorian trumpetings of mirth that for once the whole table stopped to listen. "Jim," he roared, "if you don't propose to that girl to-night I'll send you back to the machine-shop with Bibbs!"

And Bibbs—down among the retainers by the sugar Pump Works, and watching Mary Vertrees as a ragged boy in the street might watch a rich little girl in a garden—Bibbs heard. He heard—and he knew what his father's plans were, now.

CHAPTER VII

MRS. VERTREES "sat up" for her daughter, Mr. Vertrees having retired after a restless evening, not much soothed by the society of his Landseers. Mary had taken a key, insisting that he should not come for her and seeming confident that she would not lack for escort; nor did the sequel prove her confidence unwarranted. But Mrs. Vertrees had a long vigil of it.

She was not the woman to make herself easy—no servant had ever seen her in a wrapper—and with her hair and her dress and her shoes just what they had

been when she returned from the afternoon's call, she sat through the slow night hours in a stiff little chair under the gaslight in her own room, which was directly over the "front hall." There, book in hand, she employed the time in her own reminiscences, though it was her belief that she was reading Madame de Rémusat's.

Her thoughts went backward into her life and into her husband's; and the deeper into the past they went, the brighter the pictures they brought her—and there is tragedy. Like her husband, she thought backward because she did not dare think forward definitely. What thinking forward this troubled couple ventured took the form of a slender hope which neither of them could have borne to hear put in words, and yet they had talked it over, day after day, from the very hour when they heard Sheridan was to build his New House next door. For—so quickly does any ideal of human behavior become an antique—their youth was of the innocent old days (so dead!) of "breeding" and "gentility," and no craft had been more straitly trained upon them than that of talking about things without mentioning them. Herein was marked the most vital difference between Mr. and Mrs. Vertrees and their big new neighbor. Sheridan, though his youth was of the same epoch, knew nothing of such matters. He had been chopping wood for the morning fire in the country grocery while they were still dancing.

It was after one o'clock when Mrs. Vertrees heard steps and the delicate clinking of the key in the lock, and then, with the opening of the door, Mary's laugh and, "Yes—if you aren't afraid—to-morrow!"

The door closed, and she rushed upstairs, bringing with her a breath of cold and bracing air into her mother's room. "Yes," she said, before Mrs. Vertrees could speak, "he brought me home!"

She let her cloak fall upon the bed, and, drawing an old red-velvet rocking-chair forward, sat beside her mother, after giving her a light pat upon the shoulder and a hearty kiss upon the cheek.

"Mamma!" Mary exclaimed, when Mrs. Vertrees had expressed a hope that

she had enjoyed the evening and had not caught cold. "Why don't you ask me?"

This inquiry obviously made her mother uncomfortable. "I don't—" she faltered. "Ask you what, Mary?"

"How I got along and what he's like."

"Mary!"

"Oh, it isn't distressing!" said Mary. "And I got along so fast—" She broke off to laugh; continuing then, "But that's the way I went at it, of course. We *are* in a hurry, aren't we?"

"I don't know what you mean," Mrs. Vertrees insisted, shaking her head plaintively.

"Yes," said Mary, "I'm going out in his car with him to-morrow afternoon, and to the theater the next night—but I stopped it there. You see, after you give the first push, you must leave it to them while *you* pretend to run away!"

"My dear, I don't know what to—"

"What to make of anything!" Mary finished for her. "So that's all right! Now I'll tell you all about it. It was gorgeous and deafening and teetotal. We could have lived a year on it. I'm not good at figures, but I calculated that if we lived six months on poor old Charlie and Ned and the station wagon and the victoria, we could manage at least twice as long on the cost of the 'housewarming.' I think the orchids alone would have lasted us a couple of months. There they were, before me, but I couldn't steal 'em and sell 'em, and so—well, so I did what I could!"

She leaned back and laughed reassuringly to her troubled mother. "It seemed to be a success—what I could," she said, clasping her hands behind her neck and stirring the rocker to motion as a rhythmic accompaniment to her narrative. "The girl Edith, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan, were too anxious about the effect of things on me. The father's worth a bushel of both of them, if they knew it. He's what he is. I like him." She paused reflectively, continuing, "Edith's 'interested' in that Lamhorn boy; he's good-looking and not stupid, but I think he's—" She interrupted herself with a cheery outcry: "Oh! I mustn't be calling him names! If he's trying to make Edith like him, I ought to respect him as a colleague."



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"I'M GOING OUT IN HIS CAR WITH HIM TO-MORROW AFTERNOON"

"I don't understand a thing you're talking about," Mrs. Vertrees complained.

"All the better! Well, he's a bad lot, that Lamhorn boy; everybody's always known that, but the Sheridans don't know the everybodies that know. He sat between Edith and Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan. *She's* like those people you wondered about at the theater, the last time we went—dressed in ball-gowns; bound to show their clothes and jewels *somewhere!* She flatters the father; and so did I, for that matter—but not that way. I treated him outrageously!"

"Mary!"

"That's what flattered him. After dinner he made the whole regiment of us follow him all over the house, while he lectured like a guide on the Palatine. He gave dimensions and costs, and the whole b'ilin' of 'em listened as if they thought he intended to make them a present of the house. What he was proudest of was the plumbing and that Bay of Naples panorama in the hall. He made us look at all the plumbing—bathrooms and everywhere else—and then he made us look at the Bay of Naples. He said it was a hundred and eleven feet long; but I think it's more. And he led us all into the ready-made library to see a poem Edith had taken a prize with at school. They'd had it printed in gold letters and framed in mother-of-pearl. But the poem itself was rather simple and wistful and nice—he read it to us, though Edith tried to stop him. She was modest about it, and said she'd never written anything else. And then, after a while, Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan asked me to come across the street to her house with them—her husband and Edith and Mr. Lamhorn and Jim Sheridan—"

Mrs. Vertrees was shocked. "'Jim!'" she exclaimed. "Mary, *please—*"

"Of course," said Mary. "I'll make it as easy for you as I can, mamma. Mr. James Sheridan, Junior. We went over there, and Mrs. Roscoe explained that 'the men were all dying for a drink,' though I noticed that Mr. Lamhorn was the only one near death's door on that account. Edith and Mrs. Roscoe said they knew I'd been bored at the dinner. They were objectionably apologetic about it, and they seemed to think *now* we

were going to have a 'good time' to make up for it. But I hadn't been bored at the dinner, I'd been amused; and the 'good time' at Mrs. Roscoe's was horribly, horribly stupid."

"But, Mary," her mother began, "is—is—" And she seemed unable to complete the question.

"Never mind, mamma; I'll say it. Is Mr. James Sheridan, Junior, stupid? I'm sure he's not at all stupid about business. Otherwise— Oh, what right have I to be calling people 'stupid' because they're not exactly my kind? On the big dinner-table they had enormous icing models of the Sheridan Building—"

"Oh no!" Mrs. Vertrees cried. "Surely not!"

"Yes, and two other things of that kind—I don't know what. But, after all, I wondered if they were so bad. If I'd been at a dinner at a palace in Italy, and a relief or inscription on one of the old silver pieces had referred to some great deed or achievement of the family I shouldn't have felt superior; I'd have thought it picturesque and stately—I'd have been impressed. And what's the real difference? The icing is temporary; and that's much more modest, isn't it? And why is it vulgar to feel important more on account of something you've done yourself than because of something one of your ancestors did? Besides, if we go back a few generations, we've all got such hundreds of ancestors it seems idiotic to go picking out one or two to be proud of ourselves about. Well, then, mamma, I managed not to feel superior to Mr. James Sheridan, Junior, because he didn't see anything out of place in the Sheridan Building in sugar."

Mrs. Vertrees's expression had lost none of its anxiety, pending the conclusion of this lively bit of analysis, and she shook her head gravely. "My dear, dear child," she said, "it seems to me— It looks— I'm afraid—"

"Say as much of it as you can, mamma," said Mary, encouragingly. "I can get it, if you'll just give me one key-word."

"Everything you say," Mrs. Vertrees began, timidly, "seems to have the air of— It is as if you were seeking to—to make yourself—"

"Oh, I see! You mean I sound as if

I were trying to force myself to like him."

"Not exactly, Mary. That wasn't quite what I meant," said Mrs. Vertrees, speaking direct untruth with perfect unconsciousness. "But you said that—that you found the latter part of the evening at young Mrs. Sheridan's unentertaining—"

"And as Mr. James Sheridan was there, and I saw more of him than at dinner, and had a horribly stupid time in spite of that, you think I—" And then it was Mary who left the deduction unfinished.

Mrs. Vertrees nodded, and though both the mother and the daughter understood, Mary felt it better to make the understanding definite.

"Well," she asked, gravely, "is there anything else I can do? You and papa don't want me to do anything that distresses me; and so, as this is the only thing to be done, it seems it's up to me not to let it distress me. That's all there is about it, isn't it?"

"But nothing *must* distress you!" the mother cried.

"That's what I say!" said Mary, cheerfully. "And so it doesn't. It's all right." She rose and took her cloak over her arm, as if to go to her own room. But on the way to the door she stopped, and stood leaning against the foot of the bed, contemplating a threadbare rug at her feet. "Mother, you've told me a thousand times that it doesn't really matter whom a girl marries."

"No, no!" Mrs. Vertrees protested. "I never said such a—"

"No, not in words. I mean, what you *meant*. It's true, isn't it, that marriage really is 'not a bed of roses, but a field of battle'? To get right down to it, a girl could fight it out with anybody, couldn't she? One man as well as another?"

"Oh, my dear! I'm sure your father and I—"

"Yes, yes," said Mary, indulgently. "I don't mean you and papa. But isn't it propinquity that makes marriages? So many people say so, there must be something in it."

"Mary, I can't bear for you to talk like that." And Mrs. Vertrees lifted pleading eyes to her daughter—eyes that

begged to be spared. "It sounds—almost reckless!"

Mary caught the appeal, came to her and kissed her gaily. "Never fret, dear! I'm not likely to do anything I don't want to—I've always been too thorough-going a little pig! And if it is propinquity that does our choosing for us, well, at least no girl in the world could ask for more of *that*! How could there be any more propinquity than the very house next door?"

She gave her mother a final kiss and went gaily all the way to the door this time, pausing for her postscript with her hand on the knob. "Oh, the one that caught me looking in the window, mamma, the youngest one—"

"Did he speak of it?" Mrs. Vertrees asked, apprehensively.

"No. He didn't speak at all that I saw, to any one. I didn't meet him. But he isn't insane, I'm sure, or, if he is, he has long intervals when he's not. Mr. James Sheridan mentioned that he lived at home when he was 'well enough'; and it may be he's only an invalid. He looks dreadfully ill, but he has pleasant eyes, and it struck me that if—if one were in the Sheridan family"—she laughed a little ruefully—"he might be interesting to talk to sometimes when there was too much stocks and bonds. I didn't see him after dinner."

"There must be something wrong with him," said Mrs. Vertrees. "They'd have introduced him if there weren't."

"I don't know. He's been ill so much and away so much—sometimes people like that just don't seem to 'count' in a family. His father spoke of sending him back to a machine-shop of some sort; I suppose he meant when the poor thing gets better. I glanced at him just then, when Mr. Sheridan mentioned him, and he happened to be looking straight at me; and he was pathetic-looking enough before that, but the most tragic change came over him. He seemed just to die, right there at the table!"

"You mean when his father spoke of sending him to the shop place?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Sheridan must be very unfeeling."

"No," said Mary, thoughtfully, "I don't think he is; but he might be un-

comprehending, and certainly he's the kind of man to do anything he once sets out to do. But I wish I hadn't been looking at that poor boy just then! I'm afraid I'll keep remembering—"

"I wouldn't." Mrs. Vertrees smiled faintly, and in her smile there was the remotest ghost of a genteel roguishness. "I'd keep my mind on pleasanter things, Mary."

Mary laughed and nodded. "Yes, indeed! Plenty pleasant enough, and probably, if all were known, too good—even for me!"

And when she had gone Mrs. Vertrees drew a long breath, as if a burden were off her mind, and, smiling, began to undress in a gentle reverie.

CHAPTER VIII

EDITH, glancing casually into the "ready-made" library, stopped abruptly, seeing Bibbs there alone. He was standing before the pearl-framed and golden-lettered poem, musingly inspecting it. He read it:

FUGITIVE

I will forget the things that sting:
The lashing look, the barbèd word.
I know the very hands that fling
The stones at me had never stirred
To anger but for their own scars.
They've suffered so; that's why they strike.
I'll keep my heart among the stars
Where none shall hunt it out. Oh, like
These wounded ones I must not be,
For, wounded, I might strike in turn!
So, none shall hurt me. Far and free
Where my heart flies no one shall learn.

"Bibbs!" Edith's voice was angry, and her color deepened suddenly as she came into the room, preceded by a scent of violets much more powerful than that warranted by the actual bunch of them upon the lapel of her coat.

Bibbs did not turn his head, but wagged it solemnly, seeming depressed by the poem. "Pretty young, isn't it?" he said. "There must have been something about your looks that got the prize, Edith; I can't believe the poem did it."

She glanced hurriedly over her shoulder, and spoke sharply, but in a low voice: "I don't think it's very nice of you to bring it up at all, Bibbs. I'd like

a chance to forget the whole silly business. I didn't want them to frame it, and I wish to goodness papa'd quit talking about it; but here, that night, after the dinner, didn't he go and read it aloud to the whole crowd of 'em! And then they all wanted to know what other poems I'd written, and why I didn't keep it up and write some more, and if I didn't, why didn't I, and why this and why that, till I thought I'd die of shame!"

"You could tell 'em you had writer's cramp," Bibbs suggested.

"I couldn't tell 'em anything! I just choke with mortification every time anybody speaks of the thing."

Bibbs looked grieved. "The poem isn't *that* bad, Edith. You see, you were only seventeen when you wrote it."

"Oh, hush up!" she snapped. "I wish it had burnt my fingers the first time I touched it. Then I might have had sense enough to leave it where it was. I had no business to take it, and I've been ashamed—"

"No, no," he said, comfortingly. "It was the very most flattering thing ever happened to me. It was almost my last flight before I went to the machine-shop; and it's pleasant to think somebody liked it enough to—"

"But I *don't* like it!" she exclaimed. "I don't even understand it—and papa made so much fuss over its getting the prize, I just hate it! The truth is I never dreamed it'd get the prize."

"Maybe they expected father to endow the school," Bibbs murmured.

"Well, I had to have something to turn in, and I couldn't write a *line*! I hate poetry, anyhow; and Bobby Lamhorn's always teasing me about how I 'keep my heart among the stars.' He makes it seem such a mushy kind of thing, the way he says it. I hate it!"

"You'll have to live it down, Edith. Perhaps abroad and under another name you might find—"

"Oh, hush up! I'll hire some one to steal it and burn it, the first chance I get." She turned away petulantly, moving to the door. "I'd like to think I could hope to hear the last of it before I die!"

"Edith!" he called, as she went into the hall.

"What's the matter?"

"I want to ask you: Do I really look better, or have you just got used to me?"

"What on earth do you mean?" she said, coming back as far as the threshold.

"When I first came you couldn't look at me," Bibbs explained, in his impersonal way. "But I've noticed you look at me lately. I wondered if I'd—"

"It's because you look so much better," she told him. "This month you've been here's done you no end of good. It's the change."

"Yes, that's what they said at the sanitarium—the change."

"You look worse than 'most anybody I ever saw," said Edith, with supreme candor. "But I don't know much about it. I've never seen a corpse in my life, and I've never even seen anybody that was terribly sick, so you mustn't judge by me. But you're right about my not being able to look at you at first. You had a kind of whiteness that— Well, you're almost as thin, I suppose, but you've got more just ordinarily pale; not that ghastly look. Anybody could look at you now, Bibbs, and not—not get—"

"Sick?"

"Well—almost that. And you're getting a better color every day, Bibbs; you really are."

"I—I'm afraid so," he said, ruefully.

"'Afraid so'! Well, if you aren't the queerest! I suppose you mean father might send you back to the machine-shop if you get well enough. I heard him say something about it, the night of the—" The jingle of a distant bell interrupted her, and she glanced at her watch. "Bobby Lamhorn! I'm going to motor him out to look at a place in the country. Afternoon, Bibbs!"

When she had gone, Bibbs mooned pessimistically from shelf to shelf, his eye wandering among the titles of the books. The library consisted almost entirely of handsome "uniform editions": Irving, Poe, Cooper, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron, Burns, Longfellow, Tennyson, Hume, Gibbon, Prescott, Thackeray, Dickens, De Musset, Balzac, Gautier, Flaubert, Goethe, Schiller, Dante, and Tasso. There were shelves and shelves of encyclopedias, of anthologies, of "famous classics," of "Oriental master-

pieces," of "masterpieces of oratory," and more shelves of "selected libraries," of "literature," of "the drama," and of "modern science." They made an effective decoration for the room, all these big, expensive books, with a glossy binding here and there twinkling a reflection of the flames that crackled in the splendid Gothic fireplace; but Bibbs had an impression that the bookseller who selected them considered them a relief, and that white-jacket considered them a burden of dust, and that nobody else considered them at all. Himself, he disturbed not one.

There came a chime of bells from a clock in another part of the house, and white-jacket appeared beamingly in the doorway, bearing furs. "Aw ready, Mist' Bibbs," he announced. "You ma say wrap up wawm fo' you' ride, an' she cain' go with you to-day, an' not fo'git go see you' pa at fo' 'clock. Aw ready, suh."

He equipped Bibbs for the daily drive Dr. Gurney had commanded; and in the manner of a master of ceremonies unctuously led the way. In the hall they passed the Moor, and Bibbs paused before it while white-jacket opened the door with a flourish and waved condescendingly to the chauffeur in the car which stood waiting in the driveway.

"It seems to me I asked you what you thought about this 'statue' when I first came home, George," said Bibbs, thoughtfully. "What did you tell me?"

"Yessuh!" George chuckled, perfectly understanding that for some unknown reason Bibbs enjoyed hearing him repeat his opinion of the Moor. "You ast me when you firs' come home, an' you ast me nex' day, an' mighty near ev'y day all time you been here; an' las' Sunday you ast me twicet." He shook his head, solemnly. "Look to me mus' be somep'm mighty lamidal 'bout 'at statue!"

"Mighty what?"

"Mighty lamidal!" George burst out laughing. "What *do* 'at word mean, Mist' Bibbs?"

"It's new to me, George. Where did you hear it?"

"I nev' *did* hear it!" said George. "I uz dess sittin' thinkum to myse'f an' she pop in my head—'lamidal,' dess like

'at! An' she soun' so good, seem like she *gotta* mean somep'm!"

"Come to think of it, I believe she does mean something. Why, yes—"

"Do she?" cried George. "*What* she mean?"

"It's exactly the word for the statue," said Bibbs with conviction, as he climbed into the car. "It's a *lamidal* statue."

"Hiyi!" George exulted. "Man! Man! Listen! Well, suh, she mighty *lamidal* statue, but *lamidal* statue heap o' trouble to dus'!"

"I expect she is!" said Bibbs, as the engine began to churn; and a moment later he was swept from sight.

George turned to Mist' Jackson, who had been listening benevolently in the hallway. "Same he aw-ways say, Mist' Jackson—I *expec'* she is! Ev'y day he try t' git me talk 'bout 'at *lamidal* statue, an' aw-ways, las' thing *he* say, 'I *expec'* she is! You know, Mist' Jackson, if he git well, 'at young man go' be pride o' the family, Mist' Jackson. Yes-suh, right now I pick 'im fo' firs' money!"

"Look out with all 'at money, George!" Jackson warned the enthusiast. "White folks 'n 'is house know 'im heap longer 'n you. You the on'y man bettin' on 'im!"

"I risk it!" cried George, merrily. "I put her all on now—ev'y cent! 'At boy's go' be flower o' the flock!"

This singular prophecy, founded somewhat recklessly upon gratitude for the meaning of "*lamidal*," differed radically from another prediction concerning Bibbs set forth for the benefit of a fair auditor some twenty minutes later. Jim Sheridan, skirting the edges of the town with Mary Vertrees beside him, in his own swift machine, encountered the invalid upon the highroad. The two cars were going in opposite directions, and the occupants of Jim's had only a swaying glimpse of Bibbs sitting alone on the back seat—his white face startlingly white against cap and collar of black fur—but he flashed into recognition as Mary bowed to him.

Jim waved his left hand carelessly. "It's Bibbs, taking his constitutional," he explained.

"Yes, I know," said Mary. "I bowed to him, too, though I've never met him. In fact, I've only seen him once—no,

twice. I hope he won't think I'm very bold, bowing to him."

"I doubt if he noticed it," said honest Jim.

"Oh, oh!" she cried.

"What's the trouble?"

"I'm almost sure people notice it when I bow to them."

"Oh, I see!" said Jim. "Of course they would ordinarily, but Bibbs is funny."

"Is he? How?" she asked. "He strikes me as anything but funny."

"Well, I'm his brother," Jim said, deprecatingly, "but I don't know what he's like, and, to tell the truth, I've never felt exactly like I *was* his brother, the way I do Roscoe. Bibbs never did seem more than half alive to me. Of course Roscoe and I are older, and when we were boys we were too big to play with him, but he never played anyway, with boys his own age. He'd rather just sit in the house and mope around by himself. Nobody could ever get him to *do* anything; you can't get him to do anything now. He never had any *life* in him, and honestly, if he is my brother, I must say I believe Bibbs Sheridan is the laziest man God ever made! Father put him in the machine-shop over at the Pump Works—best thing in the world for him—and he was just plain no account. It made him sick! If he'd had the right kind of energy—the kind father's got, for instance, or Roscoe, either—why, it wouldn't made him sick. And suppose it was either of them—yes, or me, either—do you think any of us would have stopped if we *were* sick? Not much! I hate to say it, but Bibbs Sheridan 'll never amount to anything as long as he lives."

Mary looked thoughtful. "Is there any particular reason why he should?" she asked.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean that, do you? Don't you believe in a man's knowing how to earn his salt, no matter how much money his father's got? Hasn't the business of this world got to be carried on by everybody in it? Are we going to lay back on what we've got and see other fellows get ahead of us? If we've got big things already, isn't it every man's business to go ahead and make 'em bigger? Isn't

it his duty? Don't we always want to get bigger and bigger?"

"Ye-es—I don't know. But I feel rather sorry for your brother. He looked so lonely—and sick."

"He's gettin' better every day," Jim said. "Dr. Gurney says so. There's nothing much the matter with him, really—it's nine-tenths imaginary. 'Nerves'! People that are willing to be busy don't have nervous diseases, because they don't have time to imagine 'em."

"You mean his trouble is really mental?"

"Oh, he's not a lunatic," said Jim. "He's just queer. Sometimes he'll say something right bright, but half the time what he says is 'way off the subject, or else there isn't any sense to it at all. For instance, the other day I heard him talkin' to one of the darkies in the hall. The darky asked him what time he wanted the car for his drive, and anybody else in the world would have just said what time they *did* want it, and that would have been all there was to it; but here's what Bibbs says, and I heard him with my own ears. 'What time do I want the car?' he says. 'Well, now, that depends—that depends,' he says. He talks slow like that, you know. "'I'll tell you what time I want the car, George,' he says, 'if you'll tell *me* what you think of this statue!' That's exactly his words! Asked the darky what he thought of that Arab Edith and mother bought for the hall!"

Mary pondered upon this. "He might have been in fun, perhaps," she suggested.

"Askin' a darky what he thought of a piece of statuary—of a work of art! Where on earth would be the fun of that? No, you're just kind-hearted—and that's the way you *ought* to be, of course—"

"Thank you, Mr. Sheridan!" she laughed.

"See here!" he cried. "Isn't there any way for us to get over this Mister and Miss thing? A month's got thirty-one days in it; I've managed to be with you a part of pretty near all the thirty-one, and I think you know how I feel by this time—"

She looked panic-stricken immediately. "Oh, no," she protested, quickly. "No, I don't, and—"

"Yes, you do," he said, and his voice shook a little. "You couldn't help knowing."

"But I do!" she denied, hurriedly. "I do help knowing. I mean— Oh, wait!"

"What for? You do know how I feel, and you—well, you've certainly *wanted* me to feel that way—or else pretended—"

"Now, now!" she lamented. "You're spoiling such a cheerful afternoon!"

"'Spoiling' it!" He slowed down the car and turned his face to her squarely. "See here, Miss Vertrees, haven't you—"

"Stop! Stop the car a minute." And when he had complied she faced him as squarely as he evidently desired her to face him. "Listen. I don't want you to go on, to-day."

"Why not?" he asked, sharply.

"I don't know."

"You mean it's just a whim?"

"I don't know," she repeated. Her voice was low and troubled and honest, and she kept her clear eyes upon his.

"Will you tell me something?"

"Almost anything."

"Have you ever told any man you loved him?"

And at that, though she laughed, she looked a little contemptuous. "No," she said. "And I don't think I ever shall tell any man that—or ever know what it means. I'm in earnest, Mr. Sheridan."

"Then you—you've just been flirting with me!" Poor Jim looked both furious and crestfallen.

"Not one bit!" she cried. "Not one word! Not one syllable! I've meant every single thing!"

"I don't—"

"Of course you don't!" she said. "Now, Mr. Sheridan, I want you to start the car. Now! Thank you. Slowly, till I finish what I want to say. I have not flirted with you. I have deliberately courted you. One thing more, and then I want you to take me straight home, talking about the weather all the way. I said that I do not believe I shall ever 'care' for any man, and that is true. I doubt the existence of the kind of 'caring' we hear about in poems and plays and novels. I think it must be just a kind of emotional *talk*—most of it. At all events, I don't feel it. Now, we can go faster, please."

"Just where does that let me out?" he demanded. "How does that excuse you for—"

"It isn't an excuse," she said, gently, and gave him one final look, wholly desolate. "I haven't said I should never marry."

"What?" Jim gasped.

She inclined her head in a broken sort of acquiescence, very humble, unfathomably sorrowful.

"I promise nothing," she said, faintly.

"You needn't!" shouted Jim, radiant and exultant. "You needn't! By George! I know you're square; that's enough for me! You wait and promise whenever you're ready!"

"Don't forget what I asked," she begged him.

"Talk about the weather? I will! God bless the old weather!" cried the happy Jim.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Exile

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

AT dead of night about the dying fire
They told a story how the dead appear;
And men, grown still with fear,
Forgot their old desire
For those who once were dear,
And shook and trembled lest their dead be near.

Alas, poor dead who were so sweet and human!
How are you grown a menace and a blight—
A thing to shun, a thing of evil omen,
Stealing unwelcome through the halls of night?
Who knows? Perhaps yourselves are much affrighted,
And struggle back, remote and bodiless,
Fearful of sounds unheard, visions unsighted,
Black echoes, and the bitter loneliness.

*But for me, in my heart is no dread
Of the coming again of the dead,
But a terror of life, without one
Who made life to be life—and is gone.*

Yes, at these tales of how the dead return,
Hope stirs within my spirit more than fear.
So strange, so strange it seems, you are not here,
And so unnatural to me 'tis to learn
The trick of life without you, year by year,

That not so strange could any specter be,
Or fall of footsteps on the empty stair,
Or shapes discerned upon the shadowy air,
As is this haunting sense of vacancy,
And your persisting absence everywhere.

Ah, could I see, as in the tranquil past,
The form I long for—always and in vain,
Should I not cry, like one released from pain:
"Dear and long absent, you return at last,
And life its natural aspect wears again!"

Positive Electricity

BY SIR J. J. THOMSON

Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics, Cambridge University



HERE are two kinds of electricity (as Du Faye discovered in 1734), which, from the way their properties are contrasted, are called "positive" and "negative." If an electrified body is attracted by one kind of electricity it is repelled by the other; and, moreover, whenever one kind makes its appearance in one place, an equal quantity of the other kind appears simultaneously somewhere else. Franklin regarded electrification as due to the movement of something which he called the electric fluid. This he supposed to be a constituent of all bodies, even when they are not electrified. When not electrified, any body contains a definite amount of this "fluid." If this amount is exceeded by the transport of electric fluid to the body, the latter becomes positively electrified; if it is diminished by "fluid" leaving the body, the body becomes negatively electrified.

We have in the course of the last fifteen years attained to very definite ideas as to the nature of negative electricity. Negative electrification has been shown to be due to the presence of minute particles called corpuscles or electrons, all of which are of exactly the same kind—that is, each particle carries the same quantity of negative electricity, and each has the same mass. This mass is far smaller than that associated with ordinary matter, being, unless the velocity of the corpuscle is comparable with that of light, only about $1/1700$ of the smallest mass hitherto known to science, that of an atom of hydrogen. The mass of these corpuscles increases rapidly when their velocity approaches that of light, and if their speed were about fifty yards per second less than that of light their mass would be about the same as an atom of hydrogen. These corpuscles may exist in a free state, as in the cathode rays in a vacuum tube, or they may be attached to atoms or molecules,

as when a solid or liquid body is negatively electrified. They form a portion of the atoms of all kinds of matter, each atom containing a definite number of corpuscles. For atoms other than hydrogen the number of corpuscles in the atom is about half the atomic weight; thus helium, whose atomic weight is four, has two corpuscles in its atom; oxygen, whose atomic weight is sixteen, has eight; and so on. Hydrogen, whose atomic weight is one, has probably one corpuscle in its atom. The process of electrification consists in taking corpuscles from one body and giving them to another. On this view, negative electricity is molecular in structure, and all negative charges are integral multiples of a certain unit whose value is now known with great accuracy. In fact, we may regard Franklin's electric fluid as a collection of such corpuscles, only we must suppose that an excess of this fluid corresponds to negative electrification, and not to positive, as Franklin supposed.

Negative electricity is thus fairly well known, but we naturally ask what is the condition of atoms which have lost some of their corpuscles and which are therefore positively electrified. The atom must contain something besides the corpuscles, for these account for only a small fraction of its mass, and are, besides, all negatively electrified. There must be an equal amount of positive electricity to neutralize them. We want to know if this positive electricity can, like the negative, exist associated with masses which are small compared with the mass of an atom. That is, can we take away all the electrical charges, positive as well as negative, from the atom and leave behind substantially the whole mass of the atom? If this were the case, the greater part of the mass of an atom would be due to something which is not electricity. Another view of the atom is to regard it as made up of negatively electrified corpuscles of small mass, and

a positively electrified part containing the rest of the mass and thus much more massive than the negatively electrified part of the atom. In this view, no part of the atom can be regarded as unelectrified. It is thus a matter of great interest to study the atoms and molecules from which some of the corpuscles have been extracted. A method by which this can be done, known as the method of Positive Rays, is based on a discovery made by the distinguished German physicist Goldstein, in 1886. Goldstein found that when the electric discharge went through gas at a low pressure in a glass vessel like that shown in Fig. 1, where the cathode is pierced by a narrow tube passing through it at right angles, the following effects were to be noticed: In front of the cathode the cathode rays streamed upward, making their presence known by a greenish-yellow phosphorescence on the places where they struck against the glass, and also producing a faint luminosity in the gas through which they passed. In addition to this, however, there was something streaming downward through the tube in the cathode, something which also made the gas through which it passed luminous, though the luminosity was of a different color from that produced by the cathode rays, and also, like the cathode rays, made the glass phosphorescent when it struck against it, though again this phosphorescence was of a different color from that due to the cathode rays. These effects are shown in a very striking way if the gas in the tube is neon—one of the rare gases in the atmosphere; with

this gas the luminosity produced in it by the rays passing downward through the tube in the cathode is a gorgeous red, while the cathode rays going upward produce a faint bluish luminosity which is much less striking. The rays coming through tubes or channels in the cathode were called, by Goldstein, *Kanalstrahlen*; they are now, for reasons which will appear immediately, more usually called positive rays.

One very remarkable difference between these rays and those which travel from the cathode in the opposite direction—the ordinary cathodic rays—is seen when a magnet is brought near the tube; the cathodic rays are strongly affected by the magnet, the edges of the patches of phosphorescence on the glass move about when the magnet is moved, and when there is enough gas in the tube to make their paths visible these paths are seen to change at the approach of the magnet. No appreciable effect, however, is produced on the positive rays by a magnet sufficiently powerful to produce large deflections of the cathode rays; and it was not until twelve years had elapsed after Goldstein's discovery that Wien, by applying very intense magnetic fields, proved that the positive rays were deflected by magnetic forces and that the direction of the deflection showed that these rays were charged with positive electricity.

As the deflections of these rays by electric and magnetic forces are the means we use to study the properties of the rays, it is necessary to say a word about the laws of such deflections. Suppose that we have a charged particle

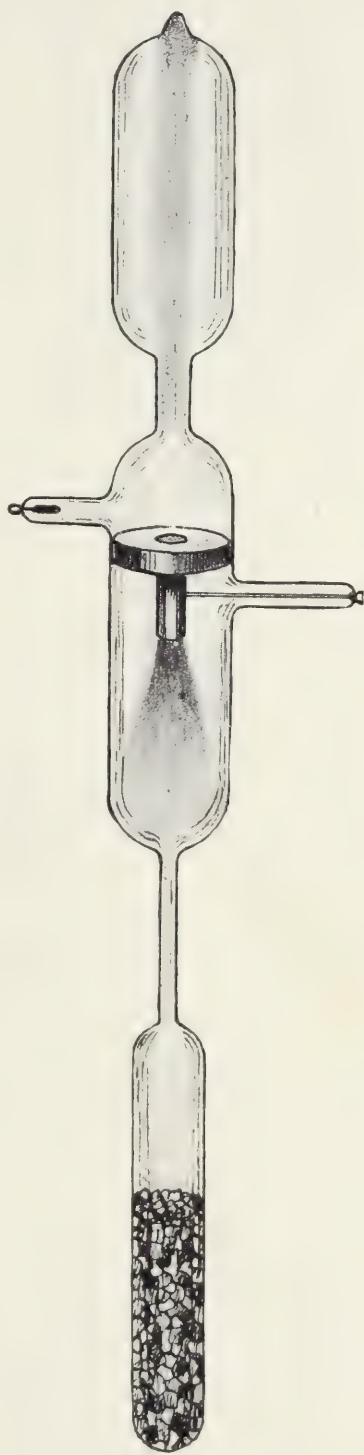


FIG. 1

moving horizontally and that it passes between N and S, the poles of a magnet (Fig. 2), the line joining the poles being also horizontal, but at right angles to the path of the particle. Let O be the place where the particle would strike a screen if it were not deflected; if it passes between the poles of the magnet it will be deflected vertically and will hit the screen, not at O, but at a point, P, vertically above it. The distance OP depends on the velocity of the particle and also upon its mass; if the particles passing between the poles of the magnet were all of the same kind and moving at the same speed, they would, in spite of the deflection, all strike the screen in the same spot; but they will not do so even if they have the same mass if their speeds are different; the slow particles will be more deflected than the fast ones, and the spot will be prolonged to a line. When there are several kinds of particles, each kind will give its own line, and these may overlap and get mixed up with one another. To separate all the particles, we act on them by electric as well as mag-

those for the magnetic, no two particles can strike the screen at the same point unless they have *the same mass and also the same speed*. By measuring the deflections due to the magnetic and electric forces we can determine the mass of the particles and also their speed. Thus if we had a stream of different kinds of particles, or of particles of the same kind moving with different velocities, all mixed up together and moving in one direction so that they would all hit the screen at the same point, O, if they were not deflected, they will, if they pass through the magnet and between the plates, be sorted out and the different kinds of particles will hit the screen in different places. The slowly moving particles and those which have a small mass will be farthest away from O, while the fast ones and also the heavy ones will be close in to O. Again, particles which are of the same kind but are moving with different velocities will strike the screen at points which lie on a curve: this curve is a parabola. Thus if we had a mixture of different kinds of

particles moving with different velocities, they would, under the action of the electric and magnetic forces, be sorted out into a series of parabolic arcs, and if we measured the dimensions of the parabolas we should be able to determine the value of the mass of the various particles which produce them. This is the method which is now always employed to investigate the nature of the electrified particles in a gas. Fortunately, when these rapidly

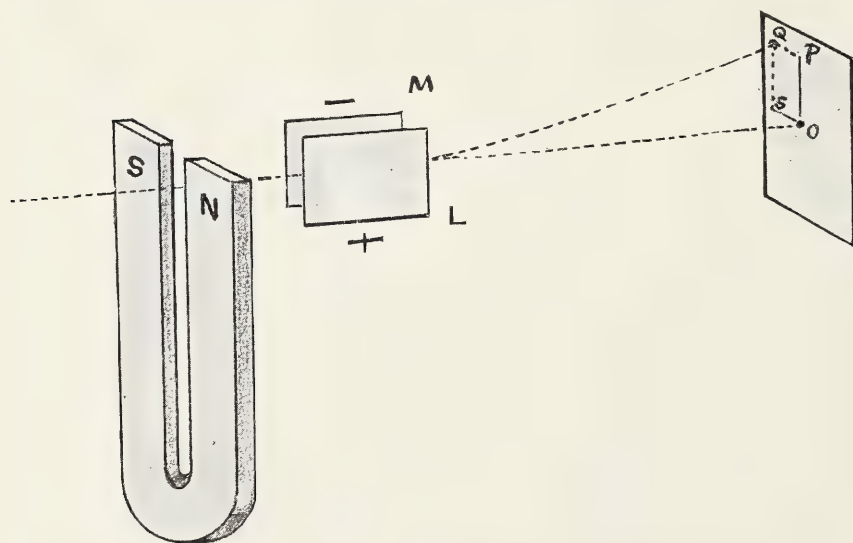


FIG. 2

Illustrating the deflection of cathode particles when passing between poles of magnet and electrically charged plates

netic forces, by making them pass between two parallel vertical plates, L, M, L being charged with positive and M with negative electricity. The electric force produced by these charged plates deflects the particles which would have struck the screen at P to another point, Q, and, since the laws of deflection for the electric force are not the same as

moving electrified particles strike against a photographic plate they affect the plate so that when it is developed a permanent record of the place where the particles struck the plate is preserved and the dimensions of the parabola can be measured at leisure. If we treat a beam of cathode rays in this way—i. e., expose them to magnetic and electric forces and



FIG. 3
Parabolas made
by positive rays



FIG. 4
Parabola made by
atoms of mercury

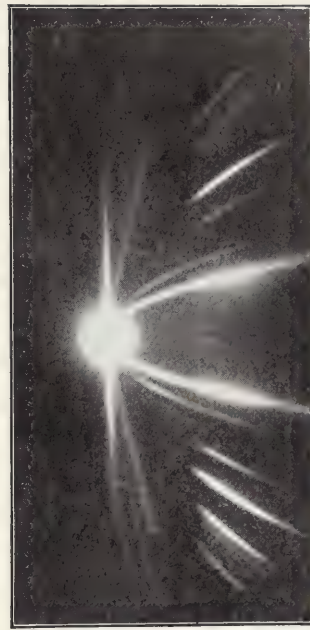


FIG. 5
Parabolas formed by air
and gases in cathode tube

then allow them to fall on a photographic plate placed inside the tube—we shall find that the photograph shows only one parabola; this proves that all the cathode particles are of the same kind, and, moreover, if we put different gases in the tube we find that the size of the parabola is unaltered, thus proving that the cathode particles are the same whatever may be the gas from which they are derived. By measuring this parabola we can find the mass of these cathodic particles; in this way it has been shown that their mass is only $1/1700$ of an atom of hydrogen. If we sort out the positive rays which stream through the tube in the cathode, by the electric and magnetic deflections—to do this we must use much stronger magnets than for the cathode rays—we find a very different state of things. Instead of one parabola we have several, and these change when the gas in the tube is altered.

An example of such photographs of the positive rays is shown in Fig. 3; by measuring the photograph we find that the parabolas, counting from the top downward, on Fig. 3 are due to the atom of hydrogen, the molecule of hydrogen, the atoms of carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen, the molecules of carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide, and the

atom of mercury. All these are positively charged; the central undeflected spot is due to particles which are not charged with electricity, while the parabolas on the left are due to *negatively* charged atoms of hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen; the latter are very faint. The parabola on Fig. 4 is due to mercury. Fig. 5 is a photograph taken when the gas in the tube was air and the gases given out by the electrodes and from the walls of the tube. It will be observed that the positive electricity is always on atoms and molecules of the chemical elements; unlike negative electricity, it never occurs apart from ordinary matter; nothing corresponding to corpuscles or electrons has been observed with positive electricity. We must regard the positively electrified particles as atoms or molecules from which corpuscles have been extracted, and the process of electrification as consisting in the detachment of corpuscles from the atoms of the gas which is electrified.

USE OF THE POSITIVE RAYS FOR CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

Since each kind of atom produces a definite and distinct parabola on the photographic plate, and since by measuring the parabola we can determine the

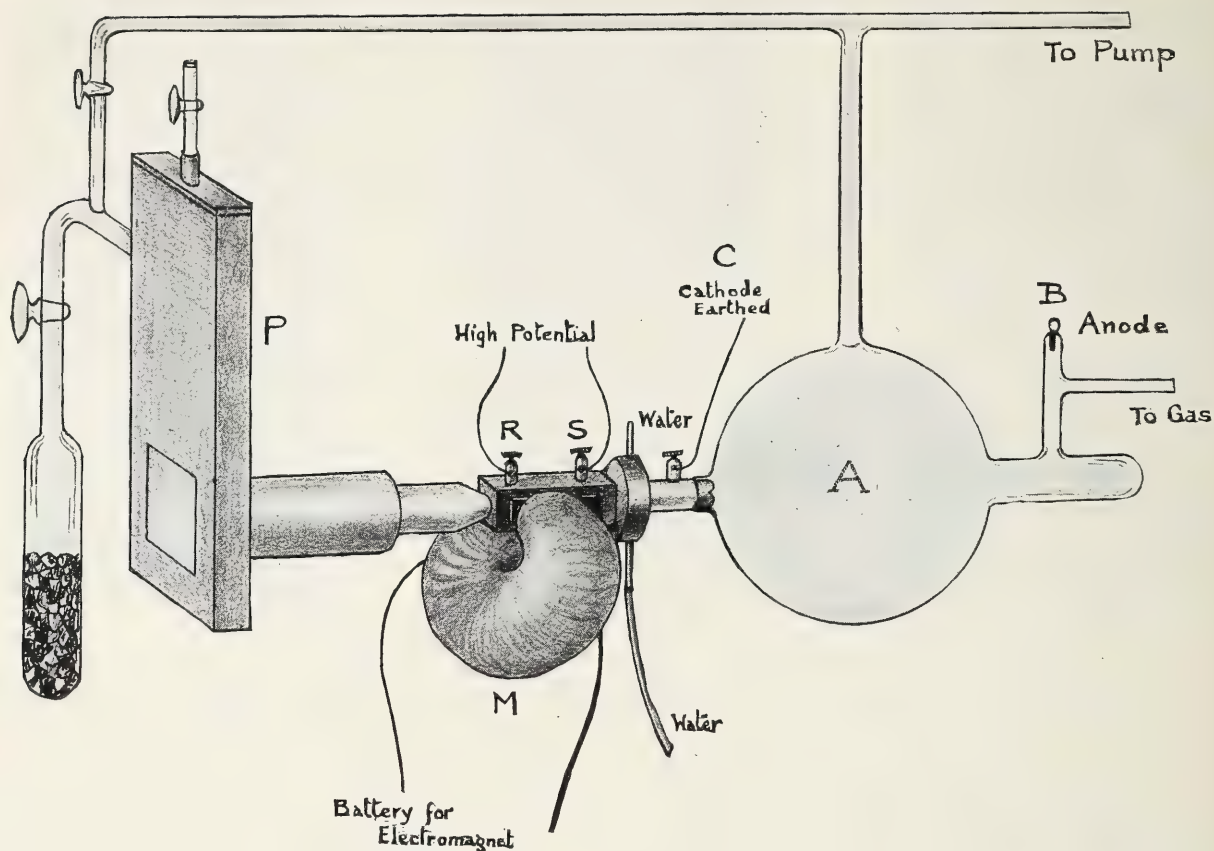


FIG. 6

Diagram of apparatus for photographing positive rays

mass of the atom which produces it, it is evident that we have here a method of analyzing the gases in the discharge tube. Before discussing the details of this method we may point out that these photographs supply very convincing evidence of the molecular constitution of matter. The fact that from the mixture of gases in the tube we get a few definite parabolas and not a diffused blur spread all over the plate shows that the mixture is made up of a small number of different types of particles and that the masses of the particles of any one type are identical. It has sometimes been supposed that the atomic weight of an element (let us take oxygen as an example) merely represents an average value, and that the masses of the different atoms of oxygen might vary considerably. The photographs show, however, that this cannot be the case, for if the masses of the different atoms of oxygen were not all equal to one another, then instead of a single sharp parabola repre-

senting the oxygen in the tube we should have a great number of these curves forming as a whole a band bounded by two parabolas, the breadth of this band indicating the range over which the masses of the different oxygen atoms spread; the fact that we get a sharp parabola instead of such a band shows that all the atoms have the same mass. Another point shown by these parabolas is that the molecules of some elements contain two atoms, others only one; thus for each of the gases, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen, we find two parabolas, one corresponding to the atom, the other to the molecule, while for helium, argon, and mercury vapor we find only one parabola, that corresponding to the atom. These parabolas are perhaps the most direct proof we possess that an elementary gas consists of a great number of parts all exactly equal to one another. To return, however, to their use for chemical analysis. The series of parabolas may be compared to the spec-

trum of the gas, each element in the tube producing one or more parabolas on the plate; the assemblage of such parabolas may be called the positive-ray spectrum. The advantage of the positive-ray method of analysis may be illustrated by comparing it with the ordinary method of spectrum analysis. If the ordinary spectrum showed a line which did not correspond to one in the spectrum of any known element, the most that could be said would be that some unknown substance was present in the tube, and there would be some uncertainty even about this; for the spectra of the elements vary so much with the electrical conditions under which they are produced that we could not be sure, without further research, that the new line was not due to a change in the electrical conditions affecting the spectrum of a known substance rather than to the presence of some new element. With the positive-ray spectrum, on the other hand, when a new parabola is detected we know at once from its dimensions the atomic weight of the substance which

produced it; thus the method not only detects the new substance, but determines at the same time its atomic weight, the spectrum registering the atomic weight of all the elements in the tube. The presence of impurities causes no inconvenience with this method; the parabolas due to them are added to the others without interfering with them. Again, the quantity of substance required for analysis is exceedingly small; thus, using ordinary commercial photographic plates, it is easy to detect the helium in a cubic centimeter of air; according to Sir William Ramsay, the helium in the atmosphere only amounts to four parts in a million, so that the quantity of helium in a cubic centimeter of air is only about one-two-hundredth part of a cubic millimeter, and this can be detected by ordinary plates; with specially prepared plates it is possible to detect one-fiftieth of this amount. Thus the method is not only much more definite than spectrum analysis; it is also more sensitive; it has the advantage, too, of being applicable to compounds as

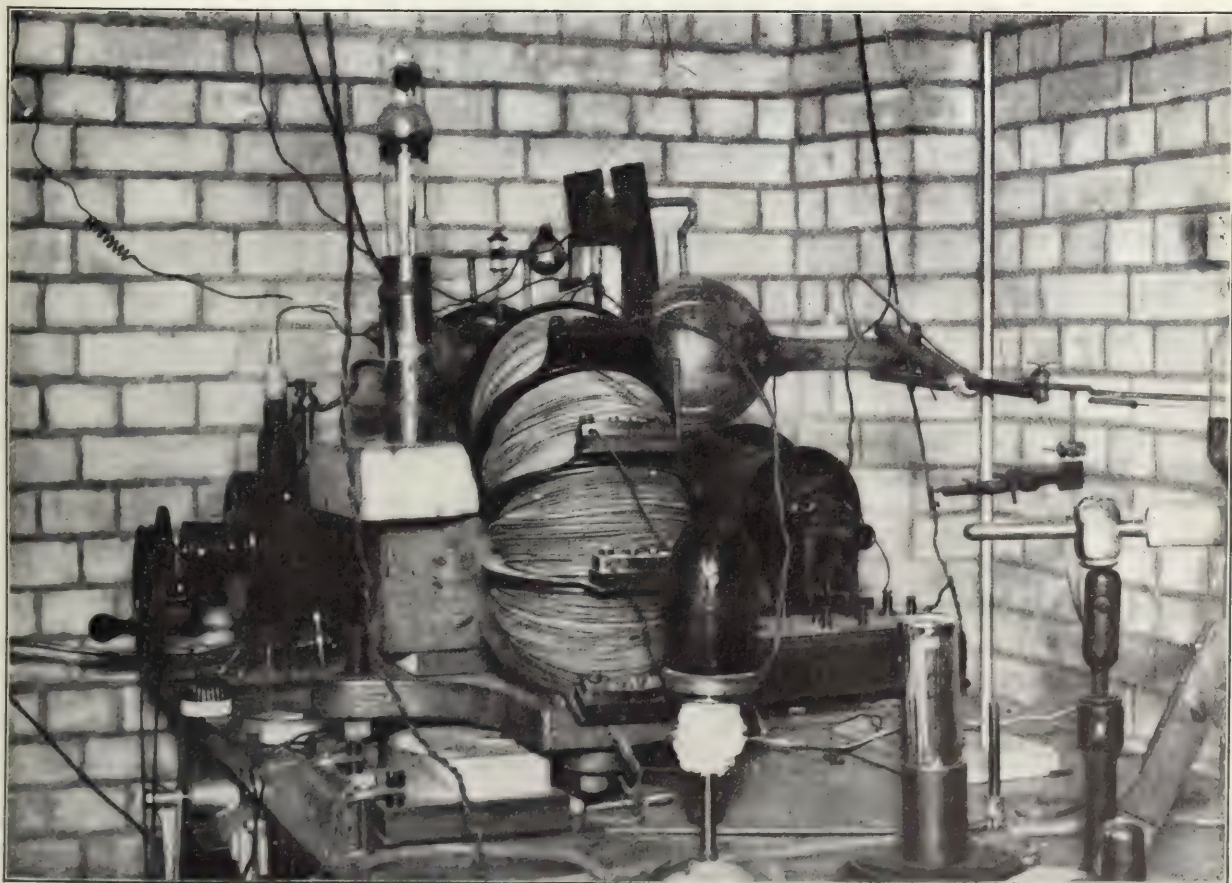


FIG. 7

Photograph of apparatus in actual use

well as to elements; it can, however, only be applied to substances which can be obtained in the gaseous state.

The apparatus for obtaining the photographs is represented in Fig. 6. A is the discharge tube in which the gases are contained; B, the anode, and C, the cathode, of this tube are connected with the terminals of an induction coil; a very narrow long tube runs through the cathode, and through this the positive rays pass into the left-hand portion of the tube, where they run between the poles of an electro-magnet, M. R and S are the terminals attached to the plates which, when charged, produce the electric deflection. The photographic plate is in the box P at the end of the tube; it is suspended by a silk thread and lowered by a winch. As it is exceedingly important that the pressure in the part of the apparatus

near the photographic plate should be as small as possible, a tube containing coconut charcoal is attached to this part of the apparatus. Before taking the photograph this tube is lowered into a vessel containing liquid air; the cooled charcoal absorbs gases with great avidity and thus reduces the pressure of the gas in the left-hand side of the apparatus. A photograph of the apparatus in actual use is shown in Fig. 7. As an example of the use of this method we may consider its application to the analysis of the gases in the atmosphere. Fig. 8 shows the positive-ray photograph when the gas in the discharge tube is air from which the more condensable constituents have been removed. The parabolas on the plate correspond to helium, carbon, nitrogen,

neon, carbon monoxide, and carbon dioxide; these are all known substances, but in addition to these there is a parabola (marked with a cross in the illustration) just below the long parabola which corresponds to neon, indicating an element whose atomic weight is 22; the

atomic weight of neon is 20. This element is new; its properties must be very similar to those of neon, for it has been found in every sample of neon tested. Some of these had been very carefully purified and had, in fact, been used in the determination of the atomic weight of that element. Thus the gas known as neon is really a mixture of two gases, one having an atomic weight of about 20, the other an atomic weight of 22. The parabola corresponding to the heavier gas is much fainter than that corresponding to the lighter one, so that in the atmos-



FIG. 8

Parabola showing new gas similar to neon

phere there is much more of the lighter gas. Mr. Aston, by allowing a mixture of the two gases to diffuse through the walls of a clay tobacco-pipe, has effected a partial separation of the two constituents, though as these have so nearly the same atomic weights the process is very slow and tedious.

Another interesting thing discovered by examining these photographs is the existence of a parabola corresponding to a substance whose atomic weight is three; we shall for the present call this substance X_3 . The parabola corresponding to it is the third from the top in Fig. 9; the top parabola is that due to the atom, and the second that due to the molecule of hydrogen. The X_3 parabola in the earlier stages of these experiments

was observed to appear sporadically on the plates; now and then a plate would show it and then weeks would pass before it was observed again; and it took some time to discover the conditions necessary for its production. After many sources had been tested, it was found that it almost invariably occurred among the gases given off by solids when they are bombarded by cathode rays. All substances give off gases, chiefly hydrogen and carbon monoxide and dioxide under such bombardment, and among these gases X_3 is nearly always found. The nature of X_3 was for some time obscure, but now I have little doubt that it consists of three atoms of hydrogen and is represented by the formula H_3 , bearing, in fact, the same relation to hydrogen that ozone does to oxygen. The reasons for this conclusion are as follows: it is found when we bombard pure substances containing hydrogen, such as ice at the temperature of liquid air, or solid ammonia at the same temperature; a continuous supply of it can also be got by bombarding salts containing hydrogen, such as caustic potash. Another very strong reason is that it can be produced by sending suitable electric discharges through pure hydrogen; it is produced, for example, by electrodeless discharges through this gas. Indeed, with very sensitive photographic plates the X_3 line can generally be detected when there is a considerable proportion of hydrogen in the discharge tube used to generate the positive rays. The reason why bombardment with cathode rays so readily produces the gas is that the secondary discharge which substances give off under such circumstances may be just the right type of discharge to produce X_3 when it passes through hydrogen. If kept in the dark or free from oxygen, X_3 can be kept for a considerable time; it combines, however, with oxygen if exposed to light, or if a strong electric discharge is sent through the mixture; it is

not to be found when there is much mercury vapor in the discharge tube, so that presumably it combines with this gas; it combines with red-hot copper oxide, and can pass to some extent through hot palladium, though not nearly so readily as in the case of hydrogen itself.

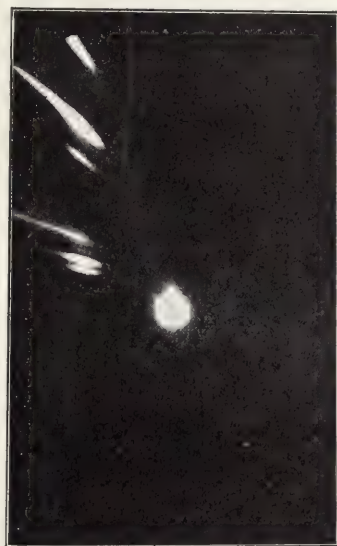


FIG. 9

Parabola showing presence of substance X_3

Another advantage of the positive-ray method is that it is capable of detecting particles which only exist for a very short time; the time taken by a particle to pass from the discharge tube and be registered on the photographic plate is far less than the millionth part of a second, so that a particle need not live longer than this to make its mark on the plate. It is hoped that this method will enable us to get some knowledge of what goes on during chemical combination. It is commonly believed that between the initial and final stages of many chem-

ical reactions there are a series of intermediate stages in which unstable and transitory chemical compounds are formed; if this is so, then we may hope to get by the positive-ray method direct evidence of the existence of such compounds.

The results obtained by the positive rays show that positive electrification is associated with masses which are the same as the masses of the atoms and molecules of the chemical elements. We naturally ask, have the atoms of the eighty or so of those elements nothing in common? Are they not all built up of units, these units being either all of one type or, at most, of a small number of types? This view found very definite expression in Prout's celebrated hypothesis that the atoms of the different elements are all aggregations of hydrogen atoms. It also receives a great deal of support from Mendeleef's periodic law and from the numerical relations which exist between the atomic weights of the different elements. Again, in the case of the transformation of the radioactive elements we find a series of ele-

ments which are derived from one another by the emission of alpha particles; these particles are masses with the atomic weight of helium charged with two units of positive electricity. The simplest interpretation of this result is that atoms of helium are constituents of the radio-active elements. The consideration of the atomic weights of the lighter elements suggests that these, too, have a common constituent whose atomic weight is 4. This, I think, is brought out by the following table.

	1 H (1)	②	③
4 He (0)	⑤	⑥	7 Li (1)
⑧	9 Be (2)	⑩	11 Bo (3)
12 C (4)	⑬	14 N (5)	⑮
16 O (6)	⑰	⑱	19 Fl (7)
20 Ne (0)	⑳	㉑	23 Na (1)
24 Mg (2)	㉓	㉔	27 Al (3)
28 S ₁ (4)	㉖	㉗	31 P (5)
32 S (6)	㉙	㉚	35 Cl (7)
③⑥	③⑦	③⑧	39 K (1)
40 Ca (2)	④①		

The numbers from 1 to 40 are written in four columns, the first column containing those which can be divided by 4 without a remainder, the numbers in the second, third, and fourth columns giving, when divided by four, the remainders 1, 2, 3, respectively. When there is an element whose atomic weight is equal to any number, the symbol representing that element is written by the side of the number; if there is no element with this atomic weight, a circle incloses the number. The number in parentheses by the side of the symbol representing the element represents the group to which the element belongs in the Mendeleefian classification.

It will be seen that with only three

exceptions, and one of those is hydrogen, all elements occur in the first and fourth columns, and that very few numbers occur in these columns which are not the atomic weights of elements. Thus with few exceptions the atomic weights of the lighter elements are either of the form $4n$, or $4n+3$, where n is an integer, suggesting that the atoms of the first group are built up of helium atoms, those in the second of three hydrogen atoms with a variable number of helium atoms. We see, too, that in either group the addition of 4 to the atomic weight (the addition of an atom of helium) increases by 2 the Mendeleefian group to which the elements belong. For atomic weights greater than 40 the law is not so clear; there are indications that at this stage of development there is a discontinuity in the way the constituent parts of the atom are arranged.

It is true that the atomic weights of the elements are not exactly round numbers; we should not, however, expect this to be the case even if their atoms were built up of atoms of helium and hydrogen. For according to the electro-magnetic theory the masses of an aggregate of such atoms would not necessarily be equal to the sum of the masses of the atoms when isolated. The difference on this theory would be proportional to the work required to split up the aggregate of atoms into its constituents. This result assumes, however, that all the forces inside the atom are electrical, and that the electrical forces between the small charges in the atom separated by the infinitesimal atomic distances follow exactly the same laws as those we know to be followed when the distances between the charged bodies are millions of times the atomic distances and the quantities of electricity millions of times the atomic charges. We are not yet in a position to affirm that this assumption is legitimate, and therefore not able to calculate the small changes in mass which take place when atoms aggregate.

Gallant Age

BY ALICE COWDERY



HERE was the sound of some one moving about on the floor below—some one essaying the ancient and touching ballad of Dinah, her cruel papa, and the cup of cold poison, in a weak falsetto, considerably off the key.

"As Wil-i-kin was a-wal-i-kin' the garden one day—" continued the perpetrator with determined cheerfulness, and a light step began the ascent of the attic stairs.

Claire, in the attic above, sighed. She wished that she had a place of her own, free from domestic intrusion. For the last two years she had wished that wish with particular fervor. Her pretty, rather petulant face scowled upon the canvas before her as she daubed at the background. It was a marine she attacked—a hopeless marine. From the attic window, the bay, over the tops of the writhing eucalyptus, was being translated to canvas. It strove to protect itself, the bay; it held a veil of fog before itself. In vain. Claire had battled with it all the afternoon. It lay colorless, weak, defeated, before her.

On the floor, on the window-seat, on the billiard-table, the weapons of her artistic struggle lay. A checked apron enshrouded her graceful form; the coil of her ruddy hair had slid rakishly to one ear.

A head was thrust through the doorway from the top of the stairs; the ballad ceased abruptly; blue eyes stared intently at her.

"Hello, father," said Claire, with a perfunctory glance at him.

Far worthier of contemplation was John Bryant's head than the canvas before her, had she but known it: a fine old head, silvery-gray, delicately shadowed, chiseled by gentle aging; a crinkle of whimsicality about the eyes; shifting lines of irritation at weakening

sense-response; but a noble old head, gallantly upheld. He still stared at his daughter. Claire raised her voice slightly and repeated, "Hello, father! You're home early."

The tall, lean figure of an old man of seventy-five or more stepped into the room. "Well!" he exclaimed, with gentle wonder, "I thought it was your mother. Where is your mother?" he asked, eagerly.

"Out."

"Out?" The touch of expectancy had left his face and voice at her reply. "She's always out," he said, disappointedly. It only seemed so. She was usually in.

"Don't you like her to go out for a change?" asked Claire. Her father selected his own particular cue from the billiard-rack.

"I like her to go, but I want her here." He was conscious, as he said it, of a certain agreeable aptness of phrase. Words were evasive, of late. He went over to his table and stood looking down helplessly at the litter on it.

Claire sighed impatiently. How could one hope to accomplish anything with these interruptions? She put down her palette and brushes with a clatter.

"I'm sorry if it troubles you," said the old man. "I can wait—" Claire had not intended him to hear her sigh; sometimes his hearing was surprisingly acute. She swept the things into her apron and dumped them onto the window-seat.

"This is about the only pleasure I have," he added, almost apologetically. As he moved about the table preparing to play, even Claire noticed the drag in his usually quick step.

"Tired, father?"

"I do believe I am, a little. I wrote from nine until three to-day. Forgot all about lunch."

"Mustn't work too hard," said Claire, beginning to scrape off her palette. She

said it easily, but she was uncomfortable. To be forced to recognize now from his manner, his voice, his face, that he was tired made her very uncomfortable. When he was tired his seventy-five years marshaled their lines and shadows full upon him. Claire's instinct was to clean up quickly that she might get away.

"Why don't you lie down now and rest?" she suggested.

"Rest?" repeated the old man. There was a hint of sadness in his tone. As if it had escaped against his will, he added, cheerfully, "I'd grow old if I didn't exercise. Keeps my eyes strong, this." He broke the billiard-balls with determined dash. "I'll bet there isn't a man of my age in this city can do that so accurately. No," he added, "nor many young ones. Your brother can't. He's no good at this."

"No," Claire humored him.

"And that fellow—that doctor—your sister's husband you're all so fond of—what's his name?"

"Richard, you mean?"

"What? Yes, *Richard*." He emphasized the name scathingly. "When they were visiting here he said my eye couldn't be cured." He laughed even more scathingly. "Why, I cured it myself—exercising." He missed a shot, gathered up the balls carefully, and tried it again.

"Do you ever have a black bar in one eye—sort of cuts into things?" he asked her, anxiously.

Claire compressed her lips. She knew his eye could not be helped; that this talk of his was a sort of courageous bluffing of himself.

"Sometimes," she fibbed; "little indigestion or something. Everybody does."

"A black line that cuts so you see things sort of shoved crooked?"

Claire nodded easily. "Surely," she said.

Her father missed his shot again, and sighed gently. He looked very tired.

"Pshaw!" he muttered. . . . "And my ear. Richard said he couldn't do anything for that. Said I'd always be deaf in it. Cured that, too, myself. Exercise, rubbing. They can't get me yet," he muttered.

Claire hastened the clearing-up proc-

ess, that she might escape. That uneasy thing upon her consciousness for the last two years since the income of a comfortable investment had suddenly ceased, now lulled, now rampant, seemed in full force to-day. In a moment he would be sure to ask her the one question she felt she could not bear. She scraped and sorted vigorously. No use.

"Well," said her father, "how're you getting on with your painting?"

"Oh, well enough."

"Any out?" On exhibition, he meant, at a local shop that occasionally gave her a place.

"Not now."

"Pretty slow, eh?"

"Art," Claire explained, carefully, "is always slow, father."

"H'm," he murmured, thoughtfully.

"Art," Claire continued, "is not like business or your law-books. It's a thing of moods. It has no hard-and-fast system—"

"H'm," murmured her father again.

What was the use? thought Claire. It was beyond him. He'd never understand. She drew her easel into a corner and started briskly for the door.

"Say, Claire," her father's voice stopped her. "I want to tell you something. Come here—listen." Claire turned reluctantly. "If you'd take those books I got for you—they cost me a lot, too; five, ten dollars—"

Claire bit her lip. Here it came again. Stenography! How she hated the very word. He insinuated always, when the topic of her painting came up, that she study stenography. She, Claire Bryant, with her talents!

"Just at night," her father's voice continued; "a few minutes or so. You, why"—his voice rose enthusiastically—"you'd make the finest stenographer in the country. I know you would. You're quick. You're quicker than I. Why, you'd just sweep 'em. Say, some of those girls make eighty, a hundred, a month. And they're nice girls, too. Pretty; happy—all coming out at lunch-time, laughing. Looks mighty nice to see 'em—"

"Can any one work harder than I do now?" There were tears in Claire's voice.

"But what comes of it, my girl?"



"WHERE IS YOUR MOTHER?" HE ASKED, EAGERLY

Claire forced back her tears. "I've sold one, if that's what you mean. Only last year." It was true that some misguided neighbor, struck by the likeness of her own roof which had occurred in a little sketch of Claire's, had given her ten dollars for it.

"One," said her father, thoughtfully, "in how many years? Ten, twelve—"

"But I've only really worked, father, these last two, since—" her voice broke.

"Well, well, Claire," said her father, "it's only that I would like to feel—if anything happens to me—I'm an old man, Claire, after all—an old man."

"Don't I work myself sick in this big house since we've given up the servants?" cried Claire. "It's just *nothing* but work."

Her father bent over the table. "I do the best I can," he said in a low voice, "the best—" He shook his head. It became confusing at times, this business of life. He missed his shot again, threw down his cue irascibly. He looked very old, very tired. Claire laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Well, well, Claire," he said, "I'll do the best I can. Guess *I will* take a little nap." He went over to a couch in the corner and in a moment was asleep.

Claire went down-stairs. She heard her brother Ralph in his room. The downfall of the family fortunes, the failure of the big iron foundry for which her father had been attorney and in which he had invested most of his money, had snatched Ralph from a life

of pleasant dalliance. At present he solicited insurance. When he made as much as sixty dollars a month he usually gave twenty to his mother toward his board. This present occupation of his was to be considered in the light of a stop-gap while he looked around. Sometimes he wished he had gone in for law, as his father had desired—wished his university course had been less eclectic, less athletic. But the future had seemed so secure. On the whole he felt rather a martyr to circumstances.

"Mother getting dinner?" he cried as he saw Claire. "Gee, I'm hungry!"

"Mother's not home yet. I suppose I'll have to get it." Claire sighed. "And I'm tired out."

"Painting, I suppose?"

Claire turned at something in his tone.

"Well, what of it?" she retorted, glaring at him.

"Oh, nothing," Ralph replied; "only it's a pity you didn't begin to work this way ten years ago instead of giving your time to all that society fol-de-rol. Think you'll ever do anything with it?"

"It's a pity," said Claire, surveying him darkly; "you didn't begin to think about a little work, yourself, a few years earlier. If I had gone through as much of father's money as you—" She paused significantly. "Insurance!" she added in depreciatory accents. "Think you'll ever do anything with it?"

"Don't be silly," said Ralph, lighting a cigarette; "that's different—practical. Big money in it somewhere."

"I'd do *my* work," began Claire, proudly, "if I knew I'd *never* make any money at it. It isn't *money* I'm after," she said, with fine disdain.

"It had better be," said her brother. "Dad's getting pretty old for work."

Claire hit the wall with her little clenched fist. "Oh, I'm so sick of this money talk," she cried. "I hate it! Why do I have to hear it? Can't I always go out and *scrub*?"

Her brother grinned, regarding her as if she were a petulant child. He inhaled a few invigorating whiffs of nicotine. "Well, anyhow," he remarked, "Dad said this morning, going down, that he thought sometimes he'd like to quit work."

Claire's eyes opened wide. She fixed her startled gaze on her brother. "Father!" she cried. "*Stop work!* Why, what did *you* say?"

"Oh, I jollied him up. Told him he was good for a long time yet."

"He wouldn't be happy unless he was working." Claire's voice was protestant, decided; but her eyes were still fixed on Ralph, startled, dubious.

"Of course not," the latter agreed.

"You can't work all your life in a routine like his and then suddenly stop," said Claire.

"It isn't," advanced her brother, watching his delicate smoke-rings spread and disappear, "as if he were a man who'd ever gone around, enjoyed himself—"

"Poor old father's *life* is work," Claire emphasized.

"Why, sure. He'd go to pieces like that." Ralph snapped his fingers illustratively.

"Much better to keep his mind occupied, isn't it?"

"Sure."

Claire gave a little sigh as of relief. "Besides," she added, "if just a few hours at something that's almost habit now will bring in—"

"Exactly," said Ralph.

"Of course, if anything really *serious* happened, there'd be us—"

"Of course."

"Well," said Claire, "I'll go scratch up some dinner." The uneasy thing on her consciousness seemed to be set at rest for the time.

Meanwhile the old man in the attic slept like a child for half an hour, and then woke abruptly. It was some time before he could get his bearings. How tired he had been! How tired a little work made him now! Those legal forms, whose revision they were pressing him to finish this week, had become strangely confused for a while to-day. That would never do. He had cured that eye trouble, that ear trouble, and the swelling about his knuckles. He leaned on his elbow and examined his knotted old hands. Still slightly visible but undoubtedly going down, he assured himself. This occasional mental confusion—well, he'd cure that as he was curing the rest. He'd

have none of doctors—or their bills. His gaze wandered through the open attic window to Claire's marine view.

The sea! How, as a boy, he had loved the sea! Knocked about on it under many skies. It would be a pleasant thing to live close by the sea. In a little place where it wouldn't cost much, just he and Ella. No more hurry, confusion, close-shut office, bills to be met, interest to be paid, constant driving need for money. He gazed wistfully out toward the bay. How different this old age of his from the unharried lot he had planned!

"Father!"

He listened. Had some one called?

"Father! Why don't you answer?"

"Here," he said, suddenly.

"I've called and called—"

It was Claire's voice laden with the sense of injury. "Dinner's ready. I had to come all the way up."

"All right. Don't be cross. Your mother home?"

"Yes."

"Your mother home, Claire?"

"I said *yes*, father," Claire shouted.

"Well," said her father, "you needn't shout. You mumble your words so no one can hear you. Sounds like French."

"Oh, dear," said Claire to her brother, "he's getting *so* deaf."

"Sure," replied Ralph, absently; "he's failing."

Ella, his wife, was already seated at the dinner-table; she was many years younger than her husband.

She smiled as she glanced up at his entrance. "Father's been asleep," she said; "look at his hair."

He remembered, then, that he had asked for her and that she had not been there. He felt a little piqued, and determined to show it. He did not look at her, that he might keep up his disapproval.

"I saw such an interest-

ing moving-picture to-day, John," said his wife, her sweet eyes on him; "I wished so much that you were with me."

No, he wouldn't look at her. He had wanted her and she wasn't there. Instead, he turned to Claire:

"What is this stuff?" he inquired, jabbing it with his spoon.

"Stewed celery, father. Don't you like it?"

"Anything's good enough," he replied, gloomily.

"John," continued his wife, "you would have enjoyed those pictures. A cattery. You know how you love cats. One just like Lazarus, too, but not nearly so bright."



BEHIND HIM, STEP FOR STEP, TROTTED LAZARUS

"I don't see," he remarked, generally, "how people can attend those places. Bad air—silly." Still he would not look at her.

"The Solace of the Humble, father; of the Genteel Poor," interpolated Claire—but he did not hear her.

"I'm sure you would have loved this one, John dear," came her mother's gentle voice.

The epithet, the emphasis of tenderness in her voice, which he never failed to hear, melted his little pique. He had a hard time to hold back the tears from his eyes. Indeed, he was but a weak old man, he told himself, to be so cross with one so lovely, so good a wife, so good a

mother. It was this weight of worry for the future, he thought, always pressing, pressing. He broke bread silently into his milk.

"Will you clear off, mother?" he heard Claire say. "Harold's coming to-night." Harold? Who was Harold?

"Oh—that young squirt with the small head?" he asked.

Claire stared at her father, moved between indignation and pity for his failing judgment.

"Father means," said her mother, soothingly, "compared with his own head. You're such a large man, John, you can't expect everybody to come up to you."

It occurred to him that Harold was of growing frequency in the family. Another of Claire's possibilities. They came; they went. Whose fault, their going, he never clearly understood. He thought that, so far, they had been a rather poor lot. The possibility of Claire's marriage aroused mingled emotions. In planning the future he had rather counted on Claire's being married, as her elder sister Marion had been—long before this. It was a relief to know that Marion was provided for. But when you thought about it, *was* she? Her husband was a physician, exposed to a constant stream of germs, and they lived in that dangerous Middle West—tornadoes, floods all about them. Stenography was so much safer. Why wouldn't the girls see it?

After dinner, he would have preferred playing billiards in the attic by himself, but they might not like it if he didn't appear as they gathered about this latest of Claire's suitors in the liv-



"FATHER," SHE CRIED, "I DO APPRECIATE, I DO!"

ing-room. It wasn't because he didn't hear so well that he shunned hospitalities. He had cured that—quite—but their talk was so puerile. It got so far away. He sat in the midst of them, but it was as if they were an alien group, opposed. Ella, the bridging link, halted them now and then and brought him into it. Very foolish, he thought them. Occasionally a chance word of mining or law or politics engaged him, and he would plunge in and take the floor from them. Then he found them intelligent, good company. And suddenly, in the midst, he lost interest, grew tired, and hunted for his cat.

He soon walked by them again, intent on the plate of chopped liver in his hand, giving Harold a non-committal good night. Behind him, step for step, tail erect, trotted his solemn old yellow cat, Lazarus, alert for his approaching dinner. Up the staircase they passed, two old chums.

Claire would have scorned the idea of marrying for any reason but love, yet Harold in the capacity of a provider was strangely accelerating to her affections.

Art that month went to the nethermost corner, and clothes took its place. Harold of the small head had won.

It seemed, on the whole, the best thing Claire could do; but, if anything, it rather complicated matters financially. Art had been harmless, if unfruitful. Clothes demanded a second mortgage on the house. Claire had protested feebly. Her father himself thought it a foolish thing to do, but Ella had said it must be done. In prosperous days Marion had had it, and Claire must have it now, on a smaller scale. Ella knew. Ella was the refuge for all things—except this need of money.

The need of nearly seventy years—yes, seventy; had he not worked his way from a baby of seven? When had it not driven him? Sitting in his dark office—for he had taken a cheaper one since he had kept only his writing to do—he brooded. Money; that was life. Just getting money. Where did it go? Why? Where had it gone, the money, the quantities of money acquired in all these years that he had worked. For Them. Always for Them. He had had food, clothes, shelter out of it—that was all.

His pen cramped his fingers so that he had to stop frequently and rub them; his eyesight blurred sometimes to dizziness. It was a warning that appalled. But his contract had always to be fulfilled: so many forms every month to be made or revised—

But perhaps, after Claire was married, the pressure would be relieved a bit, in spite of the added interest on this new mortgage. In a little while they might arrange, he and Ella, to sell the house, pay off the debts, give up work, and take that little place by the sea. They would have a garden and the billiard-table and the cat; the children would come sometimes and visit them. . . . Vague his dreams, but restful. Meanwhile he must keep strong. He must conquer these dizzy spells.

"Ever feel dizzy?" he asked Claire at breakfast. She was about to make the contemptuous denial of healthy youth when something wistful in his tone made her look up. He was regarding her earnestly, hopefully.

"Often," she said, promptly.

"You ever?" he turned to Ralph.

Ralph glanced at his sister. "Sure," he replied; "yes sir." The old man felt relieved. If youth grew weak and dizzy sometimes it was not necessarily a symptom of failing age.

"It's bread that does it," he announced. "Eat toast, as I am going to do, and you'll never have it. Bread'll get you all, in time." Somehow this simple solution put new spirit into him that day.

"Not many men of my age can go up a hill as I do," he said to his wife and daughter. He had felt, of late, that that morning's walk uphill to the cars rather got him. "Watch me and see."

Claire, in the ardent pursuit of clothes from dawn till dark, sighed and glanced reluctantly from the window. Her father, his shoulders squared, head up, eyes to the front, took the hill with alert, springing steps and disappeared over it triumphantly.

"Did I stoop?" he asked that night at dinner. "Did I creak and bend and groan?" He made Ralph feel his muscle. He spread his stiff hand.

"Remember the swelling of my fingers?" he said. "All gone!"

Claire was married at home with only the family about her—except Marion, who lived too far away, whose baby was too young to leave. Claire had said her last good-byes, one foot already on the step of their taxicab, when she looked about again and saw her father. He stood on the lowest stair, by himself, gazing sadly after her. It was as if she saw him suddenly for the first time—an old, old man, apart. She ran back. She threw her arms about him. He held her close.

"Father," she cried, tears in her eyes, her voice, "I do appreciate. I do! I do!"

"Well, well. You're a good girl, Claire. A good girl," he repeated. How had he ever thought her a little hard! Harold came and led her away again. Her face broke into smiles.

"I'll write often," she called, and was gone.

"A good girl, a good girl," her father repeated. "Well, umph." He turned slowly, uncertainly, back to the house. Ella came down to him and slipped her hand through his arm. "You've been a good mother," he said. "I'm glad it's not you." They all laughed at that.

He went down to his office. It had never seemed so dark, so oppressive. He fumbled about until he found the light switch. They had left him a new lot of laws to be got into shape. They seemed formidable, endless. He started to look through them and then he put them down with a sigh. He felt he would be glad to see no more of them.

Surely they could manage on less now, he and Ella. Ralph would have to be a bit more self-supporting. It wouldn't hurt him. Poor Ella! She would be feeling sad. He'd go home. He'd bring her something. Chocolates? No, they were bad for her—though it was pleasant to buy them from that little candy girl at Maskey's who always made him say such clever things. A street vender accosted him with a box of strawberries. The very thing! The gentle Italian charged him twice what Ella would have paid at her fruit-market, and half were green and had to be stewed, while the other half had to be thrown away; but Ella divined the motive.

At dinner that night she herself sat

in Claire's place, so they should not see it empty. And afterward the three of them lingered about the fire, talking of Claire and of how beautiful she had looked. Ella praised the promise of her new son-in-law. Her husband was inclined to show her her error, recall to her the size of his head, his wrong idea of billiards; but he remembered that Ella needed humoring that night. Ralph, smoking innumerable cigarettes, stared into the fire. He missed Claire, but he had troubles of his own.

"How's business?" asked his father.

A shadow of annoyance flitted over Ralph's face.

"All right," he said, shortly.

"All right?" his father echoed, cheerfully. He had a notion of broaching, this evening, the subject of his own retirement. "Then it's increasing, eh?"

Ralph threw the end of his cigarette into the fire and got up with a meaningful glance at his mother.

"It's all right," he said, "but it's a confounded routine. I'm getting sort of stale at it. By the way, I'm taking a vacation these next two or three weeks. Fleming's asked me to go hunting with him. Think I'll go. I haven't had a change in nearly two years."

"That will be fine," said his mother. His father said nothing.

"Well, good night, mother; I'm going up." He stooped to kiss her as he passed. "Good night, dad; I'll send you some venison."

"H'm, thanks," his father grunted, dryly. He did not eat venison. "Poor boy," he murmured with traces of satire, as his son disappeared—"not for two years!"

"John dear, you must remember," said his wife, gently, "he's always lived such a free life."

"Well, well," he said, absently. His memory refused to go back over the years since *he* had had a vacation. Ten, twenty, thirty—he couldn't remember—unless you counted that trip to Vancouver for the old bank in—when was it? But his wife was speaking.

"Ralph gets so discouraged. He needs more time, money. He"—she hesitated, endeavoring to present Ralph's case at its best—"he'd really like to lay off, he says, for a few months."



THEY LINGERED ABOUT THE FIRE, TALKING OF CLAIRE AND HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE HAD LOOKED

"Lay off?" repeated the old man, looking uncomprehendingly at her.

"He says work of the sort he's doing now he can get any time; but he wants to study some more here at home for a while, and take some university work—that is, if you don't mind. I told him, of course, *I* didn't, and I was sure you wouldn't."

"More college?" said her husband, frowning. "Hasn't he had enough college?" To the self-educated old man his son had had a formidable career of learning. "What good has it done him so far that he want's more?"

"It's something to do with mining. He wants to get at the engineering part. This young Fleming wants him to go in with him on some claims in Nevada in the spring. Ralph says it will save them

an engineer if he can study this winter—" She paused; her husband was gazing far before him. Mining! University for mining!

"It isn't as if Ralph were lazy, John—"

Oh no; but wasn't something wrong? How old was Ralph? Forty, thirty, twenty—?

"John, you know he's twenty-six."

Twenty-six? Why, at twenty-six—why, he had been in the thick of things—fighting his way, stumping the state, district attorney, in the thick. And by himself; no father to fall back upon; no college education—just fight, fight. It was too much for him.

"Well," he said, "the boy's got to have his chance, I suppose."

"Especially since Claire's gone, John,



"I'M SORRY. THAT'S GOT TO SEE ME THROUGH THE MONTH"

I can manage closer. Ralph says if his mine comes out it's sure to be a big thing." There was a gleam of anticipation in her eyes. "Though I don't count on it much, do you?" she added.

"No," said the old man, absently. He was thinking of his little restful dream slipping by again.

While Ralph was still recuperating on his hunting trip, they had word from Marion that her husband was dead. The physician had failed to heal himself.

The physician had failed, furthermore, it seemed, to provide for his little family's future.

It was terrible to think of: Marion alone, unprotected, with two babies—one of them so little. She must come home to a protector.

Her father could hardly await her coming. The thought of things happening to her on the way haunted him by day and night. Marion, his first child, who had always seemed closest to him; Marion in distress! What a baby she had been, what a romping father's baby!"

He came home early from the office those days when they awaited Marion and he rummaged among the storage of the basement—secretly, for fear Ella might protest. Each day he uncovered some new treasure.

There was the mahogany crib-bed—that should be set up for little Richard; and the big doll with the real hair—when the baby was older she'd like that; and the rocking-horse of Ralph's; odds

and ends of dolls whose rubber joints were relaxed and wobbly; funny little dresses, remnants of shoes, tea-sets, jewel-sets, laid away in tiny trunks. He placed them in the big sunny front room her mother was preparing for her.

"Put them in the attic," begged Ella, who was trying to fix the room prettily for her.

No. They must be just there, in that particular spot, to greet her. To him those old toys were the most beautiful things in the house.

And Marion, their beautiful, sad, worn Marion, when she came, had given one look around and understood.

"Father!" she cried with misty eyes, "nobody but father could have done it just that way!" And he showed them immediately how the mahogany rocker was to be used; as if nobody but himself could have solved its mysterious purpose. The baby took to it at once. It was a baby that never disappointed.

"But if you think, darlings," Marion had said, "that I'm going to collapse on you and mother here—"

"There's enough. There's always enough—"

"Just a little while," said Marion, "till I catch my breath. It all came so suddenly. Another year and Richard would have had everything in order—" She put her head down into her mother's shoulder. Suddenly she raised it with a little smile. "Perhaps I'll have to take up your famous stenography, father." The old man looked up; his eyes lighted. It was a trumpet-call to an old ambition scorned.

"Do it!" he cried with enthusiasm. "Do it! Wait a minute." He trotted briskly up to the attic and came down with an armful of dusty books which he tumbled into Marion's lap.

"See. Here they are. Finest books in the world. You'll get everything you want to know right here. Study a little every day. I got 'em for Claire, but she wouldn't listen to me. She's obstinate. You! Why, you'd learn it in no time! You'd beat 'em all. You'd be better than Claire—you're quicker—"

"Now, father—"

"Yes, you are. Quicker, brighter. In a little while you could get forty, sixty,

maybe a hundred dollars." He laughed triumphantly. "Begin right away."

"Oh, father, Marion's tired. She must rest a little."

"Just let me get a little settled first, father dear," said Marion, "and then—I do believe," she meditated, "it's the best plan."

"Of course it is," cried her father. He went to his own work exhilarated.

Days, weeks slipped by. Little Dick found grandfather's sailor-knots delightfully droll, found him wonderfully to be relied upon in the matter of surreptitious gumdrops. Some altercation there was in regard to Lazarus, the cat, concerning his tail and his peace, but this was finally adjusted. Sometimes they disturbed one's naps, the babies, but, on the other hand, it required no nerve-wracking feat of concentration to follow their discourse. Days, weeks slipped by; they all agreed that father was failing, but that it was remarkable the way he kept up.

In the mornings Ralph went over to the university and took his mining course. In the afternoons he studied or picked up a bit of insurance. Evenings he devoted to pleasure. When the time came to open up their claim he had, of course, no money. Fleming was financing the affair, but there were other expenses—the going, the hundred incidentals. He went to his father's office. The old man raised his head from the papers before him and pushed up his green eye-shade. It was a moment before he recognized his son.

"I hate to ask it, dad," Ralph hesitated. It was true that he did. He seldom went to his father's office, and to-day, in the excitement of his own approaching venture, the dashing assault of fortune he was about to make, the old man's patient plodding, shut up in his little room, seemed not to be borne. How had his father ever borne it? After all, did he not lack spirit to have done so? Poor dad!

"How much do you want?" asked his father, slowly.

"If you could let me have seventy-five . . ." Ralph hesitated. "Fifty, even, would help. I do hate to do this, but, after all, father, it's a great chance. It will probably make us all in the end."

When he said, "us all" so inclusively, it gave Ralph a feeling of generosity and responsibility, as if he paid back paternal care and shouldered the whole family, to boot.

His father drew out a flat old purse and opened it. He turned out the two small gold coins it contained into the palm of his unsteady hand. Then he put them back.

"You see, my boy . . . I'm sorry. That's got to see me through the month. And I can't rob your mother and sister and the babies."

"Oh, that's all right," murmured Ralph, "I only thought—"

"Next month, perhaps," said his father. "We can let some of the bills go over." He ran his hand over his head; it felt heavy, confused.

Ralph shook his head and turned toward the door. "Must have it now, dad. But that's all right. Maybe I can borrow it."

"You're going the wrong way," cried his father, suddenly, vehemently. "You always have been, sir. Get something steady and stick to it."

Ralph shook his head again. "I'm not made for small plodding. I'm going after it big."

"You're obstinate, sir." A nervous anger shook the old man. "You take no advice. Haven't I been through it all? Don't I know—" His hands trembled, he scowled terribly.

Ralph looked back at him and said, gently:

"I know better even than you, father, what I can do. This is a big thing." He was conscious of his own superior clarity.

His father pointed a shaking finger at him, furiously, face contorted. "Get out of here, get out!" he cried.

Ralph, conscious of remarkable self-control, departed.

The old man's ferocious scowl died gradually away. He began to cry nervously. He felt harassed, driven, pressed from a hundred quarters. He picked at his pen, but his fingers could not grasp it. He sat there a long time, motionless.

Suddenly his head seemed clearer. What had he done? Something was wrong. Oh yes. Yes. He had told Ralph, his son, to "get out." Ralph had

wanted money for his work and he had told him to "get out." Ralph wanted money. He fumbled for his shabby little purse and looked at it. How could he live cheaper? He couldn't. What could he give up? He drew out his watch and looked at it. It was a massive watch, the heavy gold case engraved as a gift from some of his colleagues in the legislature forty years before. A bauble. A man as hard up as he with such a watch!

When Ralph entered his home that evening, he met his father coming down the hall. Ralph drew aside for him to pass, looking at him dubiously. His father's step, manner, was hurried.

"Sorry about that money, my boy," he said as he passed.

"All right, father. I know I had no business to bother you. I'll manage some way."

"Too bad," said his father, and, coughing gently, he attempted a few weak nonchalant bars of Dinah and the cup of cold poison, as he went on down the stairs.

Ralph glanced after him, meditatively. There was something unnatural in his father's manner. He heard his mother calling them to dinner.

"In a minute," he answered, and, still obsessed by his father's strangeness, he went into his room to brush his hair. As he picked up his brushes, there rolled from one of them, thudding magnificently down onto the dresser, four shining twenties.

"By Heaven!" muttered Ralph through clenched teeth, "I'll make good. I'll pay it back to him with a million. I'll—" If wishes were horses, Ralph would.

Ralph was in Nevada when all his father's dizziness and incoherences culminated in an acute attack of illness. Days of pain, of fever, then days of strange peace and the realization that they were well, moving about him.

They came, they went, they cared for him. They stood by his bedside looking very tenderly down at him. Marion was there, Ella—above all, Ella—the baby, little Richard, coming very gently to hold up a toy; Lazarus, the cat; Claire, glowing with health, youth, sweet-

scented, bending over him, murmuring endearments, and adding to her mother easily, not too assertively, "Anything I can do, mother, you know—" conscious, the while, of the responsibility of settling her own luxurious little home: of Bavarian cream awaiting to ensnare Harold that night; of a captivating tea-gown, just achieved.

"Dear father, he ought to give up work now, surely." Very clear and emphatic was Claire on the point of father's working no more.

"I know," said her mother, vaguely. Marion turned away. She was busy with mutton broth and gruels since the nurse had gone.

"Good girl, Claire," he thought. "All of 'em. Best women in the world. And Harold; his head was small—but he was a good provider. He wished Ralph were there; but Ralph had to have his chance.

Strange days of peace, and then back to life. Scorn for the doctor increasing with his strength. But he had to admit that sickness had struck him down, for once. He was a little apologetic for having given them so much trouble.

Bills! Doctor, nurse, medicine—but he would not worry. He would take better care of himself. An asset, that.

Slow business, that first morning, going down again. But a little triumph, in its way. The very going was a triumph over age and illness. Then the elevator-boy was so glad to see him, and the girl who sometimes copied for him; and, best of all, a pile of forms waiting for him. He was an old, old man, but his special work was still the best.

He was weak now, but he would be strong again. He would go slowly, carefully, hoarding his strength. He must last, anyhow, until Marion was on her feet again. Rest! Idling by the sea! Impulse of foolish youth! Work was best, and the love and tenderness he had at home.

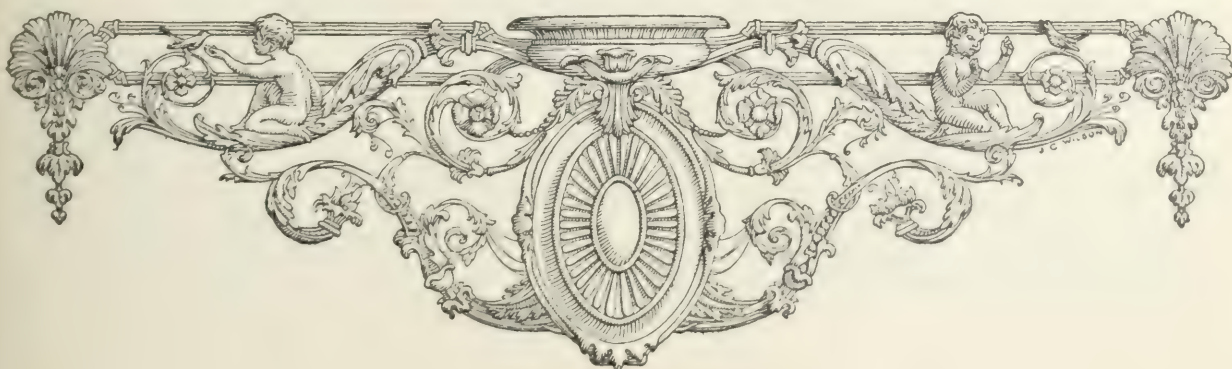
"You're sure you're able?" Ella's eyes, anxious, watchful, followed him in the morning. "We can manage, somehow—"

Able! While they needed him, while there was work for him to do, while he could think, see, could guide a pen!

Sometimes at the windows of her big, sunny front room, Marion held up the baby and made it wave, pudgily, to grandfather, starting up the hill to his office, and little Richard escorted him to the curb and learned to feed the sparrows gently with him. Then, until he was out of sight, and sometimes longer, grandfather held up his head and pushed his shoulders back and tramped bravely up the hill. And at the top, without turning, he would wave his hand behind his back. Little Richard always waited for that subtle salute.

Whenever Marion watched him so, she dashed the mist from her eyes and applied herself passionately to the stenography books—so long as the baby would let her.

And so every morning, still, he went forth to help the law grow simpler, clearer, more beautiful; every morning, still, he buckled the armor about his gallant old frame and went forth, a shield between Them and the world.



A Rebellious Grandmother

BY TEMPLE BAILEY



RS. CISSY BEALE and her daughter Cecily sat together in the latter's bedroom—a bewitching apartment, in which pale-gray paper and pale-gray draperies formed an effective background for the rosewood furniture and the French mirrors and tapestried screens.

Between the two women was a basinet and a baby.

"You act," said Cecily, "as if you were sorry about—the baby."

Her mother, who lay stretched at ease on a pillowed couch, shook her head.

"I'm not sorry about the baby—she's a darling—but you needn't think I'm going to be called 'grandmother,' Cecily. A grandmother is a person who settles down. I don't expect to settle down. My life has been hard. I struggled and strove through all those awful years after your father—left me. I educated you and Bob. And now you've both married well, and I've a bit of money ahead from my little book. For the first time in my life I can have leisure and pretty clothes; for the first time in my life I feel young; and then, absolutely without warning, you come back from Europe with your beautiful Surprise, and expect me to live up to it—"

"Oh no!" Cecily protested.

"Yes, you do," insisted little Mrs. Beale. She sat up and gazed at her daughter accusingly. With the lace of her boudoir cap framing her small, fair face, she looked really young—as young almost as the demure Cecily, who, in less coquettish garb, was taking her new motherhood very seriously.

"Yes, you do," Mrs. Beale repeated. "I know just what you expect of me. You expect me to put on black velvet and old lace and diamonds. I sha'n't dare to show you my new afternoon frock—it's *red*, Cecily, geranium *red*; I sha'n't dare to wear even the tiniest slit

in my skirts; I sha'n't dare to wear a Bulgarian sash or a Russian blouse, or a low neck—without expecting to hear some one say, disapprovingly, 'And she's a *grandmother*!'" She paused, and Cecily broke in tumultuously:

"I should think you'd be proud of—the baby."

"No, I'm not proud." Mrs. Beale thrust her toes into a pair of silver-embroidered Turkish slippers and stood up. "I'm not proud just at this moment, Cecily. You see—there's Valentine Landry."

"Mother—!"

"Now please don't say it that way, Cecily. He's half in love with me, and I'm beginning to like him awfully. I've never had a bit of romance in my life. I married your father when I was too young to know my own mind, and he was much older than I. Then came the years of struggle after he went away. . . . I was a good wife and a good mother. I worshiped you and Bob, and I gave my youth for you. I never thought of any other man while your father lived, even though he did not belong to me. And now he is dead. You'll never know—I hope you may *never* know—what drudgery means as I have known it. I've written my poor little screeds when I was half-dead with fatigue; I've been out in cold and rain to get news; I've interviewed all sorts of people when I've hated them and hated the work. And if now I want to have my little fling, why not? Everybody effervesces some time. This is my moment—and you can't expect me to spoil it by playing the devoted grandmother."

The baby was wailing, a little hungry call, which made her mother take her up and say, hastily: "It's time to feed her. You won't mind, mother?"

"Yes, I *do* mind," said the little lady. "I don't like that Madonna effect, with the baby in your arms. It makes me feel horribly frivolous and worldly,



Drawn by John Newton Howill

"I'M NOT GOING TO BE YOUR GRANDMOTHER, YET." SHE ANNOUNCED

Cecily. But it doesn't change my mind a bit."

After a pause, the Madonna-creature asked, "Who is Valentine Landry?"

Mrs. Beale had her saucy little cap off, and was brushing out her thin, light locks in which the gray showed slightly. But she stopped long enough to explain. "He isn't half as sentimental as his name. I met him in Chicago at the Warburtons', just before I made a success of my book. I was very tired, and he cheered me a lot. He's from Denver, and he made his money in mines. He hasn't married, because he hasn't had time. We're awfully good friends, but he doesn't know my age. He knows that I have a daughter, but not a granddaughter. He thinks of me as a young woman—not as a grandmother-creature in black silk and mitts—"

"Mother! nobody expects you to wear black silk and mitts—"

"Well, you expect me to have a black-silk-and-mitt mind. You know you are thinking this very minute that there is no idiot like an old one—Cecily—"

The girl flushed. "I don't think you are quite kind, mother."

Mrs. Beale laughed and forgot to be cynical. "I know what you'd like to have me, dearie, but this is my moment of emancipation." She crossed the room and looked down at the tiny bit of humanity curled like a kitten in the curve of her daughter's arm. "I'm not going to be your grandmother, yet, midget," she announced, with decision. Then, "Cecily, I think when she's old enough I shall have her call me—Cupid—"

And laughing in the face of her daughter's horrified protest, the mutinous grandparent retired precipitately to her own room.

Three hours later, Mrs. Cissy Beale went forth to conquer, gowned in a restaurant frock of shadow lace topped by a black tulle hat.

Valentine Landry, greeting her in Cecily's white-and-gold drawing-room, was breezy and radiant. "You're as lovely as ever," he said, as he took her hand; "perhaps a bit lovelier because you are glad to see me."

"I am glad," she assured him; "and it is so nice to have you come before the summer is at an end. We can have a

ride out into Westchester, and come back by daylight to dinner."

"And no chaperons?"

"No." She was looking up at him a little wistfully. "We know each other too well to have to drag in a lot of people, don't we? It is the men whom women trust with whom they go alone."

He met her glance gravely. "Do you know," he said, "that you have the sweetest way of putting things? A man simply has to come up to your expectations. He'd as soon think of disappointing a baby as of disappointing you."

His selection of a simile was unfortunate. Mrs. Beale's eyes became fixed upon a refractory button of her glove.

"Please help me," she said; "your fingers are stronger," and as he bent above her hand she forgot the baby, forgot her new estate, forgot everything except the joy she felt at having his smooth gray head so close to her own.

When he had her safely beside him in his big car he asked, "What made you run away from me in Chicago?"

"My daughter came home from Europe."

"I can't quite think of you with a grown daughter."

"Cecily's a darling." Mrs. Beale's voice held no enthusiasm.

Landry, noting her tone, looked faintly surprised. "You and she must have great good times together."

"Oh yes—"

Mrs. Beale wished that he wouldn't talk about Cecily. Cecily had married before good times were possible. They had *never* played together—she and the little daughter for whom she had toiled and sacrificed.

Landry's voice broke in upon her meditations: "I should like to meet Cecily."

Mrs. Beale switched him away from the topic expeditiously. He should not see her as yet in the bosom of her family. He *should not*. He should not see Cecily with her air of mature motherliness. He should not see Victor, Cecily's husband, who was ten years older than Cecily and only ten years younger than herself. He should not hear her big son Bob call her "Grandma." He should not gaze upon the pretty deference of Bob's little wife toward the queen-dowager!

Dining later opposite Landry in a great golden palace, Cissy seemed like some gay tropical bird. In her new and lovely clothes she was very pretty, very witty, almost girlishly charming. Yet Landry was conscious of a vague feeling of disappointment. She had been more serenely satisfying in Chicago—not so brilliantly hard, not so persistently vivacious. How could he know that the change was one of desperation? Cissy, as grandmother, felt that she must prove, even to herself, that she was not yet a back number.

With this rift in the lute of their budding romance, they ate and drank and went to the play and had what might otherwise have been an enchanted ride home in the moonlight. But when Landry said "Good night" Cissy felt the loss of something in his manner. His greeting that afternoon had had in it something almost of tenderness; his farewell was commonplace and slightly constrained.

As Mrs. Beale went through the dimly lighted hall to her room, she met Cecily in a flowing garment, pacing back and forth with the baby in her arms.

"She isn't well," Cecily whispered, as the little lady in the lace frock questioned her. "I don't know whether I ought to call a doctor or not."

Mrs. Beale poked the tiny mite with an expert finger. "I'll give her a drink of hot water with a drop of peppermint in it," she said, "as soon as I get my hat off, and you'd better go back to bed, Cecily; you aren't well enough to worry with her."

Cecily looked relieved. "I was worried," she confessed. "It's nurse's night out and Victor had to go to a board meeting unexpectedly—and with you away—I lost my nerve. It seemed dreadful to be alone, mother."

Mrs. Beale knew how dreadful it was. She had carried the wailing Cecily in her arms night after night in the weeks which followed the crushing knowledge of her husband's infidelity. But she had carried a heavier burden than the child—the burden of poverty, of desertion, of an unknown future.

But these things were not to be voiced. "You go to bed, Cecily," she said. "I'll look after her."

Walking the floor later with the baby in her arms, Mrs. Beale's mind was on Landry. "Heavens! if he could see me now!" was her shocked thought, as she stopped in front of a mirror to survey the picture she made.

Her hair was down and the grayest lock of all showed plainly. She had discarded frills and furbelows and wore a warm gray wrapper. She looked nice and middle-aged, yet carried, withal, a subtle air of girlishness—would carry it, in spite of storm or stress, until the end, as the sign and seal of her undaunted spirit.

The baby stirred in her arms, and again Mrs. Beale went back and forth, crooning the lullaby with which she had once put her own babies to bed.

In the morning the baby was much better, but Mrs. Beale was haggard. She stayed in bed until eleven o'clock, however. Cecily, coming in at twelve, found her ready to go out. In response to an inquiry, Mrs. Beale spoke of a luncheon engagement with Valentine Landry.

"Mother—are you going to marry him?"

Cissy, studying the adjustment of her veil, confessed, "He hasn't asked me."

"But he will—"

Mrs. Beale shrugged her shoulders. "Who knows?"

In the weeks which followed, the little lady was conscious that things were not drawing to a comfortable climax. By all the rules of the game, Landry should long ago have declared himself. But he seemed to be slipping more and more into the fatal rôle of good friend and comrade.

Cissy's pride would not let her admit, even to herself, that she had failed to attract at the final moment. But there was something deeper than her pride involved, and she found her days restless and her nights sleepless. One night in the dense darkness she faced the truth relentlessly. "You're in love, Cissy Beale," she told herself, scornfully. "You're in love for the first time in your life—and you a—grandmother!"

Then she turned over on her pillow, hid her face in its white warmth, and cried as if her heart would break.

In the mean time the baby drooped.



Drawn by John Newton Howitt

"YOU'LL WANT TO PUT ME ON THE SHELF LIKE ALL THE REST OF THEM"

Cecily, worried, consulted her mother continually. Thus it came about that Mrs. Beale lived a double life. From noon until midnight she was of to-day—smartly gowned, girlish; from midnight until dawn she was of yesterday—waking from her fitful slumbers at the first wailing note, presiding in gray gown and slippers over strange brews of catnip and of elderflower.

Cecily's doctor, being up-to-date, remonstrated at this return to the primitive, but was forced to admit, after the baby had come triumphantly through a half-dozen critical attacks, that Cissy's back-to-grandma methods were effective.

It was on a morning following one of these struggles that Cissy said to her daughter, wearily, "I can't escape it—"

"Escape what?" demanded Cecily, who, in the pale-gray bedroom was endeavoring to observe the doctor's injunction to let the wailing baby stay in her bassinet, instead of walking the floor with her.

"The black-silk-and-mitt destiny," said the depressed lady.

"What has happened?" Cecily demanded.

"Nothing has happened," responded her weary little mother, and refused to discuss the matter further.

But to herself she was beginning to admit that she had lost Landry. An hour later she had a telephone message from him.

"I want you to go with me for a last ride together," he said. "I leave to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Her voice showed her dismay. "But why this sudden decision—"

"I have played long enough," he said; "business calls—"

As Mrs. Beale made ready for the ride she surveyed herself wistfully in her mirror. There were shadows under her eyes, and faint little lines toward the corners of her lips—it even seemed to her that her chin sagged. She had a sudden sense of revolt. "If I were young, *really* young," she thought, "he would not be going away—"

With this idea firmly fixed in her mind, she exerted herself to please him; and her little laugh made artificial music in

his ears, her fixed smile wore upon his nerves, her staccato questions irritated him.

Again they had dinner together, and as she sat opposite him, gorgeous and gay in her gown of geranium red, he began to talk with her of her daughter.

"I've never met her. It has seemed to me that you might have let me see her—"

Cissy flushed. "She's such a great grown-up," she said. "Somehow when I'm with her I feel—old—"

"You will never seem old," he said, with the nearest approach to tenderness that had softened his voice for days. "You have in you the spirit of eternal youth—"

Then he floundered on. "But a mother and a daughter—when you used to speak of her in Chicago, it seemed to me that I could see you together, and I liked the sweetness and womanliness of the thought; but I have never seen you together."

With a sense of recklessness upon her, Cissy suddenly determined to tell him the truth. "Cecily hasn't been going out much. You see there's the baby—"

He stared. "The baby—?"

"Her baby—Cecily's—"

"Then you're a grandmother?"

It seemed to Cissy that the whole restaurant rang with the emphasis of the words. Yet he had not spoken loudly; not a head was turned in their direction; even the waiter stood unmoved.

When she came to herself Landry was laughing softly. "When are you going to let me see—the baby—?"

"Never—"

"Why not?"

Cissy went on to her doom. "Because you'll want to put me on the shelf like all the rest of them. You'll want to see me with—my hair—parted—and spectacles. And my eyes are perfectly good—and my hair is my own—"

She stopped. Landry was surveying her with hard eyes.

"Don't you love—the baby—?"

Cissy shrugged. "Perhaps. I don't know yet. Some day I may when I haven't anything to do but sit in a chimney-corner."

Thus spoke Cissy Beale, making of

herself a heartless creature, flinging back into the face of Valentine Landry his most cherished ideals.

But what did it matter? She had known from the moment of her confession that he would be repelled. What man could stand up in the face of the world and marry a grandmother!—the idea was preposterous.

She finished dinner with her head in the air; she was hypocritically lively during the drive home; she said "Good night" and "Good-by" without feeling, and went up-stairs with her heart like lead to find the nurse weeping wildly on the first landing.

The baby, it appeared, was very ill. And the baby's father and mother, having left the little cherub sleeping peacefully, were motoring somewhere in the wide spaces of the world. The family doctor was out. She had called up another doctor, and he would come as soon as he could. But in the mean time the baby was dying—

"Nonsense, Kate," said Cissy Beale, and pulling off her gloves as she ran, she made for the pale-gray room.

Now, as it happened, Valentine Landry, driving away in a priggish state of mind, was suddenly overwhelmed by miserable remorse. Reviewing the evening, he seemed to see, for the first time, the unhappiness in the eyes of the little woman who had borne herself so bravely. In a sudden moment of illumination he realized all that she must have been feeling. Perhaps it had not been heartlessness; perhaps it had been—heart hunger.

Leaning forward, he spoke to his chauffeur. They stopped at the first drug-store, and Landry called up Cissy. Her voice from the other end answered, sharply, then broke as he gave his name.

"I thought it was the doctor," she said. "Can you come back, please. The baby, oh, the baby is very ill!"

Five minutes later the nurse let him into the house. He followed her up the stairs and into the nursery. Cissy sat with the baby in her arms. The baby was in a blanket and Cissy was in her gray wrapper. She had donned it while the nurse held the baby in the hot bath which saved its life. Cissy's hair was out of curl and the color was out of her

cheeks. But to Valentine Landry she was beautiful.

"It was a convulsion," she told him, simply. "I am afraid she will have another. We haven't been able to get a doctor—will you get one for us?"

Out he went on his mission for the lady of his heart, and the lady of his heart, sitting wet and worried in the pale-gray bedroom, was saying to herself, monotonously, "It's all over now—no man could see me like this and love me—"

Cecily and her husband and the doctor and Landry came in out of the darkness together. They went up-stairs together, then stopped on the threshold as Cissy held up a warning hand.

She continued to croon softly the lullaby which had belonged to her own babies: "Hushaby, sweet, my own—"

It was Cecily and the doctor who went in to her, and Landry, standing back in the shadows, waited. He spoke to Cissy as she came out.

"I am going so early in the morning," he said, "will you give me just one little minute now?"

In that minute he told her that he loved her.

And Cissy, standing in the library in all the disorder of uncurled locks and gray kimono, demanded, after a rapturous pause, "But why didn't you tell me before?"

He found it hard to explain. "I didn't quite realize it—until I saw you there so tender and sweet, with the baby in your arms—"

"A Madonna-creature," murmured Cissy Beale.

But he did not understand. "It isn't because I want you to sit in a chimney-corner—it wasn't fair of you to say that—"

Then in just one short speech Cissy Beale showed him her heart. She told of the years of devotion, always unrewarded by the affection she craved. "And here was the baby," she finished, "to grow up—and find somebody else, and forget me—"

As he gathered her into his protecting embrace, his big laugh comforted her.

"I'm yours till the end of the world, little grandmother," he whispered. "I shall never find any one else—and I shall never forget."

In An Old-time State Capital

FIRST PAPER

BY W. D. HOWELLS



THE reader who likes to date a small event by a great one may care to know that my father came with his large family of boys and girls to the capital of Ohio in the fall of 1851, about the time that Louis Kossuth arrived in the capital of the United States. My father had failed during the year past to retrieve in the country a business failure in town, and Kossuth had come in his exile from Hungary, then trampled under foot by the armies of Austria and Russia. He had been greeted with a frenzy of enthusiasm in New York as the prophet and envoy of a free republic in temporary difficulties, but destined to a glorious future, and at Washington he had been received by both Houses of Congress with national honors which might well have seemed to him national promises of help against the despotisms united in crushing the Magyar revolt.

Kossuth easily deceived himself in us, and went hopefully about the country trying to float an issue of Hungarian bonds on our sympathetic tears, and in his wonderful English making appeals full of tact and eloquence, which went to the hearts if not the pockets of his hearers. My father had found employment as a reporter in the legislature at Columbus, where a boy of thirteen who then intensely interested me heard the glorious exile speak from the steps of the unfinished State House. I hung on the words of the picturesque, black-bearded, black-haired, black-eyed man, in the braided coat of the Magyars (they have perhaps always worn too much braid) and the hat with an ostrich plume up the side which set the fashion among us, and helped displace the universal high silk-hat of earlier times.

I embraced with all my heart the Hungarian cause, and I believed with all my soul that in a certain event we might find the despotisms of the Old World banded against us, and "would yet see Cossacks" as I thrilled to hear Kossuth say.

I adopted with his cause the Kossuth hat, as we called it, and wore it with the plume in it till the opinions of boys without plumes in their hats caused me to take the feather out. My father was of their mind about the feather, but otherwise we thought a great deal alike, and he was zealous to have me see the wonders of the capital. I visited the Penitentiary and the Lunatic, Deaf and Dumb, and Blind Asylums with him, but I think rather from his interest than mine. I was willing to realize the consequence of Columbus as the capital of a sovereign American State, and though I was at that time more concerned with the importance of Rome and Athens, I did what I could to meet his expectations. I believe we made as thorough examination of the new State House as the workmen who had not yet finished it permitted, and he told me that it would cost, when done, a million dollars, a sum of such immensity that my young imagination shrank from grappling with it. But I am afraid that before the State House was done it may have cost more; certainly it must have cost much more with the incongruous enlargements which in later years spoiled its classic symmetry. My father made me observe that it was built of Ohio limestone without, and later I saw that it was faced with Vermont and Tennessee marble within where it was not stuccoed and frescoed; but as for the halls of legislation where the laws of Ohio were made and provided, when I first witnessed the process, they were contained

in a modest square edifice of brick which could not have cost a million dollars by the boldest computation of a contractor. The State House, as much as I knew of it from a single visit to the Hall of Representatives, was of a very simple interior heated from two vast hearths where fires of cordwood logs were blazing high. There were rows of legislators sitting at their desks, and probably one of them was on his feet speaking; I recall dimly a presiding officer, but my main affair was to breathe as quietly as I could and get away as soon as possible from my father's side where he sat reporting the proceedings for the *Ohio State Journal*, then the Whig, and later the Republican organ.

He could make a very full and accurate report of the legislative proceedings in long hand, and for this he was paid ten dollars a week. I have told elsewhere that I worked as compositor on the same paper and had four dollars; my eldest brother was clerk in a grocery-store, where he had three dollars, and read the novels of Captain Marryat in the frequent intervals of custom. Our joint income enabled us to live comfortably in the little brick house, on a humble new street, which my father hired for ten dollars a month from a Welsh carpenter with a large family. I memorized some scraps of their Cymric as I overheard it across the back fence, but we American children did not make acquaintance with the small Welsh folk, or with more than these few words of their language. In my leisure from the printing-office, I was cultivating a sufficiently thankless muse in the imitation of Pope and Goldsmith, for in me, more than his other children, my father had divined and encouraged the love of poetry; at night he read aloud to my mother and the whole family the books which he took out of the State Library; they were mainly books of travel, and they concerned any country which the author chose rather than the reader.

In reproducing his poets, as I constantly did, to his greater acceptance than mine, I sometimes had a difficulty which I did not carry to him, but there is no harm in now submitting it to the reader, who may have noted in his own case the serious disadvantage of writing

about love when he had as yet had no experience of the passion. I did the best I could, and I suppose I did no worse than other poets of thirteen. But I fell back mostly upon inanimate nature, which I knew very well from the woods where I had hunted and the fields where I had hoed; to be honest, I had never hoed so much as I had hunted, and I had never hunted very successfully. My elder brother and I had several ideals in common quite apart from my own literary ideals. One of these was life in a village, as it differed from life in the country, or in any city large or little; another was the fixed renunciation of the printing business in every form. The last was an effect from the suffering which we had shared with our father and mother in the long adversity, ending in the failure of his newspaper at Dayton. Once clear of that disaster, we meant never to see a press or a case of types again; and after our year of release from them in the country my brother had his hopes of learning the river and becoming a steamboat pilot on the Ohio, but failed in them, and so joined us in Columbus, where he had put off the evil day of his return to the printing business a little longer. Meanwhile I had bowed to my fate and spent the whole winter in a printing-office; and now we were both going to take up our trade, so abhorrent in its memories, but going gladly because of the chances which it held out to my father, at a time when there seemed so few chances in the world for him. For, all at once, the legislature had adjourned and my father's engagement had ended with the session. My employment somehow ceased with both, and though we children were now no longer so homesick for the country, and would have liked well enough to remain in the city, we were all eager for the Western Reserve village which his fancy painted so pleasingly to ours. In his anti-slavery opinions he agreed better with the Ohio New-Englanders there than with the Ohio Virginians and Kentuckians whom we had hitherto lived amongst; we understood that he had got a share in a Free-soil newspaper on the Reserve; and I can recall no wider interval between the adjournment of the legislature and our taking passage on the

newly completed railroad to Cleveland than sufficed me for a hardy experiment in gardening among the obdurate clods and brickbats of our small back yard. I was always fond of a garden, but in this one my affection was so wholly unrequited that I do not believe I left it with regret.

The paper which we were going to make ours by our common work, for my father had no money to buy it, was published in Ashtabula; now a very strenuous little city, full of industrial noise and grime, with a harbor emulous of the gigantic activities of the Cleveland lake-front, but then one of the quietest and prettiest villages of the New England type. It must even then, however, have had a thousand people, and our ideal was not perfectly realized till our office was transferred to the county-seat, some ten miles inland, for whatever business and political reasons of the joint-stock company which had now taken over the paper, with my father as editor and shareholder. With its six hundred inhabitants, Jefferson was just so much the more than Ashtabula our ideal of a village; and its young gaieties welcomed us and our little force of printers to a social liberty and equality which I should like some day to paint as a phase of American civilization worthy the most literal fidelity. But the affair of the present record is to remember how immediately my brother and I began to help my father pay for his share in the newspaper, and how constant we were to that duty. We had not only his share in the paper to help him pay for, but the house which he presently bought, with the mortgage on it and the interest always so punctual in its claim. I believe it was ten years before the debt on both was discharged, and by that time I had long left home; but I cannot pretend that I ever helped half so much as my brother, who worked week in and week out, with no day of rest in the seven, while it was allowed me to do an allotted task in the printing-office and give the time left to my self-chosen and self-directed studies. Eventually and rightfully my brother came into the partial and then the entire ownership of the office, where by an irony of fate, not wholly unkind, he continued in the printing business, once so utterly re-

nounced, for half a century, the best beloved man in the village where he lies buried.

When my labors for the day were over, my consuming pleasures began, and I was apt to carry them from the afternoon far into the night. I was studying four or five languages, blindly and blunderingly enough, but with a constancy at which I can even now hardly smile; I was attempting many things in verse and prose which I seldom carried to any definite close, and I was reading, reading, reading, right and left, hither and yon, wherever an author tempted me. I was not meaning to do less than the greatest things, or to know less than the most; but my criticism outran my performance and exacted of me an endeavor for the perfection which I found for ever beyond me. Far in the night I turned harking from my labored failures, and listened for the ticking of the death-watch in the walls of my little study; or, if I had imagined in my poor attempts at fiction some character that the plot had devoted to an early death, I helplessly identified myself with that character, and expected his fate. It was the day when this world was much more intimate with the other world than it is now, and the spiritualism which had evoked its phenomena in most houses of the village had left them haunted by dread sounds if not sights; but it was not yet the day when nervous prostration had got its name, or was known in its nature. For me this malady came in the hypochondria which was misery not less real because at the end of the ends I knew it to be the exaggeration of an apprehension without ground in reason. It lasted a whole summer, and in its accesses I watched for the fulfilment of its impossibilities after the first moment's waking in the morning, when I was for an instant free from it, till the last moment when I fell asleep worn out with it at night. Somehow I lived through it, and in the autumn I resumed my round of work and study on much the former terms. But that winter my father went to Columbus as a clerk of the House of Representatives, and left me to edit the paper at home, and by the next winter he had imagined a scheme for my returning with him to the capital, where we

were jointly to write the legislative correspondence of a Cincinnati newspaper, and devote our earnings to the payment of the debt on the office and the house.

Long before this time, the printer, four years my senior, who had been my friend and comrade in the study of the several languages I was attempting, had left us, and I had grown into intellectual companionship with my older sister, only a little younger than myself. She was my mother's right hand, as my elder brother was my father's, but she found time amidst her work to read with me many of the same books and to talk of them with the same tastes and the same ideals. Looking back I can see her walking with me many a summer evening down a certain westward way from our house, helping me hope and plan a literary future; and I remember how once in our common longing to be out of the village which had grown so much too small for us, we looked at a scene of social splendor depicted on a cover of sheet-music, with fashionable singing and playing, and wondered if we might ever see anything like that in life or be of any such great world.

A spirit so vain might well have been punished in us, but it was not punished; it was even flattered, for when it was arranged that I should go with my father to Columbus, it somehow happened that she was to go too. Somehow, without notice from any circumstance that has left its record with me, we were there together, living with my father in an old-fashioned hotel on the northward stretch of High Street, which was then the principal business street, and for anything I know, is so yet. The hotel was impressive enough to the eye of our village inexperience, but it was perhaps temperamentally of the sort of old-fashioned taverns which the hotels had come to displace. One of the fondest associations of my father's youth had been the building of the National Road, a work so monumental for the new country it traversed, and he poetically valued our hotel for facing upon this road, which in its course from Baltimore to St. Louis became High Street in Columbus. But even in this association it could not be equaled with the Neil House, then the finest and largest hotel in the West,

without a peer even in Cincinnati. Dickens, in his unreasoned wanderings, paused in it over a day, and admired how it was finished throughout in black walnut, the wood that came afterward to be so precious for the ugliest furniture ever made. All visitors of distinction sojourned there, and it was the resort of the great politicians, who held their conclaves in its gloomy corridors and in its office and bar, on the eve of nominating conventions or the approach of general elections. I have a vision, which may be too fond, of their sitting at its portals in tilted arm-chairs as the weather softened, canvassing the civic affairs which could scarcely have been brought to a happy issue without them. But I cannot err in my recollection of the stately conflagration which went up with the hotel one windless night, a mighty front of flame hooded with somber smoke. I watched it with a dense crowd from the steps of the State House which it was worthier to face than any other edifice of the little city; but this was long after that winter of ours in the Goodale House, which I remember for the boundless abundance of its table, and for the society events which on Saturday nights crowned the week. They did not realize the vision of worldly splendor forecast for me by the title-page of that piece of sheet-music at home, and I dare say they were not even so fashionable as I thought them, with a heart too weak and feet too untutored ever to join in them. What I had courage for was the conquest of the whole field of literature which I was attempting from so many sides, in the studies which, as at home, went on far into the night.

There were then so many Germans in Ohio that an edition of the laws had to be printed in their language, and there was a common feeling that we ought to know their language, if not their literature, which was really what I cared more to know. I carried my knowledge of it so far in that brave time as to render a poem of my own into German verse which won the praise of my teacher; and I wish I could remember who he was, gentle, tobacco-smoked shade that he has long since become, or who the German editor of what *republikanische Zeitung* was that sometimes shared in his

instruction of me. I never then or afterward met them at American houses; the cleavage between the two races in everything but politics was absolute; but the Germans were already largely anti-slavery, and this formed common ground for them and natives of like thinking who did not know them socially.

The first winter of my legislative correspondence began with a letter to a Cincinnati newspaper in which I described the public opening of the new State House. I remember the event vividly because I thought it signally important and partly because, to relieve myself from the stress of the crowd passing through the doorways, I lifted my arms and was near having my breath crushed out of me. There was a ball and a banquet, but somewhere, somehow, amidst the dancing and the feeding and smoking, I found a corner where I could write out my account of the affair and so escaped with my letter and my life. The life and the letters after that continued on terms which I should not have known how to wish different. I had a desk appointed me on the floor of the Senate as good as any Senator's, and my father gave me notes of the proceedings in the House, so that I could make a fair report of each day's facts which we early abandoned any pretense of his making. Every privilege and courtesy was shown the press, which sometimes, I am afraid, its correspondents accepted ungraciously enough. Either the first winter or the next, a reporter was expelled from the floor of the House for his overbold criticisms of some member, and I espoused his cause with quite outrageous ardor. I had indeed such a swollen ideal of the rights and duties of the press that I spared no censure of Senators I found misguided. I was perhaps not wholly fitted by my twenty years to judge them, though this possibility did not occur to me at the time with its present force; but if I was not impressed with the dignity of the Senate, the dignity of the Senate Chamber was a lasting effect with me, as in fact that of the whole capitol was. I seemed to share personally in it as I mounted the stately marble stairway from the noble rotunda, or passed through the ample corridors from the Senate to the House, where it

needed not even a nod to the sergeant-at-arms to gain me access to the floor; a nonchalant glance did that. But the grandeur of the interior, which I enjoyed with the whole legislative body, was not more wonderful than its climate, which was tempered against the winter to a summer warmth by the air rushing from the furnaces in the basement through gratings in the walls and floors. They were for me the earliest word of the comfort that now pervades our whole well-warmed American world, but I had scarcely imagined it even from my father's enthusiastic report. How could I imagine it, or fail to attribute to myself something like merit from it? I enjoyed in fact something like moral or civic ownership of the place, which I penetrated in every part on my journalistic business: the court-rooms, the agricultural department, the executive offices, and for what I now know the very room of the Governor himself. The library was, of course, my voluntary resort; I was always getting books from it, and these books had a quality in coming from the State Library which intensified my sense of being in as well as of the capital of Ohio.

Whether the city itself shared my sense of its quality in the same measure I am not sure. There were reasons, however, why it might have done so. It was then what would be now a small city, say not above twenty thousand, and though it had already begun to busy itself with manufacturing, and had two or three railroads centering in it, the industries and facilities which have now swollen its population well toward a quarter of a million were still in their beginning. Its political consciousness may have been the greater, therefore; it may really have been subjectively the sovereign city which I so objectively felt it. In that time, in fact, a state capital was both relatively and positively of greater reality than it has been since. With the Civil War carried to its triumphant close in the reconstructed Union, the theory of State Rights for ever vanished, and with this the consequence which once clothed the separate existence of the States. Their shadowy sovereignty began to wane in the anti-slavery North because it was

the superstition of the pro-slavery South, yet I can remember a moment when there was talk, though never more than talk, of turning this superstition to a faith and applying it to the defeat of the Fugitive Slave Law. The decisions of State courts might nullify the United States law; I believe that was the theory, but I am by no means certain, and I do not believe that this transitory surmise ever increased the consciousness of our State capital. It remained a steadily prospering town like other towns, till now it may not feel itself a capital at all. Perhaps it could be restored to something like the quality I valued in it by becoming the residence of envoys from the other State capitals, and sending a minister to each of these; I have the strong conviction that public-spirited citizens could be found to take such offices at very moderate salaries.

The winter passed without my knowing more of the capital than its official world, though I shared in the generalized hospitality of the large evening receptions which some of the leading citizens used to give the two Houses of the legislature, including the correspondents and reporters attached to them. At these affairs there were great suppers, mainly of oysters, to which our distance from the sea lent distinction, and ice-cream, and sometimes, if I may trust a faint reverberation from the past as of blown corks, champagne. There was also dancing, and when some large, old-fashioned house was not large enough, a wooden pavilion was improvised over the garden to give scope for the waltzes and quadrilles. I recall my share in the suppers, but not in the dances. I danced badly, and I knew nobody to dance with, if I ever had the desperate courage to try. I cannot say just how or when I began to divine that these occasions were not of the first fashion, though the hosts and hostesses might have been so. But my deficiency in their dances was far more than made up by the excess of a friend, who must then have been hard upon sixty years of age, but was of a charming gaiety and an unimpaired youthfulness. He stood up in every quadrille and he danced to the end of the evening, with a demure smile on his comely, smooth-shaven, rosy face,

and a light of mocking self-consciousness in his kind eyes, as if he would agree to any incongruity the spectator might find in his performance. He was one of the clerks of the House, an old politician, and the editor of a leading Cleveland paper, which he chose to leave for the pleasures of the capital. From his experience of the system which he was part of, he whimsically professed to believe that as great legislative wisdom could be arrived at by knocking down every other man in a crowd and bringing him into the House or Senate as by the actual method of nomination and election. At times he would support the theory of a benevolent despotism, and advocate the establishment of what he called a One-man Power as the ideal form of government. I owed him much in the discharge of duties which my finding the most important in the world probably amused him, and when he went back to his newspaper he left me to write the letters for it.

My letters had contented the managers of the *Cincinnati Gazette* so well that when the session of the legislature ended they made me an invitation which might well have abused my modesty with a sense of merit. Elsewhere I have told that this invitation was to be their city editor, with control of the local reporting, at a salary twice as great as that which I had been getting. I do not know whose inspiration the offer was, but I should like to believe it was that of the editor who came to make it in person, after no doubt more duly satisfying himself of my fitness. He is long since dead, but if he were still alive I hope he would not mind my describing him as of less stature than myself even, wearing the large, round glasses which give certain near-sighted persons a staring look, and of speech low almost to whispering, so that I might not have been quite sure that the incredible thing he was proposing was quite proposed to me. I like to recall the personal fact of him because he was always my friend, and would have found me another place on the paper if he could when I would not keep the one he had offered me. He did make room for me in his own department for as long as he could, or I would stay, and he kept me

his guest as far as sharing his room with me in the building where we worked together, and where I used to grope my way toward midnight up a stairway entirely black to his door. There I lighted the candle-end which I found within, and did what I could to sleep till he came hours later, when the paper went to press. I have the feeling that the place was never swept or dusted, and that this did not matter to the gentle, scholarly man, whose life was so wholly in his work that he did not care how he lived. He was buoyed up, above all other things, by the interest of journalism, which for those who embrace it is a kind of enchantment, and which as I knew it then and afterward has always had far more of my honor and respect than those ignorant of it know how to render. I think that if I had been wiser than I was I would have remained in the employ offered me, and learned in the school of reality the many lessons of human nature which it could have taught me. But I did not, perhaps I could not; it might have been the necessity of my morbid nerves to save themselves from abhorrent contacts; in any case I renounced the opportunity offered me by that university of the streets and police-stations, with its faculty of patrolmen and ward politicians and saloon-keepers.

I returned home and took up my old work in our office, and tried to be content again with my books and manuscripts. My father's clerkship had ended with the adjournment of the legislature in the spring, but in the fall, when it grew toward winter, I applied for the correspondence of the *Gazette*, and I got this by favor of my editorial friend; then I had courage to ask for that of the *Cleveland Herald*, which the interest of the blithe sexagenarian pessimist whose dancing was my admiration sufficed to secure me. With these engagements I returned triumphing to the capital; but long before the winter ended, my health quite broke under the strain of earlier over-study and later over-work. I gave up my correspondence for both those honored newspapers to my father, who wrote it till the close of the session, and by his interest the letters of the *Gazette* fell the next winter to the fit and eager hands

of a young man who had just then sold his country newspaper and had come to try his fortune in the capital. His name was Whitelaw Reid, and I remember him a tall, graceful youth with an enviable black mustache and imperial, wearing his hair long in the Southern fashion, and carrying himself with the native grace which availed him in a worldly progress scarcely interrupted to the end. He wrote the legislative letters so acceptably that when the Civil War broke out the *Gazette* people were glad to make him their correspondent in the field, where he distinguished himself beyond any other war-correspondent in the West, or the East for what I knew. The world knows the rest, and how riches and honors followed him all his days, and when he died the greatest Empire sent his dust home to the greatest Republic in such a war-ship as the war-correspondent of those years could never have dreamed of. From time to time we saw each other, but not often; he was about his business in the State House, and now I was about mine in the office of the *Ohio State Journal*, the organ of the Republican party, which had been newly financed and placed on a firm footing after rather prolonged pecuniary debility.

I was at home in the autumn, as I had been all the summer, eating my heart out in despair (as I would have said in those days), when the call to a place on the *Journal* editorial staff came incredibly, impossibly, and I forgot my ills, and eagerly responded. My chief was Henry D. Cooke, the successful editor and proprietor of a newspaper in northern Ohio, and brother of the banker, Jay Cooke, once nationally noted in our finance. He was the easiest of kindly gentlemen, formed for prosperity and leisure, with an instinct for the choice of subordinates qualified to do the journalistic work he soon began to relinquish in his preoccupation with the higher politics of the capital. I have had no sweeter friend in a life abounding in friends, and after fifty years I cherish his memory gratefully for the courtesies and counsels which availed me much when given and, would avail me still if I should ever again be a youth of twenty-one, proposing to do

the things I then proposed. He rarely blamed anything I did in the stirring and distracted period of our relation, but one morning he brought me a too-graphic paragraph of mine about a long-forgotten homicide in high life, done by an injured husband, and said, "Never, *never* write anything you would be ashamed to read to a woman," and so made me lastingly ashamed of what I had done, and fearful of ever doing the like again, even in writing fiction. It seems not to be so now with our novelists, begun or beginning; they write many things they ought to be ashamed to read to women, or, if they are of that sex, things they should be ashamed to read to men.

Mr. Cooke must have been often of a divided mind about his assistants, or about their expression of the opinions which he perhaps held in common with them. He was a thorough Republican; he undoubtedly believed that the time had come for calling black black, but his nature would have been to call it whity-brown, at least for that day or for the next. I had been made news-editor, and in the frequent intervals of my chief's abeyance I made myself the lieutenant of the fine ironical spirit who wrote our leaders but who did not mind my dipping my pen in his ink when I could turn from the paste and scissors which were more strictly my means of expression. My work was to look through the exchange newspapers which flocked to us in every mail, and to choose from them any facts that could be presented to our readers as significant. I tried to give it all a cast of originality by rewriting many of the facts, or, by offering the selected passages with ap-
plausive or derisive comment.

We aspired, at least tacitly, to a metropolitan effect in our journalism; there were no topics of human interest which we counted alien to us anywhere in the range of politics, morals, literature, or religion; and I was suffered my say. The writer who was more habitually and profitably suffered his say was a man, I still think, of very uncommon qualities and abilities. Journalism was then of a different ideal from journalism now, and he was a journalist who could rightly be called a publicist, serious if things came

to that, of a faithful conscience always, and of a mocking skill in the chances pretty constantly furnished us by our contemporaries, especially our Southern contemporaries, whom it was difficult to take as gravely as they took themselves. When they made some violent proclamation against the North, or wreaked themselves in some frenzy of pro-slavery ethics, we found our pleasure in shredding the text into small passages and tagging each of these with some note of open derision or ironical deprecation, and then joyfully waiting the reverberant response sure to follow. We may have supposed that this would help laugh away the madness of the South which few in the North believed more than a temporary insanity, but the uneasy honesty which always lurks somewhere in my heart to make me own my errors must acquit my senior-editor, of the worst excesses in this sort, so mainly literary with me. He was not only a man of high journalistic quality, of clear insight, shrewd judgment, and sincere convictions, but I do not believe that in the Republican press of the time he was surpassed as a clear thinker and brilliant writer. All the days of journalism are yesterdays, and the name of Samuel Reed will mean nothing to these oblivious morrows, even in Ohio, but all the more I wish to offer my tribute to his memory. We were of course daily together in our work, and often in our walks on the Sundays which were as other days to his steadfast agnosticism. The word was not yet, but the thing has always been, and especially it always was in the older West, where bold surmise of the whence and whither of life often defied the authority of Faith, then much more imperative than now. Reed's favorite author, whom he read as critically as if he were not his favorite, was Shakespeare; but his constant if not his favorite reading was the Bible, especially the Old Testament. I could not say why he read it so much, but he may have felt in it the mystical power which commands the imagination of men and holds them in respectful contemplation of a self-sufficing theory of the universe such as nothing in science or philosophy affords. He quoted it for a peculiar joy in the fitness of its application to every

circumstance; he quoted Dickens, as everybody did then; he quoted Shakespeare a great deal more, both in his talking and writing; and later in his life, long after mine had parted from it, he amused the spare moments of his journalistic leisure by a study of Shakespeare's women, whom he did not take at the generally accepted critical appraisal.

I am tempted out of the order of these confessions to follow him to the end which death put to the lifelong friendship between us, and I recall with tenderness our last meeting near New York where he was hesitating to continue on his way to Europe. He had at last given up his work on the Cincinnati newspaper where he had spent the many years after the few years we spent together in Columbus. He owned that he had worn himself out in that work, toiling incessantly through those homicidal Cincinnati summers, and he blamed himself for the sacrifice. He felt that he had turned from it too late; and in fact he died at sea soon after. He accepted his doom with the stoical sufferance he always kept, and which I had seen him keep so wonderfully once after the war began, when a Southern Unionist, the formerly famous, now forgotten Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, came to reproach him for the part that writers like him had, as he held, in bringing on the strife. Reed answered the good man's passion almost with compassion, and when Brownlow was gone he would not let me blame him, but said that he had played a noble part in the struggle to hold his region in the Union. It was not an habitual mood with him; commonly he kept a countenance of bland, ironical calm, lit by pale-blue eyes, and if I had not loved him so much and known him so well, I might have thought the smile of his clean-shaven upper lip rather cruel. He let his full, soft beard grow inordinately long; it was the only touch of quaintness in him at a time when beards were self-indulgently worn in many fantastic ways, and he had a way of stroking it as he slightly smiled and crisply spoke.

After his liking for Shakespeare and Dickens he liked the *Ingoldsby Legends*, but he did not care for the poetry which

I was constantly reading and trying to write. The effect of my endeavor as it appeared in the passionate or pessimistic verse which I contributed to Eastern periodicals must have amused him; but perhaps he tolerated me because, along with this poetical effusiveness, in which I was grievously sensitive to any breath of sarcasm, I had a tooth as sharp as his own in our newspaper work. He was intelligently and I suppose scientifically fond of music, since he failed of no chance to hear the best, a chance rare in our city; and he held that the composition of grand opera was the highest feat of the human intellect, which was to me a stumbling-block and foolishness, though I liked dramatic singing, and indeed singing of all kinds. We came together in our fondness for the theater, and after our evening's work was done he sometimes turned with me into the barn-like brick structure on State Street which served the pathetic need of the drama in Columbus at that day. The place was heated in the winter for its twenty or thirty frequenters by two huge cast-iron stoves, one on either side of the orchestra—but when the curtain rose the blast of freezing air that swept out upon us made us shiver for the players in their bare arms and necks and their thin hosiery and drapery. They were often such bad players that they possibly merited their sufferings; the prompter bore a very leading and audible part in the performance, as he still does in the Italian theater; yet for all his efforts we one night saw *Hamlet* in two acts; it was, to be sure, a very cold night, of an air eagerer and nipping than even that the ghost walked in at Elsinore, and we would not have had the play longer. Yet we sometimes saw very well given certain of the old English comedies which are now no longer well or ill given anywhere; and between the acts, sometimes, a plain young girl, in a chaste modicum of stocking, represented the ballet by dancing the Highland Fling—always the Highland Fling.

I suppose that every young man now attempting journalism feels something of the pride and joy I felt in every detail of it when I began it. Pride and joy are weak words for the passion I had for my

work. If my soul was more in my verse, I did not know it, and I am sure my heart was as much in my more constant labors. I could find time for poetry only in my brief noonings, and at night after the last proofs had gone to the composing-room or I had come home from the theater or from some evening party, but the long day was a long delight to me over my desk in the room next my senior's. To come upon some inviting fact, or some flattering chance for mischief in an exchange, preferably a Southern exchange or a Northern contemporary with Southern principles, and to take this to him and talk it or laugh it over and leave it with him, or bring it back and exploit it myself, was something that made every day a heyday. We shunned personalities, then the stock in trade of many or most newspaper wits; we dealt preferably with the public character of men and things. It seems to have been all pleasure as I tell it, but there was a great deal of duty in it, too; only if burlesquing the opposite opinions or their expression happened to be a duty, so much the better. If it were to do again, I should not do it, or not so much; but at the time I cannot deny that I liked doing it. So, too, I liked to write cutting criticisms of the books which it was part of my work to review; and I still hope to be forgiven by the kindness which I sinned against without winning the authority for reviewer which I aimed at.

I had much better been at the theater than writing some of the things I then wrote. But it may as well be owned here as anywhere that whatever might have been its value to me as a school of morals, the theater was not good society in Columbus then; and I was now in a way of being good society, and had been so for some time. The rehabilitation of our newspaper was coincident with the rise of the Republican party to the power which it held almost unbroken for fifty years. It had of course lost the Presidential election in 1856, but its defeat left it in better case than an untimely victory might have done. Ohio had at any rate a Republican Governor in a man afterward of a prime national importance, and already known as a statesman-like politician well fitted by

capacity and experience for that highest office which never ceased to be his aim while he lived. Salmon P. Chase had been a lawyer of the first standing in Cincinnati, where, although a Democrat, he had early distinguished himself by his services in behalf of the unfriended negro. The revolt of the whole self-respecting North against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise swept him finally out of the Democracy into that provisional organization which loosely knew itself as the Anti-Nebraska party; but before he was chosen Governor by it he had already served a term in the United States Senate, where with one other Free-Soiler he held the balance of power in an otherwise evenly divided body. He was of a large, handsome, very Senatorial presence, and now in the full possession of his very uncommon powers; a man of wealth and breeding, educated perhaps beyond any of the other Presidential aspirants except Seward, versed in the world, and accustomed to ease and state, he gave more dignity to his office, privately and publicly, than it had yet known among us. He lived in a pretty house of the Gothic make then much affected by our too eclectic architecture, with his brilliant young daughter at the head of it; for the Governor was a widower, with a still younger daughter, half-sister of the other.

He was naturally very much interested in the new control of the Republican organ, and it would not be strange if he had taken some active part in its rehabilitation, but I do not know that he had. At any rate, he promptly made the editorial force welcome to his house, where Reed and I were asked to Thanksgiving dinner, Mr. Cooke having not yet brought his family to Columbus. Thanksgiving was not then observed at all on the present national terms; it was still the peculiar festival of New England, and in our capital its recognition was confined to families of New England origin; our Kentuckians and Virginians and Marylanders kept Christmas, though the custom of New-Year's calls was domesticated among us with people of all derivations, and in due time suffered the lapse which it fell into in its native New York. Our Governor was born in New Hampshire, where the

name was already known in public life; and he kept the Thanksgiving which he had probably not officially invited his fellow-citizens to commemorate. I suppose we had turkey for our dinner, but I remember more the manner than the make of the feast. It was served in courses for the first time in my unworldly experience, after the fashion we then called Russian. The meat was carved at the sideboard by a shining black butler and brought to the guests, instead of being set before the host to be apportioned, as it would elsewhere have been.

The young editors were the only guests, and after dinner the family did not forbid itself the gaieties befitting its young people's years. We had charades, then much affected in society, and I believe the Governor alone was not pressed into helping dramatize the riddle to be finally guessed as "Canterbury Bell." I do not remember how the secret was kept to the end, or guessed from the successive parts. My fear and pride were put to a crucial test in the first dissyllable, which the raillery of the girlish hostess assigned me; but I lived through the delight and anguish of that supreme evening, and found myself, as it were, almost immediately afterward in society. It could not have been quite immediately, for when I called at the Governor's soon after New-Year's and he asked me if I had made many New-Year's calls, I answered that I had not made any because I knew no one. Then he said I might have called at *his* house; and I did not fail, on this kind reproach, to go to Miss Chase's next reception, where again she laughed at my supposed dignity in refusing to dance; she would not suppose my inability.

But before entering that field so flowery fair which society now seemed to open before me, perhaps I had better conclude my recollections of a man whose public career had its peculiar pathos. It was his constant, his intense, his very just desire to be President; no man of his long time was fitter to be President, unless his ambition was a foible that

unfitted him. Seven years after my first acquaintance with him I went to call upon him at his hotel in New York, when I was lately returned from my consular post in Venice, and ventured to offer him my congratulations upon his accession to the chief-justiceship of the Supreme Court. I remember the shock which I felt at his answer that it was not the sort of office he had ever aspired to, and his intimation that it was a defeat of his real aspirations. He was hardly a frank man, I believe, but perhaps he felt that he could be frank with the boy I must still have seemed bringing the devotion he possibly over-imagined in me. Since then, those words of his, which were the last I was to hear from him, have been of an increasing appeal in my memory; and if the Republicans had not had Lincoln I still think they might best have had Chase. At the end, the Democrats themselves would not have him.

He was, of course, *our* man for the 1860 nomination, and the political relations between him and our chief were close; but somehow I went more to other houses than to his, though I found myself apparently launched from it upon a social tide that bore me through all the doors of the amiable little city. I was again and again at the evening parties (we called them evening parties then) which his daughter gave, and one day the Governor himself, as we met in the street, invited me to luncheon with him. I duly went and passed the shining butler's misgiving into the dining-room, where I found the family at table, with no vacant place among them. The Governor had forgotten me! That was clear enough, but he was at once repentant, and I lunched with him, outwardly forgiving, but inwardly resolved that it should be the last time I would come at his informal bidding. I have since forgotten much more serious engagements myself—I have not gone to dinners where I have promised over my own signature to go—but at twenty-one men are proud, and I was prouder then than I can yet find reason for having been.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

George's Client

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON



IT had been a good beginning—carrying bulletins for the News Bureau—but already George had visions beyond it. He had been to many kinds of establishments, some of which had seemed to him veritable palaces of labor, where to work would be indeed to be content. So one day when he stepped into the Perry Building and the stately janitor asked him if he wanted a job in the law-offices of Bristol, Sears & Longworth, he jumped at the chance; jumped with more eagerness even than when he had left school, which now, in a busy six-months' time, he had almost forgotten to detest.

After a sleepless night he went, at the appointed hour, to the great office. He had read about it in the bulletins in connection with the Saunders case, and he trembled a little to see it so near. He trembled, too, on seeing the other applicants, who were all so much larger than he; but he rose to the occasion with a natural taste for competition and the love of winning. Well he knew, as the man with the black beard called them one by one into the inner office, what was at stake. He studied the face of each as he came out, but he couldn't feel sure. Then a kind-looking, very alert, sensible sort of lady came up to him and asked his name.

"George," he answered, with a sense of security.

"Is that all?" the nice lady smiled.

"Oh!" he stammered. "George Woods—George Augustus Woods."

"And how old are you?"

"Fourteen," he finally said; and, looking her straight in the eye, with a frank, grave expression, he added, as if to insist upon it: "Fourteen last October."

She didn't laugh at him, and she went with him, when it was his turn, into the inner room. She spoke in an undertone

to the man with the black beard, then said quite spiritedly: "This is the boy Mr. Bell recommended."

"All right, we'll take him," said the man with the black beard, scarcely looking at George. And George knew he had at last got into the presence of a great man.

No boy's life was ever more completely, more ideally happy than George's now began to be. If he couldn't, except with difficulty, divide thirty by two, it wasn't because, as his teacher had told him, he was the stupidest boy in any school. He was elemental: a young, very young barbarian, to whom experience was the only interesting path to knowledge. He had a natural energy for work—work of a kind that he could see was important to somebody besides himself. And light at heart he copied the letters, filled the ink-wells, and kept a dozen busy people supplied with pencils and blotting-paper; he tended the telephone while Miss Bunting had her lunch, and he ran errands.

He was glad his altered position did not keep him from his acquaintances of the streets, which were almost legion. Often, in the old days of the News Bureau, when he would go forth a little dejectedly, after a long wait, to do his duty by the bulletins, a cabby would call out to him, "Want a lift, General?" and rein in his haggard steed to let George mount the box beside him. And there were certain policemen who were his friends, chauffeurs, drummers, gentlemen, ladies, "rich" office-boys who treated him to sodas. To all of whom he recounted his rise in the world—his new connection with Bristol, Sears & Longworth. They seemed, he thought, to show him more consideration on account of it.

He was always shown consideration. With perfect poise he took the jokes of the elevator-men, the big man at the desk who called him "Sandow," and the patronizing ladies at telephones who

generally said "dear." He would grow bigger some day (he was sure of it) and he would grow older. Meanwhile—oh, the joy of having something to do for the people who weren't festering in school-rooms and being punished for chewing gum or saying what they liked! If what they liked to say was pretty strong, he reasoned it was necessary to say such things in so busy a world; any one with any experience could see that. When he got to be a busier and more important man himself he might say similar things.

Inside the office he had plenty of time for observation, and he certainly had a gift in that direction. Each person represented to him an entirely distinct set of qualities. He could sum up any one he had seen a few times in terms of manners—as to little ways of looking and doing; he could tell how each would act under the various stresses and strains he knew about.

There was a rather impetuous but business-like stenographer, for example, who always kept busy, George gradually discovered, whether she had anything to do or not. Slowly it filtered through his mind that appearances really counted. She seemed to think she had to be as busy as she looked; he couldn't be quite sure himself that she wasn't. At any rate, he thought her more nearly the kind of person to be in an office than was the tall, languid lady with red hair who, note-book in hand, slunk around like a tired camel. When he heard Mr. Bristol—Mr. Bristol was the man with the black beard—say to Mr. Longworth one day in the corridor, "There's no doubt about it; she does good work," his eyes opened with wonderment. Nevertheless, he argued, she was so dead-like and so foolishly dressed up that he wasn't wholly convinced.

He couldn't see at all why the telephone lady was so unpopular—unpopular, not with the people who came in and out, with whom she got on well enough, but unpopular with his own associates of the inner circle. They didn't treat her very well; yet she was awfully kind. She told him how her father used to be very rich, and they had three servants; how she always took hold and helped;

and how, now that her father was dead, she preferred to work; and that her mother had rheumatism; and that a man had taken her to shoot the rapids last summer. George wanted to know all about it, and it was kind of her to tell him; and he liked, too, girls who could shoot rapids. To be sure, he was a bit puzzled when he heard her telling the blithe young Mr. Justin Bristol—he was a son of the man with the black beard—that a friend had just sent her a rule for making cranberry jelly so that the cranberries stayed whole; and George watched her pass Mr. Justin Bristol—he was always called that—a black-bordered letter which apparently contained the said rule; and saw Mr. Justin Bristol decently take it and vanish laughing into his room.

He liked Mr. Justin Bristol; he was so gay, talked so beautifully, and wore such fine clothes. George heard the bookkeeper say that really she thought Mr. Justin Bristol was to the manor born. Though he didn't know just what "to the manor born" meant, he was sure it mattered. He would like to be more like Mr. Justin Bristol. To this end he spent more time combing his hair, and after his third week he bought a new neck-tie which he thought was like one of Mr. Justin Bristol's.

With this acquisition it was a little blow to his pride when Mr. Sears told him that if he would stop wearing his sweater, and put on a clean collar every day, he would "personally" pay him fifty cents more each week. However, he swallowed his pride and congratulated himself at the end of the first week by thinking it was a shame to take the money. Later on when Mr. Sears was sick and he was sent to his house with some papers, and saw the man with the uniform who opened Mr. Sears's door, he understood Mr. Sears perfectly.

Mr. Longworth was much easier to understand. He was a man you could talk to, and he never frightened George a bit. George always told him just what he thought, straight from the belt. When Mr. Longworth asked him why he didn't go to school he said: "I don't want to; and, besides, it don't make no difference, for when I grow up I'm going to have a farm." Then, Mr. Longworth

had an automobile which he ran himself, whereas Mr. Sears never touched his. What was the use of having an automobile if you never touched it?

George soon knew everybody who worked in his building. Nobody failed to greet him in the morning with a "Good morning, George," or "You're up early, aren't you?" or "It's a fine day, Judge, isn't it?" And the ladies sometimes gave him candy and flowers. He was particularly interested in Mr. Backer, who had once given him a ticket to a big football game, which George sold right afterward for ten dollars. When Mr. Justin Bristol told him it wasn't honorable to have done it he went right down to see Mr. Backer, apologized, and offered to give him the money. At which Mr. Backer laughed and asked George what he was going to do when he was a man.

"Be a lawyer," George said, without a smile.

Mr. Backer was president of the American Free Art League, which George had been very much disappointed to find was merely a concern for getting pictures into America without any duty. This information had been given him when he had asked Mr. Backer if it wasn't a place "where a feller could learn to paint without paying," having a vague idea in his mind that under those circumstances he would like to learn.

"I didn't know you could make money that way," he commented; whereupon Mr. Backer explained that he didn't; he was merely interested—and was not paid for being. Afterward George told Mr. Justin Bristol that he thought Mr. Backer was one in a million.

One day Mr. Justin Bristol found George reading a law-book.

"For Heaven's sake, George, why don't you read Shakespeare?" he asked.

"Oh!" said George, without any hesitation, "that's just English literater; it don't get you nowhere."

Along with his interest in studying law his perception of the transactions taking place around him grew keener every day. Gradually he got to understand a little the troubles that brought people to consult his employers. He could see, too, how they got the best

advice. He saw the confidence in their faces after they had talked with Mr. Bristol. His heart would thrill with pride as he watched a client leave the office and heard Mr. Bristol shout to him from the door of his room:

"Have Brown and Bacon here at ten; I'll be ready for you."

One day the elevator stopped ominously at the eighth floor; and George, ensconced in a corner of it, all-seeing, self-reliant as the Sphinx, observed a beautifully dressed lady get in. She was different from anybody he had ever seen at close range; undoubtedly she had been to consult Mr. Backer; most of the beautifully dressed ladies who came to the building came for that purpose—so many of them, as Mr. Backer explained it, had art treasures to import. But this particular lady seemed to George the most beautiful of them all, and quite naturally he wondered who she could be. Perhaps it was because he wondered so much and stared at her so attentively that she, on emerging from the elevator, paused in the corridor near the door. The elevator-man had whispered to George when he himself got out: "Mrs. Fullerton! That's her!" George knew what was meant well enough; he had read about her in the bulletins, and he had heard the stenographers talk about her in awed voices. She was the richest woman within a hundred miles, and she turned to him and said, with words more delicately and exquisitely spoken than he was used to (and George, in spite of his own habits, had decidedly an ear for good speech):

"Have you an office in this building?"

"I'm with Bristol, Sears & Longworth," he stammered, proudly; "we have the best offices there are."

"Are you a lawyer?" she asked, as if she really wanted to know.

George looked at her muff and her fur coat without embarrassment. "I ain't yet," he said, "but I'm going to be, p'rhaps. Mr. Bristol is the best lawyer in the city; so is Mr. Longworth and Mr. Sears. Who does your law business for you?"

She smiled and shook her head; and George laughed right out. To his mind "law business" was something all rich people had, as much as they had furs

and fine speech. The next minute, however, he understood her not answering. "P'rhaps you'll have some sometime," he suggested, engagingly, grinning from ear to ear.

"Do you want to ride a little?" the lady offered, going toward the door.

George opened it for her in a second and watched her sweep across the sidewalk—saw how all the people looked at her when she turned to nod at him and then got into her automobile. She closed the door and looked at him through the open window.

"What make is it?" he demanded.

"Charron," she replied, delightedly.

"It's a foreign car, ain't it?" he asked.

"Yes, it was made in France. Hop in the front beside Beverly. He'll tell you all about it."

Beverly was awfully nice—at least George thought him so; and before he got off at a cross-street Beverly had told him a good deal; but the run for him had been as a wingèd moment during which he couldn't hear or see much of anything. He said good-by to Mrs. Fullerton and thanked her. She put out her hand through the window, and George took it unhesitatingly, feeling that that was what Mr. Justin Bristol would do under the circumstances. She waved to him when the car started. He shouted back:

"We'd be glad to see yer at the office." And then he was sorry he had done it.

He didn't tell his family about her —

he didn't want to, though he didn't just know why; but he thought it all over again after supper while he fed his "Himilayer" rabbits, his goat, and his rooster in the rear of his mother's house in a scrubby suburb; and by the time he set out once more for the office he had perfectly assimilated the rather unusual events of the day.

One Saturday, George, sitting at his neatly kept desk, reflected long and seriously, with the conclusion that, nice as it was, work wasn't wholly play. To be sure, the ladies often took it as if it were. On Saturdays, in particular, they



"DO YOU WANT TO RIDE A LITTLE?" THE LADY OFFERED

seemed to do nothing but whisper and giggle and look at the clock. But George had begun his day by having a little talk with Mr. Justin Bristol before the others had come. This had inspired him with a thirst for knowledge—a kind that made his own humble duties look rather tame; and when he thought of important affairs that real busy rich men were putting through, his place in the office seemed a trifle dismal.

It was dismal, decidedly, to have to sit so near the new telephone girl, who, as far as George was concerned, had proved from the first to be a perfect failure. When Mr. Justin Bristol asked him what he thought was the matter with her, George dignifiedly told him he regarded Miss Tuttle as nothing but a mere child. On this particular day she told him in her own silly fashion that it was twelve o'clock and he had better go to lunch; upon which George looked pityingly at her, pulled his cap down over his head, and went.

"If I couldn't answer the telephone better'n she did," he thought, "I'd git through to-morrow." But he smiled in spite of himself when a tall man with a big mustache got into the elevator and shook hands with him. They hadn't met since the days of the bulletins.

"Well! You have grown," the nice old gentleman said. "You'll be a large man some day."

It was enough to send George with a lighter heart and a quicker step down the crowded street toward the place where he and Albert and a boy named Joe often ate together. He increased his speed to a run and got so much absorbed in the thoughts then gaily flitting through his mind that he shouted aloud with surprise when somebody gripped him by the arm and swung him round.

"Where are you going, young feller?" a strong voice called to him, and George recognized the chauffeur, Beverly, whom he had sat beside the day he drove with Mrs. Fullerton.

"Where's the car?" George gasped.

The man wore a suit of light-colored livery and carried a small straw bag. "Oh, it's right round the corner," he said, carelessly; "she's up in them architects' offices, and I'm due there now."

"Is it the same car?" George smiled, interestedly.

"Same thing, my boy. D'y'e want to earn a dollar?"

George looked somewhat alarmed, then suitably changed his demeanor and said, "How?"

"Well, just take this bag to Brinker Brothers; it's for Jim Kelly; d'y'e know?"

"Sure; it's right round the corner—number nineteen."

"Right y'are; but I've got to get back to the car. She'll be down in a minute. Run like hell now; here's your dollar."

George pocketed the dollar, took the bag, and saw Beverly disappear round the nearest corner. "I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed, and then proceeded to the place where he knew Brinker Brothers' establishment to be.

When he emerged from it he whistled, hurried back to the corner round which Beverly had disappeared, and from there made a quick, deliberate search in all directions, with the vagrant hope of again seeing his acquaintance. This he did not do. He looked at the clock in a shop-window and saw that already half an hour had gone. He turned into one of the so-called Oriole Lunch Rooms which were scattered over the city, and, little man about town that he was, judiciously ordered a quick meal.

The offices of Bristol, Sears & Longworth were among the very few that didn't regularly close on Saturdays at one o'clock. Mr. Sears always particularly set apart the rest of the day—weather permitting—for golf. Mr. Longworth, oftener than not, went home. The office was open really because Mr. Bristol, Sr., wanted it to be; and Mr. Bristol, Sr., always came back after luncheon to hold the fort.

On this Saturday afternoon he didn't come back until later than usual. George was mostly alone with Miss Tuttle, two other lady helpers, and the assurance that Mr. Justin Bristol was somewhere behind closed doors. After a long intermission of dullness the telephone rang, and George despairingly heard Miss Tuttle say through it:

"No—I'm so sorry—wait a minute—he isn't. Well, what number are you calling? I'm afraid not. What name

did you say? What? I don't think there's any one here by that name. Let me see—what?—what?—hullo!—hullo!—hullo!—” And then she pulled out the plug and resignedly sat back in her chair.

He couldn't help wondering just what was wanted at the other end of the line. He didn't care so much if he heard Miss Tuttle say, after various elaborate attempts to be discursive: “No—he's out of town,” or “No, he isn't here just now—he's gone for the day. Won't you tell me what you want?” For such answers really implied that there was no way of doing anything for the people who were calling; but it worried him to gather that somebody might be trying very hard to get Mr. Bristol. It made his blood boil with jealousy that he couldn't have gone to the telephone and made some better, clearer attempt to give what was needed. Oh, if only he were a man to manage things as he saw there was a chance for somebody to do! He tried to compose himself. He wrote his name a great many times; then he wrote the name of Mr. Justin Bristol, and he was starting to write a make-believe letter of complaint to Bristol, Sears & Longworth when Mr. Bristol, Sr., came in.

“Well, George, you seem to be the only one to cover the office,” he called out, good-naturedly, passing the boy on

his way to his room. Then the bell rang, and George watched the tired camel amble to Mr. Bristol's door.

George could not have told how long was the interval of quiet which followed; indeed, he often tried in the days to

come to remember what he had been doing—just how he had lost track of things. He could remember only when he had heard the door opened; but that did not attract his attention. Not until the telephone lady pushed back her chair and stood up did George take notice of what had happened. Then he arose and walked with amazement toward the central part of the main office. There before him—he colored, drew back and thrust his hands deep into his pockets when he realized it—there stood Mrs. Fullerton! She seemed to be looking around; her eyes had not yet met his. Behind her, as if waiting for some move on her part, was another lady, also beautifully

dressed. And then Mrs. Fullerton turned and, trailing her long gown over the floor, walked majestically up to him. She smiled as if meaning to be kind.

“How do you do? I must see somebody—I haven't forgotten you—but I am in a hurry. Who is here?”

The telephone lady fluttered nearer, but Mrs. Fullerton was looking only at George.



GEORGE POCKETED THE DOLLAR AND SAW BEVERLY DISAPPEAR ROUND THE CORNER

"Mr. Bristol has just come in," he said; "he can see you right away."

"All right; then I'll see Mr. Bristol."

George had now fully regained his poise, and he turned to Miss Tuttle with, "Tell Mr. Bristol Mrs. Fullerton wants to see him."

Miss Tuttle was too curious and absorbed to notice the insult. She went, in another moment, with a rush for Mr. Bristol's door. Mrs. Fullerton walked to and fro impatiently; and then Mr. Bristol appeared, hurried forward, and greeted her. She was all eagerness, and spoke very fast. George wanted to go closer that he might hear. He saw her speak a few words to her companion, and saw Mr. Bristol talking with them both. They seemed to be getting along all right. The other lady sat down, and Mrs. Fullerton followed Mr. Bristol to his office door, which Mr. Bristol opened, waiting for her to precede him. Before she did so she looked at George and nodded; and he saw that Mr. Bristol had seen.

He clutched the desk nervously; he wiped his moist forehead. He saw Miss Bunting—the kind lady, Mr. Bristol's favorite stenographer—enter the office. He saw the tired camel whispering to her at the other end of the room. He saw Miss Tuttle leave the telephone and go over to them. Then he felt he couldn't sit still another instant; he rose and paced up and down, as if, though he didn't dream of thinking it, some real burden had descended suddenly upon his shoulders. He wasn't thinking now of Mr. Justin Bristol, nor any of the usual things; quite independently he had a new and higher degree of responsibility.

Miss Bunting came quickly out to him. "Has Mr. Bristol wanted me?" she asked. Like George, she was always interested.

"I don't believe so," he answered, gravely; "Mrs. Fullerton's there."

Just then Mr. Bristol's door opened as if somebody were coming out; it closed again, then opened a little; and





THE IMPULSE WHICH HAD TAKEN HIM SO FAR NOW BETRAYED HIM

while it was held open the voices of Mrs. Fullerton and Mr. Bristol were distinctly audible. George hurriedly caught the words: "It must be—oh, try!—they are matchless—anybody here or in Paris — of course—identification—Beverly!" Upon which the door was closed.

George trembled. "What is the matter?" demanded the "kind lady."

He took two or three steps up and down. She ceased to smile and went up to him. Miss Tuttle was turning her head this way and that. "Please come here, Miss Bunting," George said, going over to his desk, where Miss Bunting

stooped down close to him, and he murmured:

"There's trouble — something's the matter—I think I know; I heard 'em say somethin' in there; I might be of use to her."

"How?"

George's mind came to a full stop. The door opened; Mr. Bristol stepped out and, without looking at anybody, ordered, "Call up the Chief of Police."

He went back; the door shut to, and a bell rang.

"I must go," said Miss Bunting; "if

you know anything, don't be afraid, George; go right in and tell it."

George shook all over. "P'rhaps I don't," he quavered.

Miss Bunting hung back a moment, then went for her book and into Mr. Bristol's room. George paced the floor agitatedly. He noticed the telephone lady was making an awful fuss getting the Chief of Police, and felt he could do it himself in no time. Suddenly he made up his mind. He went into the booth, brushed his hair and washed his hands. He forced himself as far as Mr. Bristol's closed door and hesitated.

"Where are you going, George?" Miss Tuttle cried after him. Without answering her he turned the knob, pushed open the door, and went in.

The room seemed as large to him as a hall. Mrs. Fullerton was sitting down—very far away—with some papers in her lap. She looked up at him, and oh, she was so worried and sad! Mr. Bristol looked up, shook his head at George's entrance as if to forbid interruption; yet George stood there, trying and trying to speak. He didn't know what he had to say; the impulse which had taken him so far now in the face of his opportunity betrayed him. "I—I didn't mean to—" he had got out, when Miss Bunting said, sweetly but decidedly:

"I think, Mr. Bristol, George has some important message to give you."

"What is it?" Mr. Bristol asked.

"Nothing," said George; then he faced Mrs. Fullerton squarely, a sudden triumph overcoming his fears.

"Yer know that day I met you in the elevator?" he began, to which Mrs. Fullerton nodded and pulled her chair a bit forward. "Well, yer may have forgotten it, but you took me to a ride in your car. And I did—"

"Of course I did," she assented.

"And a man name of Beverly was a-driving that car."

"Beverly!" Mr. Bristol exclaimed.

"He's right, but I can't see why he mentions it now."

"Because I heard you mention him—when the door was open—and I see'd him to-day, and I thought it was queer what he made me do. Have yer been to them architect folks in the Brown Building? Where you go sometimes?"

He looked at Mrs. Fullerton and waited.

"I came back from the country two hours ago," she said.

"He lied—he's a liar. He told me you was a-waiting for him by the Brown Building, and he asked me to carry a bag for him to Jim Kelly, and—and—and he gave me a dollar for doing it."

"They were in it, they were in it—my pearls!" she cried.

The telephone rang, but Mr. Bristol didn't answer it. "Where's Jim Kelly?" he demanded.

"He warn't there—he works for Brinker Brothers."

Miss Tuttle opened the door, and Mr. Bristol waved her out. "What time, George?"

"It was twelve—maybe a little after. It was light as a feather, and I left it for him. Oh, oughtn't I to have done it?" he pleaded, brokenly, turning to Mrs. Fullerton, extending in his hand a crumpled dollar bill.

George's minute seemed ascending highest heaven when Mrs. Fullerton rushed over to him and with arms outstretched begged him to listen to her. But he could only half hear, so excited was he, as was everybody else. Mr. Bristol banged the telephone, opened the door, and fairly shouted to Miss Tuttle: "Didn't I tell you to get James's Detective Agency? Get Mr. James." And he shut the door, deaf to her explanations. Miss Bunting stood admiringly near to George while Mr. Bristol flung questions at him—questions upon questions. In the midst of them the telephone rang, and George heard Mr. Bristol say: "It's important—sixty thousand dollars. Come at once."

George was to be despatched immediately to Brinker Brothers with a note—telephoning would not be safe, he had some satisfaction in hearing Mr. Bristol say—there to await instructions. Mr. Bristol shouted a great many to him as he departed; Mrs. Fullerton took him by the hand, and—well, he couldn't have imagined anything more beautiful than the way she gave him her best hopes and assured him of her confidence in him.

He bounded down three flights of stairs, because the elevator didn't come the instant he touched the button; he



"DO YOU KNOW A MAN NAME OF JIM KELLY?"

caught one on the eighth floor and made it descend with him to the bottom without stopping. Once on the street, he made a bee-line to his destination, then up four flights. He tried the door of Brinker Brothers and found it locked.

It occurred to him that the bag might be inside. He inquired for the janitor; the elevator-men held a conference and decided he couldn't be found. And George played what he thought was his final card.

"Does any of youse know how I can get in? I delivered somethin' to the wrong man here to-day, and I've got to get it back."

"What was it?" they all asked.

"A bag—a straw bag with leather corners," he added, reflecting.

"Well, you can't get in," they said, decisively. That made him mad; and he remembered remorsefully how Mr. Bristol had forbidden him, whatever

came, to mention the purpose of his errand.

"Take me back to the fourth floor," he sorrowfully commanded. What he had done, then, was to count for naught! His heart, that had warmed to the battle, beat hard in resentment of such a possibility.

He got out of the elevator, went round the corner, and knocked at the door. Nobody answered. He went farther along, to try each of the four doors of Brinker Brothers that gave on the corridor. One—two—three, he tried uselessly. He pounded on the last in desperation; he listened—yes, he could make out the sound of footsteps inside. He pounded harder, and finally an old woman opened the door a crack and looked out at him. She held a broom in one hand and was eating a sandwich. When she saw George she laughed and started to shut the door.

"Let me in," he begged.

Through a narrower opening she called, "What d'yer want?"

"Open it and I'll tell you," he declared, resolutely.

She opened the door; he stepped in beside her. Quick as a flash he looked in every direction. "Well, tell me," she insisted; and George faced her with a question:

"Do you know a man name of Jim Kelly?"

"Jim Kelly? Sure. He's not here; he's gone."

"Will he be here Monday?" he queried, trying hard to think what he had better say.

"Lord, no! he's gone for good. What d'yer want of him?"

"Dropped in to see him," said George.

"Well, now, did ye!" she explained, pleasantly. "Sure, and yer won't see him for a long toime. He's gone to South Americay, yer know. Strange I should 'ave seen ye."

For a second George looked tenderly, pityingly at her, then flew down the stairs, through the streets, and landed breathless and panting in Mr. Bristol's office.

There were three strange men and two policemen—both of whom nodded to George and said "Hello!"—besides Mr. Longworth and Mr. Justin Bristol; and Miss Bunting had followed him in. Before them all Mr. Bristol said, "Well, George?"

"He's gone—Jim Kelly!" George shouted. "To South America—this afternoon!"

There was a minute's breathless silence, and one of the strangers took out his watch.

"We're in time," he cried; "the boat doesn't start for half an hour."

It was all commotion. The man who had just spoken—George later found out he was the great detective—seized him by the hand, and he and the other stranger and the two policemen started for the door.

"You haven't a moment to lose," said Mr. Bristol.

George sat down before his desk, and waited a long time—it seemed years

to him—until there came a sharp ringing of the telephone. For once Miss Tuttle was all discretion. He couldn't make out who was responsible for the call. Whoever it was had been connected with Mr. Bristol. Miss Tuttle listened and looked blankly at George. Miss Bunting came out and stood by his side. And just as Miss Tuttle pulled out the plug Mr. Bristol's bell rang.

George found him smiling; he came over and slapped George on the shoulder.

"You're a winner!" he said, huskily.

And then it was Mrs. Fullerton's turn.

"I knew, dear boy, when I first saw you, that you were wonderful," she said.

"You can't believe what you've done for me. I could never have been happy without them—never, oh, never!"

She surrounded him with laurels.

"Did they arrest him?" George demanded of Mr. Bristol, who only bowed solemnly for reply.

"What about Beverly?" George further inquired.

"Your client will tell you," Mr. Bristol assured him. And it was the happiest moment of George's life. Far happier than when, late in the afternoon, with her recovered belongings, his client bade him good-by.

"You must come to see me," she began; "I have been talking with Mr. Bristol; I want you to go to school. I will send you."

"To school!" George echoed, looking down the length of the room, as if he saw but the ruins of his high hopes gathering about him.

"It's a great offer, George," Mr. Bristol declared; "one you must accept."

"And leave here?" George wailed, looking at Mrs. Fullerton.

"Not for long. You see, I want you to be a great man—Bristol, Sears & Longworth will need you." She smiled. "I shall need you."

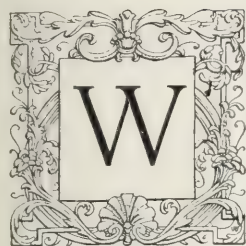
Oh, it was a difficult prospect, and drearily he faced it. It would be too long and lonely!

"Would you take me back?" he ventured, a little brokenly, not wishing to look at Mr. Bristol.

"We shall insist upon having you," Mr. Bristol said, emphatically.

New Americans

BY WALTER E. WEYL



WE must not forget that these men and women who file through the narrow gates at Ellis Island, hopeful, confused, with bundles of misconceptions as heavy as the great sacks upon their backs—we must not forget that these simple, rough-handed people are the ancestors of our descendants, the fathers and mothers of our children.

So it has been from the beginning. For a century a swelling human stream has poured across the ocean, fleeing from poverty in Europe to a chance in America. Englishman, Welshman, Scotchman, Irishman; German, Swede, Norwegian, Dane; Jew, Italian, Bohemian, Serb; Syrian, Hungarian, Pole, Greek—one race after another has knocked at our doors, been given admittance, has married us and begot our children. We could not have told by looking at them whether they were to be good or bad progenitors, for racially the cabin is not above the steerage, and dirt, like poverty and ignorance, is but skin-deep. A few hours, and the stain of travel has left the immigrant's cheek; a few years, and he loses the odor of alien soils; a generation or two, and these outlanders are irrevocably our race, our nation, our stock.

That stock, a little over a century ago, was almost pure British. True, Albany was Dutch, and many of the signs in the Philadelphia streets were in the German language. Nevertheless, five-sixths of all the family names collected in 1790 by the census authorities were pure English, and over nine-tenths (90.2 per cent.) were British. Despite the presence of Germans, Dutch, French, and Negroes, the American was essentially an Englishman once removed, an Englishman stuffed with English traditions, prejudices, and stubbornnesses,

reading English books, speaking English dialects, practising English law and English evasions of the law, and hating England with a truly English hatred. In all but a political sense America was still one of "His Majesty's dominions beyond the sea." Even after immigration poured in upon us, the English stock was strong enough to impress upon the immigrating races its language, laws, and customs. Nevertheless, the incoming millions profoundly altered our racial structure. To-day over thirty-two million Americans are either foreign-born or of foreign parentage. No longer an Anglo-Saxon cousin, America has become the most composite of nations.

We cannot help seeing that such a vast transfusion of blood must powerfully affect the character of the American. What that influence is to be, however, whether for better or for worse, is a question more baffling. Our optimists conceive the future American, the child of this infinite intermarrying, as a glorified, synthetical person, replete with the best qualities of all component races. He is to combine the sturdiness of the Bulgarian peasant, the poetry of the Pole, the vivid artistic perceptions of the Italian, the Jew's intensity, the German's thoroughness, the Irishman's *verve*, the tenacity of the Englishman, with the initiative and versatility of the American. The pessimist, on the other hand, fears the worst. America, he believes, is committing the unpardonable sin; is contracting a *mésalliance*, grotesque and gigantic. We are diluting our blood with the blood of lesser breeds. We are suffering adulteration. The stamp upon the coin—the flag, the language, the national sense—remains, but the silver is replaced by lead.

All of which is singularly unconvincing. In our own families, the children do not always inherit the best qualities of father and mother, and we have no

assurance that the children of mixed races have this selective gift and rise superior to their parent stocks. Nor do we know that they fall below. We hear much concerning "pure" races and "mongrel" races. But is there in all the world a pure race? The Jew, once supposed to be of Levitical pureness, is now known to be racially unorthodox. The Englishman is not pure Anglo-Saxon, the German is not Teutonic, the Russian is not Slav. To be mongrel may be a virtue or a vice. We do not know. The problem is too subtle, too elusive, and we have no approved receipts in this vast eugenic kitchen. Intermarrying will go on, whether we like it or loathe it, for love laughs at racial barriers and the maidens of one nation look fair to the youth of another. Let the kettle boil and let us hope for the best.

But the newcomer brings with him more than his potential parenthood, and he influences America and the American in other ways than by marriage and procreation. He creates new problems of adjustment. He enters into a new environment. He creates a new environment for us. Unconsciously but irresistibly he transforms an America which he does not know. He forces the native American to change, to change that he may feel at home in his own home.

When we seek to discover what is the exact influence of the immigrant upon his new environment, we are met with difficulties almost as insurmountable as those which enter into the problem of the immigrant's influence upon our common heredity. Social phenomena are difficult to isolate. The immigrant is not merely an immigrant; he is also a wage-earner, a city-dweller, perhaps an illiterate. Wage-earning, city-dwelling, and illiteracy are all contributing influences. Your immigrant is a citizen of the new factory, of the great industrial State, within, yet almost overshadowing, the political State. Into each of our problems—wages and labor, illiteracy, crime, vice, insanity, pauperism, democracy—the immigrant enters.

There is in all the world no more difficult, no more utterly bewildering problem than this of the intermingling of races. Already thirty million immigrants have arrived, of whom consider-

ably over twenty millions have remained. To interpret this pouring of new, strange millions into the old, to trace its result upon the manners, the morals, the emotional and intellectual reactions of the Americans, is like searching out the yellow waters of the Missouri in the vast flood of the lower Mississippi. Our immigrating races are many, and they meet diverse kinds of native Americans on varying planes and at innumerable contact points. So complex is the resulting pattern, so multitudinous are the threads interwoven into so many perplexing combinations, that we struggle in vain to unweave this weaving. At best we can merely follow a single color, noting its appearance here and its reappearance there, in this vast and many-hued tapestry which we call American life.

Fortunately we are not compelled to embark upon so ambitious a study. We are here concerned, not with the all-inclusive question, "Is Immigration good or bad?" but with the problem of how immigration has contributed to certain broad developments in the character and habits of the American, and even to this question we must be content with a half-answer.

When we compare the America of to-day with the America of half a century ago, certain differences stand out sharply. America to-day is far richer. It is also more stratified. Our social gamut has been widened. There are more vivid contrasts, more startling differences, in education and in the general chances of life. We are less rural and more urban, losing the virtues and the vices, the excellences and the stupidities, of country life, and gaining those of the city. We are massing in our cities armies of the poor to take the place of country ne'er-do-wells and village hangers-on. We are more sophisticated. We are more lax and less narrow. We have lost our earlier frugal simplicity, and have become extravagant and competitively lavish. We have, in short, created a new type of American, who lives in the city, reads newspapers and even books, bathes frequently, travels occasionally; a man, fluent intellectually and physically restless, ready but not profound, intent upon success, not without idealism, but somewhat disillusioned, pleasure-loving, hard-

working, humorous. At the same time there grows a sense of a social maladjustment, a sense of a failure of America to live up to expectations, and an intensifying desire to right a not clearly perceived wrong. There develops a vigorous, if somewhat vague and untrained, moral impulse, an impulse based on social rather than individual ethics, unesthetic, democratic, headlong.

Although this development might have come about in part, at least, without immigration, the process has been enormously accelerated by the arrival on our shores of millions of Europeans. These men came to make a living, and they made not only their own but other men's fortunes. They hastened the dissolution of old conditions; they undermined old standards by introducing new; their very traditions facilitated the growth of that traditionless quality of the American mind which hastened our material transformation.

How we estimate this influence of the immigrant depends upon our definition of the term. In a sense we are all immigrants, from the straightest lineal descendant of Miles Standish to the burly "Hunkie" unloaded at Ellis Island this morning; from the men who came over in the *Mayflower* to the men who came over in the newest liner. We may, however, arbitrarily define immigration as beginning with 1820, the first year for which we have statistics. Prior to that date the transatlantic movement was feeble. During the Colonial period only a trickling stream flowed across the ocean. The Revolutionary War cut us off from Europe. England was hostile, the rest of the world indifferent. America was little known and not well-known. During the forty years ending in 1820, less than a quarter-million Europeans came to America. At present more immigrants land on a single summer day than arrived a century ago during a whole year.

The very poverty of the European masses prevented their exodus. A ticket for the hold of one of the pitching little sailing-vessels cost about ten pounds. But where should a laborer in those days find ten pounds? Men were born, grew up, married, begot children, and died at a ripe old age without ever owning a

pound, without ever touching or seeing a five-pound note. To buy his passage the emigrant sold himself. He became an "indentured" servant liable to a number of years of unpaid labor in America. This service was neither brief nor easy. Adults usually indentured themselves from three to six years; children from ten to fifteen, or until they came of age. If, on the way over, a man's parents died—and this event was common enough—the orphan served their time as well as his own. At Philadelphia, at Boston, at New York, dealers in "indentured servants" boarded the boat to look for a "likely boy" or a not too old housekeeper. Parents sometimes sold their children, to remain free themselves. The traffic, though lucrative to the ship-owner and advantageous to the farmer, pressed hardly on the poor "indentured servants," often chained together and peddled off in the Colonial villages.

It is not strange that immigration increased. Gradually transportation facilities improved, America became better known, and the European population more mobile. Immigrants, already established in America, sent home money to permit other immigrants to come. The endless chain began to revolve. In 1828 the number of arriving immigrants exceeded twenty-seven thousand, as compared with less than eight thousand only four years earlier. In 1832 another powerful impulse carried the immigration to over sixty thousand annually. During the next twelve years immigration maintained itself at a fairly constant level, averaging almost seventy thousand a year. Then in 1845 there came to the transatlantic movement a stupendous and unprecedented growth. Soon the two-hundred-thousand mark was reached, then three hundred thousand, and finally, in 1854, no less than four hundred and twenty-seven thousand immigrants arrived. In proportion to our population, it was the greatest immigration this country has ever had.

No one who knew the state of Europe need have wondered at this human flood. The feudal conditions in Germany, which had survived the French Revolution and Napoleon, were at last disintegrating; industry was be-

ginning, the power loom was destroying the old hand-weavers; education was spreading, and the population was on the move, intellectually and physically. To these conditions, making for a freer-footed peasantry, a special occurrence contributed. The bitter winter of 1845 destroyed innumerable vineyards. The melting snows swelled the Danube, the Elbe, the Main, the Moselle, the Rhine, devastating the surrounding country. The potato crop, the main resource of the German peasant, failed utterly, and during the winter of 1846 hosts of people stolidly starved. Those who had the means to leave discovered that America was the one way out, and so on the white Strasburg road long lines of carts began to make their way from Bavaria and Würtemberg, from Baden and Hesse-Cassel, to the nearest seaport. "There they go slowly along," wrote a sympathetic observer, "their miserable tumbrils drawn by such starved, drooping beasts that your only wonder is how they can possibly hope to reach Havre alive." The carts were littered with the scanty property of the emigrants, and "piled on the top of all are the women and children, the sick and bedridden, and all who are too exhausted with the journey to walk. One might take it for a convoy of wounded, the relics of a battlefield, but for the rows of little white heads peeping from beneath the ragged hoods."

If these German emigrants, these new adventurers, were poor, what may we say of the Irish, who in their fearfully overcrowded island were, at the best, on the verge of starvation? The horrible ravages of the potato famine of 1846 among the wretched poor of Ireland need no repetition. Untold thousands died in their huts; others, finding no relief in the towns congested with starving folk, lay down in the streets and died. "Along the country roads," writes Justin McCarthy, "one met everywhere groups of gaunt, dim-eyed wretches, clad in miserable old sacking and wandering aimlessly with some vague idea of finding food."

This was the impulse, this "vague idea of finding food," which in the fifties brought millions of West Europeans across the ocean. The voyage was des-

perate. The vessels, officered by ignorant, underpaid, and often brutal captains, and crowded to the gunwale with despised passengers, carried fever in their holds. The dead were consigned to the sea, the sick and stricken were put off at New York or Boston, to fill the hospitals and almshouses. The Germans, some of whom had means, moved in a never-ending line to the western frontier. The less mobile Irish were to a great extent stranded in the Eastern cities.

This immigration was by no means cordially welcomed. From 1835 on, a strongly antagonistic attitude manifested itself in the "Native-American" and "Know-Nothing" movements, both of which were largely anti-Catholic in animus and political in form. The Nativists demanded a restriction of immigration and the appointment of only native Americans to political office. The "Know-Nothing" party, which arose out of the enormous immigration of the late forties, elected a number of Senators and Representatives, but remained without effect on national legislation. Immigration went on unimpeded.

The conditions, however, in which the newly arrived immigrants found themselves, and the conditions which they made for themselves, were by no means all that might have been desired. America did nothing to protect the newcomers, and the first and most lasting impression which the alien received was often the lodging-house shark or some other of the numerous exploiters who infested the landing-place at Castle Garden. Nor did the majority of immigrants bring with them high standards of living. The new-comers from southern and western Ireland had spent their early lives in the utmost squalor, in crowded, wretched, ill-lit, ill-ventilated hovels, with no floor and no furniture, and no beds but heaps of filthy straw or filthier rags. From miserable huts of this sort these immigrants migrated to horrible tenements in loathsome American alleys. The transition meant no immediate radical improvement in their habits.

As a matter of history, most of the conditions and influences now ascribed to immigration were ascribed to it half

a century and more ago. Then, as now, the resident had a prejudice against the new-comer, because of his lower standards. Though the native refused to associate with the alien, he none the less objected to the latter's isolation, to the clannishness of the Irish and to the close congregation of Germans, who formed racial clots in the American vascular system. It was complained that these aliens "have their own theaters, recreations, amusements, military and national organizations; to a great extent their own schools, churches, and trade-unions; their own newspapers and periodical literature." A quiet social ostracism prevailed, emphasized from time to time by attacks upon Catholic churches or German Turner societies, by persecutions of foreign-born children in the schools, and by occasional vehement denunciations from rostrum and pulpit.

In the mean while, however, the immigrant was quietly being changed by America and was quietly changing America. After 1854 immigration fell off rapidly, and during the early years of the Civil War it dwindled to less than a hundred thousand a year. The country was expanding at an unprecedented rate. The war absorbed native and foreign born, and the growing West made its appeal to all. Industry grew stupendously, the railroads opened new territories, and cities sprang up everywhere. The immigrants were learning American ways, were marrying American wives, were begetting and rearing American children. The son of the German or Irish immigrant was more American than the Americans.

What happened in the forties and fifties has been repeated again and again, though in less spectacular form. The source of immigration has changed, but the impulse has remained the same. Hundreds of thousands have come to escape religious or political persecution, but the movement of the millions has been an economic movement, impelled by economic causes and subject to economic laws. Immigration ebbed and flowed, declining after panics and depressions in America, and increasing to torrential floods with each European calamity or with each sudden improvement in American industry. Progress,

however, was upward. Immigrants were insulted, cheated, occasionally murdered, but those who survived and prospered wrote glowing letters home, while the men who died from tuberculosis and dynamite explosions wrote no letters. Year by year the inflow increased. The average gross immigration during the years 1905-1912 was only a little under a million a year.

A change, however, has come over this movement. Of the total immigration from 1820 to 1860, over one-half was British and Irish, and over one-fourth German. Since 1881, our immigrants have come chiefly from southern and eastern Europe. To-day there climb out of the ship's steerage Italians, Greeks, Bohemians, Lithuanians, Poles, Magyars, Russians, Hebrews, Syrians, Armenians, Turks, Croatians, Slovenians, Slovaks, Servians, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins, Dalmatians, Bosnians, and Herzegovinians. Improved transportation and improved conditions in Europe have contributed to this development. We could not have expected many more immigrants from Ireland. That country's population is less than five years of our total inflow; if all our immigrants were to come from Ireland, not a soul would be left by the year 1918. Sweden's population is that of New York City; Norway's that of Chicago. We could empty both countries in a decade. Germany's large population grows, but conditions there are improving so rapidly that the Empire now *attracts* immigrants. Eastern and southern Europe, on the other hand, are awakening. The railroad, trolley, newspaper, telegraph, telephone, invade the interior. Men begin to move. The attraction of America reaches ever farther. To-day the peasant in Dalmatia, Syria, Basilicata, is *nearer* America, knows more about us, than did the man from Galway or Bavaria half a century ago. The Italian in New York City goes to a moving-picture theater on Elizabeth Street and sees on the screen the faces of friends who, a few months before, embarked from Naples for the Tripolitan war. For a few *soldi* an urchin of Palermo actually sees "Little Italy."

That is the history of our immigra-

tion, a coming together of the New and the Old World. The attraction of America penetrates ever deeper into Europe, from the maritime peoples living on the fringe of the ocean, to the inland plains, and then into somnolent, winter-locked mountain villages. Simultaneously Europe changes America. You can alter any country if you pour in enough millions. These immigrants, moreover, are of a character to effect changes. America's attraction is not to the good or to the bad, to the saint or to the sinner, but to the young, the aggressive, the restless, the ambitious. The Europeans in America are chosen men, for there is a rigorous selection at home and a rigorous selection here, the discouraged and defeated returning by the ship-load. These immigrating races are virile, tenacious, prolific. Each ship-load of newcomers carries to American life an impulse like the rapidly succeeding explosions of a gasoline-engine.

Moreover, these immigrants, peasants at home, become city-dwellers here. The city is the heart of our body social. It is the home of education, amusement, culture, crime, discontent, social contacts—and power. The immigrant, even in the gutter of the city, is often nearer to the main currents of our national life than is the average resident of the country. His children are more literate, more restless, more wide-awake.

With such numbers, such qualities, and such a position within the social network, one might imagine that the immigrant would gradually transform us in his own likeness. But no such direct influence is visible. As a nation we have not learned politeness, although we have drawn millions of immigrants from the politest peoples in the world. Our national irreverence is not decreased, but, on the contrary, is actually increased, by the mass of idols, of good old customs, memories, religions, which come to us in the steerage. Nor is the immigrant's influence in any way intentional. Though he hopes that America will make him, the immigrant has no presumptuous thought of making America. To him, America is a fixed, unchanging environmental thing, a land to browse on.

This very passivity of the newly

arrived immigrant is the most tremendous of influences. The workman who does not join a union, the citizen who sends his immature children to the factory, the man who does not become naturalized, or who maintains a standard of living below an inadequate wage, such a one by contagion and pressure changes conditions and lowers standards all about him, undermining to the extent of his lethargy our entire social edifice. The aim of Americanization is to combat this passive influence. Two forces, like good and evil, are opposed on that long frontier line where the immigrant comes into contact with the older resident. The American, through self-protection, not love, seeks to raise the immigrant to his economic level; the immigrant, through self-protection, not through knowledge, involuntarily accepts conditions which tend to drag the American down to his. In this contest much that we ordinarily account virtue is evil; much that is ugly is good. The immigrant girl puts on a corset, exchanges her picturesque head-dress for a flowering monstrosity of an American hat, squeezes her honest peasant's foot into a narrow, thin-soled American shoe—and behold, it is good. It is a step toward assimilation, toward a more expensive if not a more lovely standard of living. It gives hostages to America. It makes the frenzied saving of the early days impossible. Docility, abnegation, and pecuniary abasement are not economic virtues, however highly they may be rated in another category.

In still other ways this assimilation alters and limits the alien's influence. Much is lost in the process. The immigrant comes to us laden with gifts, but we have not the leisure to take nor he the opportunity to tender. The brilliant native costumes, the strange, vibrant dialects, the curious mental molds are soon faded or gone. The old religions, the old customs, the traditional manners, the ancient lace do not survive the melting-pot. Assimilation, however necessary, ends the charm and rareness of our quaint human importations.

For this esthetic degeneration the immigrant must not be blamed. To gain himself he must lose himself. He must adopt "our ways." The Italian day laborer finds that macaroni and lettuce

are not a suitable diet for ten hours' work on the subway or the Catskill dam. The politeness of sunny southern Europe is at a discount in our skurrying, elbowing crowds. The docility of the peasant damns a man irretrievably in the struggle to rise, and conservatism in gentle, outlandish manners is impossible in kaleidoscopic America. The immigrant, therefore, accepts our standards wholesale and indiscriminately. He "goes the limit" of assimilation—slang, clothes, and chewing-gum. He accommodates himself quickly to that narrow fringe of America which affects him most immediately. The Talmudist in Russia is, for better or worse, no Talmudist here: he is a cloak-presser or a real-estate broker. The Greek shepherd becomes an elevator-boy or a hazardous speculator in resuscitated violets. The Sicilian bootblack learns to charge ten cents for a five-cent shine; the candy-vender from Macedonia haggles long before he knows a hundred English words; the Pole who never has seen a coal-mine becomes adept at the use of the steam-shovel.

Another limit to the immigrant's influence is due to the fact that the America to which he adapts himself is the America that he first meets, the America at the bottom. That bottom changes as America changes from an agricultural to an industrial nation. For the average immigrant there is no longer a free farm on a Western frontier: there is only a job as an unskilled or semi-skilled workman. For that job a knowledge of his letters is not absolutely necessary. Nor is a knowledge of English. There are in America to-day a few millions of aliens who cannot speak English or read or write their native tongue, and who, from an industrial point of view, are almost mere muscle. The road from bottom to top becomes steeper and more inaccessible. Stratification begins.

Because of his position at the bottom of a stratified society, the immigrant—especially the recent immigrant—does not exert any large direct influence. Taken in the mass, he does not run our businesses, make our laws, write our books, paint our pictures, preach to us, teach us or prescribe for us. His indirect influence, on the other hand, is increased rather than diminished by

his position at the bottom of the structure. When he moves, all superincumbent groups must of necessity shift their positions. This indirect influence is manifold. The immigration of enormous numbers of unskilled "interchangeable" laborers, who can be moved about like pawns, standardizes our industries, facilitates the growth of stupendous business units, and generally promotes plasticity. The immigrant, by his mere presence, by his mere readiness to be used, speeds us up; he accelerates the whole *tempo* of our industrial life. He changes completely "the balance of power" in industry, politics, and social life generally. The feverish speed of our labor, which is so largely pathological, is an index of this. The arrival of ever fresh multitudes adds to the difficulties of securing a democratic control of either industry or politics. The presence of the unskilled, unlettered immigrant excites the cupidity of men who wish to make money quickly and do not care how. It makes an essentially kind-hearted people callous. Why save the lives of "wops"? What does it matter if our industry kills a few thousands more or less, when, if we wish, we can get millions a year from inexhaustible Europe? Immigration acts to destroy our brakes. It keeps us, as a nation, transitional.

Of course this transitional quality of America was due partly to our virgin continent. There was always room in the West; a man did not settle, but merely lighted on a spot, like a migratory bird on its southern journey. Immigration, however, intensified and protracted this development. Each race had to fight for its place. Natives were displaced by Irish, who were displaced in turn by Germans, Russians, Italians, Portuguese, Greeks, Syrians. Whole trades were deserted by one nation and conquered by another. The peoples of eastern Europe inundated the Pennsylvania mining districts, displacing Irish, English, and Welsh miners. The Irish street laborer disappeared; the Italian quietly took his shovel. Russian Jews revolutionized the clothing trade, driving out Germans as these had driven out native Americans. The old homes of displaced nations were inhabited by new peoples; the old peoples were shoved

up or down, but, in any case, out. Cities, factories, neighborhoods changed with startling rapidity. Connecticut schools, once attended by descendants of the Pilgrims, became overfilled with dark-eyed Italian lads and tow-headed Slavs. Protestant churches were stranded in Catholic or Jewish neighborhoods. America changed rapidly, feverishly. That peculiar quiet restlessness of America, the calm fear with which we search with the tail of our eye to avoid swirling automobiles, the rush and recklessness of our life, were increased by the mild, law-abiding people who came to us from abroad.

There was a time when all these qualities were good, or at least had their good features. So long as we had elbow-room in the West, so long as we were young and growing, with a big continent to make our mistakes in, even recklessness was a virtue. But to-day America is no longer elastic, the road from bottom to top is not so short and not so unimpeded as it once was. We cannot any longer be sure that the immigrant will find his proper place in our Eastern mills or on our Western farms without injury to others—or to himself.

The time has passed when we exulted in the number of grown-up men, bred at another country's expense, who came to work for us and fertilize our soils with their dead bones. The time has passed when we believed that mere numbers were all. To-day, despite night schools, settlements, and a whole network of Americanizing agencies, we have teeming, polyglot slums and the clash of race with race in sweatshop and factory, mine and lumber-camp. We have a mixture of ideals, a confusion of standards, a conglomeration of clashing views of life. We, the many-nationed nation of America, bring the Puritan tradition, a trifle anemic and thin, a little the worse for disuse. The immigrant brings a Babel of traditions, an all too plastic mind, a willingness to copy our virtues and vices, to imitate us for better or for worse. All of which hampers and delays the formation of a national consciousness.

From whatever point we view the new America, we cannot help seeing how intimately the changes have been bound

up with our immigration, especially with that of recent years. The widening of the social gamut becomes more significant when we recall that with unrestricted immigration our poorest citizens are periodically recruited from the poor of the poorest countries of Europe. Our differences in education, while they have other causes, are sharply accentuated by our enormous development of university and high schools at the one end, and by the increasing illiteracy of our immigrants at the other. In cities where there are large immigrant populations we note the beginning of a change in our attitude toward the public schools, toward universal suffrage, toward many of the pious, if unrealized, national ideals of an earlier period.

Fundamentally, however, the essential fact about our present-day immigration is not that the immigrant has changed (though that fact is of great importance), but that the America to which the immigrant comes has changed fundamentally and permanently. And the essential fact about the immigrant's effect on American character is this, that the gift of the immigrant to the nation is not the qualities which he himself had at home, but the very qualities which Americans have always had. In other words, at a time when American industrial, political, and social conditions are changing, partly as a result of immigration itself, the immigrant hampers our psychological adjustment to such changes by giving scope and exercise to old national characteristics which should be obsolescent.

America to-day is in transition. We have moved rapidly from one industrial world to another, and this progress has been aided and stimulated by immigration. The psychological change, however, which should have kept pace with this industrial transition, has been slower and less complete. It has been retarded by the very rapidity of our immigration, and by the tremendous educational tasks which that influx placed upon us. The immigrant is a challenge to our highest idealism, but the task of Americanizing the extra millions of new-comers has hindered progress in the task of democratizing America.

Settling Ophelia

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND



IF Peter Guide had been helpless in face of his other five daughters, he was a day-old babe in the hands of Ophelia.

The gentle, absent-minded old schoolmaster had wondered vaguely how it had come about that his six daughters had survived and grown to womanhood. He could with difficulty convince himself that the credit was his. When Sarah, his wife, passed from the scene, leaving him with six children, all girls, he had felt a hopeless terror mitigated by a passionate love for the little things. Then came the move to Diversity township—and Zaanan Frame, Diversity's Justice of the Peace. Though Peter never realized it, Zaanan had raised his daughters, molded his daughters, domineered the whole Guide family for years. Whatever credit or discredit was to be given belonged to Zaanan.

Now only Ophelia remained on the little farm. Five sisters were safely married and in more practical hands than Peter's. But Ophelia, most difficult of all of them, remained, and to-day, while Peter racked his brain for arguments, she vowed she would never go.

"I sha'n't leave you, dad," she declared. "I'm all you've got left. Just me. Why—why, you'd starve, like as not, if I were to marry and go away from you."

"But—" said Peter, having in his mind a great many thoughts on the subject which, somehow, he was unable to put into words.

"No use talking," said Ophelia. "Every family ought to have at least one old maid in it, and I'm our last chance. . . . Besides, it's so silly to marry. Look at Miranda and Viola and Desdemona and Olivia and Juliet. Tied down! So far as I can see, dad, all there is to marriage is being able to brag to other women that you didn't have to

stay an old maid. . . . Well, I *want* to stay an old maid."

"But—" said Peter, again, on the brink of unuttered arguments.

Again Ophelia interrupted. "Children," she said with what might have been a snort, if Ophelia had been less pleasing to the eye. "There's Miranda with one. . . . Cunnin', all right, but look at the nuisance. She hasn't had a night's sleep in months. Doesn't think anything but baby. Then there's Desdemona with twins—"

Here Peter interrupted. "My children," he said, softly, eyes dim and looking far into the past—"my children, Ophelia, have been the sweetest thing in my life. Mine has been a useless life, save for my children. My fortune has never carried me out of the byways and quiet places of the world; the work I have done has many times seemed to me vain and with no return in accomplishment. . . . I have been sad, daughter, and I have known discouragement. I have feared I was like the man who hid his light under a bushel . . . and I have been afraid. But always the thought of my babies has kept me from resentment. . . . Babies are good, Ophelia."

Ophelia smoothed her father's thin, white hair and laid her cheek against his cheek. "But I shall stay with you, father, just the same. . . ."

From the road came a stentorian shout: "Whoa, Tiffany! Whoa! What's the matter with you, eh? Don't you know whoa when you hear me? Say! I'm a-goin' to trade you for a hog, and slaughter the hog for bacon. . . . Whoa, now!" It was old Zaanan Frame, Justice of the Peace for Diversity and political dictator of the county; it was Zaanan Frame, self-appointed guardian of the Guide family. With loud mutterings he tied his horse, named after that famous book, *Tiffany's Justices' Guide*, and limped up the walk.

"Afternoon, folks," said he, gruffly.

"Afternoon, Uncle Zaanan," replied Ophelia, and Peter smiled his welcome. The old justice lowered himself cautiously into a rocker, for a recent wet spell had awakened his rheumatism.

"Well," he grunted, looking from one to the other, "what's the matter? Eh? What's wrong?"

"Ophelia," said Peter Guide, glad to be able to shift the weight of the matter, "says she shall never marry. . . . She says she's going to stay with me always. . . . She says she wouldn't dare leave me alone. . . . She says she doesn't want children."

"Um . . . Hum. . . . Calc'latin' on bein' an old maid, eh? Figger that's about the job to suit you, do you? Eh?"

"Yes," said Ophelia.

"Wa-al," growled Zaanan, his face impassive, "I've up and read clean through the Constitution of the United States more'n a dozen times, and I don't recollect anythin' in it forbiddin' old maids. . . . Old maids is what keeps the institution of matrimony goin'. . . . 'Course they be. . . . It's the sight of old maids a-hangin' round that gits the girls to wearin' red ribbons in their hair and yaller frocks of a Sunday to ketch the boys. . . . Old maid, eh? Um. . . . Don't want no children. Huh! Well, Ophelia, you might go on and try it to see how you like it—but don't keep a-tryin' it too long. That's the way some old maids got to be sich—they kep' a-tryin' somethin' or other till there wasn't no more pink in their cheeks, nor shine to their eyes, nor crinkle to their hair; and then old maids was about all they could be."

Peter Guide showed his disappointment in his face, but Zaanan did not so much as glance at him; in fact, the old justice seemed to have exhausted the subject of marriage, for he began talking about something quite alien to that sacred institution, and when he left at the end of a couple of hours it remained as he abandoned it.

He drove Tiffany back to Diversity, or, rather, Tiffany hauled Zaanan there, for the ancient horse was not one to be driven or in any manner turned from his set custom of varying an amble with a crawl. Of his own accord Tiffany

stopped before Zaanan's office, dropped his head, and appeared to go fast asleep. Zaanan got down with an accompaniment of grunts and ejaculations, and went toward the steps. Dolf Springer, pathmaster, sat there, whittling.

"Was you thinkin' of goin' by Ham Lovett's office?" asked Zaanan.

"I was just gittin' on to my feet," said Dolf, "to go to that very place."

"G'-by, Dolf," said Zaanan, and went inside.

In ten minutes Lovett, the coroner, bustled in.

"Afternoon, Ham," grunted Zaanan.

"Howdy, Jedge."

"Had a vacation this summer, Ham?"

Ham puzzled a moment, for he knew Zaanan's method of issuing commands. Zaanan never ordered directly, but moved his men to his will by suggestion, by innuendo, by various indirect methods peculiar to himself. "Hadn't thought of no vacation, Jedge," said Ham, not able to fathom Zaanan's wish.

"Goin' to go on a vacation, Ham?" Zaanan demanded, his right eyebrow far down over his eye.

"Wa-al, now, Jedge, I calc'late my wife 'u'd sorter relish a visit away, but—" He hesitated and shuffled his feet, for Zaanan in anger was not without terror. "But there's leetle Mel—you know leetle Mel, son of Mel Treadway, my nephew. Pore leetle baby's stayin' to our house since his ma died. . . . My wife won't hanker none to go traipsin' around with him."

"Goin' to take leetle Mel with you, eh?"

"Hain't nobody to leave him with."

"Um! Huh! Hain't nobody, eh? . . . I dun'no's anybody ever left a baby with me. Ever hear of anybody doin' so?"

"You!" Ham almost permitted himself to grin.

A rumble started from Zaanan's throat.

"Why," said Ham, "I shouldn't be s'prised if my wife might sort of ask you to look after Mel."

"Um! How old's Mel?"

"Goin' on four."

"When was you thinkin' of goin', Ham? 'Twasn't Sattiday, now, was it? Eh?"

"Why, Jedge, that's the very time I was plannin' on."

"G'-by, Ham," grunted the justice, and Ham vanished from the room.

Zaanan sat at his table a few minutes, then a sound issued from his throat which might have been blood relation to a chuckle. His face, however, showed no traces of amusement. Presently he got slowly to his feet and went out of the office. He clambered slowly, creakingly, into his buggy, and drove Tiffany around to the barn.

On the following Saturday morning Coroner Lovett and his wife stopped at Zaanan's door on their way to the depot. They left in Zaanan's charge little Mel Treadway, aged goin'-on-four years. As the couple went slowly down the street alone, Mrs. Lovett's face wore an expression of doubt. Perhaps she was not altogether satisfied of Zaanan's efficiency as a nurse.

Zaanan, however, was able to lift himself up to the emergency. Before the Lovetts were out of the room the old justice was in the midst of a story about a woodchuck with ears "two foot long" that had a five-room cottage underground where he lived a most amazing life with a jumping-jack that could say only the words, "If I eat any more I'll git a stummick-ache," and which was always bumping its head against the wall when it jumped. Little Mel was carried along on the flood of such adventures so that he forgot even to miss his aunt and uncle, and not a tear did he shed. He helped Zaanan harness Tiffany, and, sitting between Zaanan's legs, held the lines in his little fists, driving,

"like he was a big boy all growed up"—and was very happy thereat.

Out into the country they drove until they reached a point just around the turn of the road from Peter Guide's farm-house. Here Zaanan alighted, allowing Mel to take a "big jump" from the seat into his arms.



"I SHA'N'T LEAVE YOU, DAD"

"Young feller," said Zaanan, "we're goin' to do a mite of walkin' now. Cal-c'late you kin walk a spell?"

"I take big walks with my daddy," said Mel. "He comes every month."

"Um," grunted Zaanan. "Now we're Injuns a-sneakin' up on a house yonder." They got down on all-fours and crawled



SITTING BETWEEN ZAANAN'S LEGS, HE HELD THE LINES

along the rail fence, peering ahead, crouching behind bushes, ready to attack or flee, as happenings demanded. At last they came to Peter Guide's white-painted fence.

"If I was a big Injun," declared Zaanan, in a hoarse whisper, "I calc'late I'd rush up to that there gate and I'd bang it open—kerplunk!—and I'd run up to the house, and I'd kick on the door as loud as I could kick. Wouldn't that jest fool them folks 'most to death?"

"Scare 'em," corrected Mel, severely. "Folks is scared of Injuns. Injuns cuts off folks's heads."

"To be sure," said Zaanan, and patted the little fellow on the head. "Reckon you could give this here big Injun a kiss 'fore you start."

Mel put his moist little lips against Zaanan's leathery cheek, and the face of Zaanan was not the face Diversity was accustomed to see.

"Now scamper, ol' Rain-in-the-Face," said Zaanan, and off ran little Mel.

Quickly Zaanan turned and retreated down the slope and out of sight around the bend in the road. As he drove back to Diversity he touched several times, and with fingers that caressed, the spot which Mel's lips had pressed.

Little Mel banged the gate and stamped up on the steps. With determination he kicked on Peter Guide's door. No one answered, so he kicked again, and added a war-whoop for good measure. Ophelia Guide opened the door, whereupon Mel loosed another whoop and charged

with savage intrepidity.

Ophelia retreated, startled. "Why!" she ejaculated. "Why! . . ."

Mel followed up his advantage until self-defense compelled Ophelia to seize him and lift him, kicking, into the air.

"Why! . . ." she exclaimed again.

"You lemme go! Big Injun!" Then he broke into a laugh—a thrilling laugh—and inquired, engagingly: "Didn't I s'prise you? Was you scairt?"

"Well, of all things!" Ophelia exclaimed. "Whose little boy are you, anyhow? Where did you come from?"

"I ain't a little boy. I'm big Injun."

Ophelia stepped on to the porch and looked up and down the road. It was deserted. "How did you get here? Who brought you?"

"Man brought me. He let me drive his horsey."

"Where is he?"

Mel pointed. Then his face showed surprise, fear. He ran to the gate, shouting, "Man! . . . Man! . . . Man! . . ." Nobody was in sight. Terrified now, feeling himself deserted, the little fellow lifted up his voice and wept so that Ophelia covered her ears.

What could she do? Nothing but try her best to comfort the child. She took him into her arms and carried him to the porch, where she sat down with him and talked to him, and hugged him, and tried to soothe him. Ophelia did not know what to make of the situation, but gradually a sort of fear came to her. She had read of babies being left on folks' door-steps! She sat stiff, erect, forgetful of little Mel. What if that were the explanation of the child's presence? In a moment she believed it was, and with an involuntary gesture pushed him off her lap.

He was sobbing deeply, gulpingly, now. His frenzied cries had ceased under her ministrations, but threatened again to break out as he felt himself put away. Blindly, fumblingly he clutched her apron and tried to climb back on to

her lap. Her first thought was to repulse him—but what woman can repulse a sobbing child? She lifted him again to her knee and his little arms sought her neck. He drew himself up till his moist cheek pressed hers, and there he clung. . . . It was a new experience for Ophelia Guide.

She did not speak, did not know what to speak. Little Mel seemed satisfied with his refuge. His sobs abated, but now and again he would draw a deep, convulsive breath and tighten the hold of his arms. Ophelia was somehow embarrassed. She hoped she would not be seen. There seemed something indelicate about the affair.

Before the girl and the baby were better acquainted Peter Guide came around the corner of the house, stopped, stared, as he saw his daughter and what his daughter held. He smiled. If little Mel had seen that smile his fears would have vanished, for such smiles are put on the faces of certain favored men by a comprehending God as a mark—as a mark by which the child may recognize them as worthy of his trust. . . . Peter hurried his steps, ascended the porch.

"Who—" he began. "Where—"

"I don't know," said Ophelia, almost



"If I WAS A BIG INJUN, I CALC'LATE I'D RUSH UP TO THAT GATE"

in a whisper. She did not realize that she whispered, or why she whispered. To speak softly is the habit of woman-kind holding a weeping child. Perhaps it is caused by a certain awe—an awe of the marvel of childhood, a reverence in the face of the fact of motherhood. "I don't know," she repeated. Then more cautiously, that she might not frighten the child, "I—I believe somebody—left him here."

"Left him here?" Peter could not comprehend.

"Yes. . . . Like babies are left on door-steps."

"I—I 'ant my daddy," said Mel, sitting up suddenly and looking at Peter.

Peter smiled again—the same smile. Mel regarded him gravely. Peter held out his arms and Mel struggled toward him. The old schoolmaster took the child hungrily. "Who is your daddy, little man?" he asked.

"He's my daddy," said Mel, and that was all that could be had from him on the point. Peter petted him and talked to him, and now and again interjected a question with a view to identification, but little Mel had forgotten, or, in one of those incomprehensible moods of childhood, refused to tell.

"What shall we do?" asked Ophelia.

"Why—is there anything to do?" Peter's face was wistful as he spoke.

"Of course. . . . We can't keep the child always, can we? We've got to find his people."

"But," said Peter, "his people—may not want to be found."

"All the more reason for finding them, then," she said, somewhat sharply. Peter sighed and drew little Mel closer to him.

Mel sat up suddenly, tears gone, unafraid. "Let's play somefin," he commanded.

Poor little Mel! Why should his terror last long? Why should his strangeness persist? Since his mother's death he had moved often, had passed from stranger to stranger, so that strangers were no longer strangers to him, but natural and not unexpected incidents in his career. Now, doubtless, he simply figured that he had been handed over to a fresh batch of individuals, who seemed to him rather more desirable than had

his great-uncle Ham Lovett's family. So he began to make himself at home.

"Let's play somefin," he repeated, tugging at Peter's collar. "You must be an old horsey and I must ride you to the barn."

Peter was nonplussed for a moment, then long-dead recollections revived. He looked a trifle sheepishly at Ophelia—and got down on his knees on the grass, while little Mel clambered astride his neck.

"Diddap!" shouted Mel. "Now gallop. . . . No. Not like that. Up and down. That's the way." Peter endeavored to impart to his progress the bumpy uncertainty of an unrestrained gallop—a thing not easily to be accomplished by an old man on his hands and knees. However, it suited Mel. It suited Peter Guide, too, if the truth were told.

Ophelia watched events with some impatience. At last she spoke. "I do wish, father, you'd listen. What in the world are we to do?"

Mel's steed came to a halt and looked over its shoulder. It lifted one hand from the ground and scratched its nose. Mel was delighted.

"Ho!" he yelled, "circus horsey. Shake hands with the lady, circus horsey."

"What—what would you advise, my dear?" Peter asked.

"Horseys don't talk," said Mel, severely.

"I think," declared Ophelia, "you'd better hitch up and drive in to see Uncle Zaanan. He'll know what to do."

"That," said Peter, "seems the thing to do. . . . Get off, little fellow. Old Uncle Peter's got to go to the barn."

"You'll take the child with you," directed Ophelia.

Peter rebelled—rebelled gently. "No, Ophelia, I—I think it would be best to leave him here. You never can tell—his folks might come for him." He did not wait for argument, but hurried to the barn, followed by little Mel. The truth was that Peter was afraid Zaanan would take the child from him immediately and send it somewhere or provide for it somehow. Peter did not want this to happen; he wanted to keep little Mel as long as he could.

He almost gave in, however, when the child cried to come with him, but by a notable summoning of the will he hardened his heart and drove away alone.

Zaanan was in his office, unoccupied by litigation. He glanced up with his accustomed frown as Peter entered. "Howdy, Peter?" he grunted.

"Good day," Zaanan, responded Peter; then he hesitated, as though he were unwilling to make known his errand.

"What's ailin' you, Peter?" Zaanan asked.

"There's a little boy at our house," began the old schoolmaster—"a little bit of a fellow—a beautiful little fellow, Zaanan."

"Um! Boy, eh? What's he doin' there? Where'd he come from?"

"I—we—don't know. Ophelia thinks somebody—abandoned him there. I—we—decided to come in to ask you what we ought to do."

"What d' you *want* to do?"

"I," said Peter, "I—should like— It would be a wonderful thing to have—a baby about the house."

"Sh'u'd think you'd had enough of babies with six of 'em."

"Each of the six was welcome, Zaanan. . . . But none of them was a boy."

"I gather Ophelia don't figger the thing same's you do."

"Ophelia," said Peter, excusingly, "isn't used to babies. She— I'm afraid she doesn't *like* babies. I don't understand it. It's queer. Is it not queer, Zaanan?"

"I'd call it somethin' else," growled the old justice. "Hum! Want to know what to do, eh? Calc'late on my advice? Well, Peter, I hain't got no advice. There's two things you kin do, and you



THE WOODCHUCK WAS LEFT FAR BEHIND AND FORGOTTEN

might name 'em over to Ophelia. You kin keep the baby a spell to see what turns up, or you can fetch him in here and we'll keep him in the jail till the courts or somebody kin figger out what's best to be done."

"Jail!" exclaimed Peter. "*Jail!* . . . For that baby! You wouldn't—put that baby in the jail!"

"Hain't no other place I know of," Zaanan said, shortly. "Anythin' else, Peter?" He waited briefly. Peter stood hesitating. "G'-by, Peter," grunted Zaanan, and then turned to that great book, *Tiffany's Justices' Guide*, and opened its pages. He was thus entering upon an hour of recreation.

Peter drove slowly home.

Little Mel was not difficult to console for being left behind by Peter Guide. His grief was loud and dismaying until Ophelia remembered the cookie-jar. The odor of fresh cookie forced open Mel's eyes, fresh cookie crammed in the mouth

shut off audible sorrow, and the pleasing sensation of fresh cooky conveyed to the brain by the sense of taste created an opposite emotion. Ophelia was relieved. She had discovered something about childhood. It was the beginning of her education on that intricate subject.

Mel sat on the step beside Ophelia, eating cooky and surveying the scene in search of possible adventure. Suddenly he scratched his leg. This called his attention to that member. He patted it, moved it about, pinched it gently. He found it to be an interesting leg, a curiosity-exciting leg. He turned to Ophelia.

"What's my leg made of?" he asked.

The question, so to speak, hit Ophelia on her mental funny-bone. It dazed her. The tingle of it upset her. Somewhere she had heard it was proper to answer the questions of childhood plainly and clearly. How could she plainly and clearly answer this question? At last, desperately, she began. "It's made of meat—"

"And potato?" interrupted the vastly interested Mel.

"No!"—somewhat sharply—"not potato."

"Why isn't it made of potato?"

"Because it's made of meat and bone and skin," said Ophelia, desperately.

"Why is it covered with skin?"

Ophelia had an inspiration: "To keep the meat in," she said. Mel understood this and it satisfied him. Henceforth he pictured his skin as a sort of brown paper from the butcher-shop such as the tradesman wrapped about mutton-chops. Other matters troubled his small intellect, however.

"Is there *good* cannibals?" he asked.

"No; cannibals are all bad."

"Why are they all bad?"

"Because," said Ophelia, struggling vainly—"because they're heathen and they eat people."

"Do they eat people because people's legs are made of meat?"

"I suppose so."

"Do they eat the skin—and the bone?"

Ophelia stood up. "Don't you want another cooky, Mel?"

"Wouldn't cannibals rather eat cookies than people?" Mel countered.

"They haven't any cookies," Ophelia said, unguardedly.

"Why?" asked Mel, and Ophelia fled kitchenward to return with a cooky in each hand.

"Tell me a story," commanded Mel.

"What about?" Ophelia asked, helplessly. Story-telling was an art hitherto neglected by her.

"About diggin' a big hole and the' was a woodchuck at the bottom of it, and he said, 'Come in,' and we did come in, and the' was another woodchuck, and he says, 'Who's that?' and the' was a bed and a table and a chair and a kitchen and a stove, and cookies, and blocks to build, and a 'ittle train of cars, and the woodchuck says, 'Ain't you hungry?' and we was hungry, and *that's* the story. Tell it."

Ophelia started, experienced the joys of creation, found her imagination moved under impetus, enabling her to invent and invent and pile illogical happening on illogical happening till the woodchuck and his hole were left far behind and forgotten, and she and Mel were talking to the leprechaun, who is the fairy shoemaker, and trying to catch him to get three wishes, and Mel wished he had a reg'lar big engine to be engineer of, with a whistle and a bell on it . . . and wished more and more drowsily, until at last his head pressed more heavily against Ophelia's side and slid into her lap. She looked down and saw he was asleep, whereupon she sat very still, hardly daring to breathe—and there was a warmth in her heart and a feeling of softness that made her bend over the child with unconscious tenderness. So she sat holding little Mel when Peter Guide returned.

"We've got to keep him—awhile, anyhow," whispered Peter.

"S-s-shhh-hh!" commanded Ophelia.

Peter hushed, and together, in complete silence, they waited for Mel to awaken.

That night little Mel would not let Peter put him to bed. Bedtime was no moment for masculine interference. Bedtime is when mother is needed. Ophelia was his best substitute for mother. For the first time in her score of years Ophelia saw what it was like to have a baby go to sleep with his arms

about her neck. It is notable that she did not go down-stairs again that night, but went to her own room and remained there.

At the end of ten days Melvin Treadway came to Diversity to visit his little son. He found Ham Lovett's house closed, and was referred by neighbors to Zaanan Frame. Zaanan received him cordially.

"Calc'late you come to see leetle Mel?"

"Yes," said his father.

"I'll drive you there," said Zaanan, which he did, maintaining for the most part a profound silence, but occasionally emitting a chuckle which was decidedly incomprehensible to Treadway. As they neared the Guide farm Zaanan nudged Treadway. "You'll find," said he, "that the leetle feller's been in good hands." Here he chuckled twice.

Little Mel was playing in the yard as the men drove up. He saw his father, and greeted him with delighted shouts: "My daddy! My daddy!"

Ophelia, startled, came hurriedly to the door. She found herself frightened by Mel's shouts of "Daddy," but did not recognize it as fright. Undoubtedly, however, she was alarmed. She watched Zaanan and young Treadway alight from the buggy and walk up the path, and she felt a sense of antagonism toward the young man, a sense of antagonism she could not understand. She mistook it for dislike at first sight.

"Here's the baby's pa," said Zaanan, and introduced them.

Little Mel was on horseback, his tiny legs astride his father's neck. "I always kiss daddy when he comes," he said, accusingly, to Ophelia.

Once more Zaanan chuckled.

They sat down on the porch, and presently Peter Guide came up from the barn.

"We—we've enjoyed having—your baby," he said softly, his eyes on little Mel.

"He seems to have enjoyed being here," said young Treadway, his eyes on Ophelia.

"We'll miss him," said Peter, simply.

"H u m ! " grunted Zaanan.

Mel's father stayed to dinner and to supper, and some of the time he was not playing with little Mel. Zaanan Frame was possessed of a great curiosity regarding the barn and the back pasture lots and a num-

ber of other things that took him and Peter Guide away from the house. This, in the times when little Mel was personally engaged on juvenile adventure, left Treadway and Ophelia together. She discovered he was not the objectionable individual she had at first taken him to be. Indeed, she perceived that he was pleasant to look at, kindly, friendly, courteous. The situation swept aside many conventions, and Melvin Treadway and Ophelia arrived at a substantial liking for each other.

That night little Mel would not let his father put him to bed, demanding tear-



"THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY YOU CAN KEEP MEL, AND THAT'S TO TAKE ME WITH HIM"

fully that Ophelia do as she had done every night for a matter of two weeks. She blushed, took the little fellow in her arms, held him close—with an inexplicable feeling of jealousy toward his father—and carried him up-stairs.

Again Zaanan Frame chuckled.

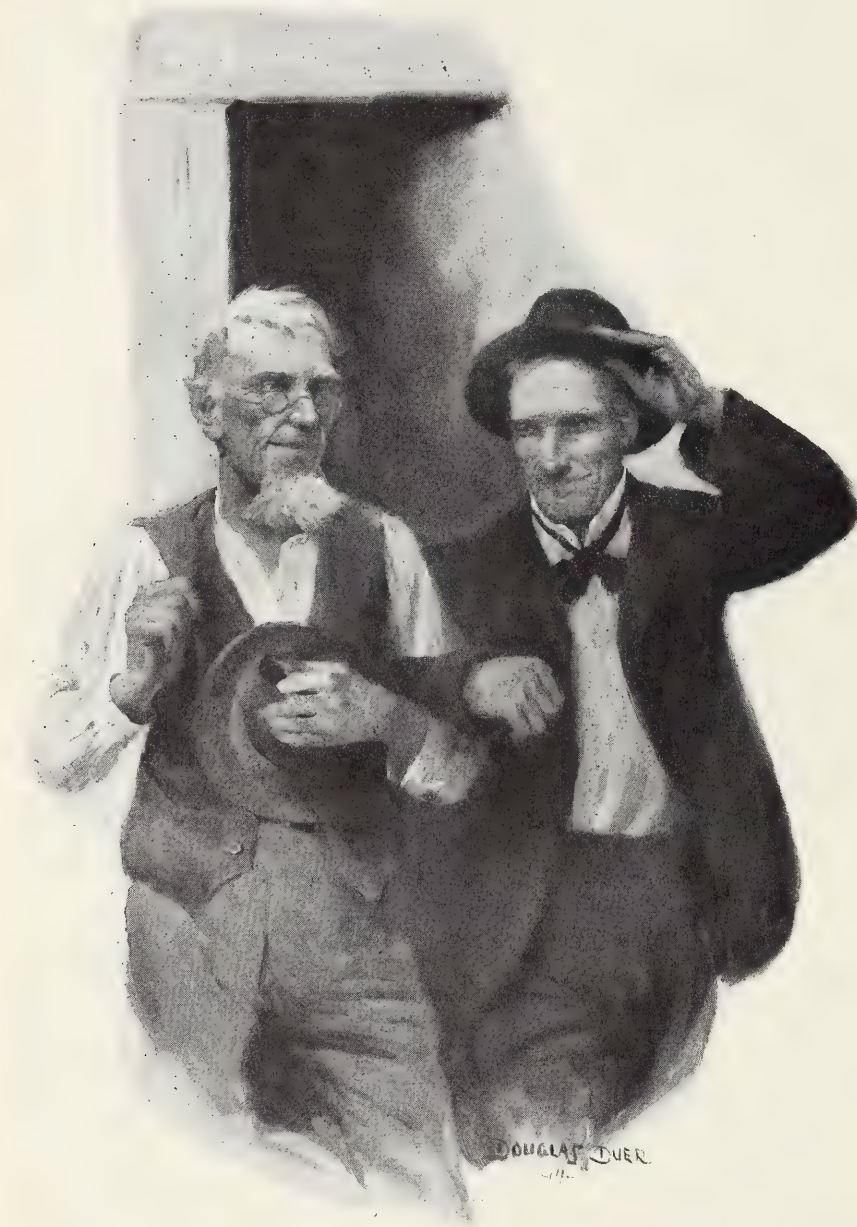
would return; not hopefully, it is true, but rather prayerfully. Peter loved children, and he had grown to love little Mel very much indeed. He did not want the child to go, yet how keep him? Peter sighed and bowed his head.

In half an hour little Mel was asleep.

Ophelia re-entered the room. The men sat silent, but old Zaanan regarded her with twinkling eyes.

"Your pa," said he, "don't calc'late to be tickled to death when leetle Mel goes away."

When little Mel goes away! Somehow Ophelia had not thought of that. When the child was taken away! When she would not be awakened by him in the morning; when she would not watch for his little eyes to close at night; when he would not be at her heels with demands, with questions, with little joys or little sorrows all day long! She thought of those things now—Ophelia Guide, who two weeks ago had spoken of children as an argument against marriage! Now she turned abruptly and left the room. Presently she came back again, and her eyes had not been dry during her absence.



"I CALC'LATE OUR MINDS 'LL BE FREE FROM NOW ON"

"Are— Were you—thinking of—of taking the baby away?" Peter asked, nervously.

"I suppose he'll have to go back to his aunt's," said Treadway. "It's the only place for him. I can't keep him in the city. . . . It's better for him to stay there."

Peter Guide said no more, but his silence was wistful. He looked again and again at the door through which Ophelia

"Are— Have you *got* to take—him away?" she asked of Melvin Treadway.

"Why—" began the young man.

"We—I— Couldn't you let him stay—only for a while? I—we—would be glad to have him. He—seems to like it here. Don't you—think the Lovetts would—be willing for us to—have him—stay with us—awhile?"

"But," said Treadway, "he's nothing to you. He's a lot of trouble—"

Peter raised his hand. "Not trouble," he said, softly. "Not trouble—"

"We—I—" Ophelia paused, her voice breaking, her eyes blinking to restrain her tears. "I should—miss him—dreadfully." That was not what she wanted to say; it did not express her thought. What she wanted to say was that it would break her heart to have the child taken from her; that in the time he had been there he had rooted himself in her heart; that she, who had closed her affections against children, was another girl, was overflowing with love for this child. But she could not say those things.

"I'd be—glad to have him stay here," said Treadway, a bit huskily. "It's a fine place for a little fellow. . . . But—"

"But—nothin'," growled Zaanan. "Kin he stay or can't he?"

Treadway frowned an instant at the old man, then smiled. "As far as I'm concerned," he said, "he can stay—and—and I'm more glad than I can tell you to have such a place to leave him. You know I'm alone. I can't give him a home—"

Again Zaanan Frame chuckled.

Hitherto Melvin Treadway had been able to visit his son once a month. He had believed it impossible to come oftener. But presently he found himself traveling to the Guide farm once in two weeks. At the end of six months he arrived every Saturday night and remained over Sunday. . . . He found himself welcome.

It was midwinter when he sat in the old-fashioned parlor with Ophelia. His son was in bed and Peter and Zaanan were discussing local politics in the dining-room. Ophelia and Treadway were not discussing anything. Treadway was so silent, so unresponsive, that Ophelia was embarrassed.

Treadway got to his feet and walked nervously up and down the room. At last he stopped before Ophelia, his face working, but his voice stern—stern because of the pressure required to keep it under control.

"Young woman," he said, "do you want to keep little Mel—always?"

Ophelia did not comprehend, was startled, sought for his meaning.

"I know," he said, uncertainly, "that it's Mel you care for—that you welcome me on his account. But I—I don't need him to make me want to be here. I— There's only one way you can keep Mel always, and that's to—take me with him."

Ophelia understood now. Her hand fluttered up to her cheek, her eyes sought Treadway's face and then turned downward. Her heart leaped—with happiness. Why—she *wanted* this man! It was a fact that never had presented itself to her before; she had never considered Treadway in the light of a suitor; but now she knew she loved him . . . loved him, but could not marry him.

"I—" she began—"I can never marry. . . . Father's old and—it would leave him alone. . . . He's so helpless. I can't go away from him. . . . No, Melvin, I can't marry you."

Zaanan Frame's ears were sharp, but his intellect was sharper. The old justice was not ignorant of what was passing in the other room, not ignorant of Ophelia's reply to Treadway. He had foreseen it.

It is a rash thing to interrupt a proposal of marriage, but Zaanan seized Peter Guide by the arm and forced him into the parlor.

"Ophelia," said Zaanan, "your pa and me come in to tell you a scheme we got fixed up—us two old codgers. Know what we're aimin' to do if we can fix it so's to make it possible—meanin' about you? We're calc'latin' to move your pa into my house, where we can live together—like, squabblin' and playin' checkers and talkin' politics. Your pa's dead set on it, but I can't git him to go. He figgers he's got to stay with you. I told him you was old enough to shift for yourself a spell. . . ."

Treadway strode to Ophelia's side. She found herself standing; was not aware of the look of gratitude she gave Zaanan Frame, but Zaanan treasured it in his heart.

"Ophelia!" said Treadway.

Her reply, if it were a reply, was indistinct. It was muffled, as such replies have been muffled since the world began to twirl; it was muffled by Treadway's coat.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

“THAT magnificent reparation made by the Commonwealth of Barataria to a citizen unjustly convicted for the crime of another ought to be an example to all our States, and even the Union of them, in cases where any such wrong has been or may be done,” the Idealist said, as he came into this department with his wonted air of welcoming himself to its hospitality.

“May we ask,” we returned, pulling a sheaf of manuscripts from under him in the chair he had sunk into (the chair which we keep single as a suggestion that it is our busy day), “what do you happen to be talking about?”

“What else but the case of the innocent man condemned at Barataria to fourteen months’ imprisonment for forging checks, but released after about as many weeks on the confession of the real forger?”

“Oh yes. The sentence was promptly ‘vacated,’ and the exculpated culprit was restored to his family and the bosom of society without the least delay. It was fine of the other fellow to own up and let the innocent man have the belated benefit of the doubt.”

“Why, but haven’t you *heard*, haven’t you *read*, haven’t you *seen* the Sunday papers?” the Idealist demanded, and he began tugging at the fifty-four-page edition of a modern triumph of journalism, which we now perceived he had swathed about his person.

But we put out an imploring hand, and said, “*Tell it*,” and he began:

“It shows how far ahead of New York Barataria is that no rumor of those great civic doings has drifted back to you. Do you know *how* the innocent man’s sentence was vacated, *how* he was restored to his family and the bosom of society? Well, since you won’t let the reporter and the cinematographer have their chance, I will tell you, and all I shall ask is that whatever you think of the facts, however your heart glows and your soul

exults at the recital, you won’t interrupt me. As soon as that splendid criminal, that generous malefactor who really forged the checks, made his confession, and established the innocence of the prisoner, an extraordinary session of the Court of Error was called, and the whole previous procedure was reversed with the greatest possible publicity. The facts had penetrated the community with electrical celerity, and the room was so crammed that the police were obliged to use force in quieting the crowd. The court was opened by the clerk in due form, and as soon as he had closed with the invocation, ‘God bless the Commonwealth of Barataria!’ the State’s attorney entered a *nolle prosequi*, and the foreman of the jury (which had been reassembled for the purpose) brought in a verdict of ‘not guilty’ (with the sincere regrets of the jurymen for their first verdict), amidst applause which shook the edifice to its foundations.

“As soon as he could be heard the Court offered the prisoner a feeling apology for the wrong that had been done him, and solemnly retracted the sentence of imprisonment pronounced against him three months before. ‘But this retraction of your erring sentence is not enough,’ the Court added. ‘That would be too much like the pardon which the executive in other States issues to a prisoner discovered innocent of the crime of which he has been convicted. The Commonwealth of Barataria goes beyond that illogical, that incongruous usage, and empowers me to offer you the amplest pecuniary as well as the largest social reparation. Our Commonwealth fines itself in the amount which you might reasonably sue to recover from a fellow-citizen for defamation of character, and orders through this court that you be paid that sum for the aspersion of your good name, and for the cruel injury done you in the affections of your family

and the regard of your neighbors. This sum will be paid you in addition to the moneys due you for those Prisoners' Earnings now universally paid to prisoners' families by the Commonwealth, that the innocent shall not suffer even with the guilty; and I have the pleasure, the honor, the sacred privilege of handing you herewith the State Treasurer's check for both amounts.' The ex-convict took the paper in a sort of bewilderment, as if he were unable to realize the event, and the judge, after shaking his hand, conducted him to the outer door of the building, where an immense concourse of his fellow-citizens received him with cheers, repeated again and again, till the sound of their voices was lost in the music of the band which led the way to the Common. At every corner the crowd was increased by the throngs waiting to join it and share in the ceremony which took place on the elevation before the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, where the ex-convict's restoration to all his civic rights was solemnized with impressive circumstance in the presence of His Excellency the Governor and His Honor the Mayor. So far as it had been possible to secure the records of the injury he had suffered at the hands of the law, they had been brought together in the hands of the sheriff. They consisted of the warrant for his arrest (which the officers had refused to show him), with the pages from the docket of the court forming the history of his trial; the entries of his Bertillion measurements from the prison register, his photograph from its place in the Rogues' Gallery of the police, and every sort of written or printed formality relating to his case, so that there should remain with the State no witness of the dishonor its error had done him. The sheriff read or explained each of the documents in turn, holding it up in full view of the crowd, and then consigned it to the fire burning at the foot of the monument.

"This ended the popular recognition of the ex-convict's innocence, but there remained the more intimate and even more significant and important event of the day in the banquet tendered by all the officials concerned. As this affair was strictly private, no reporters were

allowed to be present, but some of the more interesting details transpired through the invited guests."

We had observed how in his excitement the Idealist, rather a fastidious phraser of his own utterances, was allowing his words to be colored more and more by the newspaper narrative which he was synopsisizing for us. But we let him go on without comment.

"The banquet was presided over by His Excellency the Governor, confronted at the other end of the table by His Honor the Mayor, and among those present were persons of distinction in letters, science, art, divinity, ethics, and penology. Noticeable on a side-table were some vials marked Exhibits 1, 2, 3, etc., which were referred to by several speakers in the course of their remarks, and were identified as the objects mentioned by the ex-convict in the interview given the reporters after his liberation. One of the bottles contained a small collection of the sort of insects which he had found pervading his prison bed; another the superannuated vaccine and the rusty needle employed in guarding him from smallpox; a third appeared to be the sort of iodine employed by the prison physician in treating his throat. At the apposite moment, another exhibit was introduced and then quickly withdrawn: the misfit prison suit which burlesqued the prisoner's person when his own clothes were taken from him and which he had described to the reporter as 'torn, dilapidated trousers, a foot too short for him, a beslobbered vest with no buttons, and a shapeless coat with torn lining.'

"After the opening speeches by the Governor and the Mayor, each of the officials concerned rose in his order and offered the ex-convict an apology for what might have seemed an excess of justice in their behavior toward him: the inspector who refused to let him see the warrant for his arrest; the keepers who laughed his assertions of innocence to scorn; and the prison physician who profanely abused him for coughing, when he had been bidden not to cough, during the treatment of his sore throat. These speakers were followed by an eminent penologist well known for the sense of humor which has supported him in his

studies of prison conditions, otherwise too trying to a reformer of his sensibility. He addressed the ex-convict more or less directly as a person of equal culture and social experience who could share his point of view and enter into the spirit of his conclusions. He allowed that the prison fare which had made the ex-convict sick was not to be compared for a moment to that which they had just been enjoying; that the management left something to be desired in its attitude toward the prisoners; that the prison costume was not always of a graceful cut or of a fastidious cleanliness, and that the hygienic appointments of the place were not perhaps the last word in plumbing. But he appealed to the gentleman whom they were now all honoring themselves by honoring, and asked him whether if he had been really guilty of the offense charged against him and had been justly, as he was unjustly, condemned to suffer a prison sentence for it, he could now, upon the whole, say that there was much which was out of the way in the treatment he had received in the prison? That was, supposing he was guilty, as he was innocent; or whether, to put it perhaps more directly, the treatment which he had innocently experienced was not such as a guilty man might reasonably expect to receive. 'Remember,' he concluded, 'that you were the only innocent man there and that the general conditions could not be adjusted to the sole instance.'

"Ah!" we interpolated. "That point was well taken. It would of course be wrong to burlesque the humanity of an innocent man by those misshapen rags of prison clothing, to put him in a bed infested with filthy insects, to vaccinate him with a rusty needle, and to swear at him for coughing when you told him not; but would a guilty man have any right to complain of such treatment? Wouldn't he naturally and justly expect it? We should like to know how the innocent convict met the issue; how he got round the point."

"He didn't," the Idealist said, "even try to meet it, to get round it. You might even say that he took advantage of the favorable impression he made when he rose from his place at the Governor's right hand, by his refined appear-

ance and gentlemanly bearing. He said, after the fewest possible generalities appropriate to the occasion: 'I think I was not the only innocent man at the Isthmus. But in the overall-shop I was associated with men who were known to be pickpockets, thieves, even murderers, all classes of criminals, and I do not see how a man could stay under such influence indefinitely and not deteriorate. I believe there are several innocent men there. And the way men are railroaded to the Isthmus is wicked, to say the least.'

"Then you think," the penologist asked, 'that the prison conditions are not such as to improve the morals of the guilty, though a guiltless man may deteriorate under them? That is very interesting. I should be glad, for one, if we might have a full account of your experiences on the Isthmus, and your deductions from them.'

"Yes, yes; let's have the whole story at first hand," was the sense of the response that came up all along the table. 'If there are any other innocent men on the Isthmus we can't know too soon what sort of treatment they are undergoing.'

"You must excuse me, gentlemen," the ex-convict replied; 'it's a story which I don't enjoy telling. I've given it to the reporters, and I must refer you to the Sunday papers for the facts. I just want to thank you and thank all my fellow-citizens for what has been done this day to wipe out the memory of the past fourteen weeks. I don't believe that in any other State or city such magnificent reparation would have been offered to a man who had been wrongfully used by the authorities. I am so sure of this that, though I have now money enough to go abroad and live without work the rest of my days, I prefer to stay here in my own town of Baratariole and help you to live down the record of the injustice which you have done your utmost to repair. In other words, I don't want the public to feel that I am kicking about anything. I have no malice against any one. I shall rest, now, and get back my weight. And I think I can get a job right here in Baratariole. Don't you?'

"He sat down abruptly, and as soon

as possible he escaped from the guests crowding round him and went home."

"And what," we asked, "was his job when he had it?"

"Expert accountant," the Idealist replied.

"We don't know," we thoughtfully murmured, "whether such a profession ought to tell for or against a man accused of forgery. The skill which he might be supposed to have acquired could be regarded as presumptive evidence—"

"That is a question purely academic, now," the Idealist interrupted. "You'll be glad to hear that our warm-hearted State and city governments have vied with each other in pressing employment upon him, and that his time is passed between the State House and the City Hall in a skilled adjustment of the public accounts."

"Well," we said, "it's a great comfort to have such a man resuming the attitude of an average American citizen toward the community, without the shadow of grudge—or kick, as he calls it—for what he has been through. It's very different from that of those two Italians tried in Baratara for a civil murder last year; they seem to have no sense of gratitude for their acquittal, after nine or ten months in jail and an exhaustive inquiry into the circumstantial evidence against them. They have both, so far as we can make out, resumed their profession of industrial agitators, and if we may judge from Mr. Arturo Giovannitti's recent volume of poems, or *Arrows in the Gale*, as he calls it, they have turned out rank anarchists."

"You think," the Idealist interpreted, "that it would have been better to find them guilty and deal with them according to law?"

"We don't say that, exactly. There would have been a difficulty in vacating their sentence if it had been executed. Have you read his book?"

"Yes, and the fact of the author's becoming anarchist did not seem to me the greatest thing in the book. The

greatest thing was the thing itself—the literary feat, the feat of that surpassing Italian race which once and twice and thrice has ruled the world. Before now we have had Italian novelists and journalists who wrote English prose as if writing Italian prose, but here is an Italian poet writing English poetry of the latest mood and manner as if it were Italian poetry. The author has learned one side of his art from our Walt Whitman, but he has poured the new wine of his own volcanic spirit into that rather old bottle, and filled it to bursting with a scalding bitterness very different from the smooth liquor of the optimistic maker of the bottle. Rhythm alternates rhyme in the book, and vies with it in the struggle to say out the fury of a life which has been so largely the experience of injustice. When I read the book I was afraid it would do a great deal of harm to callowness and ignorance in those who might make precept of what was passion. But upon the whole I don't know that it is as dangerous as the society page of the Sunday paper which illustrates the saying and doing and being of the rich, idle, futile women and men who apparently spend their time in an anarchic revolt against the law and gospel of work. It is certainly shocking, and it may be pernicious, to have a man saying all that he thinks and feels at the wrong which he conceives Society and Society's God have done him. But perhaps it is all necessary to make the rest of us think and feel a little for men who have had reason to feel irreparably outraged."

"Irreparably? But wasn't the same sort of reparation offered those men as was offered to that ex-convict?"

"They were tried before the law which fully righted him was passed."

"Then why do they complain?"

"I don't know," the Idealist returned with rather a worried air. "You might read Mr. Giovannitti's poem of 'The Cage,' in which the present accuses the past for surviving itself."



EDITOR'S STUDY

IF it is true that the young writer may produce good literature, after the best models, and yet be of no use or desirability as a magazine contributor, it does not follow that he would commend himself to editor or reader by mere uncanonicity. The law-abiding citizen is not on that account interesting, and the law-breaker, though he succeeds in arresting attention, is likely to be otherwise an uncommonly dull person. Yet, in the protests against the conduct of magazines so frequent in newspaper letters obviously written by rejected contributors, next to that based on despised merit we are sure to meet the turning of the worm which calls itself "originality."

Originality, to the editor, as to the sensible reader, must seem a most desirable quality in the work of any writer, but it may be made to seem the most unenviable distinction. Usually it means that the thing done is unprecedented, that it has not been done before, or at least not in the same way. We may apply the term to the matter or to the manner—to the author's theme or to his style, though the two should seem inseparable in a genuine product of the imagination, that is, in creative work. Indeed, nothing can be creative without being, by that very token, original.

In this respect we distinguish between the products of nature and those of creative art. The daffodil of this spring, in all that pleases us, may be no wise different from that of any former springtime; it has the same charms in its fresh appearance; and so it is with every humanly natural charm—it is not staled by repetition. But in art man does not vie with nature; sameness might not spoil the charm, but sameness is impossible. A statue may be reproduced, a painting copied, a poem reprinted in countless editions, but none of these can be recreated.

A writer can contribute very much to

our entertainment without being original in the sense that he is creative. A vast deal of literature is not art, is not even literary, yet as affording instruction or amusement it must be interesting to the audience for which it is printed. One tenth of the world does not know how the other nine-tenths live, to say nothing of its ignorance of physical geography and of the fauna and flora beyond its own habitat. Here a Humboldt has his chance. A writer who is not in the special sense a traveler or an explorer, but who moves about in the world and has curiosity and keen observation, will find in the various traits and social customs, even of peoples who are not strange but simply different, an abundance of material novel and interesting to magazine readers. If in addition to observation, which, though an indispensable, is not a positive condition of art, he has the sympathy, insight, and creative faculty which are such positive conditions, his interpretation, though it be only a sketch, will have a genuine esthetic quality, the interest of a profound disclosure, and not merely novelty, but originality. In cases where the external aspects of the theme have become familiar through frequent handling, it is demanded of the modern descriptive sketch that it be such an original interpretation. The opportunity to the modern contributor is conceivably multiplied, but really limited by the more exacting requirement.

Contributions of a scientific character are not in themselves works of art, requiring only that quality of style known as lucidity. The reader's interest is in their content, and only in the fields of sociology and psychology is a chance offered to writers like H. G. Wells and Bergson for originality of style. In the field of physical science the literary quality is almost negligible; but here, since contributions are sought mainly as novel disclosures and directly from the investi-

gators who have made them possible by a kind of research that may fairly be called creative, there seems to be conveyed immediately from the laboratory to the disclosure the quality of originality pertaining to the work itself, or at least to the scientific imagination which leads and guides its tentative inquisition.

As it is in poems, stories, and essays that the creative faculty and vision are most manifest, it is in these that originality finds the widest range. But in any genuine embodiment of art—which an essay may be as well as a story or a poem—we are not likely to lay stress upon originality as a separate and distinct quality. Those who do thus emphasize it in an estimate of their own productions—as in those plaintive newspaper letters we were speaking of—unwittingly awaken the suspicion that there must be something wrong in their work—such a suspicion as is aroused when a piece of writing is, excepting as an afterthought, said to be “original”—the term being so often used to indicate some striking eccentricity, an “earmark” rather than a genuine artistic quality.

It is rather a coarse and vulgar sort of entertainment in which eccentricity counts for much. It is of all degrees, from the curiosities and even monstrosities of the “show” that attracts the crowd, to rag-time music and the clever dexterities of art and literature. It is the commonest kind of enjoyment, a childish relish of the mere fact of sensibility, made so shockingly apparent. We do not envy those who have wholly lost this relish, who are quite insensible to the shock of a comic or tragic surprise. We can understand the elation which John Stuart Mill felt as a boy when he suddenly discovered that, in spite of his mental induration, he could weep.

So in an appeal to the sensibility of others the arrest of sentiment is made to heighten the consciousness of it. The most trivial instance of this piquancy is the “beauty spot” on a maid’s cheek which also serves to forewarn her gallant suitors of other signs of the same piquancy yet to appear in speech and conduct. Even art, by an instinct of its own, shuns perfection of symmetry. Virtue is shy of the idealization it has in

a generalization which, while seeming to round it in all its fullness, really makes it remote and empties it of its very quality; rather it would be brought near in concrete peculiarity, with the individual fault insistent. Lodged in our human nature, it is sure of that alloy.

The association of originality with individuality is natural. The extreme of individual peculiarity is idiocy—indeed, that is the original meaning of the word; the implication being that the sane “difference,” which is of the very essence of individuality, is wholly lost in chaotic peculiarity. The artist or writer who makes a point of peculiarity is on the way to a meaningless eccentricity.

Originality is native, and, like genius, of which it is an essential implication, is born, not made. It is “different,” as every living individual is, having distinctive traits which it is known by, not only for what it is separately, but for its belongings derivatively, its family, its gens, its raciness. It is quaint in its very peculiarity. The terms we are using seem referable to originality in life rather than in art, as if we were connoting the traits and manners of individual acquaintances; and these characteristics, we know, are homely and neighborly, of a nearness that discloses the roughness in which native qualities are imbedded, the fault which besets the charm. Thus generosity seems more naïve for a show of bluntness, as all virtue does when taking an edge from natural temper.

As in life, so in its creative representation, and most of all in fiction, which ever concerns itself with human qualities brought near in concrete embodiment—incidentally in their conventional guise and setting, and essentially in not merely native types, but individual particularity of manner and gesture and the psychical physiognomy intimately associated with these traits.

If the artist is really creative, his portrayal is so natively spontaneous that the human scene seems to compose of itself, as it does in dreams, or as it would if dreams could have a culture, though we know not after what depths of insight attained by wide and sympathetic observation, along with the expansion of his consciousness and sensibility, he has come into this sense of things human,

or after what preliminary exercises in composition, accomplished and forgotten, he has won the freedom of his communication through some invisible reinforcement. But this is his originality, which is under such bonds to its source that, whatever its emphasis upon individual difference, or peculiarity, it cannot properly be called eccentricity.

There is much in the broad and complex development of modern life, and in such a representation of it as fiction is, that suggests a world of humanity "off its base"—that is, suggests such eccentricity in a superficial view of phenomena which seem unrelated to any source that gives them intellectual or emotional significance. Owing to the extension of freedom and knowledge, the number of people sure to contribute to the accumulation of such phenomena is constantly increasing, until the loose and ragged fringe of the social garment which is being woven is more in evidence than its dominant pattern. The pattern itself is forever changing, more and more swiftly with the greater complexity of life, but consistently, owing more, with every new variation, to central source and control. Simplicity is not lost in complexity, but is thus discretely expressed.

The main currents of life and literature are not disclosed directly to our sensibility as are the separate strains; it is only through philosophic contemplation that we can review or forecast their ever-changing course. All individual complexion is lost in that general view which is in the field of the intellect rather than in that of sensibility. We can call it a large view only with reference to the so much that has first been immediately real in sensibility before it is mentally detached and inductively folded away in this rather contractive process of generalization. Something more than this purely intellectual process is involved in a philosophical contemplation of the main currents of life or art, something which makes it a real vision, qualitatively significant, so that it becomes a reclamation of sensibility in a new field—that of psychical esthetics.

Individual peculiarities, and with these all that constitutes the "originality" of

each particular actor in any human scene, are lost to view in such contemplation, but there is disclosed what may be called a normal eccentricity of movement in each new spiral groove of change. No path of the course is ever retraced. The change is not alone of the course, but in that which moves. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* The term, "eccentricity," as applied to human manifestation, is mechanical, but it serves suggestively to indicate the unprecedented character of the new becomings in a creative evolution.

We have nothing to do here with the challenge presented to the philosopher by these human surprises. But the writer of essays, of poetry, of fiction, and also the critic of this kind of creative literature, must be supposed to have a real sense of these new becomings. Yet the artist seldom thrives in the fine air of contemplation. Henry James comes as nearly to breathing that atmosphere as is healthy for a novelist, but even he cannot content himself with the new psychical physiognomy of his time, but must reclaim the actual scene and the complexion, mood, and gesture of the individual actor; through this restoration alone is the full recovery of originality possible.

The groove our ultra-modern life and literature are taking is one of marked eccentricity, and so interesting are the phenomena presented for their variant novelty that both fiction and criticism are loath to revert to any past scene or to be held by canon and precedent. We have called the eccentricity normal; it does not necessarily imply lawlessness. The rejection of old forms need not be revolt; a quicker and freer life has taken new forms; the idiosyncrasies natural to its expression are more numerous, more subtle, and more flexible. Individual peculiarities have yielded more to the characteristics of an individualism socially derived. Thus originality has come to have a new and larger meaning.

But it is easy to see that in the case of writers who have only a partial sense of the life of their time, and of what the new freedom of it really means, the eccentricity may easily become abnormal and lawlessly revolutionary, and originality a distortion.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Buying Theater Tickets*

(A MONOLOGUE)

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

SHE is accompanied by a girl friend who stands at her left, while behind, at the right, stretches a long queue of impatient ticket-buyers.

I want to buy some tickets, please. . . . Oh, of course—orchestra seats or balcony. Really, Edith, we ought to have decided this before we came—I wish you had thought. . . . Yes, I did . . . Yes, I *did*. I distinctly remember speaking about it in the train coming up—just after we had passed one of those lung- tonic signs—and you said, “I don’t believe anybody ever reads those things,” and I said, “Well, what do they put them there for?” And we got to laughing and the conductor came along and was so disagreeable because we couldn’t find our tickets—you thought I had them and I thought— Anyway, I’m perfectly certain I spoke about it and— . . . What *is* the use of arguing about it now? . . . But you *are* arguing— . . . No, I’m not—I’m only speaking about it; that’s quite a different thing.

Now, what’s it to be— orchestra seats or balcony? We mustn’t keep these other people waiting— some women haven’t the slightest consideration for how long they keep other people waiting while they take their own time. Now last week, while Harold and I were going to Chicago, there was a most hateful woman got ahead

of me in the dressing-room, and, my dear, I think she was in there curling her hair and powdering for at least half an hour if it was a minute—and there I was waiting all that time. Well, when she came out, I gave her such a look she would have dropped dead if she had had a shred of decency in her. And then I can tell you I just took *my* time and let the rest of them wait to make up for it.

Now, what’s it to be? . . . No, I sha’n’t say. . . . No, I shall *not*. Personally, I *loathe* the balcony; but don’t let that influ-



“THE CONDUCTOR CAME ALONG, AND WAS SO DISAGREEABLE BECAUSE WE COULDN’T FIND OUR TICKETS”

* Stage and Platform Rights reserved by the Author



" IF WE TAKE BALCONY SEATS FOR THE EVENING WE NEEDN'T WEAR ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR BUT BOWS IN OUR HAIR "

ence you. Just say the word. Of course, in one way, I feel as though I hadn't any right to go in the best seats after buying that lace blouse last week, which, really, I didn't need any more than a cat needs two tails!

. . . Why, yes, you *do*—I wore it to Kit-tie's last Sunday—the cream one, trimmed with *café-au-lait* and the mushroom buttons—what they call a fancy, restaurant blouse . . . I thought you would remember.

Well, what are we going to do—orchestra or balcony? . . . Yes, that's a good idea. I'll ask him.

What's the price of the orchestra and the balcony seats? . . . Oh, indeed— But I thought this theater advertised cheaper seats at this season of the year? . . . Oh, you don't? . . . Never have? . . . Oh!

Now, Edith, you have a good memory. Where do you suppose I read it or heard it or something or other? . . . Well, it really doesn't matter just at the moment. Now what are we going to take? . . . All right.

My friend and I think we will have the orchestra seats, please. . . . Oh, of course—afternoon or evening. There, Edith, we ought to have decided that, too, before we came. We mustn't keep these people waiting. Personally, I *detest* matinées; but don't let that influence you. What with the electric

lights inside, and the daylight outside, you really don't know whether you're coming or going. Still— You would rather have a matinée? . . . Oh, very well; of course suit yourself.

What time is the matinée? . . . Two o'clock? . . . There, my dear, you see what a scramble that's going to make, if you will insist on a matinée. It means we've got to come up on the twelve-thirty-five. . . . Excuse me, they've taken off the one-seven—been off for ages. . . . Well, then, you must have come up by an old time-table, for in the new ones it hasn't been running for weeks. Of course we could come up on the eleven-three, but it's going to be pretty expensive if we eat lunch in town, and orchestra seats, too. But then, do just as you like.

. . . Well, if you would *rather* go in the evening, we could bring up our things in one suit-case and change at Ella's; then Harold might call for us and take us home. In fact, I won't change at all—I'll wear my black. . . . Yes, I have—put a white yoke in it and slit up the side. I can pin up the skirt under my coat and then just let it down when we get here. But then if we take balcony seats for the evening we needn't wear anything in particular but bows in our hair—it won't show underneath our cloaks—or one

of those new folding aigrettes. I saw them the other day in a window—all colors—only twenty-four cents. You can bend them so they will go in a pocket-book or anything. Splendid idea.

My dear, this fat man next to me has just made the rudest remark. You really must hurry and make up your mind what you want. . . . Very well.

We'll take balcony seats for the *matinée*, please. . . . Oh, of course—which *matinée*. Now, Edith, which day would you rather come—Wednesday or Saturday?

. . . What? Your *matinées* are *Thursday* and *Saturday*? Why, I never heard of anything quite so preposterous in all my life! *Thursday*—I don't think I could possibly enjoy anything on such a perfectly ridiculous day as that; it doesn't sound right at all. Edith, did you ever hear of a *matinée* on *Thursday* before? . . . You have? Well, I haven't. Now what are we going to do? Here it is only Monday and it's so long to wait till *Saturday* when you really want to see a thing. Could you go on *Thursday*? . . . You haven't? . . . You could? Now wait a minute. I think there's something wrong with *Thursday*. Let me think. Yes, there is. I know. Can't go—going to have my hair shampooed on *Thursday*. So that's all off! What about *Saturday*? . . . Very well.

We will have them for *Saturday*, please. . . . Two? Just a second. Now, Edith, what do you think? I believe Aunt Mary would like to come, too—you know she's awfully fond of the theater, and perhaps she would like to bring Margaret. What do you think? Besides, a party of four is always pleasanter than two. Oh yes, that's so—I hadn't thought of that. She's so easily shocked. I'll ask him.

Would you mind telling me if this is the right sort of play to bring Aunt Mary to? Oh, dear me, that sounds silly—I didn't mean that, exactly. I mean, is it the kind of play to bring an elderly (I say, Edith, wouldn't Aunt Mary expire with

rage if she heard me call her "elderly"?), bring an elderly, unmarried woman to see? She's very particular and wouldn't like to hear damn, or anything like that. She isn't exactly what you would call narrow-minded, but still—

. . . Oh, it's perfectly proper, is it? Then I suppose it's rather dull. Well, now, couldn't you give me, say, just a rough idea of the plot? . . . You couldn't? . . . What? . . . Well, I'm exactly as much in a hurry as these other people—probably a good deal more so, because I come from out of town and every moment is therefore valuable. It isn't *my* fault if you aren't quicker!

Edith, this is an awfully rude man. Can't you hurry up and decide what you want, or he may say something worse next time. Perhaps, after all, we had better take two orchestra seats just for ourselves—it's safer.

Two orchestra seats for *Saturday*, please. . . . Yes, I know, we had made up our minds for balcony ones, but I've—*we've*—changed my—*our* minds. And not on top of a post, please—between a post—I mean with a post in between.

Edith, do you remember the time we went



Strohmeyer.

"THE IDEA OF A FIRST-CLASS THEATER LIKE THAT EMPLOYING SUCH AN INCOMPETENT MAN!"

with that post between us, and when you dodged one side, I dodged the other, and we bumped our heads and the man back of us nearly killed himself laughing?

Oh yes—that's right—show us on the map thing. You better look, too, Edith. But they're way over on that corner! I don't like that. Perhaps you could tell us if anything very much happens in this play way over on the edges, there? Or does most of it happen in the middle of the stage? And could we see way up to the top there, too? . . . You can't tell anything about it? Well, I don't know what to do. You see, it's very difficult, anyway, to choose a play that's all right for my friend—she's not married—and not too stupid for me—I'm married. My husband isn't at all particular what I see—I don't mean, of course, exactly that, but—

Once before I went to see a play—way over on the side—just like that—and the man told me I could see everything, but there was some kind of a race with a horse in it—you know the kind—he was standing perfectly still and running as hard as ever he can, all the time, but never moves—on one of those whirling things—but it doesn't show—well, all I could see was his tail sticking out—and most of the plot hung on it!

I was so disappointed, and it was awfully hard for me to understand what it was all about after that. I don't see any real reason why they can't build theaters, nowadays, so all the seats are in the middle of the front. Nothing seems too much to be wonderful.

. . . No, I don't think those would do. Do you Edith? . . . No, I don't, either. I think, after all, we'd better take the balcony. We will take two in the front row, please. . . . You've only got the fourth row? I wonder why you couldn't have told me that before? I shouldn't like those. Would you, Edith? . . . No, I thought you wouldn't. You see he hasn't any decent seats, after all. . . . That's what I think, too—we may as well give it up for the present and try somewhere else.

Really, you'll pardon my saying so, but if you had told us at once, when I asked you, that you hadn't any seats we would want, it would have saved a lot of our time. We might have been doing our shopping instead!

Come on, Edith. I just thought I would let him have it! I really think we have been treated little short of disgracefully. The idea of a first-class theater like that employing such an incompetent man! I consider it an imposition on the public—don't you?

Li'l' Sompfin

BY SARA LYNCH

DEY'S a li'l' bit-a sompfin

In dis house dat cries an' cries.
It ain' nuffin folks is sellin',

It ain' nuffin folkses buys,
But I's sho gwine *try* ter sell it,
Ef it cries,

 Ef it cries.

It jes' bes' t' stop dat cryin' ef it wise.

Dey's a li'l' bit-a sompfin

In dis house ain' got no smile,
So I spec' I has ter sell it—

Oh! yo' bressed angel chile!
La! yo' mammy couldn' sell yo'
Wid dat smile!

 Wid dat smile,

Yo' own mammy boun' ter keep yo' all
de while.

Oh, mah smilin' li'l' sompfin

On mah knee wid tear-shine eyes,
Is yo' learned dat Ol' Man Trouble
Stick de closer when yo' cries?

An' yo' mammy tryin' hard to
Teach yo' wise,

 Teach yo' wise,

So yo' jes' keep beck'nin' twinkles in yo'
eyes.

Dey's a lovin' li'l' sompfin

In mah arms dat's soun' ersleep;
Dey is holy prayer-words risin'

F'om mah heart erway down deep—
Oh, Great Marster, guard him ebber;
Gin him res',

 Gin him sleep,

An' please sen' him lovin'-kindness when
he weep!



PHOTOGRAPHER (to himself): "*Humph! I suppose it's no use asking him to look pleasant*"

Then He Turned Around

A SUFFRAGETTE meeting was in progress.

Among the speakers of the evening was a tall, thin young woman utterly unattractive in every respect. During the course of her remarks she questioned:

"Do I make myself plain?"

"Somebody has, if you haven't," came a male voice from the extreme rear of the hall.

Nine Points of the Law

THE lovely girl, having lingered a minute in her room to make sure that her skirt fitted to her entire satisfaction, descended to the parlor to find the family pet ensconced upon the knee of the young man caller, her curly head nestled comfortably against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabel," the young lady exclaimed, "aren't you ashamed of yourself? Get right down."

"Sha'n't do it," retorted the child. "I got here first."

The Coonskin Cap

A TEACHER had told her class the story of the cap made for the little Abraham Lincoln from the skin of a coon killed by his father; and on the next day called upon a small boy to tell the story again in his own words.

Very reluctantly the pupil arose, and, casting apologetic glances at a little negro classmate, stammered out, to his teacher's horror:

"Once—Lincoln's father—killed—a little—black boy—and—and made—a cap out of his skin for his own little boy!"

Hibernian

BY reason of his absent-mindedness a certain Brooklyn divine is forever perpetrating the most curious "bulls."

"And how is your wife?" he recently inquired of a parishioner.

"I regret to say," was the response, "that I am not yet married."

"Ah, how pleasant that is! I take it, then, that your wife is single, too."

The First Laugh was the Last

A PERSONABLE young man with little baggage but a winning smile engaged two rooms and bath at one of the finest hotels in a Western city. He spun a twenty-dollar gold-piece across the desk and said: "I'll stay that much, anyhow, and when that's used up, let me know." The room clerk smiled, and turned the gold over to the cashier to be credited to the man's account. He fared sumptuously every day.

A bill for ninety-eight dollars was presented to the young man a week later. He frowned and handed it to the room clerk. "This is all wrong," he said. "You remember I paid you twenty dollars in advance and said I'd take that much of your hospitality?"

"Yes, but that was only a joke," the clerk protested.

"I wasn't joking, and you can't get another cent out of me," said the personable young man. They sent for the proprietor, Colonel Sackett. He listened to the facts, glowered awhile, then broke into a genial grin and exclaimed: "I'll give you your money back and a receipt in full if you'll go over and play this trick on the — House."

"Sorry, Colonel," answered the young man; "but Mr. Blank of the — House gave me a week's board to come over and play it here."

Forewarned

MR. BACHRACK is a most considerate husband, but of course there is a limit.

Upon leaving home one morning, his wife requested him to purchase for her a pair of shoes, giving him a detailed description of the same.

Promptly on his luncheon-hour Mr. Bachrack proceeded to the shoe emporium.

"I want a pair of button shoes for my wife," he announced, as the clerk came forward.

"This way, sir. What kind do you wish?"

"Doesn't matter—just so as they don't button in the back."

Of Course She Knew

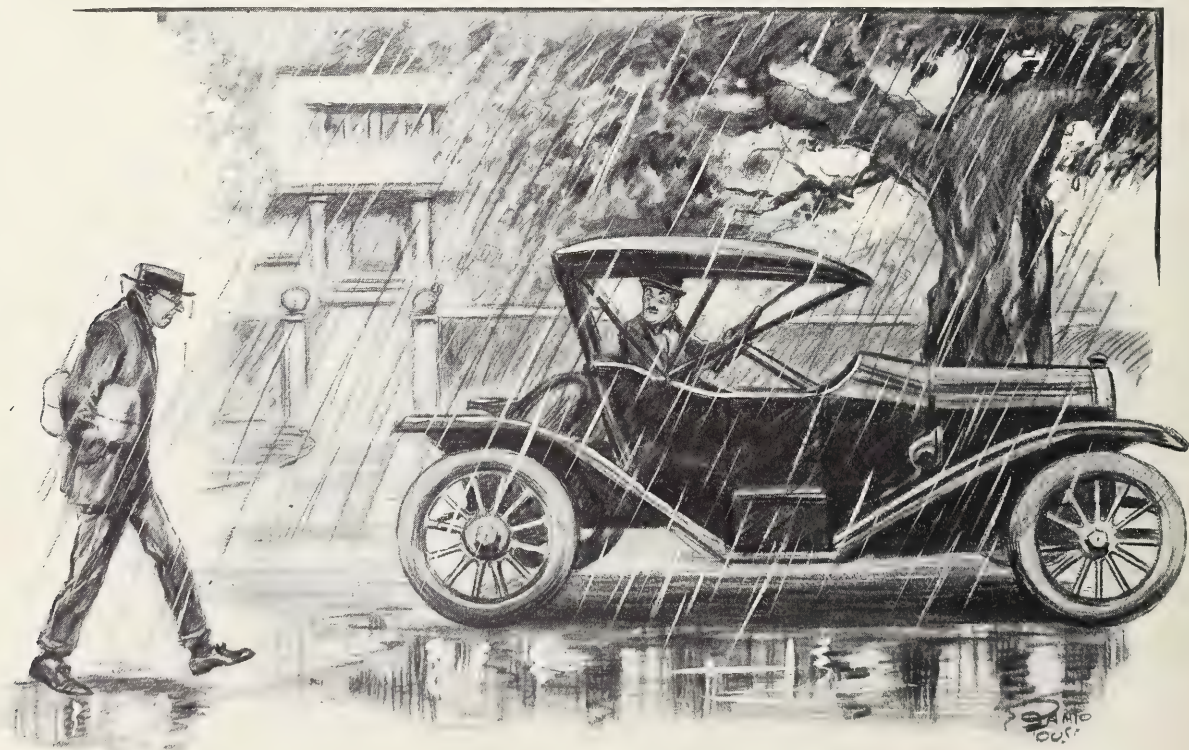
SHE critically examined the gold sleeve-links which were set before her, and then requested the clerk to show her another line. She decided on a pair, murmuring to herself, "Yes, I'm sure he'll like these."

"Do you care for any initials, miss?" queried the clerk.

"Oh yes, I forgot," said she. "I think I'll use his first initial this time. You may engrave the letter 'U' on them."

"U," repeated the clerk, as he wrote the instructions down. "May I inquire the name, miss, if it is Uriah or Ulysses? Names commencing with 'U' are so very rare."

"Eugene," replied the young woman, proudly.



"Hi, there, hop in and I'll take you home"

"No, thanks, old chap. My wife warned me this morning that I'd get a ducking if I didn't take my raincoat, and I hate to disappoint her"

He Went

OLD Cyrus Hiberry had commenced to weary in consequence of the prolonged stay his nephew was making at the old homestead. The youth had resisted successfully all gentle hints that his visit had been of unusually long duration, and, wishing to make the point stronger, his uncle said one morning:

"I'm afraid, Norman, you'll never come to see me again."

"Why, Uncle Cyrus, how can you say so? Don't I come to see you every summer?" queried the youth.

"Yes, but I'm afraid you'll never go away."

Didn't Like the Sign

A WESTERN horse-man tells of a jockey at Windsor, across the line from Detroit, who was recently indisposed.

"If I don't get rid of this cold soon," said the youngster, "I'll be a dead one."

"Didn't you see Dr. Spinks, as I told you?" asked a friend.

"No. The sign on his door said '10 to 1,' and I wasn't going to monkey with a long shot like that."

No Great Feat

LITTLE Jane was at that early age when she looked up to her big brother with immense, worshipful admiration. The brother dabbled somewhat in amateur legerdermain and had ever in Jane an implicit believer. The coins actually went through the hat, and the cards really came out of her ears!

One Sunday, little Jane had been a silent but unimpressed listener at Sabbath-school to the teacher's story of Jesus's feeding of the five thousand.

"Now what is it this miracle teaches us?" was asked of the primary class, in conclusion.

Jane saw an opportunity for self-expression. Standing on her feet, she remarked:

"Feedin' the five thousand ain' much. My bruvver kin do that, too."



The Opening of the Canal

A Family Affair

LITTLE Lilian had been taught to say her prayers each night at her mother's knee. One night, after she had finished, her mother asked her why she had not asked God's forgiveness for a special act of naughtiness.

"Why, mother," replied the little girl, "I didn't s'pose you wanted it mentioned outside the family."

Not a Bath Robe

ONE afternoon, when little Eugenia was four years old, her mother took her out to make a call. With considerable pride, the hostess brought out a recent photograph of herself to show to her visitors. Eugenia, unaccustomed to the fashions in evening gowns, eyed the picture with surprise and curiosity. Finally she turned to her mother and asked, wonderingly, "Mamma, is the lady going to take a bath?"

A Slight Mistake

"I WOULDN'T drink out of that cup," interposed little Johnny to the well-dressed young man who had been introduced to his sister the night before. "That's Bessie's cup and she's very particular who drinks out of it."

"Ah," returned the young man, draining the cup, "I feel honored to drink out of Bessie's cup. She is your sister, is she not?"

"Not much. Bessie is my dog."

A Diplomatic Rebuke

A WELL-KNOWN Western Senator recently visited a barber shop where the barber, failing to recognize his patron, was very talkative.

He ventured on all the timely topics of the day, and although the Senator did not, apparently, enter into the spirit of the conversation very keenly, the tonsorial artist's enthusiasm was not visibly dampened.

Finally he asked:

"Have you ever been in here before?"

"Once," said the Senator.

"Strange that I don't recall your face."

"Not at all," the Senator assured him.

"It altered greatly in healing."

Practising

I DON'T mind practising a bit
When mother lets my dolly sit
Right close beside me in a chair;
I like to know that she is there.

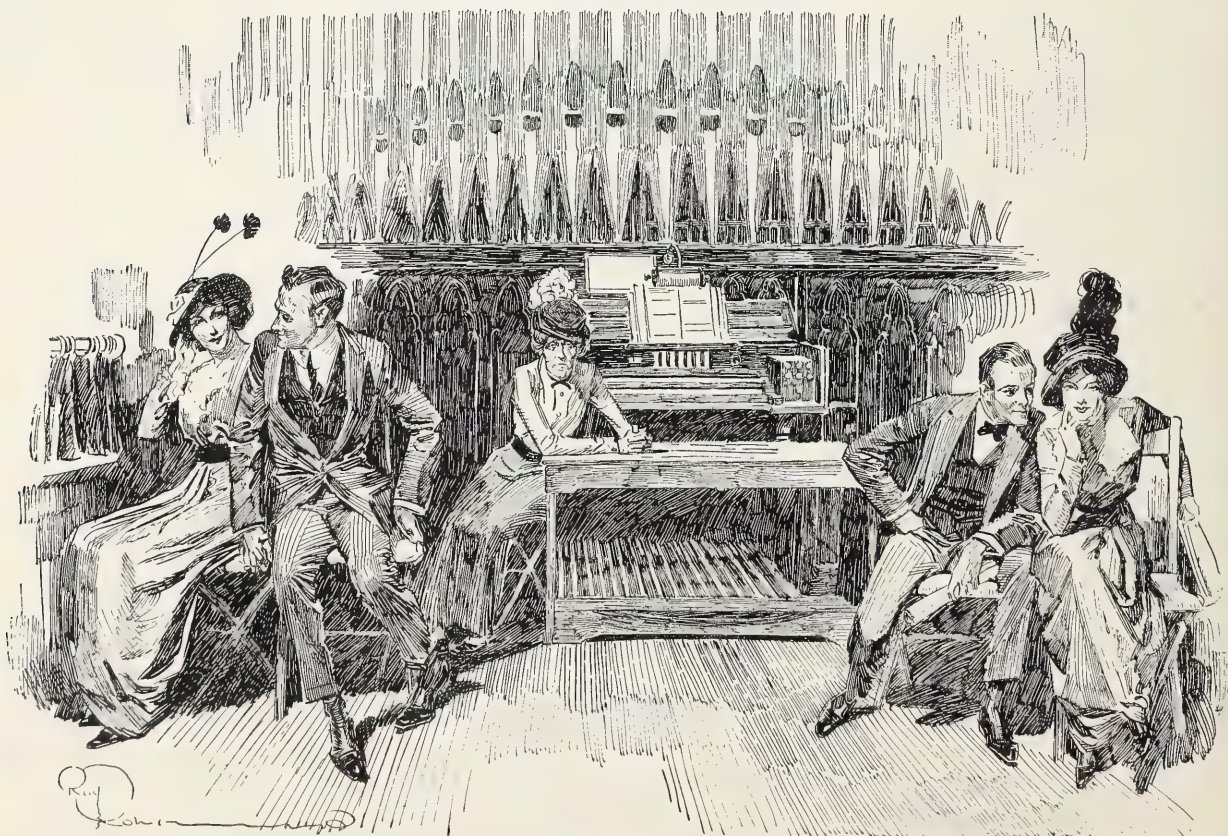
When I count slowly, "One, two, three,"
She's just as quiet as can be,
But when my playing's fast and bad
She seems to frown and look quite sad.

I like the pretty pieces best,
But she likes scales (which I detest)
And exercises, for I'm sure
She smiles and nods and asks for more.

Her favorite tune's the same as mine—
We sing it sometimes, line for line;
I sing so loud on every word
Poor dolly's voice cannot be heard.

It seems a pity she can't do
Just everything I want her to;
I know that if my doll could play
She'd practise sixteen hours a day!

MARY COLES CARRINGTON.



ORGANIST: "Oh, dear, I wish I had studied vocal instead of instrumental music"



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Turmoil"

SHE BLUNDERED ON, WHOLLY UNAWARE OF WHAT SHE HAD CONFESSED

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THE OOSBACH BABBLER UNDER ITS FLOWER-LADEN BRIDGES

Baden-Baden

BY HARRISON RHODES

THE famous watering-place in the Black Forest might by the very repetition in its name seem, to the uninitiate, to be emphasizing its mission as a bathing-place, a cure station, a health resort. But this is merely Baden-Baden's little joke. Nothing is done there about health, and, broadly speaking, nothing

much has been done there for many years about health, except possibly to lose it through late hours and luxury. It is true that there are excellent doctors who conduct excellent sanatoria, but they might equally well conduct them in Taormina or Heligoland, for their cures have nothing to do with the Baden-Baden waters, nor with Baden-Baden, unless life there be found to start an unusual number of visitors upon a phys-

ical down-grade. It is true, too, that there is an elegant colonnade and spring-house, and that a band plays there in the early morning. But it plays almost in solitude. In the very height of the season, during the *Grosse Woche*, you would not possibly find more than thirty drinkers of the waters assembled. It is not disagreeable, this visit to the spring-house. You catch the early morning freshness in the green valley, and you may even conceivably see a group of elegant young men in evening dress going home from the International Club across the dewy lawns, but you scarcely receive an overpowering impression of Baden-Baden's vogue as a cure. Its admirers are not in the least deceived by the spring-house nor the colonnade, nor by the sumptuous baths, nor by the frantically reiterated statements of the town authorities that its waters are richer in radium than any others in the world. They are content to let well enough alone, knowing that there are plenty of pleasant places for regaining health, but few so pleasant as Baden-Baden for forgetting it.

In the period preceding the Franco-Prussian War, Europe—to quote a famous *bon mot* of those days—had two capitals, Paris for winter, Baden for summer. All the triumphant elegance of the Third Empire transported itself across the Rhine, and in the valley of Baden made carnival with all the ele-

gance of Russia, of England, and of Germany. Then came the sudden war clouds; there must have been something sinister and prophetic in the croupiers' cry in those gorgeous gaming-rooms—"Le jeu est fait—rien ne va plus." The instant withdrawal of French patronage seemed at the time Baden's death-blow. In '72 even the gambling was prohibited, and for more than a decade the town was little more than a memory in the greenwood. A faint picture of it in the early eighties may be set down from personal experience—Baden on an August day, sleeping in the sun. In the splendid salons of the Conversation House and under its great portico a few quiet, fat matrons knitted, and a few noisy, fat children romped. In the reading-rooms a few ghosts of gayer, earlier days fingered tremblingly the Paris papers, or on the terrace took the most economical refreshments while the band played to a sparse audience scattered over long rows of empty chairs. An odd, pathetic, pretty place it was then, and seemed likely to remain—a forgotten jeweled toy of capricious fashion.

But, as we write, there is again bustle and gaiety along the valley. The crowds have come back and they are cosmopolitan crowds. In the mean time, of course, other *villes d'eau* have caught and kept fashion's favor; perhaps no one pretty watering-place can ever again reign su-



HAULING TIMBERS FROM THE SCHWARZWALD



PEASANTS FROM THE BLACK FOREST AT THE HOT FOUNTAIN

preme as in those picturesque nineteenth-century days. But Baden-Baden is again a competitor, and it is no exaggeration to say that here the new German Empire puts its very best foot forward, and with its suavest and most engaging manners welcomes the foreigner.

There is much to be said in favor of this welcome across the Rhine. Even the most violent hater of Germany must have admitted in his calmer moments

that there is no other country so engagingly trim and clean, so respectably and hygienically picturesque, so efficiently and comfortably well-managed. Even the most irritated cosmopolite must have felt in a softened mood that Germany would be perfection if there were not quite so many Germans there. Now at Baden-Baden Germans are reduced, if not to a minority, at least to a minimum (though there are plenty left), and the re-



THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SCHLOSS OF THE GRAND DUKE

sult must be, even to Germans themselves, exceedingly satisfactory. There is in this phrasing no especial venom toward the indigenous race which, indeed, fashionable, gay, cosmopolitan, well-bred as it is to be found at Baden-Baden, might induce many a visitor to revise his opinion of Teutonic elegance. Yet everything still in Baden reminds one of its ante-bellum glories; over its velvet lawns and along its shaded promenades must still go, could one but catch them, in the night or in the misty dawn, the ghosts of the Third Empire; and anything in this twentieth century which reminds the stranger of that odd exotic earlier period has double value.

The most romantic and picturesque side of the Baden is the unromantic and

unpicturesque French-speaking people who frequented it—at least up to a few months ago. Many of them came from the great unreconciled provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, from Metz and Strasbourg, conquered towns where to use the speech of France seemed a defiance of the conquerors. They must have felt a special zest in carrying their language across the traditional Rhenish boundary, and here in this Black Forest, haunted with Teutonic legends, flaunting its gaiety in the face of soberer Germany; for a moment at least they must have recaptured the illusion that is always shimmering before the eyes of the least sensitive visitor, that Paris is again the capital of all the Valley of the Rhine. There is a hint, too, on the German side,

of a wistful memory of the days when German court life was modeled on Versailles, and Prussian princesses wrote and spoke in French. Baden-Baden is an odd, fragrant potpourri of old German and French memories, a green Arcadian valley where wars and conquests may be forgotten while the music plays and the Oosbach babbles under its flower-laden bridges toward the Rhine-stream.

The reference to Arcadia is made advisedly. If there were no gaieties, past or present, no bands playing, no races, no air-ships, no *Grosse Woche*, even if there were no smart people, no foreigners, nothing but the indigenous middle-class German families wearing green hats, capes, and knickerbockers for their woodland walks; if, in short, Baden-Baden were just itself and no more, it would be the ideal setting for the simplest, sanest, sweetest, most Arcadian existence in the world. For Baden-Baden, just itself, is the simplest, sweetest, prettiest Arcadian corner in all the world.

In the old days you came to it from Strasbourg by coaches that were called The White Ladies—*Les Dames Blanches*. But the modern motors come by much the same route. The great plain through which the Rhine here flows has scarcely changed. There are long rows of trees bordering the road. There are trim, toylike villages with bright, freshly painted shutters to the houses, there is a simple, gaping peasantry, and there are many geese—for it is the region of the Strasbourg pie. There is, too, as there was then, the long-low range of the Schwarz-

wald to the east, dark-green hills between two of which opens the little Valley of the Oos. The long, misty distances of the Rhine plain are at once exchanged for comfortable, cozier dimensions, for a green tame forest, which comes close on either hand in friendly fashion.

Here dashes the Oosbach; one can never be glad enough that it is called a brook and not a river. The Oos is not a modest nor a particularly well-behaved stream. Happily it is neatly and safely inclosed between stone banks, for it



THE WALK TO THE ALTE SCHLOSS IS A FAVORITE EXCURSION

risers in a small, childish rage after a half-hour's rain, and subsides with equal precipitation after a half-hour's drought. It is a kind of *enfant gâté* of a brook, but you forgive it because it is obviously the petted darling of the watering-place. No stream in the world ever had its

air swimming-pool which lies within an inclosing thicket of pines. The tennis-courts and club are established in the meadows by its side, and the prettiest walk is along its bank to the village and cloister of Lichtenthal. Here the Oos rushes under bridges, falls in small cascades, takes to its small bosom a smaller brook, the Grobbach, and in general behaves in an attractive but undignified way.

The old Baden-Baden was not so doting upon the Oosbach as is the new. It lay, and still lies, higher, discreetly withdrawing itself, as was the fashion of those days, from low-lying meadows and low, turbulent brooks. It climbs the shoulder of the hill-side, a characteristically picturesque German town of fresh white paint, green shutters, and red geraniums. Half-way up there are an oldish church and a town hall. Higher still, up streets that become mere staircases, is the *Schloss*, crowning the hill. It is an eighteenth-century residence of the royal family of Baden; from its flowery terraces the Grand Duke, when in



THE STREETS BECOME MERE STAIRCASES

bridges so covered with boxes filled with brightly flowering plants and trailing vines, nor ever had its bordering lawns and groves so neatly trimmed, so well brushed and combed. Its whole course for miles is through park and garden. Every hotel that can lie near the Oos, with flowery terraces between it and the brookside, and gay bridges to bear its guests across. The municipality has laid out open spaces with fountains and broad parterres of pink, scarlet, and lavender flowers by its darling stream, and has diverted its waters into an open-

residence, may survey his charming summer capital in its smiling valley.

Beyond this, a mile or more into the greenwood, is the old *Schloss*, an ivy-clad ruin of an earlier royal residence. The walk to the *Alte Schloss* is a favorite excursion in the woods. But indeed all walks at Baden, once they climb the little valley's side, lead to the forest. The Schwarzwald is always close at hand; Arcadian and woodland deities, one may easily imagine, creep down when night falls, and from behind a leafy screen watch the illuminated town

and marvel at the gay sophistication of its inhabitants. And by day any of these wearied town folk may in a moment, in those green fastnesses, forget the gaiety and the sophistication, and recapture, as worldlings often love to, the illusion of Arcadia.

Like so many of the European warm springs and bathing-places, Baden-Baden was first appreciated by the Romans. The Emperor Caracalla, in especial, honored it by his patronage and adorned it in various Roman ways. With the fall of the Empire and the arrival together of the barbarians and Christianity, bathing, and, above all, bathing in warm water, fell into disuse all over Europe as an enfeebling and immoral practice. It was only when Charlemagne, whose name was one to conjure with, dipped his imperial person in the hot springs of Aix-la-Chapelle that bathing, after seven centuries of disuse, became again permissible, if not almost desirable. From that time on, with varying fortunes, Baden-Baden was a health and pleasure resort. It lay, however, in too fertile and too exposed a region, too near to the boundaries of France, not to be in almost constant danger from the great wars that were for ever raging in central Europe. Armies sometimes kept away the "bath-guests"—sometimes became "bath-guests" themselves. Odd uniforms brightened the town's streets, and swaggering officers made merry in its best apartments. Sometimes, indeed, the invaders were not so easily tamed; in the local annals there are sackings and burnings. So that it was really only with

the passing of the Napoleonic era and the coming of the nineteenth century that Baden-Baden finally came, as it were, into full flower, and was for a time the first watering-place of Europe.

It is an agreeably piquant fact that the beginning of this golden period was



EARLY MORNING AT THE MARKET

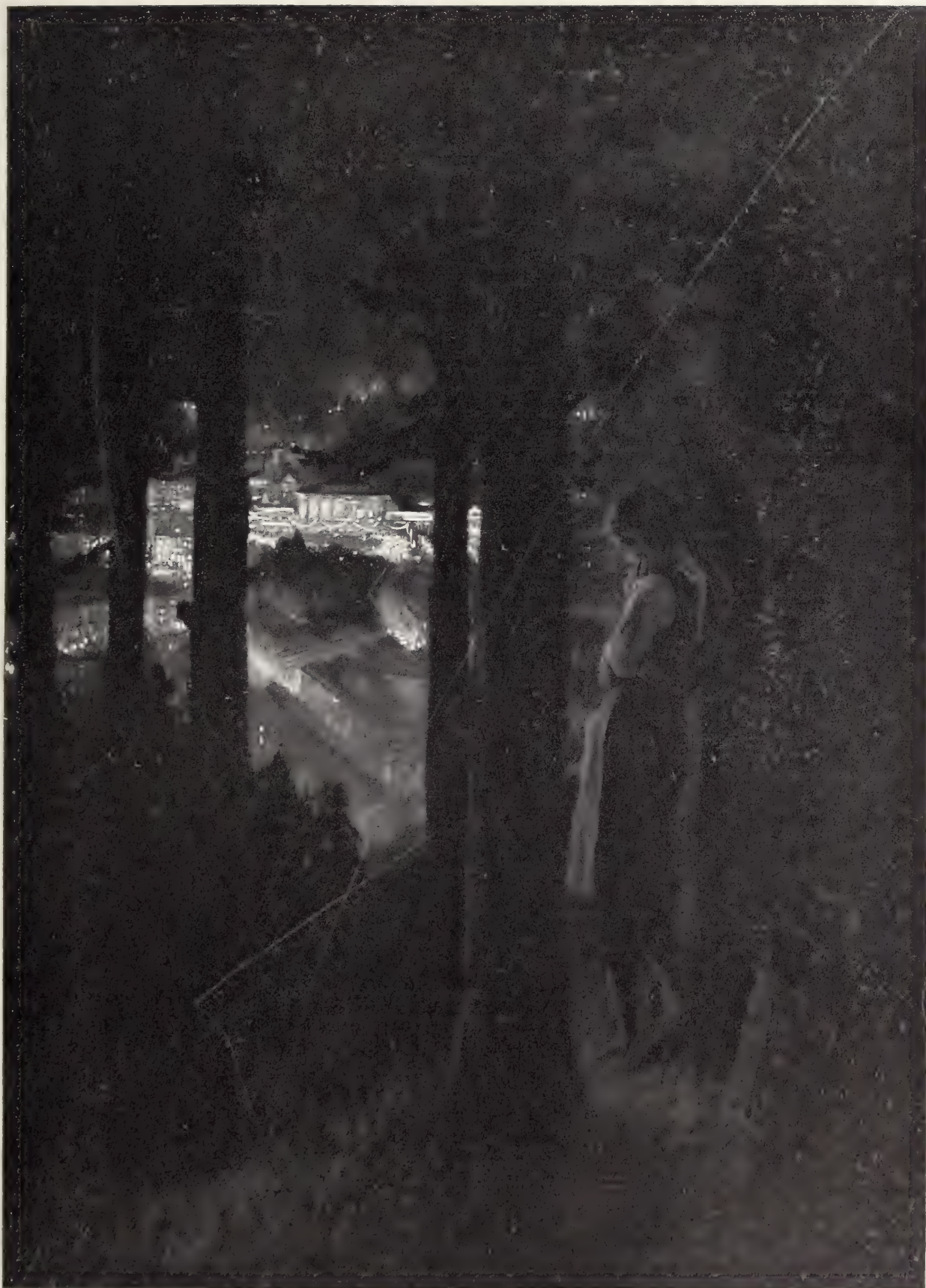
in 1808, when the removal of the Jesuits to Rastatt made their college building in the old town available as a casino and gambling-house. Baden-Baden, let it be frankly admitted, was, till 1872, the great public gaming-place of Europe. In 1822 the *Konversation Haus* was built, in 1850 enlarged and made more gorgeous. The *Spielpächter*, the Concessionnaires Benazet and, later, his son-in-law, Dupressoir, who came from Paris to organize and—if you like—to deprave the life of pretty Baden, spent lavishly from the great profits of the gaming-



THE GORGEOUS SALONS OF THE CONVERSATION HOUSE

tables to beautify the Conversation House and to build a theater for the Comédie Française, the Italian Opera, and the French Opera Bouffe. They brought the world's greatest composers, singers, violinists, pianists, to conduct, to sing, and to play in the great salons or in the music-kiosk of the gardens. In the dusky golden and crimson rooms all the kings and noblemen of Europe, all the rakes and *roués*, all the *grandes dames* and the *cocottes*, the loveliest actresses and *ballerine*, all the dandies, all the romantic youth of the time, gathered and risked their fortunes. It is a period "documented" in the most inviting way. In studying it you must read Alfred de Musset, and, still more, Turgenieff, who lived much in Baden and in whose pages grand dukes and duchesses of Russia, exiled revolutionists, and a whole kalei-

doscope of European figures may be seen, crowding round the green tables or walking under the green, cool shade of the famous Lichtenthal Allée. Browsing further, you may like the fugitive pieces of Maxime du Camp, Parisian of the Parisians, and for that very reason possessor of a villa for the summer at Baden-Baden. Or in the book-shops of the town itself it may be of moment to purchase the brochures of local writers who celebrate *die Franzosenzeit*, the French time of their birthplace. If Baden-Baden would only leave you leisure for it, long, agreeable hours might be spent on some bench by the brook's side, hunting through the memoirs of the Third Empire for gossip of its summer capital. Napoleon and the lovely Eugénie came here, and, to meet them, half the royalties of Europe. The *Almanach*



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

AN "ITALIAN NIGHT" IN BADEN-BADEN FROM THE GLADES OF THE SCHWARZWALD

de Gotha and the summer issues of *La Vie Parisienne* might both have been edited from a point of vantage along the Lichtenthal Allée. Ah, *où sont les neiges d'antan?*

Your first stroll from your hotel down the Oos and to the Conversation House will delicately lead you as well into the *Franzosenzeit*. The Conversation House keeps still much of the look of that earlier period. It is a long, low building of cream-white stucco, with a great Corinthian portico, under which it is quite easy to imagine the strolling, chattering society of that earlier day. Nowadays it is, unhappily, the fashion to frequent the International Club and the smart hotels more than the Conversation House. The latter has, in consequence, even on its crowded evenings, a faint air of neglect. The memories of the past will intrude. The plain truth is that the great, gorgeous salons seem to demand back the lights blazing bright over the green cloth, and that a childish village-fair kind of ring-toss—the *Ringspiel*, at ten rings for a mark—however popular or moral, seems but a squalid and undignified intrusion upon historic splendors. By day the Conversation House is always a little sleepy now. But there are festivals in the race week, Italian Nights as they call them in the German romantic and sentimental manner, when the gardens recapture all the carnival magnificence which can ever have been theirs. The clipped trees of the promenades hang heavy with great, golden globes one night, and the next bear fruit of crimson. The music-kiosks sparkle and the great parterres of the lawn glitter with thousands of various colored lamps. The great electric standards are covered with Venetian-like shades of thin, colored muslin, sometimes yellow and red, sometimes green and white, with a heavy fringe of the cut strips of cloth hanging down and swaying in the summer evening's breeze. And in the center of the twinkling garden rises, on such occasions, a great pyramid of green and flowers and lights. When the admirable band in the kiosk stops, another equally excellent begins under the portico. Later the best Hungarian players in the world send their strange music pulsating through the

night. German patience, taste, and thrifty expenditure work an enchantment, for nothing could be more ravishing to the senses than the Conversation House at Baden-Baden on such a night.

The Flower Parade is another festive event of race week. Flowers grow nowhere better than in Germany, and though they have never the same exotic air of luxury as in the more arid France, they exist in greater profusion and beauty. Carriages and floats are freighted heavily; ropes, garlands, just mere heaps of blooms, weigh them down with loveliness. And if there are no mad pranks, nothing of the carnival folly of those earlier days, there is something pleasantly of the Arcadian Baden-Baden which has already been hinted at. One may be sure, too, that the crowds of the '50's and '60's would have exchanged everything of their gayer festivity to see the great Zeppelin airship sail majestically up the narrow valley and scatter flowers upon those gathered below for the parade, and that modernity has something to be said for it.

The Zeppelin ships are much at home in Baden-Baden, though they cannot actually come to earth in its contracted spaces, and live therefore in the broad expanses nearer the race-course at Iffezheim, in the Rhine plain, from which they make short excursions and longer trips to northern Germany, thus offering to Baden-Baden's visitors an exceptional opportunity—as an advertisement would say—for the most modern sport. Sometimes, after the racing is over, the Zeppelin, like a mid-air transatlantic liner, slowly floats over the course, and creates an excitement which makes one more than ever doubtful as to the future of the horse.

For the moment, however, both the horse and racing are safe. The Baden-Baden meeting was instituted in the '50's and was under the special patronage of the Paris Jockey Club. Later, when play was prohibited in Baden, the races seemed its only sporting future, and in '72 the International Club was established to keep them going. It still keeps them, and a great deal else, going. The white building at the beginning of the Lichtenthal Allée is the center of the

most exclusive gaiety. Lunch or tea or dinner upon its verandas is a diversion, and cards and dancing are enjoyable there until all hours. Race week is the club's, as it is Baden's, best time.

The races at Iffezheim are some eight or ten miles away, in the Rhine Valley; the best that humble and frugal visitors can do is to watch the excitement of the departure and return of the racing-people. The Grand Duke clatters down from his *Schloss* upon the hill-top in a dazzling confusion of outriders and coachmen in scarlet, gold-braided coats on his way to Iffezheim, and in his train follow hundreds of motors and carriages with the loveliest feminine freight. The *retour des courses* (the coming back) is traditionally an even more continuous and pleasing sight. Nothing daunts the real admirers of fashion; rain may fall, motor-hoods be up, and the ladies be swathed in veils and wrapped in *imperméables*, nevertheless hundreds of devoted souls will wait by the Conversation House to watch the returning racing-folk. Classic pleasures are indeed the most durable!

Race week is of course the climax of the Baden-Baden season, and it may be imagined, without exaggerating, as a fairly continuous whirl. During it there is difficulty in finding time for simpler pleasures, such as walking by the brook-side and buying jewels in the little arcade of shops by the entrance to the Conversation House. The Baden-Baden shops, to do them justice, are incredibly *chic* and attractive; they have an air of the most friendly gaiety. Clipped trees shade the arcade, and the shop counters open upon the promenade where you stroll in the morning freshness. There is something, for a lady, winningly Arcadian in purchasing a string of pearls, or a jeweled box, or an evening gown, or a sable-and-ermine coat, in such idyllic sylvan surroundings. Shopping indeed ranks high among the outdoor sports of Baden.

The tennis has already been mentioned, and the races, and the Zeppelin air-sport. There is also a golf-course. It is played over mostly by English-speaking players, and supported, so rumor has it, largely by American money. It is one of only two or three in the whole

German Empire. Our compatriots, after a good round, are often heard to say that this fact is a disgrace to Germany; but, on reflection, they are perhaps wrong—a nation may be permitted to choose and prefer its native sports. Through all Baden-Baden's vicissitudes and its various patronage, walking or driving in the neighboring Schwarzwald must always have been one of its most authentic pleasures.

Properly to enjoy a German forest one should be German, wear a cape, a green hat with a feather, and carry a book of verses in the pocket of one's jacket. But even the least German, the least poetical visitor might become lyric over the glades of the Black Forest and the sweet, simple villages that lie in them. And if the tourist's tastes are for a ro-coco Arcadia, for that pretty, false, German eighteenth century, he has only to fare over the green hills to La Favorite, an enchanting piece of folly built in 1725 by the Margravine Sibylla, wife of the famous Türken Louis, of Oriental prowess. It lies below the hills in the Rhine plain, so that it may suggest Versailles. It is a riot within of decorative fantasy, of mirrors, of gilding, of mother-of-pearl, of carving, and of extravagant frescoing. It is crowded with all the small articles of that day's luxury. There is one room hung thickly with little paintings of Sibylla and her family in the costumes they wore at the innumerable fancy-dress parties of the day; evidence, if it were needed, of the frivolity of those times.

Probably the twentieth century must score most by providing not frivolity, but comfort. There are plenty of people who know and care nothing about Baden-Baden except that it is said to possess the best hotel in Europe. The hotel in question is at any rate excessively good, and there are several others almost equally notably so. There was a time when despairing *viveurs* kept in Paris during the summer complained that they could find no place at which to dine—all the crack *chefs* were away in Baden. Nothing quite so amazing happens now, but happily the tradition of good living and of a French *cuisine* still survives, and under such circumstances Germany seems robbed of its sting.

Mr. Durgan and Violet

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN



AFTER Mr. Durgan had got our little Blue Ridge community all stirred up over the tango, and had divided united houses, and united divided houses, and changed enemies into friends, and friends into enemies, I reckoned he'd be willing to rest from his reforms a little, and he said he was. But I had heard that a man of action has to be amused during his lean periods, so to speak, and I was afraid, anyhow, that Mr. Durgan's period might be all too brief to suit my Virginia friends. So I wrote my nephew, Murry Rives, who lives in Alabama, to visit me and meet Mr. Durgan. He wrote a mighty disrespectful note, saying that it was such a miracle for any one in our family to be getting married that he reckoned he'd take his vacation at once and have a squint at the miracle-worker.

The day that I was expecting Murry, Mr. Durgan was over. He seemed restless, so I said to him:

"Honey, while we're waiting for Murry, I'm going to carry you-all over to see Cousin Lafayette Hopkins, who's just back from Richmond. He's a right smart philosopher."

"Yeh, I know," Mr. Durgan said, gloomily; "one of those fellows who talks all the time, and never does anything, and imposes on the world because he can drawl epigrams. In New England towns they sit around the cracker-barrels of the country stores and let their farms go to pieces, and we call 'em lazy; down here they let their farms go to pieces and sit on their neighbors' porches and gossip about their neighbors in abstract terms, and you call 'em philosophers."

"Cousin Lafayette is mighty courteous. He'll give you a chance to talk," I said.

I just wanted to make Mr. Durgan feel like going, but he laughed as if I had

said something funny. It does seem to me that the more practical I try to be the more amused he is. Now and then it comes 'over me that maybe I won't have to run myself to death trying to find distraction for him after we are married. Maybe if I just talk to him sensibly I can keep him laughing.

As we drove over to Cousin Lafayette's, Mr. Durgan said, "Tell me about this Kee-aw-tah Hopkins."

Mr. Durgan likes to pretend that half the people I know are called Carter, so that we all in the South can charm the Northerners by pronouncing the name. I explained that Carter was only Cousin Lafayette's middle name, and that while some people called him by it, he didn't like it, because the only girl he had ever loved had jilted him at the church door and married a man of that name; and then Cousin Lafayette had gone to Richmond and entered some kind of business, but that he kept up his place here, and came back every few weeks for short stays at his house on the hill.

"U-huh," Mr. Durgan said, "and sits on the porch and reflects about life. He'd better be thinking how much more money he'd be making in Richmond if he didn't take so many week-ends off."

"He likes the view from his porch," I said. "His house sits higher than any other here. He can see the Ragged Mountains on one side, and the Blue Ridge on the other, and down below him at an angle to the right he can see right into Bennie Lee's stables; and at an angle to the left he can see right into the Raymonds' garden."

"And what is so wonderful in the Raymonds' ge-yaw-den?" asked Mr. Durgan.

"Oh, just the same old thing—Violet Raymond walking between her two old uncles. You can see for yourself if you slow down the car," I said, "for we'll be passing their place in a minute."

We were just approaching the Raymonds' big white house. It was set well back from the road, but its great rose-garden extended down almost to the fence. Violet had the most wonderful roses, I do believe, in all Virginia. Mr. Durgan slowed down the car, for, sure enough, there was Violet walking between her uncle Albert and her uncle Edwin, right on the edge of the rose-beds, where we had a splendid view of them. None of them wore hats, and I must say that the sight of that golden head between the two old silver heads was mighty pretty.

"They're English people," I told him, "who have been settled here for thirty years—at least the two old uncles have. Violet came over when she was a little girl of ten, after her father died. She had no relatives but these two old uncles.

Mr. Durgan began raving about Violet. It seems strange to me that a prac-

tical man who can't see beauty in a sunset, or in the noble lines of a horse, will always see it in a woman if it's there. I often wish that Mr. Durgan didn't have such a keen eye for other women. It does sometimes seem to me that as soon as a man gets engaged or married, a feeling comes over him, which he wouldn't admit for the world, that he might have looked around a bit longer.

"What a beautiful girl!" he said. "Such hair, such eyes!—and I'm sure she lives up to her name. I could see that she is timid and retiring—a violet by a mossy stone; for you can see those old men are mossy. One-quarter of the English girls in the world are called 'Violet,' and all of them I ever met have been rawboned and horsy. Such tender devotion she shows those old men, who gave her a home when her father died! And how they return it! Now that's poetry, if you like, and also something for your cousin Lafayette Hopkins to philosophize over; it's all too rare in this world."

I didn't interrupt his rhapsody, but he put a stop to it himself as we passed Bennie Lee's house. It was a very tumble-down place, indeed, and Bennie sat on his side-porch, drinking something out of a glass.

"Look at that limp, lack-luster nincompoop," said Mr. Durgan, indignantly. "I don't know who he is (except that I suppose his name is Kee-aw-tah), but why does he sit alone, drinking, when his place looks like Sodom and Gomorrah after the Flood, or whatever wreck and ruin it was those towns had coming to them! And right next door to him is this neat-looking place, and that young girl and those old men working in their rose-gardens. Even if this doless fellow did no work but cultivate roses, it might make a man of him."

I let him go on until just before we climbed the last hill to Cousin Lafayette's, and then I said: "Maybe if you were a philosopher like Cousin Lafayette you'd not judge so much by appearances. It was Cousin Lafayette who found out long



"LOOK AT THAT LIMP, LACK-LUSTER NINCOMPOOP," SAID MR. DURGAN



Drawn by Walter Biggs

THERE WAS VIOLET WALKING BETWEEN HER UNCLE ALBERT AND HER UNCLE EDWIN

ago how things really lay between Violet Raymond and Bennie Lee, and told us."

"You bet he told it," commented Mr. Durgan. "But go on, Sallie Rives; don't let me interrupt you."

Of course it is well known that all men love to gossip. The only difference between Mr. Durgan and any of our men would be that he would call it "facts," and they'd call it "the latest news."

"I reckon I'll have to disturb your illusions," I said. "Those old Raymonds didn't give Violet a home; it's more the other way around. Thirty years ago her father bought half of this big farm, and the two brothers the other half. They came over to live here, and he stayed in England. When he died, all he had left for Violet was his half-interest, and I think she's got a little money from her mother. They were mighty upset when the little girl of ten came over, for they were old men then, and set in their ways. But I reckon they soon grew fond of her."

"I warrant they did," Mr. Durgan said.

"But they were mighty jealous of her," I went on. "I reckon she'd never have got to any parties after she was sixteen if the minister hadn't interfered. At that both of them had to be invited to chaperon her. By and by, when she and Bennie Lee fell in love with each other, they had to resort to all sorts of stratagems to meet. Those jealous old creatures were so afraid she'd marry and bring a man on the place that they couldn't bear to have her speak to any one who wasn't married. And at that, if any married man had a sickly wife, they herded Violet away from him. So she and Bennie Lee planned to elope. She was to meet him late Saturday night at the edge of the rose-garden and they were to be married in Charlottesville."

The car was at the gate of Cousin Lafayette's house, and we could see him sitting on the porch. After Mr. Durgan opened the gate he made the car fairly creep, so that I could finish my story.

"She never came," I went on. "I don't know how the old men found out the plan. Of course, as she was under age, she could hardly have gone without

their consent. I reckon they worked on her feelings, too, by whining that she was all they had in the world. At any rate, there she was in church the next morning, sitting between them, pale and downcast. After the service, when the two old Raymonds, each with his arm in hers, were leading her to their carriage, Bennie Lee stepped up to them.

"You failed me," he said, "but I know you couldn't help it. Say the word and I'll take you now."

"The two old men began to protest and talk of the police. Violet got whiter than ever, and she whispered, 'I can't go, Bennie.'"

"Very well," Bennie said. "But remember, I'll never give you up. Every Sunday as long as I live I'll come up to you and show you that all you have to do is to shake yourself free from these old men of the sea—these old vampires who are wrecking your life—and come to me."

"Then he walked away, and, Honey, every Sunday for five years those old men sit in their pew with Violet between them till every one has gone. Then they walk out, and there stands Bennie, waiting. At first people used to hang about the church till their dinners were cold, just to see what would happen, and the sexton stood around, too, wild to close up and go back to his wife—who never would believe any of the excuses he made, till she left the children under her sister's care, one Sunday, and came to see for herself. By and by the novelty wore off, and people never bother about them any more. The Raymonds always come out last, and there is Bennie. Time was when he always spoke to Violet, asking her if she was ready to come; now he only looks. He's let his place run down, as you see, and he seems to have lost all interest in things. Not that he ever talks about it, or Violet, either, for that matter. The old men always fence her about in the style you seemed to admire so much as we passed the rose-garden."

Mr. Durgan drew a long breath. For a practical man he certainly does love a romance. I was so used to the case of Violet and Bennie that I had ceased to look upon it as a romance; to me it was as commonplace as the stones of the

building where the poor white people send their children to school. But I saw just how it would strike Mr. Durgan.

Cousin Lafayette Hopkins came down the steps to greet us—slow and gentle, like he always was, sweeping off his hat from his red head, and smiling, not with his mouth, but with his eyes.

"How do, Sallie, Honey?" he said. "Is this your sweetheart? Come right in, Mr. Durgan. What's gone wrong with your car? I thought you-all were riding on a tortoise after you left the gate."

Now 'most any other man would have made some excuse, so as not to show that anything could be more enthralling than the prospect of a host standing

waiting to receive one. But what did Mr. Durgan do but tell exactly what had happened.

"Being a philosopher, according to Sallie's account," said Mr. Durgan, after he had shaken hands, "you will be able to bear the stark truth: Sallie was telling me the story of those Raymonds and that Lee."

Cousin Lafayette put us in chairs, and then, waving his hand over the valley, he said: "Yes, sir; a very pretty comedy. I like to watch it."

Looking down, we could see three figures in the Raymonds' garden—two dark and one light, and one dark figure on the side-porch of Bennie's home.

"I sit here," Cousin Lafayette went on, "and I muse over what great factors in this world resistance and inertia are.

It is intense, violent resistance which has given those old men control of Violet's property and personal liberty; it is inertia which has put her into their power, and which has made Bennie Lee the most indefatigable loiterer at the gate of love in Albemarle County."

"Loiterer'!" cried Mr. Durgan, and he fairly snorted. "He's not the only loiterer here. Why, what's the matter with all of you, that you let things go on in this way? Why don't you remind the girl that whatever she was five years ago, she's over age now and can leave these old cormorants of uncles and go to her lover any minute she wants to? Why doesn't some one give this Lee a hint that no girl is going to walk over to a man who expresses his devotion by a longing gape on Sun-



EVERY SUNDAY THERE STANDS BENNIE, WAITING



"WHAT WE NEED IS MORE INSURGENCY, IN CHARACTER, IN LOVE, IN EVERYTHING!"

day morning! And, to be frank with you, Mr. Lafayette Ke-aw-tah Hopkins, here you sit at the top of your hill in plain sight of this tragi-comedy; you've got the whole situation in the palm of your hand, so to speak—and you do nothing!"

"Come, come," said Cousin Lafayette, deprecatingly. "I am only a spectator."

"Well, I'm more than a spectator," Mr. Durgan cried. "Sallie calls me a man of action, and, by George! I've a good mind to be one in this case! You're right, sir, when you imply that resistance and inertia are the curse of this world. You may not have said that, but you meant it. And what is the cure? Insurgency! Insurgency in politics is over-

coming stupid inertia and brutal resistance, and making the practical world sit up. Insurgency in art and literature is making the reading world sit up. What we need is more insurgency, in character, in love, in everything! This Miss Violet Raymond only needs a little insurgency in her situation to change her from a lump of putty to a real person; from an unsquired, lonely girl to an adored wife."

Mr. Durgan certainly is eloquent, and while he is talking he can make any one believe anything. I began to feel guilty to think I'd been an accomplice in letting poor Violet's affairs go by the board for so long. I reckon we thought she'd have gone to Bennie if she wanted to.

And the old men were good to her, except for their constant tagging; and, anyway, they were likely to die at any minute. Still, I felt conscience-stricken, and even Cousin Lafayette was not quite at ease in his rôle of spectator.

"Your wrath is very noble, sir," he said to Mr. Durgan, "and does great credit to your heart. You are, indeed, a man of action, and yet I really fail to see what action can be taken in this case."

Mr. Durgan rose. "Come with me, both of you," he said. "Take me down to call on the Raymonds. Knowing the dearth of motor-cars in this place, I'm sure those two old geezers have never had a drive. I'll take all three along. Then we'll see."

I reckon any one who calls himself a philosopher or a spectator is always willing for other people to get into trouble; it gives him something to look at. Cousin Lafayette got up, appearing mighty interested, and said he'd always liked Violet and Bennie, and he wouldn't mind a drive himself. So back we all went to call on the Raymonds, passing Bennie still on his side-porch.

"I doubt if he's good enough for her," said Mr. Durgan, casting a look of disfavor over his shoulder as we sped by, "but if Violet wants him, she's going to have him."

Of course I didn't dream he could be serious, and when we were all sitting on the Raymond porch I could have been sure he was joking, for he was behaving exactly like the rest of us. The Raymonds didn't often have callers, for the two old men were not popular, and poor Violet was shy and still. So our coming was quite an event to them. Uncle Albert talked to us, while Uncle Edwin went in with Violet to get the tea. Presently we were all having a pleasant, commonplace afternoon.

I don't know just how Mr. Durgan managed it, but presently we were all standing by the car and he was explaining it to the two old men. From that it was not such a long step as I had supposed it would be to persuade them to try a drive. Mr. Durgan showed great tact in seating us. Violet was on the big seat between her uncles, Cousin Lafayette and I had the two little seats

in front of them, while Mr. Durgan drove.

We went to a town where Uncle Edwin had a little business to transact, and he was in high good humor at having had the transportation without taking it out of his horses. Mr. Durgan saw that, and when the old man was seated Mr. Durgan simply picked Violet up bodily and put her in the seat beside him.

"I'm going to teach her to drive the car," he explained. "Then I'll lend it to you, and the three of you can go on great jaunts together."

The two old men were dreadfully disturbed at first, but I suppose they thought Mr. Durgan was as good as married to me, and, besides, they were enjoying their drive. I sat back beside them and talked to them, but all the time I was watching Mr. Durgan, and I could see that he said a good deal to Violet which had nothing to do with teaching her to run a car.

I'd quite forgotten my nephew until Mr. Durgan stopped at the railway station, just as the train was pulling in, and got him. I am mighty fond of Murry, and I was proud to introduce him and Mr. Durgan. Cousin Lafayette sat beside Mr. Durgan, and my nephew talked impartially to Violet and me. He and Violet had known each other as children, yet every time he spoke to her the old uncles acted as if he were insulting her and them. I was glad when we had set the Raymonds down at their door, and Cousin Lafayette at his, and could all three go back to my house.

The minute Mr. Durgan started the car Murry began to rave about Violet. Mr. Durgan stopped the car and lectured him.

"No, you don't, my boy," he said; "she may be all you say, but I'm going to marry her off to Bennie Lee. You just save your enthusiasm for some other girl."

"So far my flame is purely platonic," Murry said, "but if you go on giving me orders in this avuncular style, I surely will love that girl!"

They got on very well, Mr. Durgan and my nephew, and in the pleasure of seeing this and of having Murry with me, I forgot all about Violet and Bennie

Lee. But Mr. Durgan didn't. A day or two later he brought Bennie Lee over to tea. I expect it had been two or three years since Bennie had been to see me, and he was a little strange at first. He always had been a quiet, shy boy, and I'd always liked him. By and by, when Mr. Durgan and my nephew were talking, Bennie said to me:

"Miss Sallie, your sweetheart is certainly a good and wonderful man. He has put new life into me. He says I've not been fair to Violet—that she's shy and shrinking, and that what she needs is cave-man methods. I'm to go right up to her and take her away without even asking if I may."

Really, I couldn't see Bennie practising any cave-man tactics; he's too quiet. But I appreciated his spirit, and I also appreciated the fact that it was Mr. Durgan who had put it into him. After he had gone, I tried to get Mr. Durgan to tell me what he had said to him, and what he had said to Violet, too, but he told me that he preferred to be judged by his results and not by his processes. He added that he wanted Murry and me to go with him to call again on the Raymonds.

"They'll go wild when they see Murry," I objected.

"Well, if they go wild over Murry, they won't have the energy to suspect Bennie Lee," Mr. Durgan said.

We called next day, and the old broth-

ers did indeed get terribly excited at seeing Murry. Uncle Edwin at once proceeded to monopolize him, while Uncle Albert guarded Violet. All this was done very adroitly, because the old Raymonds had once been men of the world, and they were able to do all sorts of

rude and tyrannical things in extremely polished fashion. Before tea was brought in, Cousin Lafayette Hopkins appeared. I expect he had been watching things from his porch and was tired of being a spectator at long range. After a while Mr. Durgan asked to see the rose-garden—I dare say the uncles had not offered to show it because they felt that they could handle the situation better if there were no opportunity for us to break into couples. We set off, Uncle Albert, who was a better walker than Uncle Edwin, pacing between Violet and Mr. Durgan. It

wasn't long before Mr. Durgan was simply racing Violet onward, Uncle Albert panting a step or two behind. I caught up with him and said:

"It's no use trying to keep up with Mr. Durgan; you'd better walk with me, Mr. Raymond."

"I don't like your *fiancé* to be troubled with that dear child's chatter," he returned.

"He'll do the talking," I said.

Mr. Durgan must have had Violet to himself for fully twenty minutes before



I SOLVED THE SITUATION BY TAKING VIOLET MYSELF

Uncle Edwin, with Murry beside him, made a detour and joined them. Then poor Uncle Edwin found himself politely struggling with both Murry and Mr. Durgan for the possession of Violet. I solved the situation by taking Violet myself. I found her more talkative than

church-yard was empty except for ourselves, Cousin Lafayette, and Bennie Lee. Then the Raymonds came out of the church. The old men, as usual, stalked past Bennie, holding tight to Violet's arms. They all came down to the car. The old uncles got in and sat on the back seat. I got in beside them, and Cousin Lafayette and Murry followed. The next thing we knew, Violet had gone through the gate with Bennie, and was walking toward his carriage. Mr. Durgan got into the car and started it, remarking, "I guess Miss Violet's going to ditch me for a younger man."

The Raymonds shouted, but Mr. Durgan pretended not to hear, and dashed away at breakneck speed. The rest of us tried to quiet the old men, and when we saw that they were really on the point of jumping out I made Mr. Durgan stop.

"What's the matter?"

he asked, looking back at us with an innocent face.

The old uncles certainly did forget their manners. I never have heard such abuse as they poured on Mr. Durgan. But he took it quietly, knowing that he was gaining time. When they had stopped for lack of breath, Mr. Durgan said: "I sure am sorry. I thought all the young girls were driven home by young fellows now and then. Miss Violet certainly went with Lee of her own free will. But I'll go back for them, if you say so."

He turned the car, and drove back to the church. Of course there was no sign anywhere of Bennie and Violet. Mr. Durgan assured the Raymonds that Violet would be at home; we drove there, but there was no sign of her. The old men declared she must have gone to Charlottesville to be married. Mr. Durgan reminded them that Bennie couldn't get a license on Sunday, but that as soon as he had fed some more gasoline into his car he would come back and get the



IT HAD BEEN YEARS SINCE SHE HAD HAD ANY REAL TALK WITH A MAN

usual, and the burden of the conversation was that Mr. Durgan was a wonderful man—so powerful and daring; from which I inferred that he had made progress in his plans.

During the next fortnight we managed to see a good deal of the Raymonds, but only because the old men were interested in Mr. Durgan's car. Otherwise, I am sure they never would have made us welcome. As for Violet, she seemed to be having the time of her life. It had been years since she had had any real talk with a man, and now, under cover of learning to run the car, she was having long conversations with Mr. Durgan, and snatches of talk with Murry and Cousin Lafayette Hopkins. One Sunday morning, as he drove Murry and me to church, Mr. Durgan said, "To-day you may look for results."

I was so excited that I didn't hear a word of the service or the sermon. My heart thumped so when the people went out of church that I felt as if I were knocking into every one. Presently the

uncles and pursue the young people into the city.

Whatever schemes Mr. Durgan had of breaking down the car on the way to Charlottesville were never carried out, for when he had driven me home there sat Violet and Bennie on my porch. Mr. Durgan's face fell; he had supposed, of course, that they were on their way to the city to be married, for he knew that Bennie had got the license the day before.

"May we stay to dinner?" Violet asked, in a sweet, happy voice. "We're not going to Charlottesville just yet. I promised my uncles I wouldn't elope, and I won't. I'm going to marry Bennie, but I'm going to have a real engagement period just as you're having one, Miss Sallie."

"But my case is a little different," I pointed out. "There aren't two uncles in this house to pester me."

"Oh, but I'm not going to live with them any more," Violet said, sweetly. "Thanks to Mr. Durgan, I'm an insurgent now. You remember the little log house on the edge of the farm that the poor-white Bascombs used to live in? I'm going to have it fixed over and live there till I'm married."

I certainly did gasp, I must admit. The idea of a girl of twenty-two living alone!

"But your uncles—" I began.

"I'm of age, you know," Violet said. "They can hardly drag me out of my own house; and I'm twice as strong as they are, if it came to a physical contest. Don't fear for me, Miss Sallie. Thanks to your sweetheart, I'm an insurgent. I'm free!"

After dinner when

the lovers had gone for a walk in one direction, and Murry and Cousin Lafayette in another, Mr. Durgan condescended in me that he felt dissatisfied. He said he would have felt safer if Bennie and Violet had gone right off to Charlottesville to get married. I said that all that ailed him was that he was in too much of a hurry for his results. Then we delivered a note Violet had written to her uncles, and we certainly did go through a dreadful scene with them.

All the neighborhood was mightily interested, and every one said that Violet ought to have broken away long ago, and praised Mr. Durgan for the part he had taken. So for a little while he was quite set up. Then I noticed that he began to be discontented again. I searched about for the cause, and, behold, it lay in Bennie. Bennie wasn't fixing up his place at all; he wasn't looking particularly happy, though Violet



THE REST OF US TRIED TO QUIET THE OLD MEN

was as serene as the summer sun. At last I asked her if anything was wrong with Bennie.

"Ah, no," she said, gently; "he simply has the qualms that I suppose all lovers have—the feeling that he isn't good enough; the regret that he's been wasting these five years when he might have been making the most of himself for me. But I can never forget that he went all to pieces for love of me."

When I repeated this to Cousin Lafayette Hopkins, he said that if Bennie felt such mental anguish he'd better show it by building up his fences and draining his land.

The next thing we heard was that Bennie was drinking heavily. How much of it was true and how much gossip I never knew. But Violet said to me that Bennie confessed to her that he found that he was a weak and ruined character; that he had taken too fondly to drink when he had lost her, and that the habit had grown upon him. She told him that she would reform him, and to me she said that the rest of her life was all too small a price to pay for his five years' devotion. Mr. Durgan shook his head gloomily when I reported this to him, and said he wished he could put off a trip he had to make to New York. Meantime, Violet had got her cottage arranged, and it did look mighty pretty. She had seen a lawyer in Charlottesville, and the old uncles had agreed to pay her half what they made from the farm.

A day or two after my talk with Violet, I met Bennie in the road. He stopped me and drew me up under a big oak-tree. He had a desperate look in his eye and his voice was desperate when he said:

"Miss Sallie, I can't stand this any longer. I can't marry Violet. I don't love her any more. I certainly thought I did, but I reckon I have just been sentimentalizing these five years. I can't think of anything to say to her; if she didn't talk so much herself, she'd see I'm dumb as a fish. We've not got one thing in common. She's so energetic she makes me sick. It suits me to have my place run down. I don't want to be anything but lazy. She's got as much go in her as Mr. Durgan. I have done

everything I can think of to make her throw me over, and she won't. Now you must think of a way. Somebody's got to get me out of this."

I argued and argued with him, but it didn't do any good.

"Why don't you make Murry get engaged to her?" he raved. "They're very well suited. That's it! I'll pretend to be jealous of Murry, and break it off that way. I've got good cause, for he's always over there."

Then he dashed away from me. Mr. Durgan had gone to New York; there was no one I could confide in. Bennie certainly got in his work quickly, for next morning it was all over the neighborhood that he was madly jealous of Murry, and that Murry, instead of behaving like a sympathetic friend, was trying to cut him out. Murry said he wasn't going to give in because Bennie was a fool and the rest of our friends were he-cats and she-cats.

Three days later Mr. Durgan got home. I knew just how long it would take him to drive from the station to his house and then to mine. I was waiting on the porch for him at the moment when he should have appeared. I waited just one hour. Then he came in, and, hardly pausing to salute me, he said:

"Sallie Rives, here's a kettle of fish! When I got home I found this note from Lee."

I took it, and read:

MY DEAR MR. DURGAN,—I can't stand my false position any longer. Miss Sallie will explain. I leave to-night for Richmond.

Yours truly,
B. LEE.

I confessed to Mr. Durgan Bennie's attitude toward Violet, with words of commiseration for the poor girl.

"I suspected him," he said. "But read this note." I took it, and read:

DEAR, DEAR MR. DURGAN,—Do forgive me, but I cannot marry Bennie. I thought I loved him, but we haven't a thing in common. After I found out I didn't love him, I intended to marry him anyway, because he has been so devoted. But I find myself insurging against marrying him. So I am going to run away from the whole situation. I am writing from Charlottesville, where I

shall take the night train for Richmond.
With love to Miss Sallie,

Always sincerely yours,
VIOLET RAYMOND.

It was a moment or two before I could pull myself together sufficiently to hand Mr. Durgan a note I had, which read:

DEAR AUNT SALLIE,—I've just had a telegram from my boss to meet him in Richmond. I'm taking the night train. I'll be back Sunday.

MURRY.

Mr. Durgan's face cleared, and he clapped his hands together. "Good enough!" he said. "If you get your things on this minute, Sallie, and if we drive the car like the old Harry, we'll get to Charlottesville in time to make that night train."

In five minutes we were tearing toward Charlottesville and Mr. Durgan was shouting his views in my ear.

"People will think she and Bennie eloped to Richmond, and that he threw her down at the last minute," he said. "We've either got to make him get off the train and turn back, letting it seem that she ran away from him, or else we've got to make Murry marry her. I'm sure Murry adores her."

Whatever objections I made were either blown away in the wind or else shouted down by Mr. Durgan. We simply tore into Charlottesville, just in time to catch the train for Richmond. We went into every car in the train except the smoker, but there was no Violet to be found; we knew then that she must have missed it. Then Mr. Durgan searched the smoker and found Murry and Bennie. He came back with Murry in his wake.

"I didn't waste any time on the Lee jackass," he said to me. "It's Murry who has to do the work for us."

He explained the case to Murry, who listened with a slowly hardening face, especially at the places where it was clear that he was to be the one to save Violet from the shame of being jilted.

"Look here," Murry said; "I can't afford to get married, for one thing; for

another, I'm not the least bit in love with Violet. Besides, I never could like a girl that any other man turned down, as Bennie's turning her down. It's a low trait, but I can't help it."

"She's turning him down, too," snapped Mr. Durgan.

"Well, then, why can't both go back like reasonable people, and show the notes they both wrote, to prove it?"

"I thought that a very sensible plan, but Mr. Durgan said that nobody would believe the bare truth; half the people would think that Violet was lying out of pity for him. Personally, I was torn by conflicting emotions. I always like to let Mr. Durgan have his own way, after reasonable protest, and yet I didn't care to see my nephew sacrificed.

While Mr. Durgan was still arguing, the train stopped at the first station out of Charlottesville, and into the very Pullman where we were having our heated discussion stepped Violet and Cousin Lafayette Hopkins. Violet gave a little cry, and then hurried to me.

"We went to this town because it was mother's old home, and I had a sentiment about it," she said.

"Wh-what?" gasped Mr. Durgan.

"I got tired of being a spectator and a philosopher and I thought I'd get in a little action," drawled Cousin Lafayette. "I've been in love with Violet for some time, and when I found she loved me—well, what was the good of waiting?"

Mr. Durgan swallowed hard, and then he said: "Well, you were in the back of my mind in case Murry had failed me. I meant that Violet should be happy."

"Oh, I am," Violet said, "and it's all due to you, Mr. Durgan, for making me an insurgent."

At once Mr. Durgan beamed. He felt as if he had planned for this accident of the marriage of Violet and Cousin Lafayette. He turned to me to be praised. I reckon I should have scolded him, but I didn't; for if he does set the neighbors talking, nothing is ever dull around him, and that is something to consider when one is thinking of spending the rest of one's life with a man.

A Scrap of Curious History

(Written at La Bourboule-les-Bains, France, June, 1894)

BY MARK TWAIN



ARION CITY, on the Mississippi River, in the State of Missouri—a village; time, 1845. La Bourboule-les-Bains, France—a village; time, the end of June, 1894. I was in the one village in that early time; I am in the other now. These times and places are sufficiently wide apart, yet to-day I have the strange sense of being thrust back into that Missourian village and of re-living certain stirring days that I lived there so long ago.

Last Saturday night the life of the President of the French Republic was taken by an Italian assassin. Last night a mob surrounded our hotel, shouting, howling, singing the “Marseillaise,” and pelting our windows with sticks and stones; for we have Italian waiters, and the mob demanded that they be turned out of the house instantly—to be drubbed, and then driven out of the village. Everybody in the hotel remained up until far into the night, and experienced the several kinds of terror which one reads about in books which tell of night attacks by Italians and by French mobs: the growing roar of the oncoming crowd; the arrival, with rain of stones and crash of glass; the withdrawal to rearrange plans—followed by a silence ominous, threatening, and harder to bear than even the active siege and the noise. The landlord and the two village policemen stood their ground, and at last the mob was persuaded to go away and leave our Italians in peace. To-day four of the ringleaders have been sentenced to heavy punishment of a public sort—and are become local heroes, by consequence.

That is the very mistake which was at first made in the Missourian village half a century ago. The mistake was repeated

and repeated—just as France is doing in these latter months.

In our village we had our Ravochals, our Henrys, our Vaillants; and in a humble way our Cesario—I hope I have spelled this name wrong. Fifty years ago we passed through, in all essentials, what France has been passing through during the past two or three years, in the matter of periodical frights, horrors, and shudderings.

In several details the parallels are quaintly exact. In that day, for a man to speak out openly and proclaim himself an enemy of negro slavery was simply to proclaim himself a madman. For he was blaspheming against the holiest thing known to a Missourian, and could not be in his right mind. For a man to proclaim himself an anarchist in France, three years ago, was to proclaim himself a madman—he could not be in his right mind.

Now the original old first blasphemer against any institution profoundly venerated by a community is quite sure to be in earnest; his followers and imitators may be humbugs and self-seekers, but he himself is sincere—his heart is in his protest.

Robert Hardy was our first *abolitionist*—awful name! He was a journeyman cooper, and worked in the big cooper-shop belonging to the great pork-packing establishment which was Marion City’s chief pride and sole source of prosperity. He was a New-Englander, a stranger. And, being a stranger, he was of course regarded as an inferior person—for that has been human nature from Adam down—and of course, also, he was made to feel unwelcome, for this is the ancient law with man and the other animals. Hardy was thirty years old, and a bachelor; pale, given to reverie and reading. He was reserved, and seemed to prefer the isolation which had fallen to his lot.

He was treated to many side remarks by his fellows, but as he did not resent them it was decided that he was a coward.

All of a sudden he proclaimed himself an abolitionist—straight out and publicly! He said that negro slavery was a crime, an infamy. For a moment the town was paralyzed with astonishment; then it broke into a fury of rage and swarmed toward the cooper-shop to lynch Hardy. But the Methodist minister made a powerful speech to them and stayed their hands. He proved to them that Hardy was insane and not responsible for his words; that no man *could* be sane and utter such words.

So Hardy was saved. Being insane, he was allowed to go on talking. He was found to be good entertainment. Several nights running he made abolition speeches in the open air, and all the town flocked to hear and laugh. He implored them to believe him sane and sincere, and have pity on the poor slaves, and take measures for the restoration of their stolen rights, or in no long time blood would flow—blood, blood, rivers of blood!

It was great fun. But all of a sudden the aspect of things changed. A slave came flying from Palmyra, the county-seat, a few miles back, and was about to escape in a canoe to Illinois and freedom in the dull twilight of the approaching dawn, when the town constable seized him. Hardy happened along and tried to rescue the negro; there was a struggle, and the constable did not come out of it alive. Hardy crossed the river with the negro, and then came back to give himself up. All this took time, for the Mississippi is not a French brook, like the Seine, the Loire, and those other rivulets, but is a real river nearly a mile wide. The town was on hand in force by now, but the Methodist preacher and the sheriff had already made arrangements in the interest of order; so Hardy was surrounded by a strong guard and safely conveyed to the village calaboose in spite of all the effort of the mob to get hold of him. The reader will have begun to perceive that this Methodist minister was a prompt man; a prompt man, with active hands and a good head-piece. Williams was his name—Damon Williams; Damon Williams in public, Dam-

nation Williams in private, because he was so powerful on that theme, and so frequent.

The excitement was prodigious. The constable was the first man who had ever been killed in the town. The event was by long odds the most imposing in the town's history. It lifted the humble village into sudden importance; its name was in everybody's mouth for twenty miles around. And so was the name of Robert Hardy—Robert Hardy, the stranger, the despised. In a day he was become the person of most consequence in the region, the only person talked about. As to those other coopers, they found their position curiously changed—they were important people, or unimportant, now, in proportion as to how large or how small had been their intercourse with the new celebrity. The two or three who had really been on a sort of familiar footing with him found themselves objects of admiring interest with the public and of envy with their shopmates.

The village weekly journal had lately gone into new hands. The new man was an enterprising fellow, and he made the most of the tragedy. He issued an extra. Then he put up posters promising to devote his whole paper to matters connected with the great event—there would be a full and intensely interesting biography of the murderer, and even a portrait of him. He was as good as his word. He carved the portrait himself, on the back of a wooden type—and a terror it was to look at. It made a great commotion, for this was the first time the village paper had ever contained a picture. The village was very proud. The output of the paper was ten times as great as it had ever been before, yet every copy was sold.

When the trial came on, people came from all the farms around, and from Hannibal, and Quincy, and even from Keokuk; and the court-house could hold only a fraction of the crowd that applied for admission. The trial was published in the village paper, with fresh and still more trying pictures of the accused.

Hardy was convicted, and hanged—a mistake. People came from miles around to see the hanging; they brought cakes and cider, also the women and

children, and made a picnic of the matter. It was the largest crowd the village had ever seen. The rope that hanged Hardy was eagerly bought up, in inch samples, for everybody wanted a memento of the memorable event.

Martyrdom gilded with notoriety has its fascinations. Within one week afterward four young light-weights in the village proclaimed themselves abolitionists! In life Hardy had not been able to make a convert; everybody laughed at him; but nobody could laugh at his legacy. The four swaggered around with their slouch-hats pulled down over their faces, and hinted darkly at awful possibilities. The people were troubled and afraid, and showed it. And they were stunned, too; they could not understand it. "Abolitionist" had always been a term of shame and horror; yet here were four young men who were not only not ashamed to bear that name, but were grimly proud of it. Respectable young men they were, too—of good families, and brought up in the church. Ed Smith, the printer's apprentice, nineteen, had been the head Sunday-school boy, and had once recited three thousand Bible verses without making a break. Dick Savage, twenty, the baker's apprentice; Will Joyce, twenty-two, journeyman blacksmith; and Henry Taylor, twenty-four, tobacco-stemmer—were the other three. They were all of a sentimental cast; they were all romance-readers; they all wrote poetry, such as it was; they were all vain and foolish; but they had never before been suspected of having anything bad in them.

They withdrew from society, and grew more and more mysterious and dreadful. They presently achieved the distinction of being denounced by names from the pulpit—which made an immense stir! This was grandeur, this was fame. They were envied by all the other young fellows now. This was natural. Their company grew—grew alarmingly. They took a name. It was a secret name, and was divulged to no outsider; publicly they were simply the abolitionists. They had pass-words, grips, and signs; they had secret meetings; their initiations were conducted with gloomy pomps and ceremonies, at midnight.

They always spoke of Hardy as "the Martyr," and every little while they moved through the principal street in procession—at midnight, black-robed, masked, to the measured tap of the solemn drum—on pilgrimage to the Martyr's grave, where they went through with some majestic fooleries and swore vengeance upon his murderers. They gave previous notice of the pilgrimage by small posters, and warned everybody to keep indoors and darken all houses along the route, and leave the road empty. These warnings were obeyed, for there was a skull and crossbones at the top of the poster.

When this kind of thing had been going on about eight weeks, a quite natural thing happened. A few men of character and grit woke up out of the nightmare of fear which had been stupefying their faculties, and began to discharge scorn and scoffings at themselves and the community for enduring this child's-play; and at the same time they proposed to end it straightway. Everybody felt an uplift; life was breathed into their dead spirits; their courage rose and they began to feel like men again. This was on a Saturday. All day the new feeling grew and strengthened; it grew with a rush; it brought inspiration and cheer with it. Midnight saw a united community, full of zeal and pluck, and with a clearly defined and welcome piece of work in front of it. The best organizer and strongest and bitterest talker on that great Saturday was the Presbyterian clergyman who had denounced the original four from his pulpit—Rev. Hiram Fletcher—and he promised to use his pulpit in the public interest again now. On the morrow he had revelations to make, he said—secrets of the dreadful society.

But the revelations were never made. At half-past two in the morning the dead silence of the village was broken by a crashing explosion, and the town-patrol saw the preacher's house spring in a wreck of whirling fragments into the sky. The preacher was killed, together with a negro woman, his only slave and servant.

The town was paralyzed again, and with reason. To struggle against a visible enemy is a thing worth while, and

there is a plenty of men who stand always ready to undertake it; but to struggle against an invisible one—an invisible one who sneaks in and does his awful work in the dark and leaves no trace—that is another matter. That is a thing to make the bravest tremble and hold back.

The cowed populace were afraid to go to the funeral. The man who was to have had a packed church to hear him expose and denounce the common enemy had but a handful to see him buried. The coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of "death by the visitation of God," for no witness came forward; if any existed they prudently kept out of the way. Nobody seemed sorry. Nobody wanted to see the terrible secret society provoked into the commission of further outrages. Everybody wanted the tragedy hushed up, ignored, forgotten, if possible.

And so there was a bitter surprise and an unwelcome one when Will Joyce, the blacksmith's journeyman, came out and proclaimed himself the assassin! Plainly he was not minded to be robbed of his glory. He made his proclamation, and stuck to it. Stuck to it, and insisted upon a trial. Here was an ominous thing; here was a new and peculiarly formidable terror, for a motive was revealed here which society could not hope to deal with successfully—*vanity*, thirst for notoriety. If men were going to kill for notoriety's sake, and to win the glory of newspaper renown, a big trial, and a showy execution, what possible invention of man could discourage or deter them? The town was in a sort of panic; it did not know what to do.

However, the grand jury had to take hold of the matter—it had no choice. It brought in a true bill, and presently the case went to the county court. The trial was a fine sensation. The prisoner was the principal witness for the prosecution. He gave a full account of the assassination; he furnished even the minutest particulars: how he deposited his keg of powder and laid his train—from the house to such-and-such a spot; how George Ronalds and Henry Hart came along just then, smoking, and he borrowed Hart's cigar and fired the train with it, shouting, "Down with all slave-

tyrants!" and how Hart and Ronalds made no effort to capture him, but ran away, and had never come forward to testify yet.

But they had to testify now, and they did—and pitiful it was to see how reluctant they were, and how scared. The crowded house listened to Joyce's fearful tale with a profound and breathless interest, and in a deep hush which was not broken till he broke it himself, in concluding, with a roaring repetition of his "Death to all slave-tyrants!"—which came so unexpectedly and so startlingly that it made every one present catch his breath and gasp.

The trial was put in the paper, with biography and large portrait, with other slanderous and insane pictures, and the edition sold beyond imagination.

The execution of Joyce was a fine and picturesque thing. It drew a vast crowd. Good places in trees, and seats on rail fences, sold for half a dollar apiece; lemonade and gingerbread-stands had great prosperity. Joyce recited a furious and fantastic and denunciatory speech on the scaffold which had imposing passages of school-boy eloquence in it, and gave him a reputation on the spot as an orator, and the name, later, in the society's records, of the "Martyr Orator." He went to his death breathing slaughter and charging his society to "avenge his murder." If he knew anything of human nature he knew that to plenty of young fellows present in that great crowd he was a grand hero—and enviably situated.

He was hanged. It was a mistake. Within a month from his death the society which he had honored had twenty new members, some of them earnest, determined men. They did not court distinction in the same way, but they celebrated his martyrdom. The crime which had been obscure and despised had become lofty and glorified.

Such things were happening all over the country. Wild-brained martyrdom was succeeded by uprising and organization. Then, in natural order, followed riot, insurrection, and the wrack and restitutions of war. It was bound to come, and it would naturally come in that way. It has been the manner of reform since the beginning of the world.

Cousin Paul

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU



TANT' EMMA STEYN had not been able to go to church that Sunday because her feet troubled her, so she planted herself in the big chair upon her stoep to watch the Boer folk driving home after the service. She was attended by her daughter Annie, a tall, slim girl, whose face peeped out enticingly from under an enormous white sunbonnet.

Up the road came a vehicle, the first of the procession countryward from the little tin-roofed church at the end of the settlement. Tant' Emma craned her short neck sidewise to see it.

"Annie, my love, go in," she said. "Here comes Oom Jan Donker in his spider, with that ugly son of his who wants to marry you. You wouldn't like Oom Jan's ugly son to see you, would you?"

"No, ma," answered Annie, dismally; but nevertheless she did not stir, and a moment later her mother continued:

"Oom Jan's spider has broken down. There is something wrong with the harness and his ugly son is fixing it. No, it is his pony that refuses to go on. That must be Heaven's punishment on him for bragging about his cousin Paul."

"Yes, ma," said Annie, submissively.

"There's nothing you can say about anybody but Oom Jan's cousin Paul can do it better," Tant' Emma continued. "Oom Jan quarreled with me two years ago because I wouldn't invite his cousin Paul to your brother's wedding, and he hasn't spoken to me since, and everybody knows that there isn't any Cousin Paul at all. Oom Jan made him up out of his own brain, in order to have something to boast about. He's been making up about him for years, and he is so obstinate that he has got to believe in him. How could I invite his cousin Paul to your brother's wedding when there isn't any Cousin Paul?"

"How could you, ma?" asked Annie.

"You know," continued her mother, "Oom Jan would be mad with pride if I would let his ugly son Tjart marry you. It would be such a feather in his cap, to have his son marry into the family of a great-grandniece of the late President Pretorius."

"Yes, ma," said Annie, looking up the road, where, through the whirling dust, could be discerned the stubborn outlines of the stationary pony.

"Now, I'm not proud at all," said Tant' Emma, half regretfully. "I wouldn't mind Oom Jan's ugly son Tjart marrying you, if anybody did, for they say he is a fine sheep manager and only lost three Angoras during the drought last year. But you are never going to get married, Annie, my love."

"No, ma," said Annie in a low voice.

"The Predikant says it is wrong of me not letting you get married, but I told him men only bring trouble. First they love you too much and then they don't love you enough. If it weren't for a man I would have got married ten years ago, after my second husband died, when I lived in Barberton."

"Yes, ma," answered Annie, who had heard her mother's romance recounted frequently, and did, in fact, remember the incidents of the courtship, though she was then a child of eight.

"I was engaged to him through an advertisement in the newspapers," her mother continued. "He was such a good farmer, but he had never had enough money to buy land with. He always wanted to be adopted, but nobody would adopt him, though he traveled everywhere to find somebody. It is so hard to get adopted after you are forty. He would have been irresistible if he had had two eyes. The Lord took away one of his eyes in an accident, so that he shouldn't be irresistible. You remember him, Annie?"

"Yes, ma," said Annie dutifully.



"THE PREDIKANT SAYS IT IS WRONG OF ME NOT LETTING YOU GET MARRIED"

"He wrote me such beautiful letters before we saw each other," said Tant' Emma, beginning to cry. "He called me his little chicken and his sheep's heart. And then he came to see me to arrange about the wedding. And the next morning he left Barberton before daylight," she sobbed. "He sent me a letter, and it said that he loved me so much that he had come to the conclusion it would be sinful to marry me, and he was going out into the wilderness instead, to wander all his life and wrestle with Satan."

"Yes, ma," answered her daughter.

"Then why," pursued Tant' Emma, wiping her eyes—"why should any one pretend that I am too proud to let Oom Jan Donker's ugly son marry you when I am not going to let you get married at all?"

"I don't know, ma," answered Annie. Tant' Emma put her handkerchief away and craned sidewise again to look up the road.

"The spider is still where it was," she said. "Now it's the Predikant coming, in his buggy. Bring out a cup of coffee, Annie, my love. Perhaps he will stop and repeat his sermon to us. Dear soul! what sermons he gives us! Do you remember how I cried that Sunday when he spoke about marriages being made in heaven? He speaks like the preachers of the olden times, when the sermon lasted half the day and the little Kaffirs carried round coffee among the congregation to restore them. There hasn't been so fine a speaker since Moses and Joshua, except the late President Pretorius. A real man of God, he is!"

The man of God came driving by the door, and, seeing Tant' Emma planted there, reluctantly pulled in his pony. He was anxious to get back to his sick wife, in spite of the scolding that he was afraid she would give him unless he spoke to Tant' Emma about her daughter. He was a meek young man, dressed in a threadbare suit of black broadcloth.

"Dear soul!" sighed Tant' Emma as her daughter emerged with a cup of steaming coffee. "He almost reconciles me to men again. Have a nice cup of coffee, Heer Predikant. How is your wife doing?"

"Nicely, thank you, aunt," answered the Predikant. "The doctor thinks she will be up in a few days if she orders another quart of his medicine." He tried to gulp down the coffee and depart, but it was too hot, so he resigned himself reluctantly to his duty.

"I was telling Annie," pursued Tant' Emma, "that if all men were like you I wouldn't have been a widow these ten years past."

"Thank you, aunt," said the Predikant, blushing.

"It's hard on Annie never being able to get married. But there aren't any men nowadays who don't bring trouble to women."

"Perhaps everybody doesn't, ma," suggested Annie, hopefully.

"Yes, they do, my love," replied her mother, shaking her head sadly.

The Predikant was just about to plunge into the subject of Tjart Donker when Oom Jan, having apparently worked out his punishment, came driving up. At his side sat his son, looking very self-conscious and very uncomfortable in a starched collar.

"Annie, my love, here come Oom Jan and his ugly son," said Tant' Emma. "Give Oom Jan a cup of coffee, but don't give any to his ugly son."

"Good morning, Predikant," called Oom Jan, reining in and ignoring both the ladies and the cup of coffee. "How is your wife to-day?"

"Nicely, thank you, uncle," replied the Predikant. "She hopes to be well enough to go to Bloemfontein for a change of air next week."

"Annie, my love," said her mother, "do not let Oom Jan's ugly son speak

to you. You know you are never going to get married, so it is no use letting a man speak to you."

"No, ma," answered her daughter, lugubriously.

"When my cousin Paul got married," began Oom Jan, assuming a thoughtful and reminiscent air, "he didn't ask anybody's permission. He just drove up to the church where his bride was getting married to another man, whisked her into his buggy, and drove away with her. Tjart, don't look at Annie Steyn. When I am ready I shall pick out a wife for you. Yes, Predikant, nobody would dare to say anything to Cousin Paul. When he gets angry his blue eyes seem to bore right through you."

"You amaze me, uncle!" exclaimed the Predikant.

"He could have been President or Prime Minister or anything," resumed Oom Jan. "But he says he only wants to live peaceably on his fifteen thousand *morgen* of land and let his twenty-five servants wait on him."

"Indeed, uncle!" answered the man of God.

"Now some people," said Oom Jan, "think that Cousin Paul is too proud to go to weddings, because he is so rich. But he isn't proud; he's a woman-hater. He says the sight of anybody getting married seems to put a demon into him. He says it's all the same to him whether one is the President himself or only a bushveld farmer, so long as one is respectable. Sometimes he goes about in disguise, dressed like a poor man, to see the world. A man's a man, you know."

"How can I invite anybody to my son's wedding if he doesn't exist?" inquired Tant' Emma of the Predikant.

"How can you, aunt?" the Predikant asked.

"Then if he doesn't exist, how can I invite him to my son's wedding?" continued Tant' Emma, beaming over her syllogism. "Annie, my love, don't stand so near to Oom Jan's ugly son. He looks as if he were going to make love to you."

Tjart Donker blushed like a peony and, seated bolt upright in the spider, began twirling his hat between his fingers.

~~Fr. C. R. C. R. C. R.~~



Driven by F. R. Gruger

"MY COUSIN PAUL CAN LIE SO WELL THAT YOU WOULD THINK HE WAS SPEAKING THE TRUTH," SHOUTED OOM JAN

EDITED BY ANTHONY F. FORD

"Some men are so different from other men," continued Tant' Emma, meditatively. "It's strange that the Lord should choose to make such a difference. Some are irresistible even when they have only one eye. And others, again, are so ugly that even if they have two it doesn't make the least bit of difference to you. Now my Piet had only one eye, but it was as brown and soft as a butter-ball, and when he looked at you you couldn't resist him."

"My cousin Paul's eyes are so brown that they are almost black," said Oom Jan to the Predikant. "That's why he lives on a farm, so as not to attract people away from the Lord."

"I thought you said his eyes were blue, uncle," suggested the Predikant, mildly.

"His eye, nephew, his *eye*," returned Oom Jan, blandly. "One eye is blue and the other is brown. That is what makes him so irresistible."

Tant' Emma raised herself with a prodigious effort out of her chair.

"Annie," she said, "you are never going to get married—at least, not unless I do—but if ever you did get married I shouldn't like you to marry into a liar's family."

"My cousin Paul can lie so well that you would think he was speaking the truth," shouted Oom Jan, as the door was slammed viciously upon him. But the malignant pony, turning a lean and scrawny neck with a large head on the end, and looking at him with dull malice, suddenly resolved that it was time to depart, and whirled the spider away, Oom Jan standing in his seat and seeing the reins fruitlessly in the endeavor to check its career.

The Predikant got into his buggy, shaking his head, and drove homeward. When he had stabled his horse he went into the bedroom where his wife lay.

"Did you see Tant' Emma, Carolus?" she asked, as he sat down beside her.

"Yes, I saw her, and Oom Jan, too, Mina," he answered. "It doesn't do a bit of good to talk. They are both crazy. It began when she gave her son a better wedding than he had given his, and he made up about his rich cousin Paul in revenge until he got to believe in him, and now he thinks he really has a

Cousin Paul, and is angry with her because she won't admit it. And Tant' Emma won't let Annie get married to Tjart because of Piet Snyder, who wouldn't marry her ten years ago in Barberton and went into the wilderness instead, to overcome his sin of loving her more than the Lord." And he repeated the conversation of the morning, item by item.

"How long do you suppose Piet Snyder stayed in the wilderness, Carolus?" inquired his wife.

"I'm afraid he's there yet," answered the Predikant, gloomily. "Now that is what I call taking a morbid view of life."

"Tant' Emma has very flat feet," remarked the Predikant's wife, abstractedly.

"If only he could be found and persuaded that it wouldn't be such a great sin to marry her, Tjart Donker could marry Annie," said the Predikant, shaking his head over the improbability of such a happening.

"Tant' Emma is very stout," said the Predikant's wife. "She is stouter than she was ten years ago, but even then she was stout. It would be a judgment on him."

"Who—what?" inquired the Predikant, blankly.

His wife began laughing so violently that the Predikant was afraid she would choke. She was a comely young woman of a much better family than her husband's, whom she had met down-country when he was an earnest young theological student, and she held him in the hollow of her hand. Presently he began laughing, too, in sympathy, though he did not know what they were laughing about.

"Did ever you know such a pair of simpletons!" she said. "There! You have made me feel so much better that I think I shall get up. Now go and think about your next Sunday's sermon."

Half an hour later, when his wife came dressed into the *sitkamer*, the Predikant looked up at her from his text blankly, with a momentary hazy idea that she was Susanna.

"Carolus," she said, "I feel so much better that I think I shall start for Bloemfontein next week."

"You won't be gone long, Mina, my dear?" he asked.

"Only a week or two, Carolus. And when I visit my folks I can make inquiries to see whether Piet Snyder has come back from the wilderness. You know some of the Snyders live near Bloemfontein."

"It would be dreadful if he had come back and were searching for Tant' Emma all over Barberton and not able to find her," said the Predikant, thoughtfully.

"It would," agreed his wife. "I shall do my best; and when I am gone I want you to go over and sit with Oom Jan as often as you can. Don't argue with him, but just sit still and let him talk to you as much as he wants about his cousin Paul."

It was in obedience to this command that the Predikant found himself seated at Oom Jan's side upon the stoep of his farm-house some two weeks later. From within came the scolding voice of Oom Jan's wife as she upbraided Tjart. In front of them rolled the veld, crossed by the winding wagon-road, which dipped out of sight in the declivities and appeared again upon the crests of the hills, until it melted in the sunlight. Over the nearest crest a figure was struggling.

"Here comes a *verdomde Engelsman*, Predikant," said Oom Jan.

The Predikant looked earnestly at the trudging figure. "It is undoubtedly an Englishman, uncle," he said.

"If he were a Dutchman he would be riding a horse and be respectable," Oom Jan continued.

"Undoubtedly, uncle," assented the Predikant.

"It's curious what a lot of Englishmen there are tramping about the country," continued Oom Jan. "I used to give them supper and a bed when they



THE PREDIKANT LOOKED UP AT HER FROM HIS TEXT BLANKLY

came tramping up to my door. 'A man's a man,' I told my cousin Paul when he remonstrated with me. 'My dear cousin Jan,' answered my cousin Paul, 'your heart is too big. You are simply encouraging them not to ride horses. Last year I raised exactly five thousand horses on my land and I sold only four thousand four hundred and four. Why? Because I used to feed Englishmen who came walking up to my door without horses, and so they wouldn't ride horses because they knew that they could get supper and a bed from me without them. And if there are no horses there is no sale for forage, and that means letting the Lord grow the grass for nothing, and any day He may get angry and stop the rains.'"

The Predikant was so much impressed by this explanation that he almost believed in Cousin Paul.

"Your cousin must be a very intelligent man," he said. "He understands political economy quite well, evidently."

"My cousin Paul knows what he is talking about," said Oom Jan, puffing vigorously at his pipe. "He knows geography quite well, too, and he can write beautifully. If only he were here now there isn't anything I wouldn't do for him. When you once look into his face you are quite overcome. My cousin Paul can calm the wildest nature. But, as I was saying, nowadays I drive all tramps from my door. It hurts me, because I say a man's a man, but it's a duty to be stern, even when your heart is bleeding with sympathy. Just watch me drive this one away. He's a rogue; you can see that in his face."

By this time the stranger had approached quite close to them. He might have been fifty years of age; his clothes were very ragged and very dusty, and his hat, which he held in his hand, was as shapeless as a last year's puff-ball. His features could not be distinguished readily, because he was silhouetted against the western sun.

"Might this be the home of Uncle Jan van Donker?" he inquired, and there was no trace of an English accent in his words. He took his stand in front of the farmer and gazed at him with a strangely ingratiating and familiar manner.

"Ja. I don't feed tramps," answered Oom Jan, blowing out a great cloud of smoke.

If Oom Jan had said that he was inclined to doubt the truth about predestination his utterance would have been just as impersonal for all the effect that it produced upon the new-comer.

"Look at me," he said, with a servile smile. "Look into my face."

"Ja, I see your face," answered Oom Jan. "It says you are a rogue and a liar and a thieving Englishman who wants a bed and supper when you come here without a horse."

"Wait till I show you something, uncle," said the stranger, with the tolerant smile that one wears when speaking to a bad child.

"I don't want to see anything!" shouted Oom Jan, springing out of his chair. "*Voetzak*, you tramp, you thief—" He advanced upon him, whirling his fists like windmill sails, and as he advanced the stranger retreated, still wearing the same aspect of unruffled calm. The Predikant seized Oom Jan by the coat-tails.

"Calm yourself, uncle," he urged. "The man is going away now. Be patient. Think of your cousin Paul!"

As Oom Jan stopped, half pacified, the stranger came back with an air of false jollity.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "You have not seen me yet. Look into my eyes and you will grow perfectly calm."

"You scoundrel! You impudent white Kaffir!" yelled Oom Jan, now thoroughly infuriated, and he pulled himself so violently from the Predikant's grasp that his coat-tail ripped off in the other's hand. He sprang forward viciously, but suddenly halted; his mouth opened and he stared at the stranger as though hypnotized.

"What is the matter now, uncle?" inquired the Predikant, coming up with the coat-tail. "Have you got an attack of indigestion?"

"No! No! Look at him!" gasped Oom Jan. "It is a miracle. I never heard of anything like it before."

The stranger had turned half round, so that the sun now shone sidewise upon his face. The Predikant cast a glance at him, and his mouth opened, and he also stopped dead, for he, too, had never seen anything like this before.

One of the stranger's eyes was blue and the other was brown.

"Don't you know who I am now?" he inquired in a mysterious whisper.

"No," muttered Oom Jan, feebly. "Unless—you might be the devil. Might you?" he inquired, in tones of reviving interest.

"No, no, Oom Jan," said the Predikant, recovering his speech. "This is not the devil. This is a miracle. The Lord has heard your prayer. Your cousin Paul has come to see you in disguise."

"My cousin Paul!" shouted Oom Jan, whirling right round on his heel, to see the stranger nod.

"Yes, uncle," said the Predikant. "Don't you remember telling us that one of his eyes was brown and the other blue? And don't you recollect saying how he went about dressed like a poor man, in order to see the world? And didn't you say that he could calm the wildest nature, and that when any one looked into his face he was quite overcome?"

Oom Jan glared wildly about him and pressed his hands to his temples. Then all at once his face cleared and he stepped forward with a loud laugh.

"Ha, ha, Cousin Paul!" he shouted, wringing the stranger's hand. "You thought that you could fool me, didn't you! But it was I who fooled you by pretending not to recognize you. Come in and have a glass of schnapps. Are you staying here long?"

"Forever," answered the stranger in a sepulchral voice; and Oom Jan led him into the house, leaving the Predikant outside.

The Predikant waited for a long time on the stoep, but though he heard the rumbling of voices inside the *sitkamer*, and once or twice a gurgling sound that made his mouth water, nobody came out to invite him in, so at last he laid Oom Jan's coat-tail carefully upon the doorstep and, re-entering his buggy, drove back home, deep in thought, his chin sunk on his breast.

"And so there really is a Cousin Paul, and we have all wronged Oom Jan by not believing in him," announced the Predikant to the group that waited outside the church door on the following Sunday.

They were waiting for Oom Jan and his son Tjart to emerge. The farmer, intensely rigid and wearing a glow of impeccable rectitude and self-esteem, had been the center of interest during the service. He had come in late and remained ostentatiously behind, intending to be the last to emerge, in order that he might delay his triumph.

The Predikant's wife was home, but even her stories of down-country life were eclipsed in interest by the astonishing report that Cousin Paul had made his appearance. He had remained secluded since his dramatic arrival, how-

ever, and the farmer had politely turned away all visitors, stating that his relative was taking a prolonged rest.

"And so there really is a Cousin Paul," repeated the Predikant, addressing himself particularly to Tant' Emma, who sat in her buggy, while Annie lingered beside the horse. "And it is exactly as Oom Jan told us. He came in disguise, and he is rich and a woman-hater, and one of his eyes is brown and the other one is blue."

"But why won't Oom Jan let anybody see him, then?"

"Ha! Oom Jan is not going to let everybody see him—only those who have been his friends," answered the Predikant. "Besides, his cousin Paul is tired of the world."

"He must have seen a lot of the world," said one of the group, profoundly impressed by this last statement.

"Yes," answered the Predikant. "Oom Jan says that he has been everywhere. He has been to Cape Town, Pietermaritzburg, Durban, and Kimberley. He says that he has been everywhere except to Barberton."

"Why hasn't he been to Barberton?" demanded Tant' Emma, resentfully.

"He says that he has never had the wish to go to Barberton," the Predikant answered. "He doesn't know why. He just felt that he didn't want to go to Barberton. He says that there was a time once when he thought that he might like to go to Barberton, but he decided that the world had nothing more to offer him, and so he turned to the Lord instead. And you know he is so rich that he doesn't have to go anywhere he doesn't want to. Besides, he is a woman-hater."

"Why is he a woman-hater?" demanded Tant' Emma with increased resentment.

"Ah, that is his one peculiarity," answered the Predikant. "He says he doesn't hate all women, but only stout, elderly women with flat feet. The minute he sees one, he says, he knows whether he is going to hate her or not, and if he sees one unexpectedly he says it seems to put a demon into him. Oom Jan has had to cut a hole in the door of his *sitkamer*."

"Why has Oom Jan had to cut a hole in the door of his *sitkamer*?" demanded Tant' Emma with a prodigious sniff.

"That is for his cousin Paul to look through when a stout, elderly woman with flat feet is coming," said the Predikant. "If he were to see one unexpectedly he might do something desperate. He looks through the hole in the door with one eye, and if he likes her he says he can tell in a minute."

"Well, I'm glad I haven't got flat feet," said Tant' Emma, looking down contentedly. "But I don't believe it is his cousin Paul, because he doesn't exist. How can it be his cousin Paul if his cousin Paul doesn't exist?"

And since Oom Jan and his son Tjart emerged at that instant from the church door, she repeated this question with increased vehemence. Oom Jan did not deign to reply to it.

"Quick, Tjart," he said to his son. "Make ready the spider. We must not keep Cousin Paul waiting. You know, Tjart, he has not been accustomed to being kept waiting when he has twenty-five servants to work for him—and an English butler," he added, with an afterthought.

"Annie," said Tant' Emma, "Oom Jan's ugly son is looking at you. It would be painful for any girl to be looked at by a member of a liar's family, but especially for you, since you are never going to get married. Come into the buggy."

"Yes, ma," said Annie in a low voice, as she fidgeted with the harness.

"Come, Tjart," said Oom Jan, as his son gathered up the reins. "Let us get home to Cousin Paul. Don't look behind you while Annie Steyn is standing near. You don't want Annie Steyn to see you, do you Tjart?"

"Yes, pa," answered his son; and, straightening himself, he looked right into the eyes of Annie, who was standing barely six paces distant.

And then something happened that was talked about breathlessly for months afterward among the Boers of the high veld.

Whether it was by pre-arrangement or whether some telepathic exchange of signals flashed between the young people's eyes, nobody ever knew, but Annie

Steyn advanced two paces toward Tjart Donker and Tjart Donker advanced two paces toward Annie Steyn; and suddenly, before any of those present could even guess at what was going to happen, Tjart had caught Annie round the waist and swung her into the spider and leaped in at her side. He twitched the reins and shouted, and the malignant pony started off at full gallop, scattering the Boer folk right and left, and in a moment the spider was twenty yards away and going at a breakneck pace in the direction of the neighboring village of Olifantsnek.

For ten seconds nobody moved. It was like a scene in a story-book, as the Predikant declared afterward. Then Oom Jan, yelling with rage, leaped into Tant' Emma's buggy without as much as touching the step with his foot. Tant' Emma set up a scream.

"Help!" she shrieked. "He's going to kidnap me!"

"It is your daughter who is kidnaping my son, woman!" howled Oom Jan, shaking his fist in the face of the terrified lady. "Do you know where that daughter of Satan is taking him to?"

"No," murmured Tant' Emma, faintly.

"Then I'll tell you," bellowed Oom Jan. "She's taking him to Olifantsnek, to marry him. Techk! Techk!" And he lashed the horse savagely, and, standing up in the buggy, urged it after the fugitives with yells of malediction; and the whole group followed him, some in their buggies and some afoot.

But all at once the spider swerved; it tilted, righted itself, and then, leaving the carriage road, dashed off at right-angles along a narrow car-track that certainly did not lead in the direction of Olifantsnek. Simultaneously Oom Jan sank back into his seat and let the reins slacken. A pleased smile broadened upon his countenance.

"It's all right, Tant' Emma," he said, soothingly. "They can't go to Olifantsnek to get married now."

"Why can't they?" demanded Tant' Emma—and somehow her tone did not seem quite so thankful as it should.

"Because," said Oom Jan, "Gladstone is taking them home instead, and he won't stop till he reaches his stable."

Three-quarters of an hour later Oom

Jan, descending from the buggy, helped Tant' Emma out with a cordiality which, founded on mutual hate, seemed likely to become more permanent than its predecessor. Before the door of the house the malignant pony, covered with sweat, stood shivering, its face distorted into a sneering smile. And on the threshold stood Tjart Donker, supporting Annie upon his arm.

"Father," he said, defiantly, "Annie and I are going to get married."

"How can you get married to my Annie when my Annie is never going to get married?" demanded Tant' Emma, waddling up to him. "Come, give me back my daughter, young man, or I shall box your ears for you."

"Nobody is going to box Tjart's ears for him, ma," answered her daughter in shrill defiance.

The resolution of both parties to the quarrel seemed equally intense, and the neighbors, who were rapidly arriving, formed a ring round them and looked on with admiring interest. Tant' Emma, standing in the doorway, which she completely filled, looked at her recalcitrant child, and Annie looked back. And what would have happened next can never be known, because at that moment there came from within the house a stentorian bellow, so terrifying and so prolonged that everybody sprang back in fear.

Then it could be seen that a small aperture had been cut in the opposite door of the *sitkamer*, through which a single eye was glaring wildly on the assemblage.

"Ah, don't be scared," explained

Oom Jan. "That is Cousin Paul. That is his way of saying that he doesn't like you, Tant' Emma. You know he has to look through that hole first to see whether he is going to like a woman or not, and if he doesn't like her he roars with anger."



"THIS IS MY PIET," EXPLAINED TANT' EMMA, PROUDLY

Tant' Emma looked at the eye and the eye looked at Tant' Emma, and a louder roar than before came through the aperture, and the door quivered under the lashing of fists.

"Come away, Tant' Emma," said Oom Jan, catching her by the arm. "You're putting a demon into my cousin Paul."

But Tant' Emma, shaking off the farmer's hand, advanced toward the door instead, as though fascinated, and, as a third roar made the *sitkamer* vibrate, she sprang forward.

"It's my Piet's eye," she cried. "My darling Piet! You are not roaring with anger; you are crying with joy because you have come back to me."

She pushed the door open and entered.

"This is my Piet," explained Tant' Emma, proudly, as she emerged a few minutes later, clinging to Oom Jan's guest, whose terrified smile and trembling knees, as well as his uneasy glances across the free expanse of veld, indicated that Tant' Emma had spoken truly.

"He has been searching for me everywhere for years past," continued Tant' Emma, triumphantly. "And now that he has found me he has insisted that I shall marry him at once. Haven't you, Piet?"

"J-ja, cousin," stammered Piet Snyder.

"And when you had wrestled with Satan in the wilderness and conquered him you went to Barberton to look for me, and I was not there. Wasn't I, Piet?"

"Ja, Cousin Emma," answered her captive, glancing right, left, and in front of him.

"And then you heard that I was here," Tant' Emma pursued, clinging to him more closely, "and you came back disguised with an eye, because you didn't dare to hope that I was still true to you. Isn't that so, my heart?"

"Ja, that is correct. May I not unharness your horse for you, Cousin Emma?"

"No, my darling; I will unharness him," answered Tant' Emma. "You are never going to work any more, Piet, my love."

"But let me give him a feed or just a little drop of water down by the stream. It is so hard to be a horse."

"No, Piet, my own. Annie will feed and water him."

Piet Snyder looked right and left again, and then he squared his shoulders like a man.

"Then may I marry you at once, cousin?" he asked, endeavoring to encircle Tant' Emma's waist.

"Must you, Piet?" asked Tant' Emma, faintly. "Why can't you wait till this afternoon?"

"Because I want to leave the house of this crazy man," shouted Piet Snyder, indicating the astonished and dumfounded Oom Jan Donker.

"What!" bellowed Oom Jan. "Are you calling me crazy—me, who fed you when you came to me disguised as my cousin Paul whom I had not seen for years, and who resembles you, and you ate out of my hand, and I took you into my bosom—do you call me crazy?"

"Of course you're crazy," Piet Snyder bellowed back. "Didn't you advertise in the *Bloemfontein Post* that a rich man wanted to adopt a son, and when I wrote to the post-office box didn't a woman come to see me and tell me that you were a rich man and that your own son's death had robbed you of your reason, and that you wanted to adopt somebody, only he must be over forty and have one blue eye and one brown eye, but that the blue eye might be of glass, and that I could calm you in your wildest rage by looking at you and telling you I was your cousin Paul? And there the woman stands!" he ended, glaring at the Predikant's wife, who had come up quietly with her husband and was standing among the throng.

Oom Jan looked at Piet Snyder with a pitying smile.

"Poor Cousin Paul!" he said. "I see it all now. Yes, yes, I understand. Your happiness has robbed you of your reason."

"Ma," interrupted Annie, "if you are going to get married now, can Tjart and I get married as well?"

Tant' Emma looked at Oom Jan, and Oom Jan looked at Tant' Emma, and it was Tant' Emma who bestowed the benediction.

"Yes, you can be married at the same time as Piet and I," she said. "And let me tell you, Tjart, it isn't often that two men marry on the same day into the family of a great-grandniece of the late President Pretorius."

Our Unknown Guest

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos



I HAVE written elsewhere of the many manifestations of that mysterious force which has been called the subliminal self or consciousness—or, as Dr. Geley terms it, the superior subconsciousness or superior psychism—and to which I have given the name of “the unknown guest.”

This unknown guest has been seen taking within us the place of those who are no more, uniting itself with forces that do not die, visiting the grave with the object of bringing thence inexplicable phantoms which rise up in front of us fruitlessly or haunt our houses without telling us why. It has been seen, in experiments in clairvoyance and intuition, suppressing all the obstacles that banish or conceal thought and, through bodies that have become transparent, reading in our very souls forgotten secrets of the past, sentiments that have not yet taken shape, intentions as yet unborn. Men have found that some object once handled by a person now far away is enough to make it take part in the innermost life of that person, to go deeper and rise higher than he does, to see what he sees and even what he does not see: the landscape that lies around him, the house which he inhabits, and also the dangers that threaten him and the secret passions by which he is stirred. They have surprised it wandering hither and thither, at haphazard, in the future, confounding the future with the present and the past, not conscious of where it is, but seeing far and wide, knowing perhaps everything, but unaware of the importance of what it knows, or as yet incapable of turning it to account or of making itself understood; at once neglectful and over-scrupulous, prolix and reticent, useless

and indispensable. They have seen it, lastly, although we had hitherto looked upon it as indissolubly and unchangeably human, suddenly emerge from other creatures¹ and there reveal faculties akin to ours, which commune with them deep down in the deepest mysteries and which equal them and sometimes surpass them in a region that wrongly appeared to us the only really unassailable province of mankind—I mean the obscure and abstruse province of numbers.

But, in the first place, does it really exist—this tragic and comical, evasive and unavoidable figure, which we make no claim to portray, but at most to divest of some of its shadows? It were rash to affirm it too loudly; but meanwhile, in the realms where we suppose it to reign, everything happens as though it did exist. Do away with it and you are obliged to people the world and to burden your life with a host of hypothetical and imaginary beings—gods, demigods, angels, demons, saints, discarnate spirits, shells, elementals, ethereal entities, interplanetary intelligences, and so on. Accept it, and all these phantoms, without disappearing—for they may very well continue to live in its shadow—become superfluous or accessory. It is not intolerant and does not definitely eliminate any of the hypotheses by the aid of which man has hitherto striven to explain what he did not understand, hypotheses which, in regard to some matters, are not inadmissible, although not one of them is confirmed; but it brings them back to itself, absorbs them and rules them without annihilating them. If, for instance—to select the most defensible theory, one which it is sometimes difficult to dismiss absolutely—if you insist that the discarnate spirits take part in your actions, haunt your

¹ *E.g.*, the Elberfeld horses.

house, inspire your thoughts, reveal your future, it will answer:

"That is true, but it is still I. I am discarnate, or rather I am not wholly incarnate—it is only a small part of my being that is embodied in your flesh; and the rest, which is nearly all of me, comes and goes freely, both among those who once were and among those who are yet to be; and, when they seem to speak to you, it is my own speech that borrows their customs and their voice in order to make you listen and to arouse your often slumbering attention. If you prefer to deal with superior entities of unknown origin, with interplanetary or supernatural intelligences, once more it is I; for, since I am not entirely in your body, I must needs be elsewhere; and to be elsewhere when one is not held back by the weight of the flesh is to be everywhere if one so pleases."

It has, we see, a reply to everything, it takes every name that we wish, and there is nothing to limit it, because it lives in a world wherein bounds are as illusory as the useless words which we employ on earth.

While it has a reply to everything, certain manifestations which it deliberately ascribes to discarnate spirits have brought upon it grave and not undeserved reproach. To begin with, as Dr. Maxwell observes, it has no absolutely fixed doctrine. In nearly every country in the world, when it speaks in the name of the spirits, it declares that they undergo reincarnation and readily relates their past existences. In England, on the contrary, it usually asserts that they do not become reincarnated. What does this mean? Surely this ignorance or this inconsistency on the part of that which appears to know everything is very strange! And worse, sometimes it attributes to the spirits, sometimes to itself or any one or any thing, the revelations which it makes to us. When exactly is it speaking the truth? At least on two occasions out of three it deludes itself or deludes us. If it deceives itself, if it is mistaken about a matter in which it should be easy for it to know the truth, what can it teach us on the subject of a world of whose most elementary laws it is ignorant, since it does not even know

whether it is itself or another that speaks to us in the name of that world? Are we to believe that it moves in the same darkness as our poor superficial ego, which it pretends so often to enlighten and which it does, in fact, inspire in most of the great events of life? If it deceives us, why does it do so? We can see no object in it: it asks for nothing—not for alms, nor prayers, nor thoughts—on behalf of those whose mantle it assumes for the sole purpose of leading us astray. What is the use of those mischievous and puerile pranks, of those ghastly graveyard pleasantries? It must lie then for the mere pleasure of lying; and our unknown guest—that infinite and doubtless immortal subconsciousness in which we have placed our last hopes—is, after all, but an imbecile, a buffoon, or a rank swindler!

I do not believe that the truth is as hideous as this. Our unknown guest does not deceive itself any more than it deceives us; but it is we who deceive ourselves. It has not the stage to itself; and its voice is not the voice that sounds in our ears, which were never made to catch the echoes of a world that is not like ours. If it could speak to us itself and tell us what it knows, we should probably at that instant cease to be on this earth. But we are immured in our bodies, entombed prisoners with whom it cannot communicate at will. It roams around the walls, it utters warning cries, it knocks at every door, but all that reaches us is a vague disquiet, an indistinct murmur that is sometimes translated to us by a half-awakened gaoler, who, like ourselves, is a lifelong captive. The gaoler does his best; he has his own way of speaking, his familiar expressions; he knows ours and, with the aid of the words which he possesses and those which he hears repeated, he tries to make us understand what he hardly understands himself. He does not know exactly whence the sounds come which he hears; and, according as tempests, wars, or riots happen to be uppermost at the moment, he attributes them to the winds, to tramping soldiers, or to frenzied crowds. In other words and speaking without metaphor, it is the medium who draws from his habitual

language and from that suggested to him by his audience the wherewithal to clothe and identify the strange presentiments, the unfamiliar visions, that come from some unknown region. If he believes that the dead survive he will naturally imagine that it is the dead who speak to him. If he has a favorite spirit—angel, demon, or god—he will express himself in its name; if he has no preconceived opinion, he will not even allude to the origin of the revelations which he is making. The inarticulate language of the subconsciousness necessarily borrows that of the normal consciousness; and the two become confused into a sort of shifting and multiform jargon. And our unknown guest, which is not thinking of delivering a course of lectures upon its entity, but simply of giving us as best it can a more or less useless warning or a mark of its existence, seems to care but little as to the garments in which it is rigged out, having indeed no choice in the matter, for, either because it is unable to manifest itself or because we are incapable of understanding it, it has to be content with whatever comes to hand.

Besides, if we attribute too exclusively to the spirits that which comes from another quarter, the mistake is doubtless no great one in its eyes; for it is not madness to believe that it lives with that which does not die in the dead even as with that which does not die in ourselves, with that which does not descend into the grave even as with that which does not take flesh at the hour of birth.

There is no reason, therefore, to condemn the other theories entirely. Most of them doubtless contain something more than a particle of truth; in particular, the great quarrel between the subconscious school and the spiritualists is based, in the main, upon a misunderstanding. It is quite possible, and even very probable, that the dead are all around us, since it is impossible that the dead do not live. Our subconsciousness must mingle with all that does not die in them; and that which dies in them, or rather disperses and loses all its importance, is but the little consciousness accumulated on this earth and kept up until the last hour by the frail bonds of

memory. In all those manifestations of our unknown guest it is our posthumous ego that already lives in us while we are still in the flesh and at moments joins that which does not die in those who have quitted their body. Then does the existence of our unknown guest presume the immortality of a part of ourselves? Can one possibly doubt it? Have you ever imagined that you would perish entirely? As for me, what I cannot conceive is the manner in which you would picture that total annihilation. But, if you cannot perish entirely, it is no less certain that those who came before you have not perished, either; and hence it is not altogether improbable that we may be able to discover them and communicate with them. In this wider sense, the spiritualistic theory is perfectly admissible; but what is not at all admissible is the narrow and pitiful interpretation which its exponents too often give it. They see the dead crowding around us like wretched puppets, indissolubly attached to the insignificant scene of their death by the thousand little threads of insipid memories and infantile hobbies. They are supposed to be here, blocking up our homes, more abjectly human than if they were still alive; vague, inconsistent, garrulous, derelict, futile, and idle, tossing hither and thither their desolate shadows, which are being slowly swallowed up by silence and oblivion; busying themselves incessantly with what no longer concerns them, but almost incapable of doing us a real service, so much so that, in short, they would end by persuading us that death serves no purpose, that it neither purifies nor exalts, that it brings no deliverance, and that it is indeed a thing of terror and despair.

No, it is not the dead who thus speak and act. Besides, why bring them into the matter unnecessarily? I could understand that we should be obliged to do so if there were no similar phenomena outside them; but in the intuition and clairvoyance of non-spiritualistic mediums, and particularly in psychometry, we obtain communications between one subconsciousness and another and revelations of unknown, forgotten, or future incidents which are equally striking,

though stripped of the vapid gossip and tedious reminiscences with which we are overwhelmed by defunct persons who are all the more jealous to prove their identity inasmuch as they know that they do not exist.

It is infinitely more likely that there is a strange medley of heterogeneous forces in the uncertain regions into which we are venturing. The whole of this ambiguous drama, with its incoherent crowds, is probably enacted round about the dim estuary where our normal consciousness flows into our subconsciousness. The consciousness of the medium—for we must not forget that there is necessarily always a medium at the sources of these phenomena—the consciousness of the medium, obscured by the condition of trance, but yet the only one that possesses our human speech and can make itself heard, takes in first and almost exclusively what it understands best and what interests it most in the stifled and mutilated revelations of our unknown guest, which for its part communicates with the dead and the living and everything that exists. The rest, which is the only thing that matters, but which is less clear and less vivid because it comes from afar, only very rarely makes its difficult way through a forest of insignificant talk. We may add that our subconsciousness, as Dr. Geley very rightly observes, is formed of superposed elements, beginning with the unconsciousness that governs the instinctive movements of the organic life of both the species and the individual and passing by imperceptible degrees till it rises to the superior psychism whose power and extent appear to have no bounds. The voice of the medium, or that which we hear within ourselves when, at certain moments of excitement or crisis in our lives, we become our own medium, has, therefore, to traverse three worlds or three provinces: that of the atavistic instincts which connect us with the animal; that of human or empirical consciousness; and, lastly, that of our unknown guest or our superior subconsciousness, which links us to immense invisible realities and which we may, if we wish, call divine or superhuman. Hence it is not surprising that the intermediary—be he spir-

itualist, autonomist, palingenesist, or whatever he will—should lose himself in those wild and troubled eddies, and that the truth or message which he brings us, tossed and tumbled in every direction, should reach us broken, shattered, and pulverized beyond recognition.

For the rest, I repeat, were it not for the absurd prominence given to our dead in the spiritualistic interpretation, this question of origin would have little importance, since both life and death are incessantly joining and uniting in all things. There are assuredly dead people in all these manifestations, seeing that we are full of dead people and that the greater part of ourselves is at this moment steeped in death—that is to say, is already living the boundless life that awaits us on the farther side of the grave.

We should be wrong, however, to fix all our attention on these extraordinary phenomena, either those with which we unduly connect the deceased or those no less striking ones in which we do not believe that they take part. They are evidently precious points of emergence that enable us approximately to mark the extent, the forms, and the habits of our mystery. But it is within ourselves, in the silence and the darkness of our being, where it is ever in motion, guiding our destiny, that we should strive to surprise that mystery and to discover it. And I am not speaking only of the dreams, the presentiments, the vague intuitions, the more or less brilliant inspirations which are so many more manifestations, specific, as it were, and analogous with those that have occupied us. There is another, a more secret and much more active existence, which we have scarcely begun to study and which is, if we descend to the bed-rock of truth, our only real existence. From the darkest corners of our ego it directs our veritable life, the one that is not to die, and pays no heed to our thought or to anything emanating from our reason, which believes that it guides our steps. It alone knows the long past that preceded our birth and the endless future that will follow our departure from this earth. It is itself that future and that past, all those from whom we have sprung and all those who will spring from us. It

represents in the individual not only the species, but that which preceded it and that which will follow it; and it has neither beginning nor end: that is why nothing touches it, nothing moves it which does not concern that which it represents. When a misfortune or a joy befall us, it knows their value instantly, knows if they are going to open or to close the wells of life. It is the one thing that is never wrong. In vain does reason demonstrate to it, by irresistible arguments, that it is hopelessly at fault: silent under its immovable mask, whose expression we have not yet been able to read, it pursues its way. It treats us as insignificant children void of understanding, never answers our objections, refuses what we ask, and lavishes upon us that which we refuse. If we go to the right, it reconducts us to the left. If we cultivate this or that faculty which we think that we possess or which we would like to possess, it hides it under some other which we did not expect and did not wish for. It saves us from a danger by imparting to our limbs unforeseen and unerring movements and actions which they had never made before and which are contrary to those which they had been taught to make; it knows that the hour has not yet come when it will be useless to defend ourselves. It chooses our love in spite of the revolt of our intelligence or of our poor, ephemeral heart. It smiles when we are afraid and sometimes it is afraid when we smile. And it is always the winner, humiliating our reason, crushing our wisdom, and silencing arguments and passions alike with the contemptuous hand of destiny. The greatest doctors surround our sick-bed and deceive themselves and us in foretelling our death or our recovery; it alone whispers in our ear the truth that will not be denied. A thousand apparently mortal blows fall upon our head and not a lash of its eyelids quivers; but suddenly a tiny shock, which our senses had not even transmitted to our brain, wakes it with a start. It has seen the crack in the vault that separates the two lives. It gives the signal for departure. Forthwith panic spreads from cell to cell, and the innumerable city that we are utters cries of horror and distress and hustles around the gates of death.

That great figure, that new being, has been there in our darkness from all time, though its awkward and extravagant actions, until recently attributed to the gods, to the demons, or to the dead, are only now asking for our serious attention. It has been likened to an immense block of which our personality is but a diminutive facet; to an iceberg, of which we see a few glistening prisms that represent our life, while nine-tenths of the enormous mass remain buried in the darkness of the sea. According to Sir Oliver Lodge, it is that part of our being that has not become carnate; according to Gustave le Bon, it is the "condensed" soul of our ancestors, which is true, beyond a doubt, but only a part of the truth, for we find in it also the soul of the future and probably of many other forces which are not necessarily human. William James saw in it a diffuse cosmic consciousness and the chance intrusion into our scientifically organized world of remnants and vestiges of the primordial chaos. Here are a number of images striving to give us an idea of a reality so vast that we are unable to grasp it. It is certain that what we see from our terrestrial life is nothing compared with what we do not see. Besides, if we think of it, it would be monstrous and inexplicable that we should be only what we appear to be—nothing but ourselves, whole and complete in ourselves, separated, isolated, circumscribed by our body, our mind, our consciousness, our birth, and our death. We become possible and probable only on the condition that we project beyond ourselves on every side and that we extend ourselves in every direction throughout time and space.

But how shall we explain the incredible contrast between the immeasurable grandeur of our unknown guest, the assurance, the calmness, the gravity of the inner life which it leads in us, and the puerile and sometimes grotesque incongruities of what one might call its public existence? Inside us, it is the sovereign judge, the supreme arbiter, the prophet, almost the god omnipotent; outside us, from the moment that it quits its shelter and manifests itself in external actions, it is nothing more than a fortune-teller,

a bone-setter, a sort of facetious conjuror or telephone-operator—I was on the verge of saying a mountebank or clown. At what particular instant is it really itself? Is it seized with giddiness when it leaves its lair? Is it we who no longer hear it, who no longer understand it, as soon as it ceases to speak in a whisper and to act in the dark recesses of our life? Are we in regard to it the terrified hive invaded by a huge and inexplicable hand, the maddened ant-hill trampled by a colossal and incomprehensible foot? Let us not venture yet to solve the strange riddle with the aid of the little that we know. Let us confine ourselves, for the moment, to noting on the way some other, rather easier questions which we can at least try to answer.

First of all, are the facts at issue really new? Was it only yesterday that the existence of our unknown guest and its external manifestations were revealed to us? Is it our attention that makes them appear more numerous, or is it the increase in their number that at last attracts our attention?

It does indeed seem that, however far we go back in history, we find everywhere the same extraordinary phenomena, under other names and in a more glamorous setting. Oracles, prophecies, incantations, haruspication, "possession," evocation of the dead, apparitions, ghosts, miraculous cures, levitation, transmission of thought, apparent resurrections, and the rest are the exact equivalent, though magnified by the aid of plentiful and obvious frauds, of our latter-day supernaturalism. Turning in another direction, we are able to see that psychical phenomena are very evenly distributed over the whole surface of the globe. At all events, there does not appear to be any race that is absolutely or peculiarly refractory to them. One would be inclined to say, however, that they manifest themselves by preference among the most civilized nations—perhaps because that is where they are most carefully sought after—and among the most primitive. In short; it cannot be denied that we are in the presence of faculties or senses, more or less latent, but at the same time universally distributed, which form part of the general and unvarying

inheritance of mankind. But have these faculties or senses undergone evolution, like most of the others? And, if they have not done so on our earth, do they show traces of an extra-planetary evolution? Is there progress or reaction; are they withered and useless branches, or buds swollen with sap and promise; are they retreating before intelligence or invading its domain?

M. Ernest Bozzano, one of the most learned, most daring, and most subtle exponents of the new science that is in process of formation, in the course of a remarkable essay in the *Annales des sciences psychiques*,¹ gives it as his opinion that they have remained stationary and unchanged. He considers that they have become in no way diffused, generalized, and refined, like so many others that are much less important and useful from the point of view of the struggle for life, such as the musical faculty, for instance. It does not even seem, says M. Bozzano, that it is possible to cultivate or develop them systematically. The Hindu races, in particular, who for thousands of years have been devoting themselves to the study of these manifestations, have arrived at nothing but a better knowledge of the empirical methods calculated to produce them in individuals already endowed with these supernormal faculties. I do not know to what extent M. Bozzano's assertions are beyond dispute. They concern historical or remote facts which it is very difficult to verify. In any case, it is something to have perfected, as has been done in India, the empirical methods favorable to the production of supernormal phenomena. One might even say that it is about all that we have the right to expect, seeing that, by the author's own admission, these faculties are latent in every man, and that, as has frequently been seen, it needs but an illness, a lesion, or sometimes even the slightest emotion or a mere passing faintness to make them suddenly reveal themselves in an individual who seemed most hopelessly devoid of them. It is, therefore, quite possible that, by improving the methods, by attacking the mystery from other quarters, we might obtain more decisive

¹ September, 1906.

results than the Hindus. We must remember that our Western science has but lately interested itself in these problems and that it has means of investigating and experimenting which the Asiatics never possessed. It may even be declared that at no time in the existence of our world has the scientific mind been better equipped, better suited to cope with every task, or more exact, more skilful and more penetrating than it is to-day. Because the Oriental empirics have failed, there is no reason to believe that our science will not succeed in awakening and cultivating in every man those faculties which would often be of greater use to him than those of the intellect itself. It is not overbold to suggest that, from certain points of view, the true history of mankind has hardly begun.

Nevertheless, in so far as concerns the natural evolution of those faculties, M. Bozzano's assertion seems fairly well justified. We do not, in fact, observe a startling or even appreciable difference between what they were and what they are. And this anomaly is the more surprising inasmuch as it is almost universally accepted that a sense or a faculty becomes developed in proportion to its usefulness; and there are few, I think, that would have been not only more useful, but even more necessary to man. He has always had a keen and primitive interest in knowing without delay the most secret thoughts of his fellow-man, who is often his adversary and sometimes his mortal enemy. He has always had an interest no less great in immediately transmitting those thoughts through space, in seeing beyond the continents and seas, in going back into the past, in advancing into the future, in being able to find in his memory at will not only all the acquirements of his personal experience, but also those of his ancestors, in communicating with the dead and perhaps with the sovereign intelligence diffused over the universe, in discovering hidden springs and treasures, in escaping the harsh and depressing laws of matter and gravity, in relieving pain, in curing the greater number of his disorders, and even in restoring his limbs, not to mention many other miracles

which he could work if he knew all the mighty forces that doubtless slumber in the dark recesses of his life.

Is this once more an unexpected character of the eccentric physiology of our unknown guest? Here are faculties more precious than the most precious faculties that have made us what we are—faculties whose magic buds open on every side underneath our intelligence, but have remained sterile for thousands and thousands of years, as though a wind from another sphere had killed them with its icy breath. Is it because it occupies itself first and foremost with the species that it thus neglects the individual? But, after all, the species is only an aggregate of successive individuals; and its evolution consequently depends upon their evolution. There would, therefore, have been an evident advantage to the species in developing faculties that would perhaps have carried it much farther and much higher than has been done by its brain-power, which alone has progressed. If there is no evolution for them here, do they develop elsewhere? What are those powers which exist outside and independent of the laws of this earth? Do they then belong to other worlds? But, if so, what are they doing in ours? One would sometimes think, at the sight of so much neglectfulness, uncertainty, and inconsistency, that man's evolution had been intentionally retarded by a superior will, as though that will feared that he was going too fast, that he was anticipating some pre-established order and moving prematurely out of his appointed plane.

And the riddles accumulate which we cannot hope to solve. It has been said that these abnormal faculties are communications or infiltrations, themselves abnormal, which have found their way through the partitions that separate our consciousness from our subconsciousness. This is very likely, but it is only a small side of the question. It would be important before all to know what that subconsciousness represents, whither it tends, and with what it itself is communicating. Is the cerebral form of knowledge a necessary or an accidental stage? Is the impersonal form which it takes in the subconsciousness the only true one?

Is there really, as everything seems to prove, a hopeless incompatibility between our intellectual faculties and those faculties of uncertain origin, to such an extent that the latter are unable to manifest themselves except when the former are weakened or temporarily suspended? It has, at any rate, been observed that they are hardly ever exercised simultaneously. Are we to believe that, at a given moment, mankind or the genius that presides over its destinies had to make an exclusive and awful choice between cerebral energy and the mysterious forces of the subconsciousness, and that we still find traces of its hesitations in our organism? What would have become of a race of men in which the subconsciousness had triumphed over the brain? Is not this the case with animals; and would not the race have remained purely animal? Or else would not this preponderance of a subconscious element more powerful than that of the animals and almost independent of our body have resulted in the disappearance of life as we know it? And should we not even now be leading the life which we shall probably lead when we are dead? Here are a number of questions to which there are no answers and which are nevertheless perhaps not so idle as one might at first believe.

Amidst this antagonism, whose triumph are we to hope for? Is any alliance between the two opposing forces for ever impossible so long as we are in the flesh? What are we to do meanwhile? If a choice be inevitable, which way will our choice incline; and which victim shall we immolate? Shall we listen to those who tell us that there is nothing more to be gained or learned in those inhospitable regions where all our bewildering phenomena have been known since man first was man? Is it true that occultism—as it is very improperly called, for the knowledge which it seeks is no more occult than any other—is it true that occultism is marking time, that it is becoming hopelessly entangled in the same doubtful facts, and that it has not taken a single step forward since its renaissance more than fifty years ago? One must be entirely ignorant of the wonderful efforts of those

fruitful years to venture upon such an assertion. This is not the place to discuss this question, which would require full and careful treatment; but we may safely say that until now there is no science which in so short a time has brought order out of such a chaos, ascertained, checked, and classified such a quantity of facts, or more rapidly awakened, cultivated, and trained in man certain faculties which he had never seriously been believed to possess, and furthermore caused to be recognized as incontestable and thus introduced into the circle of the realities whereon we base our lives a number of unlikely phenomena which had hitherto been contemptuously passed over. We are still, it is true, waiting for the domestication of the new force, its practical application to daily use. We are still waiting for the all-revealing, decisive manifestation which will remove our last doubts and throw light upon the problem down to its very source. But let us admit that we are likewise waiting for this manifestation in the great majority of sciences. In any case, we are already in the presence of an astonishing mass of well-weighed and verified materials which, until now, had been taken for the refuse of dreams, fragments of wild legends, meaningless and unimportant. For more than three centuries the science of electricity remained at very much the same point at which our psychical sciences stand today. Men were recording, accumulating, trying to interpret a host of odd and futile phenomena; toying with Ramsden's machine, with Leyden jars, with Volta's rough battery. They thought that they had discovered an agreeable pastime, an ingenious plaything for the laboratory or study; and they had not the slightest suspicion that they were touching the sources of a universal, irresistible, inexhaustible power, invisibly present and active in all things, that would soon invade the surface of our globe. Nothing tells us that psychic forces of which we are just beginning to catch a glimpse have not similar surprises in store for us—with this difference: that we are here concerned with energies and mysteries loftier, grander, and doubtless fraught with graver consequences, since they affect our eternal

destinies, traverse alike our life and our death, and extend beyond our planet.

It is not true, therefore, that the psychical sciences have said their last word and that we have nothing more to expect from them. They have but just awakened or reawakened; and, to postdate Guyau's prediction by a hundred years, we might say, with them in our minds, that the twentieth century "will end with discoveries as ill-formulated but perhaps as important in the moral world as those of Newton and Laplace in the astronomical world." But, though we have much to hope from them, that is no reason why we should look to them for everything and abandon in their favor that which has brought us where we are. The choice of which we spoke, between the brain and the subconsciousness, has been made long ago and it is not our part to make it over again. We are carried along by a force acquired in the course of two or three thousand years; and our methods, like our intellectual habits, have of themselves become transformed into a sort of minor subconsciousness superposed upon the major subconsciousness and sometimes mingling with it. Henri Bergson, in the very fine presidential address which he made to the Society for Psychical Research, said that he had sometimes wondered what would have happened if modern science, instead of setting out from mathematics, instead of bringing all its forces to converge on the study of matter, had begun by the consideration of mind; if Kepler, Galileo, and Newton, for instance, had been psychologists:

"We should certainly," said he, "have had a psychology of which to-day we can form no idea, any more than before Galileo we could have imagined what our physics would be, a psychology that probably would have been to our present psychology what our physics is to that of Aristotle. Foreign to every mechanistic idea, not even conceiving the possibility of such an explanation, science would have inquired into, instead of dismissing *a priori*, facts such as those you study; perhaps 'psychical research' would have stood out as its principal preoccupation. The most general laws

of mental activity once discovered (as, in fact, the fundamental laws of mechanics were discovered), we should have passed from mind, properly so-called, to life; biology would have been constituted, but a vitalist biology, quite different from ours, which would have sought behind the sensible forms of living beings the inward, invisible force of which the sensible forms are the manifestations."

It would, therefore, in the very first days of its activity have encountered all these strange problems: telepathy, materializations, clairvoyance, miraculous cures, knowledge of the future, the possibility of survival, interplanetary intelligence, and many others which it has neglected hitherto and which, thanks to its neglect, are still in their infancy. But as the human mind is not able to follow two diametrically opposite directions at the same time; it would necessarily have rejected the mathematical sciences. A steamship coming from another hemisphere, one in which men's minds would have taken, unknown to ourselves, the road which our own have actually taken, would have seemed to us as wonderful, as incredible as the phenomena of our subconsciousness seem to us to-day. We should have gone very far in what at present we call the unknown or the occult, but we should have known hardly anything of physics, chemistry, or mechanics, unless, which is very probable, we had come upon them by another road as we traveled round the occult. It is true that certain nations, the Hindus particularly, the Egyptians, and perhaps the Incas—as well as others, in all probability, who have not left sufficient traces—thus went to work the other way and obtained nothing decisive. Is this again a consequence of the hopeless incompatibility between the faculties of the brain and those of the subconsciousness? Possibly; but we must not forget that we are speaking of nations which never possessed our intellectual habits, our passion for precision, for verification, for experimental certainty; indeed, this passion has only been fully developed in ourselves within the last two or three centuries. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the European would have gone much further in the other direction than

the Oriental. Where would he have arrived? Endowed with a different brain, naturally clearer, more exacting, more logical, less credulous, more practical, closer to realities, more attentive to details, but with the scientific side of his intelligence uncultivated, would he have gone astray or would he have met the truths which we are still seeking and which may well be more important than all our material conquests? Ill-prepared, ill-equipped, ill-balanced, lacking the necessary ballast of experiments and proofs, would he have been exposed to the dangers familiar to all the too-mystical nations? It is very difficult to imagine so. But the hour has now perhaps come to try without risk what he could not have done without grave peril. While abandoning no whit of his understanding, which is small compared with the boundless scope of the subconsciousness, but which is sure, tried, and docile, he can now embark upon the great

adventure and try to do that which has not been done before. It is a matter of discovering the connecting link between the two forces. We are still ignorant of the means of aiding, encouraging, developing, and taming the greater of the two and of bringing it closer to us; this quest will be the most difficult, the most mysterious, and, in certain respects, the most dangerous that mankind has ever undertaken. But we can say to ourselves, without fear of being very far wrong, that it is the best task at the moment.

In any case, this is the first time since man has existed that he will be fronting the unknown with such good weapons, even as it is also the first time since its awakening that his intelligence, which has reached a summit from which it can understand almost everything, will at last receive help from outside and hear a voice that is something more than the echo of its own.

A Prayer

BY JULIA COOLEY

WHEN over that abyss I pause, at last,
 Called Death, the temporary stay
 'Twixt life and life's successor: then when fast
 My soul resolves itself like spray
 Swirled from the firm companion-rock of sense—
 Be with me, Christ, with your strong recompense.

When my dim spirit wavers in the dark,
 And moves from the white gates of flesh,
 The throbbing caves of sound where sings the lark,
 The rosy finger-tips, the mesh
 Of life, the dazzling mirrors of the eyes—
 Be with me, Christ, and bid my soul arise.

When in that hour my selfhood sinks away,
 Beneath the palpitating screen
 Of sense, and struggles with the clog of clay,
 Fear-spent, to be as it has been,
 Trembling before the strange, eternal sea—
 Be with me, Christ, with your eternity.

When the City Wakes

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY



THE sun heaves up from its sleeping-place somewhere in the vicinity of Flatbush, an extremely early riser, like most suburban residents, and loses no time in setting out upward and westward to its place of business over Manhattan. But the sun is not the first-comer there. Its earliest rays surprise an army at work. Creatures of the night, they cower and dissolve in the oncoming of the light. The yellow glare of their oil-torches and the ghastly violet-blue of their vacuum tubes pale, flicker, and go out before the onrush of dawn.

It is amazing how a great city can snore with equanimity while entire regiments and squadrons carry on operations in the streets, quietly, but with no attempt at concealment, under the very eyes of the police, with whom, in fact, they seem to have a complete understanding. No political revolutions in the name of good citizenship, no shifting of commissioners and inspectors and captains, can conceivably destroy the *entente cordiale* between the police and these workers in the dark. If anything, the patrolman will stop in his rounds to watch their manœuvres with an eye of amicable appraisal, and when they begin to scatter with the dawn from their places of congregation he speeds them on their way with a word of greeting.

And the great city sleeps, its pulse scarcely disturbed by the feverish activity of the hosts of darkness. Or if the city catches a rumble of their movements and stirs in its slumber, it is only to turn over and go to sleep again. No hypnotic spell will account for this indifference of a city of five millions to the presence of an army in its gas-lit streets. It is merely habit. If here and there in the cubical hives where New York takes its rest an unquiet sleeper tosses in his

bed and resents the disturbance, it is not to wish that these prowlers of the night were caught and sent to jail, but only to wish that they went about their business more discreetly—this great host of market-men, grocers, butchers, milkmen, push-cart engineers, and news-venders who have been engaged since soon after midnight on the enormous task of preparing the city's breakfast.

For this, of course, is the real night life of New York—the life that beats at rapid pace in the great water-front markets, in the newspaper press-rooms around Brooklyn Bridge, under the acetylene glare over excavations for the new subways, and in the thousands of bakeshops that line the avenues and streets.

This is the underworld of which we speak so little because it is a real underworld. It is not made up of subterranean galleries and shafts inhabited by a race engaged in sapping the upper world. It is a true underworld, on which the upper world of the daylight hours is grounded. The foundations of society run down into the night where the city's food, the city's ways of communication, and the city's news are being made ready and garnished for the full roar of the day's life.

Compared with these workers of the dark the operations of the house-breaker and his sister of the shadowy sidewalks sink into insignificance. It is but a turn of the hand for the army of the laborious underworld to undo the mischief which the outlaws of the night have performed. Between one and five in the morning they create ten thousand times the wealth which it is in the power of the jailbird to destroy.

The subject fascinates me. We need urgently a vindication of the Night, and especially of night in the city. Occasionally, it is true, we pay lip service to Night as the kindly nurse that brings rest to the fevered brow and forgetful-

ness to the uneasy conscience. But at heart we think of the things of night as of things of evil. It would pay to set to work a commission of moralists, economic experts, and statisticians at striking a balance between the good and evil that are done in the night and the day. Personally I have no doubt at all as to which way the figures would point. It is only a question of how far the day is behind the night in its net contribution to the welfare of humanity. Against night in Greater New York you would have to debit, say, half a hundred burglaries and highway assaults, a handful of fires, a handful of joy-ride fatalities, much gambling and debauchery, and possibly some of the latest plays on Broadway. But as regards the moral laxities of the dark, it depends on what you call immorality. Greater harm to the fiber of the race may be wrought during the day by the intrigues of unscrupulous men, by factory fire-traps, by sweat-shops, by the manipulators of our political machines, than by all the gambling-houses and dives in the Tenderloin. After all, the get-rich-quick promoters, the jerry builders of tenements, the bank-looters, bosses, and ward heelers, suspend their labors at night.

No: the more you think of it the more you will be persuaded that night is primarily the time of the innocent industries, and for the most part the primitive industries, employing simple, innocent, primitive men—slow-speaking truck-farmers; brawny slaughterers in the abattoirs; stolid German bakers; apathetic milkmen. The milkman alone is enough to redeem the night from its undeserved evil reputation. A cart-load of pasteurized milk for nurslings at four o'clock in the morning represents more service to civilization than a truck-load of bullion on its way from Sub-treasury to the vaults of a national bank five hours later.

I am, of course, not thinking now of the early part of the night on Broadway, which is but the bedraggled fringe of day, but of the later half of night which is the fresh anticipation of the dawn. In the still coolness before daybreak the interests of the city come down to human essentials. The commodities dealt in are those that men bought and sold tens of

thousands of years before they trafficked in safety-razors and Brazilian diamonds. The dealers of the night are concerned with bread, flesh, milk, butter, cheese, fruits, and the green offerings of the fields. Contact with these things cannot but keep the soul clean. Where is the specialist in nervous diseases who will first advise his patients to rise at three in the morning and walk a mile between the rows of wagons and stalls in Gansevoort or Wallabout Market and draw strength from the piles of sweet, green produce, dewy under the lamplight, and learn patience from the farmers' horses, and observe that even men in their chafferings can be subdued to the innocent medium in which they traffic?

To be sure there are the newspapermen. I have always assumed that it is primarily for them the churches in the lower part of the city offer special services for night workers. If any class of night workers stands in need of prayer it must be the men of my own profession, surely the least ingenuous of all legitimate trades that are plied after midnight. But as I think of it, even among newspaper-men it is the comparatively unspoiled and harmless who work after midnight—members of the lobster squad left on emergency duty, cubs who have not lost all the freshness of the little towns in the Middle West and the South, the men on the typesetting-machines, the men sweating in the press-rooms, and the husky men who stagger under enormous bundles of newspapers to the railway stations and the elevated trains. Here, too, night has exercised its cleansing effect. The big men of the press, the shrewd directors of newspaper policy, the editorial pleaders of special causes, the city editors with insistence on the "punch" as against the mere fact, the Titans of the advertising columns, have all gone home before midnight. As I think of it, the only deleterious elements of the newspaper profession that work at 2 A.M. are the writers of the extra special afternoon editions for the next day. Let us hope that they take advantage of the churches' standing offer of special services and prayers for night workers.

When you stroll through the markets, between lines of wagons, stalls, crates,



GRANT'S TOMB IN MISTY VAGUENESS AT THE END OF A GREEN VISTA

baskets, and squads of perspiring men, you need not force the imagination to call up the solid square miles of brick and stone barracks in which New York's five million, minus some thousands, are asleep, outside the glare of the arc-lights and kerosene-torches. You can tell Hercules from his foot and you can tell New York from the size of its maw, of which a single day's filling keeps these thousands of men at work. There it sleeps, the big, dark brute, and in another three hours it will yawn and sit up and blink its eyes and roar for its food.

The markets are only the foci of highest activity in the business of providing fodder for the creature. Walk out of the crush of Gansevoort Market and turn south through Washington Street and Greenwich Street and Hudson Street, a good mile and a half south through silent warehouses all crammed with food, a solid square mile of provender. The contents of these grim weather-beaten storehouses are open to appraisal by the mere sense of smell as you pass through

successive strata of coffee and sugar and tea and spices and green vegetables and fruits. If you are sufficiently educated you may detect the individual species within the genus, discern where the pepper merges into cloves, and the heavy odor of banana into the acid aroma of the citrus. It seems almost indecent, this vast debauch of gluttony, this tenderloin district of the stomach, this great area given up to the most elemental of the appetites—until you once more recall the five million individual cells of the animal that will soon have to be fed.

The markets and the warehouses are not the belly of the city, as Zola has called them in his own Paris. The digestive processes of a great city are worked out later and in a million homes. The markets are the heart of the city, pumping the life fuel to themselves from across the rivers and the seas and pumping them out again by drayloads and cartloads through the streets. In the late afternoon of the day before, everywhere



THE DEALERS OF THE NIGHT—GANSEVOORT MARKET

on the circumference of the city, you have come across the dribblets and streamlets of nourishment which the markets suck to themselves. In Jersey, in Long Island, and in Westchester you encounter, toward nightfall, heavy farm-wagons of exactly the prairie-schooner type that you first met in the school histories, plodding on toward the ferries and the bridges, the drivers nodding over the reins, the horses philosophically conscious of the long hours as well as the long miles ahead of them. Taken one by one, these farmers' wagons moving at two miles an hour seem pitifully inadequate to the appetites and imperious de-

mands of a metropolis. But they are only the unquestioning units in the great mobilization of the army of food providers. Their cubic contents and their rate of progress have been accurately estimated by the Von Moltkes of the provision-markets. At the appointed time they will drop into their appointed place, forming by companies and squadrons into hollow squares for the daily encounter with humanity's oldest and most indefatigable foe—hunger.

The markets on the water-front are the heart of the city's night life, but in all the five boroughs there are local centers of concentrated vitality—the milk-

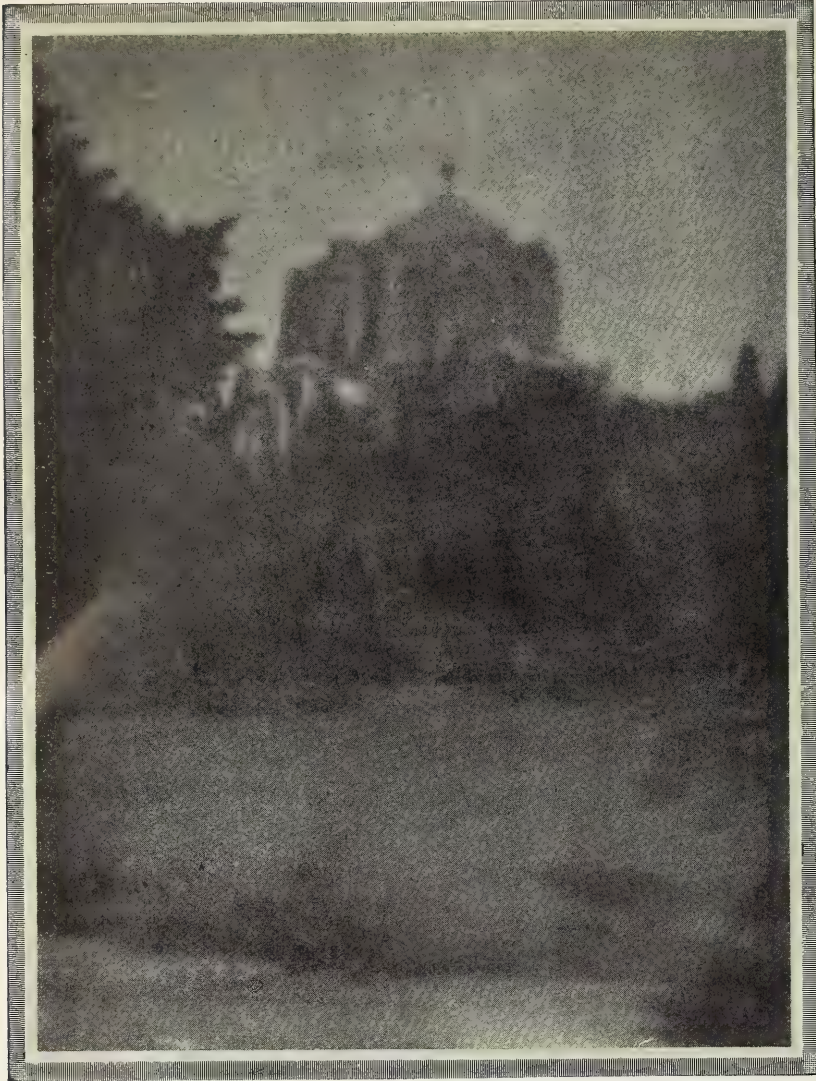


A THIN SHAFT OF LIGHT MARKS THE CAÑON OF BROADWAY

depots, the street-railway junctions, the car-barns. Where elevated or subway meets with cross-town and longitudinal surface lines you will find at three in the morning as active and garishly illuminated a civic center as many a city of the hinterland would boast of at nine o'clock in the evening. Groups of switchmen, car-despatchers, conductors, motormen, and the casual onlooker whom New York supplies from its inexhaustible womb even at three in the morning, stand in the middle of the road and discuss the most wonderful mysteries—so it seems, at least, in the hush before dawn. And because the cars which they

switch and side-track and despatch on their way depart empty of passengers and lose themselves in the shadows, their business, too, seems one of impressive mystery.

A car-conductor at three o'clock in the morning is the most delightful of people to meet. His hands are not yet grimy with the dirt of alien nickels and dimes. His temper is as yet unworn by the day's traffic. In the beneficent cool of the night his thwarted social instincts unfold. If you share the rear platform with him, which you will do as a rule, he will accept your fare with a deprecating smile, as money passes between gentle-



THE SQUAT OCTAGON OF ST. JOHN'S BUTTRESSED CHAPELS

men who stoop to the painful necessity but take no notice of it. Having registered your fare, he will engage you in conversation, and it is amazing how the harassed soul of the car-conductor is open to the ideas and forces that rule the great world. But if you are timid with car-conductors and take your way into the car after paying your fare, he will make a pretense of business with the motorman and, coming back, he will find a remark to draw you out of your surliness or your timidity. He may even sit down next to you, and after five minutes you will be cursing the mechanical necessity of the daylight life which takes this eminently human creature and turns him into a bundle of rasping hurry and incivility. If a visit to the markets is a good cure for neurosis, a trip down Amsterdam Avenue in a surface car at 3 A. M. is a splendid tonic for democracy.

And once more food. For the men

who labor in the night, primarily for the city's breakfast, must themselves be fed. Clustered around the markets and around the railway-junctions and car-barns are the popular and brilliantly illuminated Delmonicos of the industrial underworld. What places of warm cheer they are, on a winter night, these long rows of Lunches, whose names are a perpetual lesson in the national geography! They all have tiled floors and white walls and spacious arm-chairs with a table extension, like the chairs in which we used to write examination papers at college. In the rear of the room is the counter supporting the great silver coffee-urn. The placards on the walls would tempt Lucullus. You wonder how the resources of an establishment operating on an average level of fifteen cents the meal can supply the promised

bounty—sirloins and small steaks, and shell-fish out of season, and all the delicacies of the griddle and the casserole; only the prudent consumer will concentrate on the coffee and doughnuts. The rarities are to be had, if you insist, and who would quarrel with the quality of a sirloin steak selling for twenty cents, with bread, butter, and coffee, at three in the morning? But it is better to ask for coffee and doughnuts.

An affable humanism permeates one of these Lunches. The proprietor, the *chef*, the waiter, and the cashier will come forward to meet you and exchange a word or two with you as he wipes up the arm-table. He will take your order and, going behind the counter, will deliver it to himself. If you are extravagant and ask for meats, he will disappear into some sort of cupboard which is a kitchen, and powerful, pungent odors will precede his reappearance. He will punch

your check as a protection against malfeasance by the waiter, and he will ring up your payment on the cash-register as a protection against malfeasance on the part of the cashier. If your manners permit, he will come forward and watch you while you eat, not with the affected paternal mien of the head-waiter at the Ritz, but as a brother, a democrat, and a *chef* who has presided over your food from the first moment till the last and is qualified to take an intimate interest in its ultimate disposal. He is generous with the butter and as a rule he is indifferent to tips.

Can I do you justice, O friendly Lunchman of the Gay White Way in the vicinity of Broadway and Manhattan Street, where the enormous black iron arch of the Subway viaduct casts its shadow over all the cars that run west to Fort Lee Ferry and north to Fort George and south into the deserted regions of lower Broadway? Your napkins unquestionably were white once upon a time, and your apron is but so-so, but your heart is in the right place, and consequently your manners are perfect. On you, too, the night has exercised its cleansing effect, wiping out commercialism and leaving behind the instinct for service. You accept my money, but only that you may have the means to go on feeding the useful toilers of the night and occasional castaways like myself. The spirit of profit does not lurk under your flaring arc-lights. Where is the profit in sirloin steak, with bread, butter, and coffee, at twenty cents? You are not a trafficker in food, but a minister to human needs, almost as disinterested as the dogs of St. Bernard, of whom, if you don't mind my saying so, you strongly

remind me, with your solid bulk and great shock of hair and the two days' beard and your strangely unmanicured fingers. You do not cater to the pampered palate of the rich, which lusts for strange plants and strange animals and strange liquids to devour. Your sizzling coffee is nectar in the veins of big men who run in on winter nights stamping their feet and their hands, hands stiff from the icy brake-handle and switching-lever—the simple, hearty toilers of the night. Occasionally your walls resound to the gaiety of young voices, and your arc-lights glow on the shimmer of linen and finery which put your regular customers somewhat out of countenance when a troop of young men and girls, after loitering wickedly at the dance, seek refuge with you while waiting for a car. They taste your coffee and nibble



THE CENTRAL PARK WATERFALL

at your doughnuts for a lark. So they say. It is pretense. They do not nibble; they do not taste; they eat and drink with undeniable relish the rough, unfamiliar fare. After five hours' exercise on the dancing-floor and a ten minutes' wait on a wintry corner there is an electric spark in your coffee and Titan's food in your doughnuts. Motormen, draymen, young men and women in dancing pumps. What a line of customers is yours!

The gray of dawn overtakes the armies from the markets, the car-barns, and the excavation pits in full retreat toward the ferries, the bridges, and along the main arteries to the crowded sections where the early risers live. They scatter in every direction, weary, heavy-eyed, but with no sense of defeat in their souls. They throng to the ferries to lose themselves in the mysterious wilds of Jersey. Their cavalry and train rumble down empty Broadway to South Ferry. They pour eastward toward the bridges or to lose themselves in the cellars and ramshackle corner booths of the East Side.

They plunge into the Subway and, stretched out at full length in the illuminated spaciousness of the Interborough's cars, they pass off into the sleep which falls alike upon the just and the unjust, contrary to general supposition. When the day breaks it finds their haunting-places deserted or given over to small brigades of sweepers and cleaners, who make ready for the other kinds of business that are carried on in the full glare of the sun.

Blessed are the meek! While waiting for the inheritance of the earth they are already in full possession of the glory of the sunrise, which we of the comfortable classes know only by hearsay. The tremulous milky gray of the firmament followed by the red flush of daylight is reserved in New York for the truck-farmer from the suburbs, the drayman, the food-venders, and the early factory hands. For them only is the beauty of New York as it heaves up out of the shadows. The farmer who has disposed of his wares with expedition and is now on his way back to the Jersey shore, sees, when he looks back, the jagged sil-



THE MIRRORED SWEEP OF MAGIC ARCHES LIFTING OUT OF THE WATER



THE DOWN-TOWN SKY-SCRAPERS AT DAYBREAK

houette of our towers and massed brick piles, like a host of negroid Titans plodding northward in retreat. Or if his way is by the municipal boats to Staten Island, he may look back and see a thin shaft of light, ethereal, tremulous, almost of faery, and that pillar of light will be Broadway cañon between its brick walls still clad in shadow. It is given only to the foreign-born ditchers and levelers of the crowded lower Bronx, as they trudge across the bridges over the Harlem, to see before them mighty iron spans flung forward into the shadows or to catch the mirrored sweep of magic arches lifting up out of the water to link themselves to arches overhead.

The beauty of New York rising to meet a new day is for these lowly workers, and for the unfortunates who stay out in the night not to work but to sleep, because night and the open are their refuge. When the curtain of night rises on Riverside and reveals Grant's tomb in misty vagueness at the end of a green vista, the sight is rarely for those who sleep in the expensive caravansaries along the Drive, and most often for the

sleepers on the benches. It is the men who sleep on the benches in Morningside Park that are the first to wonder at the dark front of poplars holding desperate defense against the charging line of daylight, and over the poplars the huge, squat octagon of St. John's buttressed chapels; unless the sleepers on the benches are anticipated by the angel atop of St. John's greeting the dawn with his trumpet. Because night loiterers are excluded from Central Park, I suppose that all its awakening loveliness must go for naught. But if the first impingement of the sun on the massed verdure of the Park, on its lakes, its alpine views, its waterfalls, and the fresh, sweet meadows, does find a rare spectator, it must be again one of the homeless who has eluded police regulations to find a night's rest in the great green inclosure. Possibly there may be a poet or two wandering about in Central Park at dawn, but the poets are early risers only in the country. To them the city is only the monstrous, noisy machine of the full day. That on New York City, too, the sun rises in the



MIGHTY IRON SPANS FLUNG FORWARD INTO THE SHADOWS

morning, working its miracles of beauty, seems to have escaped the poets—or else they have escaped me.

As the sun continues to mount from Flatbush toward the East River bridges the demoralization of the hosts of night workers grows complete. Either they have disappeared or they straggle on through isolated streets as mere units, the flotsam of a beaten army. The full light strips them of their dignity. As late even as five o'clock the milkman in the quiet streets is a symbol and a mystery. By six o'clock he is a common purveyor. Contact with frowsy elevator-boys and gaping grocers' clerks has vulgarized him. His interests are no longer in food, but in commerce. Instead of communing with the night, he is busy with a memorandum-book and pencil.

Some time before, the acetylene flares over the excavation pits have gone out.

The dazzling arc-lights in the Lunches are out. The street-cars, running on shorter schedules, have taken on their daylight screech and clangor. The conductor is fast sinking into daylight surliness. The huge bundles of newspapers which at night and in bulk have the merit of a really great commodity—the dignity almost of a bag of meal or a crate of eggs—are now resolved into units on the stationers' stands, and if the new day be Sunday the newsman is busy sorting out the twelve different sections of the Sunday paper and putting the comic section on top. Nor can I think of anything in human affairs which must be more futile in the eyes of a Creator than a stationer sorting out comic supplements in the full glory of early sunrise. With its newspaper waiting for it, New York of the ordinary life is ready to get out of bed.

The Long Chamber

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR



HERE was perhaps no warrant for the vaguely swelling disquiet that possessed me from the moment that, late in the sultry August afternoon, there arrived the delayed telegram that announced the immediate coming of Beatrice Vesper.

. . . Beatrice Vesper abruptly on her way to me, and alone—it was the most strangely unlikely news. Yet I had no cause for real concern. She would find ready conveyance over the three steep miles from the railroad—our pleasantly decaying village being unlinked with the contemporary world. And, as the others reminded me, it wasn't as though the redundant spaciousness of Burleigh House didn't seem to invite, almost to select and compel, unaccustomed guests; or as though the Long Chamber, our supreme source of pride, hadn't that morning received the final touches that consecrated it to the utmost hospitality we could offer. As for Beatrice, she would delight in the survival of Burleigh House as unfailingly as she herself would prove its most harmonious ornament. And that matter of ornament wasn't one that David and I could be said to have taken at all lightly. How prodigally, how passionately, we had spent our love and labor on the precious house, in the months since it had so unexpectedly fallen into our hands—only to admit to each other, at the end of it all, in almost hysterical dismay, that the stately interiors seemed always empty, however vociferously we strove to be at home in them. There were void, waiting spaces that not the sum of all our alien, cheerful presences could fill. We had achieved a background, but a background for brilliant life; and it was as though we, living in terms of the palest prose, defiled past it almost invisibly. The truth was that we had established no spiritual tenancy, and that we didn't, ourselves, belong

there. But though I was far from guessing with what mysterious tentacles the past would seize her, I knew that Beatrice Vesper would belong.

It was plain enough, however, from the first sight of my old friend, that she had come to me in no unhappy stress. Her secure and unvexed air was for an instant disconcerting; I had, in my panic, so prepared myself for haggard pathos. And indeed it was almost incredible that the hurrying, untender years should not have bruised so delicate a creature. With swiftly relaxing nerves I surrendered to the flattery of her explanation that when, only the day before, her husband had been summoned to Europe by cable—she herself being kept behind by the important final proof-reading of a technical work of Dr. Vesper's, to be published in the early autumn—she had from all her social resources chosen Burleigh House as her temporary refuge. . . . So that, after all, it seemed stupid to have taken fright. Beatrice and I had been the closest companions in earlier days. And doubtless I had exaggerated those conditions of her life which, for years past, had led her friends into the way of speaking of her ruefully, reminiscently, almost as if she were dead.

It was in this latter spirit that I had been speaking of her to David, only the day before, picturing her as the only woman I knew whose marriage had been complete self-immolation. Those of us who wore our fetters with a more modern jauntiness had resented, from our ill-informed distance, what seemed to be her slavish submission. She might as well have been chained in a cave—the rest of the world had not a glimpse of her. Dr. Vesper—a mild enough tyrant in appearance—did not care for society, so they had literally no visitors. There prevailed a legend that he was the most miserable of dyspeptics; and that Beatrice devoted most of her time to pre-

paring the unheard-of substances that fed him. His financial concerns—for important mining interests had sprung from the geological work in which he had become famous—kept him in the city throughout the year, and Beatrice had never left him for a day, even in torrid midsummer.

But David, who is sturdily unmodern, refused to be astonished. "Why not, if she's in love with him?" he asked.

"But she's not," I insisted "or—she wasn't. It's her husband who's in love, and with the most unheard-of concentration. He has cared for her ever since she was a child, so the thing hung over her—though I suppose that's not a romantic way of putting it—for years before they were married. So isn't it rather extreme for her to relinquish everything else in the world for the sake of the man she merely—likes?"

David may have submitted a discreet version of this to our old friend Anthony Lloyd, who had been with us all that summer, and I imagine that in consequence both men looked to find in Beatrice Vesper the dull, heavy-domestic type. So when, an hour after her arrival, they saw her vivid smile and smooth black hair and her young, slim figure in its mulberry-colored taffeta against the dark panels of our candle-lighted dining-room, they both bore very definite evidence of response to her loveliness. Anthony even betrayed his admiration a shade too markedly, for he had rather an assured way of paying court to women who attracted him. But his advance was deftly and unmistakably cut off. Beatrice Vesper's wifely attitude remained true, I saw, to its severely classic pattern.

However, pitfalls of this order were easily avoided, teased as we all were by the irresistible topic of our dazzling inheritance. And David was shortly embarked upon his familiar contention that we cared much more for the place than if he had been the direct heir and we had been able to anticipate the glory of ownership.

"Oh, we're very humble," David conceded, "but we do claim credit as resuscitators. That's what we've really felt ourselves to be doing for months—breathing life into a beautiful thing that

had been left for dead. And it has begun to live again, don't you think, in a feeble way? But it's as showmen that we're so shockingly deficient. You see a house that Judge Timothy Burleigh built in 1723 and that was continuously lived in until they deserted it a generation ago, must—well, must have its secrets. But we have to admit we don't know them!"

"Oh, do you think you *can* live here without knowing?" Beatrice broke out with an intensity that surprised us all. "You'll divine them, if you learn them in no other way. Family traditions can never be smothered, you know—they cling too imperishably!"

"But the legend famine has already been relieved," Anthony announced, "or we assume that it has. At least, we've found a group of old trunks, filled with papers, and they've all been assigned to me, to dig secrets from. I'm going to begin in the morning."

"It's not that Molly and I haven't longed to dig for ourselves," David hastily defended us, "but we haven't had time. And as for divination—our imaginations lack the necessary point of departure because our cousins have kept all the portraits. That's the really serious gap, you'll notice, in our conscientious furnishing—that apparently we've sprung from the soil, that we haven't an ancestor. Though of course we have seen the old pictures, long ago, or I have."

"Oh, what were they—" Beatrice began.

"Mrs. Vesper, need you ask?" Anthony interrupted. "Wigged men with heavy, hawk-nosed faces—"

"And meek-eyed women," David assented, laughing. "Yes, they do look like that, mostly. The Burleighs were a formidable race and their wives must have been unnaturally submissive."

"But that's according to the Colonial portrait-painter's conventions," Anthony argued. "The very earliest of your portraits must have been painted less than two hundred years ago. Well, that's time enough for fashions in portraits to change; but do human beings alter essentially? The old Burleighs cannot have been so different, inside their Colonial purple and fine linen, from



Drawn by Harry Townsend

"OF COURSE, THEY HAD TO DIE," BEATRICE BROKE IN



you and Molly. Your hawk-nosed grandfathers must have enjoyed a joke, now and then, and those meek-eyed Patiences and Charities—mustn't they have had their emotions?"

"There must be conditions so harsh that emotions remain latent," I suggested, carelessly.

But Anthony never missed an occasion to dogmatize, after his own fashion: "I admit there are temperaments that cannot love, for instance. But to those that can the opportunity doesn't fail."

"But surely," he roused me to protest, "there is a type of woman who never learns her own capacity, who remains ingenuous, undeveloped—"

"Only until her appointed time," Anthony extravagantly persisted.

"What you are trying to express," David flouted, "is the old-fashioned school-girlish belief in predestined lovers. And perhaps it has remained for you to explain what happens in case the predestined lover dies!"

"In that case he'll come back from the dead to teach her!" But this point was made amid a shout of laughter, and we all conceded that the subject had been carried as far as it could be.

Almost immediately after dinner, Beatrice confessing that she was very tired, I rather self-consciously took a pewter candlestick from its stand in the lower hall and guided her up-stairs. And I found myself weakly unable to bid her good night without a fond proprietary emphasis on the treasures of the Long Chamber, its ancient oaken chests and still more ancient powdering-table, its carved bed and woven counterpane, even the long mirror, faintly time-blurred, in which we had been told that Anne Burleigh, the first mistress of the house, used once to contemplate her charming face and towering head-dress.

"Then, of course, it contains her image still." Beatrice's smiling, confident glance seemed to penetrate with singular ease the delicate clouds with which two centuries had lightly flecked the glass. "I shall see it, of course, after she gets used to me. I wonder if this was her room?"

"That is one of the thousand things we don't know," I lamented. "But it may well have been. It is the finest, we

think, of all the rooms. Judge Timothy's lovely young wife *should* have had it!"

"Don't you think it's almost heartless to have preserved her mere possessions," Beatrice admonished me, "and yet allow the memories of her life to be so scattered? We must gather them up and piece them together!"

"Reconstruction ought not to be too difficult in her case," I laughed. "I imagine she was a simple creature."

It was our household custom to breakfast in our rooms, and after that to pursue our independent occupations throughout the greater part of the day. But Beatrice's proof-sheets and documents, which were of the most inordinate bulk, and which further depressingly renewed themselves by express every few days, often consumed her evenings likewise. It had struck me that we might achieve an arid semblance of friendly intercourse if she would assign to me some clerkly and mechanical part of her labors. But I saw from her look that it was as though I had asked a priestess to delegate to me her hieratic function. Her fealty to her dingy religion of ink and paper and chemical symbols was inflexible. And unreasoning, I thought, since it had cost her the look of freshness and vigor she had worn on coming to us. The thing was consuming her—her altered face told the story. Two weeks, indeed, after she had come, I realized that we had not yet had a comfortable talk together. What, after all, did I know of this new Beatrice, except that her highly decorative presence justified our otherwise empty splendor, and that for her own part she was working herself into an illness. She had come to us, she said, for rest and country peace and a season of friendship, but it was patent to the point of irony that she was profiting by none of these. And I did confess to myself, I remember, a secret hurt that there were so many days when she was unable, or ostensibly so, to join us at the hour of frank idleness when we took our tea under the oak-tree on the lawn, and when we always, sooner or later, fell to talking of our somewhat shadowy guest.

"Is it I whom Mrs. Vesper is avoiding?" Anthony asked, rather wistfully, one afternoon. "I'll admit I didn't

seize her tone directly she arrived, but I have it now—completely! She would find me irreproachable if she would only mingle with us a little. How comforting it would be if she had a human liking for tennis and riding!”

“My dear Anthony, I don’t think she knows you are under the same roof, except when she sees you at dinner,” I assured him. “But she’s under the thrall of an inhuman husband who is overworking her from the other end of the world and practically denying us any share in her.”

“Are you so sure it’s overwork,” David demanded, “and not the beginning of typhoid? She does look downright ill, you know. My own impulse would be to send for a doctor. Could there be anything unwholesome about the house—any eighteenth-century germ that has escaped our scourings?”

We all brooded for a moment on the possibility this opened.

“Do you think distraction would help her?” Anthony asked. “Because I have it here!”—he tapped his breast-pocket, triumphantly. “I’ve patched together in the last few days a good part of the history of Burleigh House. I had meant not to tell you yet, but secrecy is consuming me.”

“Dole the stories out to us one at a time,” David lazily suggested, his interest half-paralyzed by the sheer weight of the August atmosphere. We’ll inaugurate a series of Nights—if not a Thousand and One, then as many as you please. And you’ll begin to-night, of course. Can you go as far back as Judge Timothy?”

“Yes—if you would rather begin there. Though I hadn’t planned—”

“Then it’s settled,” I interrupted. And this was indeed so precisely what we had all been thirstily waiting for that I thought it a sufficient pretext for disturbing Beatrice on the spot. Moreover, David’s hints had freshly stimulated my own smoldering anxiety in regard to my friend. I had been too passive—I should have forced her to spare herself. The unnamable fears that I had felt on the day of her arrival recurred and pierced me.

In the Long Chamber I found her rather wearily putting away her work

for the day. She stood by her table, a slender, drooping figure with a sheaf of fluttering papers in her hand, and faced me—still without the look of affectionate welcome I had so missed of late; merely with a sweet patience and courtesy. I should perhaps have approached my end by gentle, gradual arts, but my concern for her abruptly overflowed in unconsidered words. I begged her to admit to me that she wasn’t well, that I might insist on proper care for her. I blamed bitterly my own laxity in allowing her to wear herself out as she had done. The publication of her husband’s book on a certain day could not, I urged, be a matter so imperative that she must sacrifice her youth, her life, to it. By every obligation of our old friendship I implored her to intrust herself to me—and I laid especial stress on my responsibility to her absent husband.

“You were all vigor and loveliness when you came to us,” I reminded her. “And now—now—you are so changed!”

She looked at me in a half-startled fashion as I said this, and a dim, ambiguous smile trembled on her lips.

“Yes—he will find me changed.” She spoke thoughtfully, but quite without emphasis. “But that is something I must face alone.”

If she had said no more than this she would have left me with the impression that the distant Dr. Vesper was a subtler Bluebeard. And indeed a look of secrecy and dread that I now for the first time caught flowing darkly over her candid face was wretchedly that of the wife who has opened the forbidden door and is haunted by the intolerable knowledge that must shortly betray her. Could it, after all, be a worse than physical suffering that was draining her eyes of their look of life? She had begun to move uneasily about, and I felt that she would have been glad to have me leave her. But unable longer to endure the intervening shield, I made a desperate effort to demolish it, to force her reluctant confidence; and with hot cheeks and trembling voice I stammered crude, disconnected sentences on the frequent failure of men to understand women and situations, . . . on the indulgence with which we were forced to regard many masculine traits. . . .

"Oh, you have thought that?" she interrupted me, almost shrilly—"that my husband caused me suffering? Why, Molly, I supposed you knew, that *everybody* knew, how utterly, stainlessly good he is. It is I, oh, always I, who fall short." She took my hand gently. "You must not go until I have told you how it is." And we sat down together.

Much of what she then told me I did indeed already know, but under a different complexion from that with which she now invested it—how at nineteen she had married Edward Vesper almost frivolously, with no sense of sacredness, lightly assuming—though this was, of course, true enough—that she was bestowing a blessing by becoming the wife of the man for whom she felt a merely childlike affection. How, afterward, she had discovered that the marriage had been urged, hurried, by her poor, desperate mother, who, with four younger children, was at the end of everything; and how Dr. Vesper's money had supported them all ever since. . . .

"Then I saw," Beatrice slowly went on, after a little, though I saw what the words were costing her, "how narrowly my own foolish ignorance had saved me from baseness. I had married for my own advantage a man who gave me perfect love. Facing this, I saw that from that moment I was bound to give more than I had ever dreamed of giving. And that, if I couldn't love my husband as he so wonderfully loved me, I must at least offer him the most sedulous counterfeit I could muster. That the least abatement of unremitting devotion would be treachery. . . . Well, that has been my life, and always, until now, I have known that no woman could do more—"

She would have gone on, the momentum of an impulsive confidence is so great, but at that point the maid came in search of me, announcing dinner. So, after a violent flurry of dressing, Beatrice and I contrived, ten minutes later, to be with the others in the dining-room. The disclosure she had made to me, with its intensely characteristic light on the apparent enigmas of her marriage, seemed for the time to have loosed a painful restraint. She talked with gentle gaiety, exchanging swift jests with the imperturbable Anthony, for whom I knew she

had come to have a genuine liking, and seeming humanly at home with all of us, rather than driven, as one could fancy her latterly to have been, by some invisible harriers.

It even seemed natural and expected when, after dinner, Beatrice, who had so often spent her evenings alone, chose to seat herself at the old spinet and coax from it a few dim spectral chords.

"There's the prelude for your story, Anthony," David remarked when she had finished.

"It's a perfect one," Anthony declared. "Those are, of course, the very sounds with which Anne Burleigh beguiled her solemn days."

I had caught a note in his voice that awed me a little. "Anne Burleigh—you're to tell us of her! Then it won't, of course, be a cheerful story. Why is it that it has always been she, rather than any of the others, for whom our hearts have vaguely ached?"

"Cheerful? But of course not," Anthony rejoined with energy. "It can't be that you wanted me to discover simple tales of domestic lethargy. That isn't the sort of thing that leaves its impress on a family—and a house. That wouldn't be a story."

Then, as we urged him to begin, he altered his tone and turned to David a serious face. "You'll have to understand," he said, "that I'm taking a great liberty—with you and with your ancestors. This story that I've made out and that I'll repeat to you is, as a matter of fact, very largely—inferred. It's by no means an explicit tradition. But the inference seems to me so plain—and after living here in the house it is, oddly, so credible—and, well, you must forgive me if, after all, you prefer to leave the inference unformulated."

None of us spoke; and I let my sewing drop in my lap.

"As you know," Anthony began, "Judge Timothy Burleigh married Anne Steele when she was seventeen. A year or two afterward, when they were living in this new and splendid Burleigh House, Sophia Steele, the young wife's sister, came to pay a visit. In this young girl's diary, which tells so much else, and which I've had the astonishing fortune to discover, she records her impression

of her sister, who looked 'very maidenly, though the wife of so great a man and the mistress of so fine a house.' But I won't read you her crabbed little sentences—you can see them for yourselves later; I'll simply try to make a connected story. . . .

"Judge Timothy does not appear to have markedly played the lover to his charming little bride, but Sophia heard him praise her for her obedience, saying that it was the prime virtue in a wife. I had supposed that the housewives of that day had exacting responsibilities, but possibly because it was so fine a thing to be the Judge's wife, or else because her youth exempted her, little Mistress Burleigh seems to have had abundant leisure. She would play the spinet for hours at a time or she would sit with her baby boy—"

"The boy must have been Colonel Jonathan," David, who has always been rather too fond of facts, interposed. "Anne Burleigh had but one child."

"You see her, don't you, as I do," Anthony went on, "forlorn little Maeterlinckian heroine, treated as a child by her husband and practising rigidly the submission he exacted of her? It must have been a dull household, in spite of the splendid entertaining that took place at intervals, or sister Sophia wouldn't have had so much leisure to write in her diary. And it must have been an unnatural one, or—the climax wouldn't have flamed so suddenly. Something had to happen in such a house—and it did happen, as I make out, when a young relative of the Burleighs from Virginia came North to seek advancement in the law through his distinguished relative, the Judge. This young man, Brian Calvert, was asked to Burleigh House as a guest. It is very plain that he was keenly admired from the first by little sister Sophia, who meticulously describes his height and beauty and 'merry manners.' The Judge, I imagine, did not diffuse much merriment through the house. But the Virginian probably didn't see little Sophia; his attention was too completely and frankly absorbed. So she stayed apart, a sad, involuntary little spy, not critical or even fully comprehending, but vaguely and innocently envious, I gather, of an unknown mys-

terious thing with which the air about her had suddenly become surcharged. Anne Burleigh herself, poor child, was doubtless almost as far from understanding what had befallen her. At all events, there seems to have been no concealment. Anne and Calvert spent long days together, sitting under the trees in the garden. No one knows whether he said a word of love to her—I could almost believe that he did not. But the young, innocent creatures were none the less firmly in the grasp of the elemental force that was about to shatter them. It may have been love of the kind that absolutely cannot yield to reason, and that could never adapt itself to a slow cooling and decline—"

"Of course, they had to die," Beatrice Vesper broke in. "One cannot love like that—and live."

Her voice held somber secrets. It was as though she were speaking of something intimately real. I tried to see her face, but the shadow veiled it.

Anthony paused for a moment as though he, too, were amazed at her interruption. "Yes," he said, "there had to be a tragic issue. . . . The happenings of a certain day were told long after, but vaguely, in Sophia's journal. Perhaps the child herself only suspected. . . . One day Brian Calvert was ill and remained in his room. When evening came Anne suggested taking some supper to him. The Judge reminded her, and rather ungently, that such an errand was for a servant to perform. . . . An hour later she burst into her sister's bedroom in a passion of fear. She had for the first time eluded and disobeyed her husband, taking to Calvert's room a porringer of gruel that she had made herself. The Judge, whom she doubtless supposed busy with his books, heard her step, followed her, and, entering the room a moment later, discovered her in Calvert's arms. I am sure they had never kissed before, but to her husband this was no extenuation. The Judge forced Anne from the room. Listening outside, she heard the sound of swords—and more—and worse. . . . Brian Calvert was never seen again. Anne Burleigh herself fell ill, and a few months later she died."

I felt that we had heard as much as



Drawn by Harry Townsend

Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"THERE IS SOMETHING THAT LIVES ON HERE, IN THIS ROOM"

we could bear, but David did not understand my signal, and advanced his literal and perfectly reasonable inquiry:

"Are you sure that Calvert was killed?"

"Entirely sure," Anthony said, a little dryly, "though there isn't a shadow of proof. Can you imagine such a husband hesitating or failing of his purpose?"

"You believe that they fought each other in this house?" David went on, in his solemn effort to realize the thing. "And there is no record of it? But where can it have been? You don't know that, of course?"

"Yes, I know," Anthony admitted, slowly. "It was in the guest-room. They called it the Long Chamber."

"The Long Chamber!" David repeated. And he turned toward Beatrice his honest, unperceiving eyes.

Beatrice had been sitting motionless. Now she rose hastily. "Why should you feel it tragic that he died?" she demanded, almost with brusqueness, but without looking at any one of us. "He would have chosen it. It was no unwilling death—that much I know." Her voice, usually so calm, was roughened with agitation. "I have stayed too long," she added. "I am very tired and should have gone earlier. But the story held us so."

She was gone before I had found words to detain her, and we all sat silent. Then Anthony said:

"I felt it before I had half finished the story. I know it now. *She has seen Calvert's ghost!*"

"That's preposterous!" David exclaimed.

"Because you haven't seen it yourself?" our friend inquired, quietly. "But, my dear David, have you ever slept in that room? And in any case what would the ghost of that young lover have to say to you?"

"Or to Beatrice Vesper, for that matter?" I added.

Anthony shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he said. "I admit that if it were the usual family specter, I can't conceive her risking a second encounter. But Calvert's apparition—that might perhaps be less formidable. . . . Still, it's all much queerer than I

like—and I'm not even sure I want her to tell."

David began to be troubled. "Molly, you know her. We don't. Is she so infernally secretive? Could she see a ghost in our house without telling us? And why shouldn't she tell?"

I sat brooding, conscious that I was trembling a response to every lightest breath of air. There were secrets about; the troubled atmosphere was heavy with them. Something had happened to Beatrice, as any one but my dear dull David could have seen. But since we three were so blindly in the dark, how and whence could it have come? Anthony was, of course, uncommonly astute, yet I had no curiosity as to the guesses I saw him shrewdly elaborating. He did not know Beatrice's sound, unassailable simplicity as I knew it.

We were all, indeed, unnaturally alert, tensely awaiting we knew not what, so that when the door-bell rang we all started as though the sound had some portentous significance—holding our breath, fairly, until the maid came in with an envelope which she said was for Mrs. Vesper.

"It's a cable," I said. "I'll take it up to her."

A half-hour must have passed since she had gone up-stairs, yet when I knocked she came to her door fully dressed. When she saw the envelope she asked me to stay until she had read the message—which was, she told me, a moment later, from her husband. He was sailing and would arrive in a week.

With a sense of relief that was almost disloyal I welcomed this definite, prosaic event. At least it would dissipate the vapors that had gathered.

"Can't we send for him to come directly here?" I suggested. "Must you meet him in New York when it is so hot and you're not really well?"

She laid her hand gently on my arm, instinctively trying to soften the harsh abruptness of what she was about to say.

"Why shouldn't I tell you? I shall never see him again."

The words sounded so unreasoning that I felt myself growing literally cold. "But, dear Beatrice—it was such a little time ago—in this very room—that you told me—"

"Of his goodness and his love. And of the obligations they imposed on me. But now—if I can't fully meet them—if I'm not the same—"

Her phrases were still without meaning to me. I tried vaguely to protest. "But your courage—"

"Oh, I had courage—for a lifetime. But I was mercifully blindfolded. Now, when I *know*—"

Anthony's confident statement recurred to me, precipitating dim suspicions, intimations, of my own.

"Beatrice, what is it that you have learned to know?" I demanded, firmly. "What is it that you have—seen?"

She cast a quick glance toward the old mirror, dull-rimmed, garlanded, in which she had gaily told me that she expected to see Anne Burleigh's child-like face. "Seen?" she repeated. "Oh, dear Molly, it's not alone what I have *seen*. . . . But there is something that lives on here, in this room, of which I merely knew the name. . . . I have felt it almost from the first moment. And there have been hours when I have so shared in it—when I have lived with an intensity I had never dreamed of—"

"Beatrice,"—I pressed her for something more definite—"you have seen Anne Burleigh?"

"Oh, it's not she who has left the deathless element," Beatrice said. "It's the man who loved her, who loved so well that he did not need to live. You see his love was so complete that it gained an earthly immortality of its own. It is here—now. I did not know such things could be. And, oh, Molly, I have tried *not* to know! You have seen how I have struggled to fill up my time and thought with work. I have not welcomed this other new thing, I have shrunk from it. But it has seized me and stripped my eyes and dazzled them—and I know what love can be."

"Brian Calvert has taught you!" I could not help the words. And, in spite of me, they sounded like an accusation.

"If it were only a lesson I could unlearn," she answered, quietly. "If I could only forget the sweet terror of it all."

"The terror of dreams and visions? But, dear Beatrice, that fades and vanishes."

"It is already vanished. But not before it has changed me past all helping. You can see how, after this, I can never—*pretend* to love."

I did not try to press her further, for I hoped that the next day, when Anthony's story would be less vivid to us all, I could prevail on the desperation of her attitude. I did insist, however, that she should not spend the night alone, and she consented, after a little, that I should sleep with her. Or so, at least, we termed it. But my patient vigil told me plainly enough that poor Beatrice slept no more than I. It is true that I assumed—though how could I be sure?—that I had dispelled her disturbing phantasms. I did not, though I lay there expectant at her side, feel the clutch at my own heart of Brian Calvert's strangely inextinguishable love; and though in the first few pale moments of dawn I saw Beatrice's strained eyes bent steadily on Anne Burleigh's garlanded mirror, to me its unrevealing surface presented merely a reticent blur.

It did not surprise me when, an hour later, Beatrice told me that she must leave Burleigh House that morning. And indeed it seemed that to let her go—out of the reach of the ghostliness that had so preyed upon her sensitive spirit—was, at that critical moment, the best that I could do for her. Yet, strangely, even after all that she had told me, I did not guess into what utter darkness she was going. Immune as I then believed myself to spectral invasions of my own serenity, I did not know at that time, nor until long after, how the reverberations of spent lives may sometimes sound so loud as to muffle the merely human cry. All that Beatrice Vesper saw and felt as she sat in the Long Chamber and battled ineffectually with the insistent presence, or presences, that may have abided within the distances of the dim, garlanded mirror, is still, I know, beyond my vain conjecture. And there are certain bare and almost intolerable facts that seem indeed to close the door on such imaginings. . . . For Edward Vesper never saw his wife again, and a month after Beatrice's going word came to me that she was dead. We have closed the Long Chamber for all time.

The Turmoil

A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER IX



THROUGH the open country, Bibbs was borne flying between brown fields and sun-flecked groves of gray trees, to breathe the rushing, clean air beneath a glorious sky—that sky so despised in the city, and so maltreated there, that from early October to mid-May it was impossible for men to remember that blue is the rightful color overhead.

Upon each of Bibbs's cheeks there was a hint of something almost resembling a pinkishness; not actual color, but undeniably its phantom. How largely this apparition may have been the work of the wind upon his face it is difficult to calculate, for beyond a doubt it was partly the result of a lady's bowing to him upon no more formal introduction than the circumstance of his having caught her looking into his window a month before. She had bowed definitely; she had bowed charmingly. And it seemed to Bibbs that she must have meant to convey her forgiveness.

There had been something in her recognition of him unfamiliar to his experience, and he rode the warmer for it. Nor did he lack the impression that he would long remember her as he had just seen her: her veil tumultuously blowing back, her face glowing in the wind—and that look of gay friendliness tossed to him like a fresh rose in carnival.

By and by, upon a rising ground, the driver halted the car, then backed and tacked, and sent it forward again with its nose to the south and the smoke. Far before him Bibbs saw the great smudge upon the horizon, that nest of cloud in which the city strove and

panted like an engine shrouded in its own steam. But to Bibbs, who had now to go to the very heart of it, for a commanded interview with his father, the distant cloud was like an implacable genius issuing thunderously in smoke from his enchanted bottle, and irresistibly drawing Bibbs nearer and nearer.

They passed from the farm lands and came, in the amber light of November late afternoon, to the farthest outskirts of the city; and here the sky shimmered upon the verge of change from blue to gray; the smoke did not visibly permeate the air, but it was there, nevertheless—impalpable, thin, no more than the dust of smoke. And then, as the car drove on, the chimneys and stacks of factories came swimming up into view like miles of steamers advancing abreast, every funnel with its vast plume, savage and black, sweeping to the horizon, dripping wealth and dirt and suffocation over league on league already rich and vile with grime.

The sky had become only a dingy thickening of the soiled air; and a roar and clangor of metals beat deafeningly on Bibbs's ears. And now the car passed two great blocks of long brick buildings, hideous in all ways possible to make them hideous; doorways showing dark one moment and lurid the next with the leap of some virulent interior flame, revealing blackened giants, half-naked, in passionate action, struggling with formless things in the hot illumination. And big as these shops were, they were growing bigger, spreading over a third block, where two new structures were mushrooming to completion in some hasty cement process of a stability not over-reassuring. Bibbs pulled the rug closer about him, and not even the phantom of color was left upon his cheeks as he passed this place, for he knew it too

well. Across the face of one of the buildings there was an enormous sign: "Sheridan Automatic Pump Co., Inc."

Thence they went through streets of wooden houses, all grimed, and adding their own grime from many a sooty chimney; flimsy wooden houses of a thousand flimsy whimsies in the fashioning, built on narrow lots and nudging one another crossly, shutting out the stingy sunlight from one another; bad neighbors who would destroy one another root and branch some night when the right wind blew. They were only waiting for that wind and a cigarette, and then they would all be gone together—a pinch of incense burned upon the tripod of the god.

Along these streets there were skinny shade trees, and here and there a forest elm or walnut had been left; but these were dying. Some people said it was the scale; some said it was the smoke; and some were sure that asphalt and "improving" the streets did it, but Bigness was in too Big a hurry to bother much about trees. He had telegraph-poles and telephone-poles and electric-light poles and trolley-poles by the thousand to take their places. So he let the trees die and put up his poles. They were hideous, but nobody minded that; and sometimes the wires fell and killed people—but not often enough to matter at all.

Thence onward the car bore Bibbs through the older parts of the town where the few solid old houses not already demolished were in transition: some, with their fronts torn away, were being made into segments of apartment-buildings; others had gone uproariously into trade, brazenly putting forth "show windows" on their first floors, seeming to mean it for a joke; one or two with unaltered façades peeped humorously over the tops of temporary office-buildings of one story erected in the old front yards. Altogether, the town here was like a boarding-house hash the Sunday after Thanksgiving; the old ingredients were discernible.

This was the fringe of Bigness's own sanctuary, and now Bibbs reached the roaring holy of holies itself. The car must stop at every crossing while the dark-garbed crowds, enveloped in mael-

stroms of dust, hurried before it. Magnificent new buildings, already dingy, loomed hundreds of feet above him; newer ones, more magnificent, were rising beside them, rising higher; old buildings were coming down; middle-aged buildings were coming down; the streets were laid open to their entrails and men worked underground between palisades, and overhead in metal cobwebs like spiders in the sky. Trolley-cars and long interurban cars, built to split the wind like torpedo-boats, clanged and shrieked their way round swarming corners; motor-cars of every kind and shape known to man babbled frightful warnings and frantic demands; hospital ambulances clamored wildly for passage; steam whistles signaled the swinging of titanic tentacle and claw; riveters rattled like machine-guns; the ground shook to the thunder of gigantic trucks; and the conglomerate sound of it all was the sound of earthquake playing accompaniments for battle and sudden death. On one of the new steel buildings no work was being done that afternoon. The building had killed a man in the morning—and the steel-workers always stop for the day when that "happens."

And in the hurrying crowds, swirling and sifting through the brobdingnagian camp of iron and steel, one saw the camp-followers and the pagan women—there would be work to-day and dancing to-night. For the Puritan's dry voice is but the crackling of a leaf underfoot in the rush and roar of the coming of the new Egypt.

Bibbs was on time. He knew it must be "to the minute" or his father would consider it an outrage; and the big chronometer in Sheridan's office marked four precisely when Bibbs walked in. Coincidentally with his entrance five people who had been at work in the office, under Sheridan's direction, walked out. They departed upon no visible or audible suggestion, and with a promptness that seemed ominous to the newcomer. As the massive door clicked softly behind the elderly stenographer, the last of the procession, Bibbs had a feeling that they all understood that he was a failure as a great man's son, a disappointment, the "queer one" of the family, and that he had been summoned

to judgment—a well-founded impression, for that was exactly what they understood.

"Sit down," said Sheridan.

It is frequently an advantage for deans, schoolmasters, and worried fathers to place delinquents in the sitting posture. Bibbs sat.

Sheridan, standing, gazed enigmatically upon his son for a period of silence, then walked slowly to a window and stood looking out of it, his big hands, loosely hooked together by the thumbs, behind his back. They were soiled, as were all other hands down-town, except such as might be still damp from a basin.

"Well, Bibbs," he said at last, not altering his attitude, "do you know what I'm goin' to do with you?"

Bibbs, leaning back in his chair, fixed his eyes contemplatively upon the ceiling. "I heard you tell Jim," he began, in his slow way. "You said you'd send him to the machine-shop with me if he didn't propose to Miss Vertrees. So I suppose that must be your plan for me. But—"

"But what?" said Sheridan, irritably, as the son paused.

"Isn't there somebody you'd let *me* propose to?"

That brought his father sharply round to face him. "You beat the devil! Bibbs, what *is* the matter with you? Why can't you be like anybody else?"

"Liver, maybe," said Bibbs, gently.

"Boh! Even ole Doc Gurney says there's nothin' wrong with you organically. No. You're a dreamer, Bibbs; that's what's the matter, and that's *all* the matter. Oh, not one o' these *big* dreamers that put through the big deals! No, sir! You're the kind o' dreamer that just sets out on the back fence and thinks about how much trouble there must be in the world! That ain't the kind that builds the bridges, Bibbs; it's the kind that borrows fifteen cents from his wife's uncle's brother-in-law to get ten cent's worth o' plug tobacco and a nickel's worth o' quinine!"

He put the finishing touch to this etching with a snort, and turned again to the window.

"Look out there!" he bade his son. "Look out o' that window! Look at the life and energy down there! I should

think *any* young man's blood would tingle to get into it and be part of it. Look at the big things young men are doin' in this town!" He swung about, coming to the mahogany desk in the middle of the room. "Look at what *I* was doin' at your age! Look at what your own brothers are doin'! Look at Roscoe! Yes, and look at Jim! I made Jim president o' the Sheridan Realty Company last New-Year's, with charge of every inch o' ground and every brick and every shingle and stick o' wood we own; and it's an example to any young man—or ole man, either—the way he took ahold of it. Last July we found out we wanted two more big warehouses at the Pump Works—wanted 'em quick. Contractors said it couldn't be done; said nine or ten months at the soonest; couldn't see it any other way. What'd Jim do? Took the contract himself; found a fellow with a new cement and concrete process; kept men on the job night and day, and stayed on it night and day himself—and, by George! we begin to *use* them warehouses next week! Four months and a half, and every inch fireproof! I tell you Jim's one o' these fellers that make miracles happen! Now; I don't say every young man can be like Jim, because there's mighty few got his ability, but every young man can go in and do his share. This town is God's own country, and there's opportunity for anybody with a pound of energy and an ounce o' gumption. I tell you these young business men I watch just do my heart good! *They* don't set around on the back fence—no, sir! They take enough exercise to keep their health; and they go to a baseball game once or twice a week in summer, maybe, and they're raisin' nice families, with sons to take their places sometime and carry on the work—because the work's got to go *on*! They're puttin' their life-blood into it, I tell you, and that's why we're gettin' bigger every minute, and why *they're* gettin' bigger, and why it's all goin' to keep *on* gettin' bigger!"

He slapped the desk resoundingly with his open palm, and then, observing that Bibbs remained in the same impassive attitude, with his eyes still fixed upon the ceiling in a contemplation somewhat plaintive, Sheridan was impelled to

groan. "Oh, Lord!" he said. "This is the way you always were. I don't believe you understand a darn word I been sayin'! You don't *look* as if you did. By George! it's discouraging!"

"I don't understand about getting—about getting bigger," said Bibbs, bringing his gaze down to look at his father placatively. "I don't see just why—"

"*What?*" Sheridan leaned forward, resting his hands upon the desk and staring across it incredulously at his son.

"I don't understand—exactly—what you want it all bigger for?"

"Great God!" shouted Sheridan, and struck the desk a blow with his clenched fist. "A son of mine asks me that! You go out and ask the poorest day laborer you can find! Ask him that question—"

"I did once," Bibbs interrupted; "when I was in the machine-shop. I—"

"Wha'd he say?"

"He said, 'Oh, hell!'" answered Bibbs, mildly.

"Yes, I reckon he would!" Sheridan swung away from the desk. "I reckon he certainly would! And I got plenty sympathy with him right now, myself!"

"It's the same answer, then?" Bibbs's voice was serious, almost tremulous.

"Damnation!" Sheridan roared. "Did you ever hear the word Prosperity, you ninny? Did you ever hear the word Ambition? Did you ever hear the word *Progress*?"

He flung himself into a chair after the outburst, his big chest surging, his throat tumultuous with guttural incoherences. "Now then," he said, huskily, when the anguish had somewhat abated, "what do you want to do?"

"Sir?"

"What do you *want* to do, I said."

Taken by surprise, Bibbs stammered. "What-what do-I—what—"

"If I'd let you do exactly what you had the whim for, what would you do?"

Bibbs looked startled; then timidity overwhelmed him—a profound shyness. He bent his head and fixed his lowered eyes upon the toe of his shoe, which he moved to and fro upon the rug, like a culprit called to the desk in school.

"What would you do? Loaf?"

"No, sir." Bibbs's voice was almost inaudible, and what little sound it made

was unquestionably a guilty sound. "I suppose I'd—I'd—"

"Well?"

"I suppose I'd try to—to write."

"Write what?"

"Nothing important—just poems and essays, perhaps."

"That all?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see," said his father, breathing quickly with the restraint he was putting upon himself. "That is, you want to write, but you don't want to write anything of any account."

"You think—"

Sheridan got up again. "I take my hat off to the man that can write a good ad.," he said, emphatically. "The best writin' talent in this country is right spang in the ad. business to-day. You buy a magazine for good writin'—look on the back of it! Let me tell you I pay money for that kind o' writin'. Maybe you think it's easy. Just try it! I've tried it, and I can't do it. I tell you an ad.'s got to be written so it makes people do the hardest thing in this world to *get 'em* to do: it's got to make 'em give up their *money*! You talk about 'poems and essays.' I tell you when it comes to the actual skill o' puttin' words together so as to make things *happen*, R. T. Bloss, right here in this city, knows more in a minute than George Waldo Emerson ever knew in his whole life!"

"You—you may be—" Bibbs said, indistinctly, the last word smothered in a cough.

"Of course I'm right! And if it ain't just like you to want to take up with the most out-o'-date kind o' writin' there is! 'Poems and essays'! My Lord, Bibbs, that's *women's* work! You can't pick up a newspaper without havin' to see where Mrs. Rumskididle read a paper on 'Jane Eyre,' or 'East Lynne,' at the God-Knows-What Club. And 'poetry'! Why, look at Edith! I expect that poem o' hers would set a pretty high-water mark for you, young man, and it's the only one she's ever managed to write in her whole *life*! When I wanted her to go on and write some more she said it took too much time. Said it took months and months. And Edith's a smart girl; she's got more energy in her

little finger than you ever give me a chance to see in your whole body, Bibbs. Now look at the facts: say she could turn out four or five poems a year and you could turn out maybe two. That medal she got was worth about fifteen dollars, so there's your income—thirty dollars a year! That's a fine success to make of your life! I'm not sayin' a word against poetry. I wouldn't take ten thousand dollars, right now, for that poem of Edith's; and poetry's all right enough in its place—but you leave it to the girls. A man's got to do a man's work in this world."

He seated himself in a chair at his son's side, and, leaning over, tapped Bibbs confidentially on the knee. "This city's got the greatest future in America, and if my sons behave right by me and by themselves, they're goin' to have a mighty fair share of it—a mighty fair share. I love this town. It's God's own footstool and it's made money for me every day right along, I don't know how many years. I love it like I do my own business, and I'd fight for it as quick as I'd fight for my own family. It's a beautiful town. Look at our wholesale district; look at any district you want to; look at the park system we're puttin' through, and the boulevards and the public statuary. And she grows. God! how she grows!" He had become intensely grave; he spoke with solemnity. "Now, Bibbs, I can't take any of it—nor any gold nor silver nor buildings nor bonds—away with me in my shroud when I have to go. But I want to leave my share in it to my boys. I've worked for it; I've been a builder and a maker; and two blades of grass have grown where one grew before, whenever I laid my hand on the ground and willed 'em to grow. I've built big and I want the buildin' to go on. And when my last hour comes I want to know that my boys are ready to take charge; that they're fit to take charge and go on with it. Bibbs, when that hour comes I want to know that my boys are big men, ready and fit to take hold of big things. Bibbs, when I'm up above I want to know that the big share I've made mine, here below, is growin' bigger and bigger in the charge of my boys."

He leaned back, deeply moved.

"There!" he said, huskily. "I've never spoken more what was in my heart in my life. I do it because I want you to understand—and not think me a mean father. I never had to talk that way to Jim and Roscoe. They understood without any talk, Bibbs."

"I see," said Bibbs. "At least I think I do. But—"

"Wait a minute!" Sheridan raised his hand. "If you see the least bit in the world, then you understand how it feels to me to have my son set here and talk about 'poems and essays' and such-like fooleries. And you must understand, too, what it meant to start one o' my boys and have him come back on me the way you did, and have to be sent to a sanitarium because he couldn't stand work. Now, let's get right down to it, Bibbs. I've had a whole lot o' talk with ole Doc Gurney about you, one time and another, and I reckon I understand your case about as well as he does, anyway! Now here, I'll be frank with you. I started you in harder than what I did the other boys, and that was for your own good, because I saw you needed to be shook up more'n they did. You were always kind of moody and mopish—and you needed work that'd keep you on the jump. Now, why did it make you sick instead of brace you up and make a man o' you the way it ought of done? I pinned ole Gurney down to it. I says, 'Look here, ain't it really because he just plain hated it?' 'Yes,' he says, 'that's it. If he'd enjoyed it, it wouldn't 'a' hurt him. He loathes it and that effects his nervous system. The more he tries it, the more he hates it; and the more he hates it, the more injury it does him.' That ain't quite his words, but it's what he meant. And that's about the way it is."

"Yes," said Bibbs, "that's about the way it is."

"Well, then, I reckon it's up to me not only to make you do it, but to make you like it!"

Bibbs shivered. And he turned upon his father a look that was almost ghostly. "I can't," he said in a low voice. "I can't."

"Can't go back to the shop?"

"No. Can't like it. I can't."

Sheridan jumped up, his patience

gone. To his own view, he had reasoned exhaustively; had explained fully and had pleaded more than a father should, only to be met in the end with the unreasoning and mysterious stubbornness which had been Bibbs's baffling characteristic from childhood. "By George, you will!" he cried. "You'll go back there and you'll like it! Gurney says it won't hurt you if you like it, and he says it'll kill you if you go back and hate it; so it looks as if it was about up to you not to hate it. Well, Gurney's a fool! Hatin' work doesn't kill anybody; and this isn't goin' to kill you, whether you hate it or not. I've never made a mistake in a serious matter in my life, and it wasn't a mistake my sendin' you there in the first place. And I'm goin' to prove it—I'm goin' to send you back there and vindicate my judgment. Gurney says it's all 'mental attitude.' Well, you're goin' to learn the right one! He says in a couple more months this fool thing that's been the matter with you'll be disappeared completely and you'll be back in as good or better condition than you were before you ever went into the shop. And right then is when you begin over—right in that same shop! Nobody can call me a hard man or a mean father. I do the best I can for my chulderen, and I take the full responsibility for bringin' my sons up to be men. Now, so far, I've failed with you. But I'm not goin' to keep on failin'. I never tackled a job yet I didn't put through, and I'm not goin' to begin with my own son. I'm goin' to make a *man* of you. By God! I am!"

Bibbs rose and went slowly to the door, where he turned. "You say you give me a couple of months?" he said.

Sheridan pushed a bell button on his desk. "Gurney said two months more would put you back where you were. You go home and begin to get yourself in the right 'mental attitude' before those two months are up! Good-by!"

"Good-by, sir," said Bibbs, meekly.

CHAPTER X

BIBBS'S room, that neat apartment for transients to which the "lamidal" George had shown him upon his return, still bore the appearance of tem-

porary quarters, possibly because Bibbs had no clear conception of himself as a permanent incumbent. However, he had set upon the mantelpiece the two photographs that he owned: one, a "group" twenty years old—his father and mother, with Jim and Roscoe as boys; and the other a "cabinet" of Edith at sixteen. And upon a table were the books he had taken from his trunk: *Sartor Resartus*, *Virginibus Puerisque*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *Afterwhiles*. There were some other books in the trunk—a large one, which remained unremoved at the foot of the bed, adding to the general impression of transiency. It contained nearly all the possessions as well as the secret life of Bibbs Sheridan, and Bibbs sat beside it, the day after his interview with his father, raking over a small collection of manuscripts in the top tray. Some of these he glanced over dubiously, finding little comfort in them; but one made him smile. Then he shook his head ruefully indeed, and ruefully began to read it. It was written on paper stamped "Hood Sanitarium," and it bore the title, "Leisure."

A man may keep a quiet heart at seventy miles an hour, but not if he is running the train. Nor is the habit of contemplation a useful quality in the stoker of a foundry furnace; it will not be found to recommend him to the approbation of his superiors. For a profession adapted solely to the pursuit of happiness in thinking, I would choose that of an invalid: his money is time and he may spend it on Olympus. It will not suffice to be an amateur invalid. To my way of thinking, the perfect practitioner must be to all outward purposes already dead if he is to begin the perfect enjoyment of life. His serenity must not be disturbed by rumors of recovery; he must lie serene in his long chair in the sunshine. The world must be on the other side of the wall, and the wall must be so thick and so high that he cannot hear the roaring of the furnace fires and the screaming of the whistles. Peace—

Having read so far as the word "peace," Bibbs suffered an interruption interesting as a coincidence of contrast. High voices sounded in the hall just outside his door; and it became evident that a woman's quarrel was in progress,

the parties to it having begun it in Edith's room, and continuing it vehemently as they came out into the hall.

"Yes, you *better* go home!" Bibbs heard his sister vociferating, shrilly. "You better go home and keep your mind a little more on your *husband*!"

"Edie, Edie!" he heard his mother remonstrating, as peacemaker.

"You see here!" This was Sibyl, and her voice was both acrid and tremulous. "Don't you talk to me that way! I came here to tell Mother Sheridan what I'd heard and to let her tell Father Sheridan if she thought she ought to, and I did it for your own good."

"Yes, you did!" And Edith's jibing laughter tooted loudly. "Yes, you did! *You* didn't have any other reason! *Oh*, no! *You* don't want to break it up between Bobby Lamhorn and me because—"

"Edie, Edie! Now, now!"

"Oh, hush up, mamma! I'd like to know, then, if she says her new friends tell her he's got such a reputation that he oughtn't to come here, what about his not going to *her* house. How—"

"I've explained that to Mother Sheridan," Sibyl's voice indicated that she was descending the stairs. "Married people are not the same. Some things that should be shielded from a young girl—"

This seemed to have no very soothing effect upon Edith. "'Shielded from a young girl,'" she shrilled. "You seem pretty willing to be the shield! You look out Roscoe doesn't notice what kind of a shield you are!"

Sibyl's answer was inaudible, but Mrs. Sheridan's flurried attempts at pacification were renewed. "Now, Edie, Edie, she means it for your good, and you oughtn't to—"

"Oh, hush up, mamma, and let me alone! If you dare tell papa—"

"Now, now! I'm not going to tell him to-day, and maybe—"

"You've got to promise *never* to tell him!" the girl cried, passionately.

"Well, we'll see. You just come back in your own room, and we'll—"

"No! I *won't* 'talk it over'! Stop pulling me! Let me *alone*!" And Edith, flinging herself violently upon Bibbs's door, jerked it open, swung round it into

the room, slammed it behind her, and threw herself, face down, upon the bed in such a riot of emotion that she had no perception of Bibbs's presence in the room. Gasping and sobbing in a passion of tears, she beat the coverlet and pillows with her clenched fists. "Sneak!" she babbled aloud. "Sneak! Snake-in-the-grass! Cat!"

Bibbs saw that she did not know he was there, and he went softly toward the door, hoping to get away before she became aware of him; but some sound of his movement reached her, and she sat up, startled, facing him.

"Bibbs! I thought I saw you go out awhile ago."

"Yes. I came back, though. I'm sorry—"

"Did you hear me quarreling with Sibyl?"

"Only what you said in the hall. You lie down again, Edith. I'm going out."

"No; don't go." She applied a handkerchief to her eyes, emitted a sob, and repeated her request. "Don't go. I don't mind you; you're quiet, anyhow. Mamma's so fussy, and never gets anywhere. I don't mind you at all, but I wish you'd sit down."

"All right." And he returned to his chair beside the trunk. "Go ahead and cry all you want, Edith," he said. "No harm in that!"

"Sibyl told mamma—*oh*!" she began, choking. "Mary Vertrees had mamma and Sibyl and I to tea, one afternoon two weeks or so ago, and she had some women there that Sibyl's been crazy to get in with, and she just laid herself out to make a hit with 'em, and she's been running after 'em ever since, and now she comes over here and says *they* say Bobby Lamhorn is so bad that, even though they like his family, none of the nice people in town would let him in their houses. In the first place, it's a falsehood and I don't believe a word of it; and in the second place I know the reason she did it, and what's more, she *knows* I know it! I won't *say* what it is—not yet—because papa and all of you would think I'm as crazy as she is snaky; and Roscoe's such a fool he'd probably quit speaking to me. But it's true! Just you watch her; that's all I ask. Just you watch that woman. You'll see!"

As it happened, Bibbs was literally watching "that woman." Glancing from the window, he saw Sibyl pause upon the pavement in front of the old house next door. She stood a moment, in deep thought, then walked quickly up the path to the door, undoubtedly with the intention of calling. But he did not mention this to his sister, who, after delivering herself of a rather vague jeremiad upon the subject of her sister-in-law's treacheries, departed to her own chamber, leaving him to his speculations. The chief of these concerned the social elasticities of women. Sibyl had just been a participant in a violent scene; she had suffered hot insult of a kind that could not fail to set her quivering with resentment; and yet she elected to betake herself to the presence of people whom she knew no more than "formally." Bibbs marveled. Surely, he reflected, some traces of emotion must linger upon Sibyl's face or in her manner; she could not have ironed it all quite out in the three or four minutes it took her to reach the Vertreeses' door.

And in this he was not mistaken, for Mary Vertrees was at that moment wondering what internal excitement Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan was striving to master. But Sibyl had no idea that she was allowing herself to exhibit anything except the gaiety which she conceived proper to the manner of a casual caller. She was wholly intent upon fulfilling the sudden purpose that brought her, and she was no more self-conscious than she was finely intelligent. For Sibyl Sheridan belonged to a type Scriptural in its antiquity. She was merely the idle and half-educated intriguer who may and does delude men, of course, and the best and dullest of her own sex as well, finding invariably strong supporters among these latter. It is a type that has wrought some damage in the world and would have wrought greater, save for the check put upon its power by intelligent women and by its own "lack of perspective," for it is a type that never sees itself. Sibyl followed her impulses with no reflection or question—it was like a hound on the gallop after a master on horseback. She had not even the instinct to stop and consider her effect. If she wished to make a certain impres-

sion she believed that she made it. She believed that she was believed.

"My mother asked me to say that she was sorry she couldn't come down," Mary said, when they were seated.

Sibyl ran the scale of a cooing simulacra of laughter, which she had been brought up to consider the polite thing to do after a remark addressed to her by any person with whom she was not on familiar terms. It was intended partly as a courtesy and partly as the foundation for an impression of sweetness.

"Just thought I'd fly in a minute," she said, continuing the cooing to relieve the last doubt of her geniality. "I thought I'd just behave like *real* country neighbors. We are almost out in the country, so far from down-town, aren't we? And it seemed such a *lovely* day! I wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed meeting those nice people at tea that afternoon. You see, coming here a bride and never having lived here before, I've had to depend on my husband's friends almost entirely, and I really 've known scarcely anybody. Mr. Sheridan has been so engrossed in business ever since he was a mere boy, why, of course—"

She paused, with the air of having completed an explanation.

"Of course," said Mary, sympathetically accepting it.

"Yes. I've been seeing quite a lot of the Kittersbys since that afternoon," Sibyl went on. "They're really delightful people. Indeed they are! Yes—"

She stopped with unconscious abruptness, her mind plainly wandering to another matter; and Mary perceived that she had come upon a definite errand. Moreover, a tensing of Sibyl's eyelids, in that moment of abstraction as she looked aside from her hostess, indicated that the errand was a serious one for the caller and easily to be connected with the slight but perceptible agitation underlying her assumption of cheerful ease. There was a restlessness of breathing, a restlessness of hands.

"Mrs. Kittersby and her daughter were chatting about some of the people here in town the other day," said Sibyl, repeating the cooing and protracting it. "They said something that took *me* by surprise! We were talking about our mutual friend, Mr. Robert Lamhorn—"

Mary interrupted her promptly. "Do you mean 'mutual' to include my mother and me?" she asked.

"Why, yes; the Kittersbys and you and all of us Sheridans, I mean."

"No," said Mary. "We shouldn't consider Mr. Robert Lamhorn a friend of ours."

To her surprise, Sibyl nodded eagerly, as if greatly pleased. "That's just the way Mrs. Kittersby talked!" she cried, with a vehemence that made Mary stare. "Yes, and I hear that's the way *all* you old families here speak of him!"

Mary looked aside, but otherwise she was able to maintain her composure. "I had the impression he was a friend of yours," she said; adding, hastily, "and your husband's."

"Oh yes," said the caller, absently. "He is, certainly. A man's reputation for a little gaiety oughtn't to make a great difference to married people, of course. It's where young girls are in question. *Then* it may be very, very dangerous. There are a great many things safe and proper for married people that might be awfully imprudent for a young girl. Don't you agree, Miss Vertrees?"

"I don't know," returned the frank Mary. "Do you mean that you intend to remain a friend of Mr. Lamhorn's, but disapprove of Miss Sheridan's doing so?"

"That's it exactly!" was the naïve and ardent response of Sibyl. "What *I* feel about it is that a man with his reputation isn't at all suitable for Edith, and the family ought to be made to understand it. I tell you," she cried, with a sudden access of vehemence, "her father ought to put his foot down!"

Her eyes flashed with a green spark; something seemed to leap out and then retreat, but not before Mary had caught a glimpse of it, as one might catch a glimpse of a thing darting forth and then scuttling back into hiding under a bush.

"Of course," said Sibyl, much more composedly, "I hardly need say that it's entirely on Edith's account that I'm worried about this. I'm as fond of Edith as if she was really my sister, and I can't help fretting about it. It would break my heart to have Edith's life spoiled."

This tune was off the key, to Mary's

ear. Sibyl tried to sing with pathos, but she flatted.

And when a lady receives a call from another who suffers under the stress of some feeling which she wishes to conceal, there is not uncommonly developed a phenomenon of duality comparable to the effect obtained by placing two mirrors opposite each other, one clear and the other flawed. In this case, particularly, Sibyl had an imperfect consciousness of Mary. The Mary Vertrees that she saw was merely something to be cozened to her own frantic purpose—a Mary Vertrees who was incapable of penetrating that purpose. Sibyl sat there believing that she was projecting the image of herself that she desired to project, never dreaming that with every word, every look, and every gesture she was more and more fully disclosing the pitiable truth to the clear eyes of Mary. And the Sibyl that Mary saw was an overdressed woman; in manner half-rustic, and in mind as shallow as a pan, but possessed by emotions that appeared to be strong—perhaps even violent. What those emotions were Mary had not guessed, but she began to suspect.

"And Edith's life *would* be spoiled," Sibyl continued. "It would be a dreadful thing for the whole family. She's the very apple of Father Sheridan's eye, and he's as proud of her as he is of Jim and Roscoe. It would be a horrible thing for him to have her marry a man like Robert Lamhorn; but he doesn't *know* anything about him, and if somebody doesn't tell him, what I'm most afraid of is that Edith might get his consent and hurry on the wedding before he finds out, and then it would be too late. You see, Miss Vertrees, it's very difficult for me to decide just what it's my duty to do."

"I see," said Mary, looking at her thoughtfully. "Does Miss Sheridan seem to—to care very much about him?"

"He's deliberately fascinated her," returned the visitor, beginning to breathe quickly and heavily. "Oh, she wasn't difficult! She knew she wasn't in right in this town and she was crazy to meet the people that were, and she thought he was one of 'em. But that was only the start that made it easy for him—and he didn't need it. He could have done it,

anyway!" Sibyl was launched now; her eyes were furious and her voice shook. "He went after her deliberately, the way he does everything; he's as cold-blooded as a fish. All he cares about is his own pleasure, and lately he's decided it would be pleasant to get hold of a piece of real money—and there was Edith! And he'll marry her! Nothing on earth can stop him unless he finds out she won't *have* any money if she marries him, and the only person that could make him understand that is Father Sheridan. Somehow that's got to be managed, because Lamhorn is going to hurry it on as fast as he can. He told me so last night. He said he was going to marry her the first minute he could persuade her to it—and little Edith's all ready to be persuaded!" Sibyl's eyes flashed green again. "And he swore he'd do it," she panted. "He swore he'd marry Edith Sheridan, and nothing on earth could stop him!"

And then Mary understood. Her lips parted and she stared at the babbling creature incredulously, a sudden vivid picture in her mind, a canvas of unconscious Sibyl's painting. Mary beheld it with pity and horror; she saw Sibyl clinging to Robert Lamhorn, raging, in a whisper, perhaps—for Roscoe might have been in the house, or servants might have heard. She saw Sibyl entreating, beseeching, threatening despairingly, and Lamhorn—tired of her—first evasive, then brutally letting her have the truth; and at last, infuriated, "swearing" to marry her rival. If Sibyl had not babbled out the word "swore" it might have been less plain.

The poor woman blundered on, wholly unaware of what she had confessed. "You see," she said, more quietly, "whatever's going to be done ought to be done right away. I went over and told Mother Sheridan what I'd heard about Lamhorn—oh, I was open and above-board! I told her right before Edith. I think it ought all to be done with perfect frankness, because nobody can say it isn't for the girl's own good and what her best friend would do. But Mother Sheridan's under Edith's thumb, and she's afraid to ever come right out with anything. Father Sheridan's different. Edith can get anything

she wants out of him in the way of money or ordinary indulgence, but when it comes to a matter like this he'd be a steel rock. If it's a question of his will against anybody else's he'd make his will rule if it killed 'em both! Now, he'd never in the world let Lamhorn come near the house again if he knew his reputation. So, you see, somebody's got to tell him. It isn't a very easy position for me, is it, Miss Vertrees?"

"No," said Mary, gravely.

"Well, to be frank," said Sibyl, smiling, "that's why I've come to you."

"To *me*!" Mary frowned.

Sibyl rippled and cooed again. "There isn't *anybody* ever made such a hit with Father Sheridan in his life as you have. And of course we *all* hope you're not going to be exactly an outsider in the affairs of the family!" (This sally with another and louder effect of laughter.) "And if it's *my* duty, why, in a way, I think it might be thought yours, too."

"No, no!" exclaimed Mary, sharply.

"Listen," said Sibyl. "Now suppose I go to Father Sheridan with this story, and Edith says it's not true; suppose she says Lamhorn has a good reputation and that I'm repeating irresponsible gossip, or suppose (what's most likely) she loses her temper and says I invented it, then what am I going to do? Father Sheridan doesn't know Mrs. Kittersby and her daughter, and they're out of the question, anyway. But suppose I could say: 'All right, if you want proof, ask Miss Vertrees. She came with me and she's waiting in the next room—right now, to—'"

"No, no," said Mary, quickly. "You mustn't—"

"Listen just a minute more," Sibyl urged, confidingly. She was on easy ground now, to her own mind, and had no doubt of her success. "You naturally don't want to begin by taking part in a family quarrel; but if *you* take part in it, it won't be one. You don't know yourself what weight you carry over there, and no one would have the right to say you did it except out of the purest kindness. Don't you see that Jim and his father would admire you all the more for it? Miss Vertrees, listen! Don't you see we *ought* to do it, you and I? Do you suppose Robert Lamhorn cares

the snap of his finger for her? Do you suppose a man like him would *look* at Edith Sheridan if it wasn't for the money?" And again Sibyl's emotion rose to the surface. "I tell you he's after nothing on earth but to get his finger in that old man's money-pile, over there, next door! He'd marry *anybody* to do it. Marry Edith?" she cried. "I tell you he'd marry their nigger cook for *that*!"

She stopped, afraid—at the wrong time—that she had been too vehement, but a glance at Mary reassured her, and Sibyl decided that she had produced the effect she wished. Mary was not looking at her; she was staring straight before her at the wall, her eyes wide and shining. She became visibly a little paler as Sibyl looked at her.

"After nothing on earth but to get his finger in that old man's money-pile over there, next door!" The voice was vulgar, the words were vulgar—and the plain truth was vulgar! How it rang in Mary Vertrees's ears! The clear mirror had caught its own image clearly in the flawed one at last.

Sibyl put forth her best bid to clinch the matter. She offered her bargain. "Now don't you worry," she said, sunnily, "about this setting Edith against you. She'll get over it after a while, anyway, but if she tried to be spiteful and make it uncomfortable for you when you drop in over there, or managed so as to sort of leave you out, why *I've* got a house, and Jim likes to come there. I don't *think* Edith *would* be that way; she's too crazy to have you take her around with the smart crowd, but if she *did*, you needn't worry. And another thing—I guess you won't mind Jim's own sister-in-law speaking of it. Of course, I don't know just how matters stand between you and Jim, but Jim and Roscoe are about as much alike as two brothers can be, and Roscoe was very slow making up his mind; sometimes I used to think he actually never *would*. Now, what I mean is, sisters-in-law can do lots of things to help matters on like that. There's lots of little things can be said, and lots—"

She stopped, puzzled. Mary Vertrees had gone from pale to scarlet, and now, still scarlet indeed, she rose, without a

word of explanation, or any other kind of word, and walked slowly to the open door and out of the room.

Sibyl was a little taken aback. She supposed Mary had remembered something neglected and necessary for the instruction of a servant, and that she would return in a moment; but it was rather a rude excess of absent-mindedness not to have excused herself, especially as her guest was talking. And, Mary's return being delayed, Sibyl found time to think this unprefaced exit odder and ruder than she had first considered it. There might have been more excuse for it, she thought, had she been speaking of matters less important—offering to do the girl all the kindness in her power, too!

Sibyl yawned and swung her muff impatiently; she examined the sole of her shoe; she decided on a new shape of heel; she made an inventory of the furniture of the room, of the rugs, of the wall-paper and engravings. Then she looked at her watch and frowned; went to a window and stood looking out upon the brown lawn, then came back to the chair she had abandoned and sat again. There was no sound in the house.

A strange expression began imperceptibly to alter the planes of her face, and slowly she grew as scarlet as Mary—scarlet to the ears. She looked at her watch again—and twenty-five minutes had elapsed since she had looked at it before.

She went into the hall, glanced over her shoulder oddly; then she let herself softly out of the front door, and went across the street to her own house.

Roscoe met her upon the threshold, gloomily. "Saw you from the window," he explained. "You must find a lot to say to that old lady."

"What old lady?"

"Mrs. Vertrees. I been waiting for you a long time, and I saw the daughter come out, fifteen or twenty minutes ago, and post a letter, and then walk on up the street. Don't stand out on the porch," he said, crossly. "Come in here. There's something it's come time I'll have to talk to you about. Come in!"

But as she was moving to obey he glanced across at his father's house, and

started. He lifted his hand to shield his eyes from the setting sun, staring fixedly. "Something's the matter over there," he muttered, and then, more loudly, as alarm came into his voice, he said, "What's the matter over there?"

Bibbs dashed out of the gate in an automobile set at its highest speed, and as he saw Roscoe he made a gesture singularly eloquent of calamity, and was lost at once in a cloud of dust down the street. Edith had followed part of the way down the drive, and it could be seen that she was crying bitterly. She lifted both arms to Roscoe, summoning him.

"By George!" gasped Roscoe. "I believe somebody's dead!"

And he started for the New House at a run.

CHAPTER XI

SHERIDAN had decided to conclude his day's work early that afternoon, and at about two o'clock he left his office with a man of affairs from foreign parts, who had traveled far for a business conference with Sheridan and his colleagues. Herr Favre, in spite of his French name, was a gentleman of Bavaria. It was his first visit to our country, and Sheridan took pleasure in showing him the sights of the country's finest city. They got into an open car at the main entrance of the Sheridan Building, and were driven first, slowly and momentarily, through the wholesale district and the retail district; then more rapidly they inspected the packing-houses and the stock-yards; then skirmished over the "park system" and "boulevards"; and after that whizzed through the "residence section" on their way to the factories and foundries.

"All cray," observed Herr Favre, smilingly.

"'Cray'?" echoed Sheridan. "I don't know what you mean. 'Cray'?"

"No white," said Herr Favre, with a wave of his hand toward the long rows of houses on both sides of the street. "No white lace window-curtains; all cray lace window-curtains."

"Oh, I see!" Sheridan laughed indulgently. "You mean 'gray.' No, they ain't; they're white. I never saw any gray ones."

Herr Favre shook his head, much amused. "There are *no* white ones," he said. "There is no white *anything* in your city; no white window-curtains, no white house, no white pebble!" He pointed upward. "Smoke!" Then he sniffed the air and clasped his nose between forefinger and thumb. "Smoke! Smoke ef'rywhere. Smoke in your insides." He tapped his chest. "Smoke in your lunks!"

"Oh! *Smoke!*" Sheridan cried with gusto, drawing in a deep breath and patently finding it delicious. "You *bet* we got smoke!"

"*Exbensif!*" said Herr Favre. "Ruins foliage; ruins fabrics. Maybe in summer it iss not so bad, but I wonder your wives will bear it."

Sheridan laughed uproariously. "They know it means new spring hats for 'em!"

"They must need many, too!" said the visitor. "New hats, new all things, but nothing white. In München we could not do it; we are a safing pebble."

"Where's that?"

"In München. You say 'Munich.'"

"Well, I never been to Munich, but I took in the Mediterranean trip, and I tell you, outside o' some right good scenery, all *I* saw was mighty dirty and mighty shiftless and mighty run down at the heel. Now comin' right down to it, Mr. Farver, wouldn't you rather live here in this town than in Munich? I know you got more enterprise up there than the part of the old country I saw, and I know *you're* a live business man and you're associated with others like you, but when it comes to *livin'* in a place, wouldn't you heap rather be here than over there?"

"For me," said Herr Favre, "no. Here I should not think I was living. It would be like the miner who goes into the mine to work; nothing else."

"We got a good many good citizens here from your part o' the world. *They* like it."

"Oh yes." And Herr Favre laughed deprecatingly. "The first generation, they bring their Germany with them; then, after that, they are Americans, like you." He tapped his host's big knee genially. "You are patriot; so are they."

"Well, I reckon you must be a pretty hot little patriot yourself, Mr. Farver!" Sheridan exclaimed, gaily. "You certainly stand up for your own town, if you stick to it you'd rather live there than you would here. Yes, *sir!* You sure are some patriot to say *that*—after you've seen our city! It ain't reasonable in you, but I must say I kind of admire you for it; every man ought to stick up for his own, even when he sees the other fellow's got the goods on him. Yet I expect way down deep in your heart, Mr. Farver, you'd rather live right here than any place else in the world, if you had your choice. Man alive! this is God's country, Mr. Farver, and a blind man couldn't help seein' it! You couldn't stand where you do in a business way and *not* see it. Soho, boy! Here we are. This is the big works, and I'll show you something now that 'll make your eyes stick out!"

They had arrived at the Pump Works; and for an hour Herr Favre was personally conducted and personally instructed by the founder and president, the buzzing queen bee of those buzzing hives.

"Now I'll take you for a spin in the country," said Sheridan, when at last they came out to the car again. "We'll take a breezer." But with his foot on the step he paused to hail a neat young man who came out of the office smiling a greeting. "Hello, young fellow!" Sheridan said, heartily. "On the job, are you, Jimmie? Ha! They don't catch you *off* of it very often, I guess, though I do hear you go automobile-ridin' in the country sometimes with a mighty fine-lookin' girl settin' up beside you!" He roared with laughter, clapping his son upon the shoulder. "*That's* all right with me—if it is with *her!* So, Jimmie? Well, when we goin' to move into your new warehouses? Monday?"

"Sunday, if you want to," said Jim.

"No!" cried his father, delighted. "Don't tell me you're goin' to keep your word about dates! That's no way to do contractin'! Never heard of a contract-or yet didn't want more time."

"They'll be all ready for you on the minute," said Jim. "I'm going over both of 'em now, with Links and Sherman, from foundation to roof. I guess they'll pass inspection, too!"

"Well, then, when you get through with that," said his father, "you go and take your girl out ridin'. By George! you've earned it! You tell her you stand high with *me!*" He stepped into the car, waving a waggish farewell, and when the wheels were in motion again he turned upon his companion a broad face literally shining with pride. "That's my boy Jimmie!" he said.

"Fine young man, yes," said Herr Favre.

"I got two o' the finest boys," said Sheridan; "I got two o' the finest boys God ever made, and that's a fact, Mr. Farver! Jim's the oldest, and I tell you they got to get up the day before if they expect to catch *him* in bed! My other boy, Roscoe, he's always to the good, too, but Jim's a wizard. You saw them two new-process warehouses, just about finished? Well, *Jim* built 'em. I'll tell you about that, Mr. Farver." And he recited this history, describing the new process at length; in fact, he had such pride in Jim's achievement that he told Herr Favre all about it more than once.

"Fine young man, yes," repeated the good Münchner three-quarters of an hour later. They were many miles out in the open country by this time.

"He is that!" said Sheridan, adding, as if confidentially: "I got a fine family Mr. Farver—fine chulder. I got a daughter, now; you take her and put her anywhere you please and she'll shine up with *any* of 'em. There's culture and refinement and society in this town by the carload, and here lately she's been gettin' right in the thick of it—her and my daughter-in-law, both. I got a mighty fine daughter-in-law, Mr. Farver. I'm goin' to get you up for a meal with us before you leave town and you'll see—and, well, sir, from all I hear the two of 'em been holdin' their own with the best. Myself, I and the wife never had time for much o' that kind o' doin's, but it's all right and good for the chulder; and my daughter she's always kind of taken to it. I'll read you a poem she wrote when I get you up at the house. She wrote it in school and took the first prize for poetry with it. I tell you they don't make 'em any smarter 'n that girl, Mr. Farver. Yes, sir; take us

all round, we're a pretty happy family; yes, sir. Roscoe hasn't got any chulderne yet, and I haven't ever spoke to him and his wife about it—it's kind of a delicate matter—but it's about time the wife and I saw some gran'chulderne growin' up around us. I certainly do hanker for about four or five little curly-headed rascals to take on my knee. Boys, I hope, o' course; that's only natural. Jim's got his eye on a mighty splendid-lookin' girl; lives right next door to us. I expect you heard me joshin' him about it back yonder. She's one the ole blue-bloods here, and I guess it was a mighty good stock—to raise *her*! She's one these girls that stand right up and look at you! And pretty? She's the prettiest thing you ever saw! Good size, too; good health and good sense. Jim'll be just right if he gets her. I must say it tickles *me* to think o' the way that boy took hold o' that job back yonder. Four months and a half! Yes, sir—"

He expanded this theme once more; and thus he continued to entertain the stranger through the long drive. Darkness had fallen before they reached the city on their return, and it was after five when Sheridan allowed Herr Favre to descend at the door of his hotel, where boys were shrieking extra editions of the evening paper.

"Now, good night, Mr. Farver," said Sheridan, leaning from the car to shake hands with his guest. "Don't forget I'm goin' to come around and take you up to— Go on away, boy!"

A newsboy had thrust himself almost between them, yelling, "Extry! Extry! Secon' Extry. Extry, all about the horrible accident. Extry!"

"Get out!" laughed Sheridan. "Who wants to read about accidents? Get out!"

The boy moved away philosophically. "Extry! Extry!" he shrilled. "Three men killed! Extry! Millionaire killed! Two other men killed! Extry! Extry!"

"Don't forget, Mr. Farver." Sheridan completed his interrupted farewells. "I'll come by to take you up to our house for dinner. I'll be here for you about half-past five to-morrow afternoon. Hope you 'njoyed the drive much as I have. Good night—good

night!" He leaned back, speaking to the chauffeur. "Now you can take me around to the Central City barber-shop, boy. I want to get a shave 'fore I go up home."

"Extry! Extry!" screamed the newsboys, zigzagging among the crowds like bats in the dusk. "Extry! All about the horrible accident! Extry!" It struck Sheridan that the papers sent out too many "Extras"; they printed "Extras" for all sorts of petty crimes and casualties. It was a mistake, he decided, critically. Crying "Wolf!" too often wouldn't sell the goods; it was bad business. The papers would "make more in the long run," he was sure, if they published an "Extra" only when something of real importance happened.

"Extry! All about the hor'ble ax'nt! Extry!" a boy bellowed under his nose, as he descended from the car.

"Go on away!" said Sheridan, gruffly, though he smiled. He liked to see the youngsters working so noisily to get on in the world.

But as he crossed the pavement to the brilliant glass doors of the barber-shop a second newsboy grasped the arm of the one who had thus cried his wares.

"Say, Yallern," said this second, hoarse with awe, 'n't chew know who that *is*?"

"Who?"

"It's Sheridan!"

"Jeest!" cried the first, staring insensibly.

At about the same hour, four times a week—Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday—Sheridan stopped at this shop to be shaved by the head barber. The barbers were negroes, he was their great man, and it was their habit to give him a "reception": his entrance was always the signal for a flurry of jocular hospitality, followed by general excesses of briskness and gaiety. But it was not so this evening.

The shop was crowded. Copies of the "Extra" were being read by men waiting, and by men in the latter stages of treatment. "Extras" lay upon vacant seats and showed from the pockets of hanging coats.

There was a loud chatter between the practitioners and their recumbent patients, a vocal charivari which stopped



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"AND YOU CAME TO TELL ME THAT?"

abruptly as Sheridan opened the door. His name seemed to fizz in the air like the last sputtering of a firework; the barbers stopped shaving and clipping; lathered men turned their prostrate heads to stare, and there was a moment of amazing silence in the shop.

The head barber, nearest the door, stood like a barber in a tableau. His left hand held stretched, between thumb and forefinger, an elastic section of his helpless customer's cheek, while his right hand hung poised above it, the razor motionless. He looked dazed. And then, roused from trance by the door's closing, he accepted the fact of Sheridan's presence. The barber remembered that there are no circumstances in life—or just after it—under which a man does not need to be shaved.

He stepped forward, profoundly grave. "I be through with this man in the chair one minute, Mist' Sheridan," he said in a hushed voice. "Yessuh." And of a solemn negro youth who stood by, gazing stupidly, "You goin' quit?" he demanded in a fierce undertone. "You goin' take Mist' Sheridan's coat?" He sent an angry look round the shop; and the barbers, taking his meaning, averted their eyes and fell to work, the murmur of subdued conversation buzzing from chair to chair.

"You sit down *one* minute, Mist' Sheridan," said the head barber, gently. "I fix nice chair fo' you to wait in."

"Never mind," said Sheridan. "Go on get through with your man."

"Yessuh." And he went quickly back to his chair on tiptoe, followed by Sheridan's puzzled gaze.

Something had gone wrong in the shop, evidently. Sheridan did not know what to make of it. Ordinarily he would have shouted a hilarious demand for the meaning of the mystery, but an inexplicable silence had been imposed upon him by the hush that fell upon his entrance, and by the odd look every man in the shop had bent upon him.

Vaguely disquieted, he walked to one of the seats in the rear of the

shop, and looked up and down the two lines of barbers, catching quickly shifted, furtive glances here and there. He made this brief survey after wondering if one of the barbers had died suddenly that day, or the night before; but there was no vacancy in either line.

The seat next to his was unoccupied, but some one had left a copy of the "Extra" there, and, frowning, he picked it up and glanced at it. The first of the swollen display lines had little meaning to him:

Fatally Faulty. New Process Roof Collapses Carrying Capitalist to death with Inventor. Seven Escape When Crash Comes. Death Claims—

Thus far had he read when a thin hand fell upon the paper covering the print from his eyes, and, looking up, he saw Bibbs standing before him, pale and gentle, immeasurably compassionate.

"I've come for you, father," said Bibbs. "Here's the boy with your coat and hat. Put them on and come home."

And even then Sheridan did not understand. So secure was he in the strength and bigness of everything that was his, he did not know what calamity had befallen him. But he was frightened.

Without a word, he followed Bibbs heavily out through the still shop, but as they reached the pavement he stopped short and, grasping his son's sleeve with shaking fingers, swung him round so that they stood face to face.

"What—what—" His mouth could not do him the service he asked of it, he was so frightened.

"Extry!" screamed a newsboy straight in his face. "Young North Side millionaire insuntly killed! Extry!"

"Not—*Jim!*" said Sheridan.

Bibbs caught his father's hand in his own.

"And *you* come to tell me that?"

Sheridan did not know what he said. But in those first words and in the first anguish of the big, stricken face, Bibbs understood the cry of accusation:

"Why wasn't it you?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Flaming Ramparts

BY EDITH BARNARD DELANO



HE house that bore the doctor's sign bore also evidence of the uprightness of its builders, being of that square-rigged variety so significant of the Puritan character.

It also testified, as to its present inmates, their satisfaction with things as they had found them; for the house remained like many others of equal date in the town. There was no separate entrance for patients; the black sign with its gold letters hung beside the front door. The doctor used to say that he wanted those who sought him to enter at once into the best room of his house; there was no wife to dispute the point with him, and Marna, his one child, accepted his wish as the dictum of High Heaven.

She was in the garden—the doctor's Marna. Berries were ripe, orioles were singing to their nesting mates, passionate bees were thrusting their way to the honeyed hearts of the roses: love was in the air with every breath she drew; and a girl may await her lover in no place so sweet as an old garden in June. She was gathering roses—with youth's extravagance taking only the perfect buds, leaving their older sisters to scatter their petals, unsought and disregarded, on the earth; and as she cut here and there a stem, now and again parting the branches because their very thorns would have clung to her, stooped over the burgeoning sprays to inhale their message of fragrance, yet was she ever listening, inwardly trembling like some high-tuned string to the note that sets it vibrating. But as the rose blooms for the bee, yet curls its petals over its store of golden sweetness, so the girl, when she heard her lover's quick step on the path beyond the hedge, became intent only upon her gardening. Indeed, she seemed to have forgotten that he was coming, so surprised was she when he spoke her name from the path beside her.

"Marna!" His voice lingered over the soft, sweet, feminine syllables.

She turned, smiling, eyes opened wide in mock amazement.

"Dall! So early?"

Then she laughed and bit her lip, because there was that in his eyes which reminded her of yesterday's surrender; and because he stepped quickly toward her and she suspected his intention of punishing her before the eyes of every interested neighbor, to say nothing of old Eliza in the kitchen, who detested all young men who came courting—because of that dangerous look on his face and her own guilty knowledge of what she deserved, she laughed, and cried, "No, no! Not here—oh, *Dall!*" and led the way to the side veranda, vine-screened, sacred to herself.

On the uppermost step she paused, a rose under the clambering roses, and looked down into her lover's upturned face, wistfully, questioningly; then, with a quick little indrawn breath, she stepped back into the shadow, and in an instant he had all the sweet resisting warmth of her in his arms, kissing her hair, the smooth whiteness of her neck, her lips. But she released herself and looked up into his face, her hands warding off his invasion.

"Dall! I couldn't wait! I told him myself!"

"Why—that was all right, dear!" the young man said, smiling at her haste of confession. "Why not?"

"You see—to-day is mother's birthday! We always make a special day of it, you know; and when I came down and found him waiting for me in the hall—oh, I just couldn't keep it from him a whole long day, Dall!"

His arm was around her again, but protectingly, as if she were a beloved child. "Of course not!" he said again, and drew her down to the bench beside him. "Why should we?"

"Oh, my poor roses!" she cried, stoop-

ing for the neglected blossoms. "But, Dall," she went on, "it has not been one bit as I had always imagined, anyway!"

He smiled. "It hasn't?"

"Not one bit! I used to dream of my lover coming on horseback, like a prince, and falling before me on his knees and raising my hand to his lips—"

"Oh, I can do *that*!" the young man submitted.

But she ignored the suggestion. "And I thought he would send a note to father asking for an interview, and then he would formally demand my hand in marriage—and father would be so surprised! But he wasn't!"

"Well, we needn't dispense with the interview, you know! It would be too bad to disappoint you altogether!"

She turned to him, laughing. "I am *not* disappointed! I very much prefer it the way it has really happened. Real things are always better than things you imagine, aren't they?"

A change passed over his face; first it looked startled, then pitiful, then a little shamed, perhaps, and settled—yet all in a fragment of time like the swift passing of a shadow—into a paler, softened, deepened tenderness.

"May the God of power and mercy help me to make that true for you!" he said.

His solemnity only brought her another train of thought. "Mother's birthday!" she said, pensively. "Father never forgets it. These roses are for the supper-table, to do her honor. We always have roses—she loved them so!"

"Do you remember your mother?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I was such a tiny thing when—we lost her."

Again his arm enfolded her. "It was hard for her, sweet, that she had to die and leave—you!"

The girl was looking off across the garden toward the yellow glow of the setting sun. "But she did not leave me. Father has made her live for me. All my life long he has told me, 'Your mother would have wanted this,' or 'That would not have pleased your mother.' It is what I have lived by; it has been my guiding star, as real as the star you can see over there in the blue—what she would have wished, what she would have told me, above all, what she *was*."

"That is very beautiful," he said.

"Only this morning, when I woke up and remembered that it was her birthday and knew I should find father waiting for me in the hall with a bunch of



"IT WAS HARD FOR HER THAT SHE HAD TO LEAVE—YOU!"

roses—her flower—it came to me that she would have wanted me to tell him, myself, about—*us*. And when I had told him, the first thing he said was, 'How happy your mother would have been, Marna, with your new happiness for a gift!'

"And it has been just the same with him. Mother has been the polar star of his own course of life. When he has had to go out in the night, in the storm—'But would your mother have let another woman suffer?' Or when he has given away more than he had to give without depriving himself—'Ah, but think what your mother would have given, Marna!' Oh, he has made her live for me, Dall, always, always, every day! Even his work in anesthesia has been for mother—'Think how your mother would have loved to ease some of the pain of the world,' he said to me when he was sure of the new gas."

"Then he has made her live for me, too, dear heart! If it had not been for the new gas, as you call it, I should never have come here. The light that he lit at her shrine brought this poor moth to your feet!"

She touched his lips with her finger. "Ah! You—a moth! You are a great man—father says you are! In the very beginning, before he knew that I—liked you, he said he was honored by your coming here to study his method!"

"And now I am going to repay him by stealing away his best!"

Before she could reply to that a man's step was heard in the room within, a man's voice said from the doorway:

"Stealing my best, eh? Are you, indeed? Please remember that I have not yet given my consent, Dr. Harvey!"

"Father!" the girl cried, springing up, and throwing herself upon him.

He laughed, kissed her, and above her encircling arms looked at the younger man, holding out his hand and warmly clasping the other's.

"I understood that you—er—invaded my house for the purpose of investigating my method of anesthesia," he said. "I'm afraid you misled me, young man!"

"Father!" Marna cried again, but laughed with the others.

"Is it all right, sir?" the young man asked.

The corners of the doctor's eyes were marked by the little wrinkles of the man who habitually smiles; now the little wrinkles deepened. "By your own confession you have stolen from me!" he said. "And here you come asking whether it's 'all right'!"

The two men, hands clasped as in the giving of a pledge, were looking searchingly into each other's faces, and the girl, blushing, suddenly abashed at knowing herself the subject of unspoken question and answer, or else remembering her roses and her household cares, passed within the door, closing it behind her.

Both men looked toward the closed door, waiting a moment before speaking. Then the doctor said:

"She is very young, Dallas—only nineteen. And she has dreams, and disillusion has never touched her."

It seemed to the younger man that the doctor spoke as one who has long kept a jewel untarnished by the world, but at last faces the knowledge that he must surrender it to the untested keeping of another.

Dallas Harvey spoke now in a note of deeper seriousness:

"I know, sir," he said. "You wouldn't be willing to trust her with me if it needed words of mine to make you sure that I shall do my best to shield her from—disillusion—and other things."

The doctor nodded, and the other went on, hesitatingly.

"She—she has been telling me—talking to me—about—about her mother, sir."

His voice expressed whatever his words left unspoken of sympathy and reverence. The doctor stood for a moment motionless, in silence; then he drew a cigar-case from his pocket and offered it to Harvey. When he had cut the end of a cigar he accepted a light from his more expeditious companion, and blew forth a long wisp of smoke.

"Suppose we walk out into the garden," he said. "There is something I shall have to tell you."

They walked together down the steps of Marna's bower, along the graveled paths between the roses, until they had come to the uttermost limit of the garden. There the doctor turned.



"THERE ARE BETTER THINGS THAN CAREERS, MY BOY"

"Marna's mother," he said, "is not dead."

"I know," said Harvey, in a low, moved tone that vibrated with sympathy. "She was telling me how you have made her mother live for her. It is the most beautiful thing I have ever known, sir. But on my soul I do believe it would be the same with me if Marna—if Marna—which God forbid!"

The doctor heard him through, and waited perceptibly before repeating, "Marna's mother—is not dead." He spoke without emphasis, as if the fact alone were emphasis enough. "She is living."

He looked steadily at the younger man, the smoke from his cigar ascending straight from fingers that held it without trembling. His face was calm, almost expressionless; if his eyes seemed more deeply shadowed than usual, the other

was unaware of it. The doctor's quietly spoken words had impressed the fact they stated more forcibly upon Harvey's consciousness than if it had been written before him in letters of fire. The astounding information left him speechless.

"There is nothing you can ask which I will not answer," said the doctor. "You say you love Marna"—he raised his hand at Harvey's quick movement—"and wish to marry her. I am convinced that you need have no fear of Marna's inheriting—but it is imperative that you should know—about her mother."

"No, sir! I am content to believe what *she* does."

But the doctor shook his head. "You will have to know—to shield Marna."

"Ah!" said the other, and with bent head watched the doctor while he spoke.

"Marna was thirteen months old when

—my wife left me.” He stated the fact baldly, as if he were speaking of a train or a bad cold. “At the time I was furiously angry. I believe I was more angry because she went without the baby than because she went. We had not been exactly—happy. It’s no use going into that. I know now that it was more my fault than hers; I ought to have understood her needs, and I did not. We had believed ourselves very much in love at first. It did not take long to discover that we were not. We had imagined ourselves made expressly for each other; we had not reckoned on a divergence of temperaments. We were poor, very poor; she had not counted on that when she married me. I could not give her the amusements she wanted nor buy her anything to take their place. And we lived in a big city where she knew no one. There was not even a woman to talk things over with when the baby was coming. Neither of us welcomed that prospect—and the little thing wailed pretty much all of her first year. No wonder! The child’s cries were a reproach to the mother, who would not sacrifice her looks to the feeding of it. She used to spend hours out of the house rather than listen to those appealing cries. Well, I suppose she was hard; but I see now that it must have seemed impossible to her—she must have felt that she needed all the comfort her beauty could give her. Nothing, apparently, could soften her. So—she went away. You never can explain a thing like that; you can only just state that it was so.

“If things had been bad before, they were worse afterward. I had hung up my sign in an old-fashioned neighborhood; patients that had begun to come grew distrustful of a young doctor whose wife had left him. Between anger and discouragement I tried the usual methods of inducing forgetfulness. I was too angry, too sore, to think. At that time I had not *realized* the child. I mean the paternal passion in me had not been aroused. But when she, Marna, was about a year and a half old, or a little more, she developed colitis—acute. Again, it was no wonder.

“I had a good nurse—the woman we have now in the kitchen—Eliza. But no woman who is not a mother can keep go-

ing for more than a certain number of consecutive hours. So I took care of the baby at night—my professional interest was up by then.

“She objected to her little crib, so we had her on a big four-poster bed that had been my mother’s. I used to lie on the edge of it, when I’d had a hard day, and snatch a nap or two. You know that age when a baby’s hair is beginning to curl up of itself, and the intelligence is reaching out at everything, and there are a few lisping words? One morning I woke up with her curls against my cheek, and her little arms around my neck. She was saying, over and over, in a funny little singsong—‘Dad-dee! Dee-ah Dad-dee!’”

The doctor paused, lifted his cigar, and drew a deep breath of smoke.

“Well! It was not the matter of a moment, an inspiration—I don’t know much about inspirations. But I came to an understanding with myself. I faced things—things that had been, things in myself, things in the future. Above all, I faced things in Marna’s future. I got in correspondence with my wife, and asked her to come back. She said she would never come back, wanted never to see either of us again; but I’ve always had an idea that she might change her mind as she grew older, or tired, or ill. I told her that she might come; but she never has. When I thought it all over, that really did seem the better way. You can do a good deal with your own soul, but you cannot force another’s. Yet there are certain things that every soul needs, has a right to, for its complete development. My wife thought she needed freedom—or, at any rate, what she thought at the time was freedom. But Marna—well, I believed that Marna had been deprived, partly by my fault, of a good deal that her soul was going to need. So—I came up here, where I could make a new start, and—I’ve done what I could to make it up to her. I’ve—done what I could—to give her the mother—she ought to have had: the mother she needed.”

“You—you gave up your career, your chance in the city—to create for your child—for Marna—” The other man spoke in a choked voice, then stopped, and smote one hand within the other.

But the doctor only waved his hand again.

"Oh, there are better things than careers, my boy," he said, adding: "But for that matter, if the stuff is in you, it has a way of cropping out, wherever you are. I guess there never was a 'mute, inglorious Milton,' if the whole truth be told."

The younger man nodded. "That may be true enough, sir," he said. "There's your method of anesthesia! The genius that could work out such a thing as that could not be downed, and the world will acclaim it no matter where it comes from. But, just the same, it was a tremendous thing, your being willing to give up everything to create—what you have created, for Marna. That has been your real life-work, and the world will never know it. To create, to evolve, the ideal of a mother for a motherless girl—that is real creation, sir, just about the biggest thing there *can* be."

"I should call it, rather, an effort at righting a wrong; the meeting, with an ideal, of a soul's necessity for an ideal. She had a right to a mother; we all have a right to an ideal. Ideals are the flaming ramparts of the soul; their possession is about the only *real* defense any of us can have against—"

But Marna had come running from the house toward them.

"Father! Oh, father," she cried, distress in her voice, tears in her eyes, "they have just telephoned from the hospital—they have got to operate—an emergency case—and they want you to come. Oh, father! It's mother's birthday, and supper's all ready, and you're always called away when there's anything important going on, and—oh, *father!*"

Mechanically the doctor threw away his half-smoked cigar and looked at his watch, immediately all the professional. "Ha! That septicemia case! I thought so! Better have done it by daylight. But still—"

"Oh, father!" the girl cried, looking up into his face, her hands clasped around his arm the better to compel his attention. "Father *dear!* Let one of the others give the new gas! It's mother's birthday, and there's ice-cream, and I made it, and—"

They had moved swiftly along the little paths between the roses, and into the house. In the hall the doctor turned to put his arm around her.

"Why, little girl!" he protested. "What would mother say?" Then he kissed her, and said to the younger doctor, "Better come along, Harvey. Sure to be interesting complications."

Harvey touched the girl's hand with his, looked into her eyes, sped a silent message to her.

She followed them to the door to wave, should Dallas look back. He returned the message, and she went into the house again, back to the rose-bedecked dining-room.

A word to old Eliza, one or two dishes removed from the table, a touch here and there, and the supper could very well await their return. Meanwhile there was plenty to dream of, to think of, to plan. Her face grew rosy as the dreams came—those dreams of a girl whose innocence is newly stirred by her lover's touch into the instinct of the woman: dreams woven of wonder, and reverence, and an exquisite sense of yearning. . . .

But suddenly her dreams retreated to their secret, inner hiding-place. A knock sounded upon the outer door—evidently the touch of some hand unfamiliar with the position of the office-bell. She passed into the hall, still smiling, opened it, stood there.

"I wish to see the doctor," a woman said.

The words were heard every hour of the day at that door, yet Marna immediately recognized a different quality in their present saying.

"He is not here now," she replied. "Will you come in and wait for him?"

The woman smiled, and stepped into the hall; Marna could observe what manner of woman she was.

"Oh, I'll wait, all right," she said.

The woman's eyes did not meet the girl's; yet she knew, without caring, that Marna's look was upon her, wonderingly, curiously. She had the bearing of one who holds herself somewhat superior to her immediate surroundings, though now she was a trifle nervous, even though the nervousness was observable only in the uplifted head, the quickly moving glance, in the manner of being on guard,

as it were. She was handsome, too, notwithstanding the look of weariness on her face; and the girl's knowledge of the world did not go far enough to disclose the methods by which a part, at least, of her good looks had been induced. But it would have taken more than Marna's unaccustomedness to fail to recognize certain qualities in the other's garments—the veil of tawdry lace thrown back from the hat too heavily feathered, the dress of a satin that was too shiny, the cheapness of the shoes, the stockings of transparent silk. Marna's glance dwelt on these details with that mingled wonder and curiosity of the sheltered woman toward the woman who is not. But the visitor's look did not meet the girl's; instead, it moved everywhere else—around the hall, into the doctor's study on the left, to the shadowy living-room on the right, past Marna to the flower-bedecked dining-room, still lighted by the festive candles of the delayed supper.

"Ah! Pretty well fixed!" she said, as if to herself.

Marna closed the front door and moved toward the study.

"Won't you come in here and wait?" she asked.

But the stranger, with a murmur that was unintelligible to Marna, walked down the hall, without haste, without the appearance of knowing that she was trespassing, and into the dining-room. Surprised, almost affronted, inwardly protesting at the invasion, the girl followed her.

"He is having a party," the woman said, half questioning, half asserting. Then, her look finding the masses of roses: "Ah!" she exclaimed. "Roses! How lovely—lovely!"

She stooped across the expanse of table, between the candles, and bent over the bowl that Marna had last filled, touching the nodding flowers with lips and cheek and fingers, breathing deeply of their fragrance.

When she turned again to Marna, as if looking for an answer to her question, some of the assertiveness of her earlier manner was gone; there was something new, something touched, moved, softened in her face—or was it only in her eyes?

Marna smiled. "Not really a party,"

she said. "It is mother's birthday, and we always have roses."

The visitor stood looking at the girl—the scarcely awakened child-woman; Marna was smiling at the flowers, happy, secure, all unaware of the quick changes that passed across the older woman's face. Yet, if she had seen, she would not have known them for surprise, distrust, quick speculation, and again that earlier look of being on the defensive.

"The eighteenth of June," the stranger said, as if stating something she knew well. Then she started, and asked, the words coming out sharply, incisively, "Who is your mother?"

Marna's smile passed from the flowers to the guest. "Why—just mother!" she said. "We always remember her birthday—and her wedding-day."

A quick, introspective look came into the other woman's eyes, the look of one remembering something long forgotten. "The eighteenth of June!" she whispered, and drew a sharp, gasping breath. Then again she asked, in her impulsive manner, "Who are *you*?"

"I? Oh, I'm only the doctor's Marna," the young girl said.

The visitor bent nearer, more closely to look into the girl's face. "Marna!" she said; and repeated, in a tone of incredulous questioning, "Marna?"

"Yes, Marna. It's only a silly little name, my baby way of saying Marian. That was my mother's name."

Again the woman bent closer, again her face changed; but this time it was as if all expression had been wiped from it by some invisible erasure. Peering at the girl, lips parted, pale, she stood motionless, speechless, until something of quickening alarm in Marna's face warned her; then she turned and walked past the table to the fireplace.

There was a long mirror across the mantel; there were roses, too, and lighted candles. She went close, put back her veil, bent the brim of her hat upward, looked at her own reflected face as if searching there. Then again she turned to Marna.

"'Was'?" she repeated. "Your mother's name 'was' Marian? Why do you say 'was'?"

She waved toward the lighted table, toward the birthday flowers. Marna's



"WE ALWAYS CALL THEM HERS, BECAUSE ROSES WERE HER FLOWERS"

face was troubled; a bewildered look was deepening in her eyes. But she had been schooled to indulgence toward the vagaries of patients.

Her tone was quiet; she chose her words at first carefully and slowly, until carried on by her emotion. "Why," she said, "mother is—is dead, you know. We lost her when I was a baby. But when you love people a very great deal they don't really die—to you. If you love them, you keep them."

The woman laughed. "That is never your father's theory," she said. "*He* never taught you that!"

Even Marna heard the bitterness in the tone. She stiffened a little, and looked at the stranger with widened eyes. "I found that out for myself," she said.

"Ah!"

Marna's eyes, on the other's face, met no answering look.

"Oh, you would not be surprised if

you knew," she said. "Why, father's love for my mother has been so great that there has never been a day, never through all the years, that he has not told me about her, made me know her, made me feel her, even. He has made me know her as well as if she were still here with us. My whole life has been governed by mother—by her wishes, by what she would have told me, what she would have wanted me to do, to be, to learn, to think. Don't you see?—father loved her so dearly that he *could* not let her die!"

The bitterness, the incredulity, had left the woman's voice; when she spoke now it was flat, toneless, like the voice of the instructed deaf-mute who produces sounds he cannot hear.

"What else—has he told you?" she asked.

The girl's face was illumined by adoration of that ideal of motherhood which had been created for her.

"She was so good, so sweet and gentle, so kind, so tender and patient. 'Mothers are all patience,' he has said, so many times; 'you must learn patience, too, Marna!' And if you could see father with little children—it is so wonderful! And there is never a woman, ill, who sends for him in vain at any time. Mother loved little children, he says, and she was a woman herself; so how can he fail women, how can he not be tender with little children? And she was *good*—my mother! I have prayed, every night of my life, that God would make me as good as my mother. Father taught me the words before they had any meaning

for me; but now I know. And beautiful—because everything that is beautiful is somehow like her. If it were not dark I would take you out into our garden and show you her roses. We always call them hers, because roses were her flowers."

The older woman sat leaning forward, with parted lips, staring at the girl, breathing heavily, white of face, white of lips. The silence was broken at last by her whisper:

"Merciful God in heaven!"

She spoke them not in prayer, not in blasphemy, far from idly. They came, rather, as the expression of one who beholds the face of the God of Mercy, and is trying to put into poor human words the wonder and beauty of that which she sees.

Marna quickly turned her head; and, as if unable to bear the girl's look, the older woman sprang up and went once more to the mirror, to peer at her reflected image. When she turned again to Marna her face looked older than it had before, older by those periods of time that may be marked by years or else by moments of acute pain; all the defiance was gone from her manner.

Although there was no least suggestion of appeal in the stranger's face or bearing, yet Marna felt a sudden impulse of pity toward her.

"Won't you sit down?" she said. "I—I am glad you are here. I am glad—to-night—to have a woman to talk to."

The other came slowly around the table to the place that had been laid for Harvey.



"YOU WILL LET ME GIVE YOU THESE FLOWERS, WILL YOU NOT?"

"Yes, sit there," Marna said, smiling softly, her face suddenly rosy like an opening rose. "That is where my—where Dall—is to sit. This will be the first time we have had supper together—in just this way—the three of us. Father thinks this would have been mother's happiest birthday because of my—new happiness. I suppose that is the way with mothers. And do you know, I have always realized what mother must have been like, and what she would have wanted me to do; but now—since last night—since Dall—now I know how she *felt*!"

Marna was looking out of the open window; there was a brilliant planet in the southern sky, and the scent of roses and honeysuckle came in on the air of the soft June night. The older woman's eyes seemed to be shadowed by increasingly dark circles, but now her look did not waver from Marna's face.

"There is a big trunk up in the attic," Marna went on. "It has some of mother's things in it, and—a little bundle—of—baby clothes. I think—mother must have made them—for me. This morning I went up-stairs and opened the trunk and took out the little bundle. There was flannel—oh, so soft! I held it to my cheek, and it almost seemed as if the little baby—the baby that was I—were nestling there. I know mother must have held it so, in those days when she was—waiting. And some little dresses—oh, such tiny, tiny things!" she laughed, "such little sleeves, only big enough for a few of my fingers! It was almost as if I could see a baby's dear little crumpled fist..."

The visitor had arisen and walked to the window, where she stood looking up at the evening sky.

"And there was mother's wedding-dress!" Marna went on. "I've been thinking of my wedding-dress—mine! Oh, I do so hope I can make Dall care for me as father—cares for—mother!"

The woman at the window turned and walked toward the door. "I am going," she said, hoarsely.

Marna sprang up, all compunction. "Oh, I have talked too much!" she cried. "I have driven you away! Oh, won't you wait for father?"

"No," said the other, "you have not

talked too much. But I shall not wait. Tell your father—tell him that I—that some one—came—not intending to leave—so soon."

"Oh!" the girl cried, still protesting. "Then don't leave—please! You must see father!"

"Ah! You think your father is—very wonderful?"

"But he *is*! And a very great doctor!"

"Well, if you happen to think of it, tell him, some day, that some of us learn to measure our own failure by others' success." The stranger had drawn her veil over her face now. "And tell him—that—that I shall not come back."

Marna's look was troubled, anxious, bewildered. "I don't understand."

"No," said the other, "you don't understand. But there are better things than understanding. Faith and trust and forbearance are better, and pity and forgiveness. And love."

"Oh yes, I know that. I know that very well! Love is the best thing in the world." The girl repeated the words very seriously, even with solemnity, as if she were repeating a phrase of worship in the celebration of a sacrament. "But I wish you would wait for father!"

The stranger smiled behind her veil. "Do you?" she asked, tenderly, as if she were speaking to a child. Then, returning to her earlier manner, "And there's self-sacrifice. Don't forget that—Marna."

"Oh, I know," said the girl. "Father has often spoken of that. It is one of the things mothers are made of—patience and love and self-sacrifice."

The woman went out of the dining-room, soundlessly; but before she had reached the door Marna came up to her, her hands full of roses that she had taken from the table.

"If you *must* go," she said, "you will let me give you these flowers, will you not? She would have liked me to give them away—to you."

The stranger hesitated.


"Oh, surely you will take them—will you not? Because, you know, it is my mother's birthday!"

The woman lifted their fragrant coolness to her face as she turned away. "Yes," she said, "it is—her birthday."

In an Old-time State Capital

SECOND PAPER

BY W. D. HOWELLS



IN our capital at that day we had rather the social facts than the social forms. We were invited to parties ceremoniously enough, but we did not all find it necessary to answer whether we would come or not. Our hostess remained in doubt of us till we came or did not come; at least that was the case with young men; we never inquired whether it was so with young girls or not. If sometimes you wished to go with one of these, you found out as delicately as you could whether she was invited, and if she was you begged her to let you go with her, and arrived with her in one of the two-horse hacks which formed our cab service, and which I still see bulking in the far perspective of the State Street corner of the State House yard. If you had courage so high, or purse so full, you had sent the young lady a flower which she wore to the party—preferably a white camellia which the German florist, briefly known to our young world as Joe, allowed you to choose from the tree. Why preferably a white camellia I could not say after this lapse of time; perhaps because its cold, odorless purity expressed the unimpassioned emotion which often inspired the gift and its acceptance.

Bringing a young lady to a party might mean simply that you enjoyed the distinction of bringing her. Very likely she found her mother there when she came with you, unmindful, the one and the other, that there was such a thing as the chaperonage of a more conscious world. The parties at the Columbus houses seem never to have been wanting in the elders whom our American society used to be accused of ignoring. They superabounded at the legislative receptions, but even at the affairs which my sophis-

tication early distinguished from these hospitalities there were mature people enough, both married and unmarried, who, though they felt no charge concerning their daughters or nieces, found it pleasant to remain till the young ladies were ready to be seen home by their self-chosen escorts. A youth who danced so little and so badly as I was rather often thrown upon these charitable elders for his entertainment, and I cannot remember his ever failing of it. People—and by people I do not mean women only—read a good deal in that idyllic Columbus, and it was my greatest pleasure to talk with any one who would about the new books or the old. The old books were known mostly to that number of professional men—lawyers, doctors, and different scientists—which was disproportionately large in our population; they were each cultivated in his own way, and some in mine, or the better part of it. The young and the younger women read the current fiction and poetry, at least enough to be asked whether they had seen this book or that; and there was a group of young men with whom I could share my sometimes aggressive interest in my favorite authors. I put the scale purposely low; but I think I could truthfully say that there was then no American community outside of such literary centers as we had which surpassed ours in the taste for literature. At the same time it must be confessed that it would be easy for such an intensely literary spirit as I was to deceive himself; and to think that he always found what he may have oftener brought.

For a long time after the advent of our new journalism the kind of writing which we practised seemed to be the pleasure of good society, which did not object to such conscience as we put into our mocking. Some who possibly

trembled at our boldness darklingly comforted themselves for our persiflage by the good cause in which it frisked. When a very daring thing came out in the afternoon, the young news editor in his round of calls could hear the praise of it from charming readers in the evening, or he might be stopped in the street next day and told how good it was by the fathers, or brothers, or brothers-in-law of those charming readers. It was more like the prompt acclaim the drama enjoys than the slow recognition of literature; but I, at least, was always trying to make my writing literature, and after fifty-odd years it may perhaps be safely owned that I had mainly a literary interest in the political aspects and events which I treated. I truly felt the ethical quality of the slavery question, and I had genuine convictions about it, but for practical politics I did not care; I wished only to understand enough of them to seize any chance for a shot at the other side which they might give. I had been in the midst of practical politics almost from my childhood; through my whole youth the din of meetings, of rallies, of conventions had been in my ears; but I was never at a meeting, a rally, or a convention; I have never yet heard a political speech to the end. For a future novelist, a realist, that was a pity, but so it was.

In that day of lingering intolerance, intolerance which can scarcely be imagined in this day, and which scarcely stopped short of condemning the mild latitudinarianism of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* as infidelity, every one but a few outright atheists were more or less devout. In Columbus the different forms of Calvinism drew the most worshipers; our chief was constant with his family at the Episcopal service; but Reed was frankly outside of all ecclesiastical allegiance; and I, who believed myself of my father's Swedenborgian faith, could make it my excuse for staying away from other churches, since there was none of mine. If I tried listening to a sermon, it was apt to end in my getting a suggestion from it for the construction or the reconstruction of some scene in my fiction or some turn of phrase in my verse. It must rather have been a turn of phrase in my verse, for as yet fiction

was remote from me, and I thought prose fit mainly for every-day use in my newspaper work. I was already beginning to print my verses in such of the honored Eastern periodicals as would take them—usually for nothing. But I will not dwell here upon the whirl of esthetical emotions in which I eddied round and round at that tumultuous period. I have elsewhere sufficiently told the story of my first formal venture in the little volume of verse which I united with my friend John J. Piatt in offering to the world. I may add here that it appeared just at Christmas-time in 1859, from the press of a hopeful young publisher in Columbus who was making his experiment in the unpromising hour when no good thing was expected to come out of the West. We two were of the only four poets beyond the Alleghanies who had yet been accepted by *The Atlantic*, and our publisher had the courage to make our book very pretty in print and binding. It was so pretty that I am afraid some people liked it for its looks; one young lady said that I at least could have no trouble in choosing what Christmas present I should make my friends. She was that very beautiful girl whom it was the unanimous romance of our city to elect the most beautiful; but I rejected her unprofessional suggestion with as much pride as if she had been plain. I gave my book to no one, in my haughty aversion from even the shadow of advertising, and it might have been in deference to my feeling that nearly every one refrained from buying it.

Not so many people in our town could have known me for my poetry as for my journalism, and I do not pretend that the sexes were equally divided in its recognition. I have intimated my fancy that with some men, men of affairs, men of the more serious callings, the face of the poet was saved by the mocking audacity of the paragrapher. If I could be so sharp, so hard, in my comment on the day's events, I could not be so soft as I seemed in those rhymes where I studied the manner of Heine, the manner of Tennyson, and posed in this or that dramatized personality, but was acceptable for qualities which recommend average men to one

another. Some of that sort made friends with me; some even who were of diverse political thinking tolerated my mockeries of opinions which they supposed their principles. But neither my pleasure nor my pride was in such friendship. What I wished to do always and evermore was to think and dream and talk literature and literature only. I held it a higher happiness to stop at a street corner with a congenial young lawyer and enter upon a fond discussion of, say, De Quincey's essays than to prove myself worthy the respect of any most eminent citizen who knew not De Quincey. But I held it far the highest happiness to call at some house where there were young ladies waiting and willing to be called upon, and to join them in asking and answering whether we had read this or that late novel or current serial. It is as if we did nothing then but read late novels and current serials, which it was essential for us to know one another's minds upon down to the instant; other things might wait, but these concerns were pressing.

Of course there were some houses where such problems were of more immediate and persistent interest than other houses. Such a house was the ever-dear house of the S. family, which made itself home any hour of the day up to midnight for such youth as had been once adopted its sons. It was not only a literary house, it was even more a musical house, where there were both singing and playing, with interludes of laughter and joking in all forms of seemingly mirth. I could no more sing or play than I could dance, but I was sometimes suffered by the kind-hearted hospitality to try singing; and I could talk with the best. So it was my more than content in the lapse of the music to sit with the young aunt (she seemed so mature in her later twenties to me in my earliest) and exchange impressions of the books new and old that we had been reading. We frequenters of the house held her in that honor which is the best thing in the world for young men to feel for some gentle and cultivated woman; I suppose she was a charming person apart from her literary opinions; but we did not think of her looks; we thought

of her wise and just words, her pure and clear mind.

It was the high noon of Tennyson and George Eliot and Dickens and Charles Reade, whose books seemed following one another so rapidly. *The Newcomes* was passing as a serial through HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and we were reading that with perhaps more pleasure than all the other novels and with the self-satisfaction in our pleasure which I have before this argued was Thackeray's most insidious effect with youth striving to spurn the world it longed for. We went about trying to think who in the story was like whom in life, and our kind hostess was reading it too and trying to think that too; but it was not well for her to say what she thought in the case of the handsomest, and for several reasons, really, the first among us. It appeared that she thought he was like Clive Newcome, and that we others were like those friends of his in the tale whom his nature was shown subordinating. She said something like this to some one, and when her saying came to us others we revolted in a body. No, we would not have that theory of our relation to the friend whom we too admired; and I do not know to what infuriate excess of not calling for a week we carried our resentment. I do not know how after the week, if it was so long, we began going again; but I surmise it was through something said or done by that dear Miss A., which made it easy for her sister to modify her wounding theory into a recognition of the proud equality which bound us friends together.

We are all dead now, all save me and the youngest daughter of the house. First of all, the father died, leaving me the memory of kindness which I do not know how to touch lest I mar the beauty of it. He was my physician as well as my friend, and saw me through the many maladies, real and unreal, of my ailing adolescence, but he would have no fee for curing me of either my pains or fears. Often in those nights of singing and playing, of talking and joking, he would look in for a moment between patients to witness rather than share our jollity; and when at last it came to my leaving Columbus, and going that far journey to Venice, whither

I seemed bound as on a journey to another planet, he asked me once into his little outside office by the State Street gate, and had me tell him what provision I had made for the chances before me. I told him, and then whether he thought it not enough in that war-time, when the personal risks were doubled by the national risks, he said: "Well, I am not a rich man, or the son of a rich man, but if you think you need something more, I can let you have it." I had been keeping my misgivings to myself, but now I owned them and borrowed the two hundred dollars which he seemed to have there with him, as if in expectation of my need.

It may be that with the passage of time there began to be shadows in the picture otherwise too bright. It seems to me that in time the calls and balls may have begun to pall, and a subtle *Weltschmerz* to pierce the heart; but scarcely any sense of that remains. What is certain is that the shadow of incredible civic disaster which was soon to fill the whole heaven still lurked below the horizon, or, if it showed itself there, took the form of retreating clouds which we had but to keep on laughing and dancing in order to smile altogether out of sight. The slavery question, which was not yet formidably a question of disunion, was with most of the older men a question of politics, though with men like Dr. S. it was a question of humanity, of morality; with the younger men it was a partisan question, a difference between Democrats and Republicans; with me it was a question of emotions, of impassioned convictions, and in my newspaper work a question of copy, of material for joking, for firing the Southern heart. It might be brought home to us in some enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, as in the case of the mother who killed her children in Cincinnati, rather than let them be taken back with her to Kentucky; and there was at first the horror of revolted humanity, and then the acquiescence of sickened patience. It was the law, it was the law; and the law was constitutional and must be obeyed till it was repealed. Looking back now to that law-abiding submission, I can see that it was fine in its way, and I can see something pathetic in it as well

as in the attitude of our whole people, both South and North, confronted in that hopeless labyrinth, neither side quite meaning it or realizing it.

We young men were mostly Republicans, but some of us were Democrats, and some of us were Southerners or derivatively Southern. I have said how little society with us was affected by New England, even in such a custom as Thanksgiving, and I may go a little further and say how it was characterized for good as well as for evil by the nearer South rather than the farthest East, but more for good than for evil. Many people of Southern origin among us had chosen a Northern home, because they would rather live in a Free State than a Slave State; they had not cast their sectional patriotism, but when it came to a question of which ideal should prevail, they preferred the Northern ideal. The younger generation of their blood were native Ohioans, and these were not distinguishable from the children of the New-Englanders and the Scotch-Irish Pennsylvanians by anything that I can remember. Our manners might have been simpler and freer than those of the East, but the American manners were then everywhere simple and free, and are so yet, I believe, among ninety-nine hundredths of our ninety-nine millions. It seems to me now that the manners in Columbus were very good, then, among the young people. One cannot say what change the over-muchness of subsequent money may have made in them, but one cannot believe the change, if any, is for the better. There seems to have been greater pecuniary equality than there is now; there was an evener skyline, with scarcely a sky-scraping millionaire breaking it anywhere. Within what was recognized as society there was as much social as pecuniary equality. Once I was told that I had been much distinguished in being asked to a certain house; but I was not conscious of the difference noted to me; apparently one met the same people everywhere on that easily ascertained level above the people who worked for their living with their hands. That did not occur to me then, and only just occurs to me now, as something strange and sad; something that for ever belies our democracy, but

is so fast and deep-rooted in the conditions which our plutocracy has kept from our ancestral monarchies and aristocracies, and must keep so long as men live upon one another in the law of competition.

In one house there was more singing and playing, and in another more reading and talking. All the young ladies were beautiful, with the supremacy of that young lady whom it was our poetry to hold so beautiful that no other might contest it. As I believe the use still is in the South, we called them Miss Lily, Miss Julia, Miss Sally, Miss Fanny, Miss Maggie, whether they were the older or the younger daughters of the family. We were always meeting them at parties, or, failing that, or including that, we went to call upon them at their houses. We called in the evening, and it was no strange thing for a young man to call every evening of the week, not at one house, but at three or four. How, in the swift sequence of parties, we managed so often to find the young ladies at home, remains one of the mysteries which age must leave youth to solve. Possibly in that sharply foreshortened perspective of the past the parties show of closer succession than they really were.

At most of the houses we saw only the young ladies; it was they whom we asked for; but there were other houses where the mothers of the family received with the daughters, and at one of these my welcome was immediately of a kindness and always of a conscience which it touches me still to recall. I was taken at the best I meant as well as the best I was by the friend who was the exquisite spirit of that place, and made me at home in it. My world had been very small, and it has never since been the greatest; but I think yet, as I divined then, that she was of a social genius which would have made her in any capital the leader she was in ours. Her house expressed her, so that when her home finally changed to another the new house obeyed the magic of her taste, and put on the semblance of the first, with a conservatory breathing through it the odor of her flowers and the murmur of the dove that lived among them—herself a flower-like and bird-like presence,

delicate, elegant, such as might have been fancied of some fine Old World condition in a New World version of it. She lived to rule socially in a community which attested its gentleness by its allegiance to her until she was past eighty, but when I knew her first she was too young to be titularly accepted as their mother by her young stepdaughters who all called her cousin, in what must have been her own convention; but I suppose she liked to be not less than sovereign among her equals. With me she was the most candid of my friends; my literary journalism and later my literature may have been to her liking, but she never flattered me for them when too much praise had made me hungry for flattery. No young man such as I was then could have had a wiser and faithfuller friend, and I render her memory my tribute after so many years from a gratitude which cannot be spoken. What may have made her even anticipatively my friend was our common acceptance of the Swedenborgian philosophy. Long, long afterward, the last time I saw her, I spoke of it in these words, but she rejected them with scorn; it might be a pleasant fancy, she said, but a philosophy, no; and I perceived that she had come the way of that agnosticism which the whole cultivated world had taken. Later still, I heard that she had gone back to our faith, which was perhaps more inherited than reasoned in both of us. What I am sure of is that it was then a bond and that she was conscientiously true to this bond of a common spiritual tradition when, upon some public recognition of my work, she reminded me how according to Swedenborg every best thing we said or did was by an influx from the divine. I submitted outwardly, but inwardly I rebelled; not that my conceit of the things I did was so very great; I always meant to do much better things; in fact, I still have my masterpiece before me; but poor things as they were, I wished to feel them wholly mine.

For a like reason I quite as altogether though still modestly, refused a theory of my old friend, Moncure D. Conway. He was then a young Unitarian minister, preaching at Cincinnati an ever-widening

liberalism in religion, and publishing a slight monthly magazine named after *The Dial* of Emerson at Concord, and too carefully studied from it. For this dilute avatar of that transcendental messenger he had asked me for contributions, and so a friendship, which lasted throughout our lives, sprang up between us. But when he once came to Columbus and came to lunch with me, he quite took my appetite away by maintaining a theory that the West was to live its literature, especially its poetry, rather than write it, the East being still in that darkling period when it could not live its poetry. I do not remember the reasoning by which he supported this doctrine, but proofs as of holy writ would not have persuaded me of it as far as I myself was concerned. My affair was to write poetry, let who would live it, and to make myself known by both the quality and quantity of my poetry. It is not clear to me how I avowed my position without immodesty, but somehow I avowed it, and so finally that Conway was very willing to carry away with him for his *Dial* a piece of rhyme which I had last made. He could the more willingly do this because the *Dial* was one of those periodicals, commoner then than now, that paid rather in glory than money; in fact, it never paid anything in money, so that I doubly defeated him: I was not only not living my poetry, I was not even living by it.

Journalism was not my ideal, but it was my passion, and I was passionately a journalist well after I became an author. I tried to make my newspaper work literary, to give it form and distinction, and it seems to me that I did not always try in vain, but I had also the instinct of actuality, of making my poetry speak for its time and place. For the most part, I made it speak for the times and places I had read of; but while Lowell was keeping my Heinesque verses among the *Atlantic* MSS. until he could make sure that they were not translations from Heine, I was working at a piece of realism which, when he printed it in the magazine, our exchange newspapers lavishly reprinted. In that simple time the copyright law hung loosely upon the journalistic conscious-

ness, and it was thought a friendly thing to reproduce whatever pleased the editorial fancy in the periodicals which would now frowningly forbid it, but with less wisdom than they then allowed it, as I think. At any rate, as its author, the prevalence of "The Pilot's Story" in our exchanges gave me a joy which I tried to hide from myself and from my senior in the next room; and I bore heroically the hurt I felt when some of the country papers, because of the scantiness of their fonts of type, printed my long, overrunning hexameters as prose. I had studied the verse not in Longfellow alone, but in Kingsley's "Andromeda" and Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea," but my story I had taken from a potentiality of our own life, and in the tragedy of the slave girl whose master gambles her away at *monte* on a Mississippi steamboat, and who flings herself into the river, I was at home with scene and circumstance. The popularity of the piece had its pains as well as pleasures, but the sharpest anguish I suffered was from an elocutionist who was proposing to recite it on the platform, and who came to me with it, to have me hear him read it. He did not give it with the music of my inner sense, but I praised him as well as I could till he came to the point where the slave girl accuses her master with the cry of "Sold me! Sold me! Sold! And you promised to give me my freedom!" when he said, "And here I think I will introduce a shriek." "A shriek?" I faltered. "Yes. Don't you think it would fill the suspense that comes at the last word 'Sold!?' Something like this," and he gave a cry that made my blood run cold, not from the sensibility of the auditor, but the agony of the author. "Oh no!" I implored him, and he really seemed to imagine my suffering. He promised to spare me, but whether he had the self-denial to keep his word I never had the courage to inquire.

I was glad of the pay which the *Atlantic* gave me, but the pay was nothing to the glory; and with the letter which Lowell wrote me about it in the pocket next my heart, and felt for, to make sure of its presence, every night and morning and throughout the day, I

was of the potentiality of immeasurable success. I should have been glad of making more money, for there were certain things I wished to do for those at home which I could not do on my salary of ten dollars a week, already beginning to be fitfully paid. Once I had not the money for the white gloves which it seems I expected myself to wear in compliance with usage at a certain party; and there were always questions of clothes. But with men such questions were not very pressing in our capital. The women dressed beautifully, to my fond young taste; they wore Spanish hats with drooping feathers in them, they floated in airy hoops, and were as silken balloons sailing in the streets where the men were apt to go in unblacked boots and sloven coats and trousers. The West has, of course, brushed up since, but in that easy-going era the Western man did not trouble himself much about his clothes.

Whether the currency of "The Pilot's Story" and the *Atlantic* publication of my Heinesque poems added to my reputation in our city I could not say. It was the belief of my senior on the newspaper that our local recognition was enervating, but naturally I could not agree with a man of his greater age and experience, and it is still a doubt with me whether recognition hurts when one has done one's best. I cannot recall that I ever tried to provoke this recognition; I hope not; but certainly I worked for it and hoped for it. I doubt if any like experiment was ever received with more generous favor than ours by a community which I had reasons for knowing was intelligent if not critical. The *Journal*, if I may say it without boasting, was always good society, but after a while and inevitably it became an old story, or at least an older story than it was at first, though it never quite ceased to be good society. There remained the literary interest, the esthetic interest for me, after the journalistic interest had waned; there was always the occasion, or the occasion could always be made.

Perhaps I sacrifice myself in vain by my effort to impart the sense of that past which faded so long ago; perhaps some readers will hold me cheap for the

fondness with which I recur to it and linger in it. Very well, but I believe that I prize its memories because they seem so innocent and sweet, so full of honor and worship for the girlhood and womanhood which consecrate it in my remembrance. I have the feeling of something like treason to the men I knew in that time, when I own that I preferred the society of women to theirs, but I console myself with the reflection that they would probably have said the same as to mine. Our companionship could hardly have chosen itself more to my liking. It was mainly of law-students, but there was here and there one engaged in business, who was of a like joking and laughing with the rest. We lived together in a bravely picturesque edifice, Gothic and Tudor, which had been meant for a medical college, and had begun so, and then from some financial infirmity lapsed to a boarding-house for such young men as I knew, though we were not without the presence of a young married pair, now and then, and even a young lady, a teacher or the like. For such moneyed youth as could afford to pay three dollars and a half a week for their board, the board was superabundant, in the variety of the simple American kitchen of those days, and the lodging was entirely comfortable, if you liked your room-mate. Mine was a poet, even more actual than myself, though not meaning so much as I to be always a poet; he was reading law, and he meant to practise it, but he had contributed three poems to the *Atlantic Monthly* before any of mine had been printed there. I cannot make out that this was a cause of bitterness with me, though his work was good enough to be cause of bitterness. Perhaps I was not jealous because I felt that it would be useless; I was not even jealous of him for being so largely in society before I was. Later, when we came in from our evening calls, we sometimes read to each other, out of what books I could not say now, but probably some poet's; certainly not our own verse; he was too wise for that, and I too shy. Sometime in my middle years at Columbus he left us to begin his law practice farther West; and in noticing his departure, as a friendly journal-

ist should, I obeyed his wish not to speak of him as a poet; that, he said, would injure him with his new public. Whether it would or not I am not sure; the Western community is sometimes curiously romantic, and does not undervalue a man for being out of the common in that way; and Thomas Fullerton was distinctly out of the common in that way. What really happened with him was that, being of a missionary family and of a clerical tradition, he left the law, in no great time, and studied divinity. It was a whole generation afterwards before I saw him again; he had followed me with generous remembrance and just criticism of my fiction; and now he made me a sort of professional reproach for dealing in my novels (notably in *A Modern Instance*) with ethical questions best left to the church, he thought. I thought he was wrong, but I am not sure that I so strenuously think so now; fiction has to tell a tale as well as evolve a moral, and either the character or the principle may suffer in that adjustment which life alone can more perfectly manage. I do not say ideally manage, for many of the adjustments of life seem to me cruel and mistaken. If it is in these cases that religion can best intervene, I suppose my old room-mate was right; at any rate, he knows now better than I, for he is where there is no manner of doubt, and I am still where there is every manner of doubt.

I believe, in the clerical foreshadowing of his future he was never of those wilder moments of your young companionship, when we roamed the night under the summer moon, or when we forgathered around the table in a booth at Ambos's restaurant, and over a spirit-lamp stewed the oysters larger and more luscious than any now to be found in the sea; or when in the quarter-hours of digestion which we allowed ourselves after our one-o'clock dinner, we stretched ourselves on the grass before the college, and laughed the time away at anything which pretended itself a joke. We were Republicans, more radical or less, as nearly all the people we knew were. There were two young men who were not, but they were not of our companionship, though we met them at the houses we frequented, and

did not think the worse of them for being Democrats. In fact, there was no political rancor outside of the newspapers, and that was tempered with jocosity. Slavery had been, since the beginning of the nation, the heritage of the States from the Colonies, and it had been accepted as part of the order or disorder of things. We supposed that sometime, somehow, we should be rid of it, but we were not sanguine that it would be soon. Once talking of it with a cool-headed, philosophical young Scotch bank-clerk, we conjectured that it would not disappear in less than two hundred years from that year of 1859. We were not very precise; a little more; a little less; but about two hundred years, we thought; and though we felt it a long time to wait, we made up our minds to wait. He was going back to Edinburgh soon; and with so many things of pressing interest, the daily cares, the daily pleasures, the new books, the singing and laughing and talking in the pleasant houses, one could leave the question of slavery in abeyance. There had been as many warnings of calamity to come as ever a people had, yet when the bolt burst from the stormy sky and fell at Harper's Ferry we were as utterly amazed as if it had fallen from a heaven all blue.

Only those who lived in that time can know the feeling which filled the hearts of those who beheld in John Brown the agent of the divine purpose of destroying slavery. Men are no longer so sure of God's hand in their affairs as they once were, but I think we are surer that He does not authorize evil that good may come, and that we can well believe the murders which Brown did as an act of war in Kansas had not His sanction. In the mad skurry which followed the incident of Harper's Ferry, many things were easily shuffled out of sight. Probably very few of those who applauded or palliated Brown's attempt knew that he had taken men from their wives and children and made his partisans chop them down that their death might strike terror into the pro-slavery invaders, while he forbore from some strange policy to slaughter them with his own hand. His record was not searched to this dreadful fact in my knowledge,

either by the Democrats who tried to inculcate the Republicans for his invasion of Virginia, or by the Republicans who more or less disowned him. What his best friends could say, and what most of them believed, was that he had been maddened by the murder of his sons in Kansas, and that his insane attempt was traceable to the wrongs he had suffered. His own calm and dignity as he lay wounded and captive in the engine-house at Harper's Ferry, where the volunteer counsel for the prosecution flocked upon him from every quarter, and questioned him and cross-questioned him, did the rest, and a sort of cult grew up in which he was venerated before his death. I myself was of that cult, as certain fervent verses would testify, if I here refused to do so. They were not such very bad verses, as verses, though they were technically faulty in places, but in the light which Mr. Villard's history of John Brown has cast upon that lurid passage of his life I perceive that they were mistaken. He was not bloodier than most heroes, but he was not a martyr, except as he was willing to sacrifice himself along with others for a holy cause, and he was a saint only of the Old Testament sort of Samuel who hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord. But from first to last he was of the inevitable, and the Virginians could no more have saved themselves from putting him to death than he could have saved himself from venturing his life to free their slaves. The South has enough crimes against the negroes to answer for in the past and in the present; but we cannot blame it wholly for the fate of the slave's champion; he was of the make of its own sons in his appeal to violence, and apparently it understood him better than the North. There was then no evil too great for us to think of the Virginians, and yet after they could free him from the politicians, mainly Northern, who infested him in the first days of his captivity, to make political capital or newspaper copy out of him, the Virginians tried him fairly, as those unfair things called trials go; and they remained with a sort of respect for him which probably puzzled them.

While I have been saying this I have

been trying to think how much or little our own community was shaken by an event that shows so tremendous in the retrospect, and it seems to me little rather than much. People knew the event was tremendous, but so had the battles in Kansas been, and so had the murderous attack on Sumner in the Senate Chamber, and so had the arrests and rescues of the fugitive slaves. They were of the same texture, the same web which fate was weaving about us and holding us faster, hour by hour and day by day, while we felt ourselves as free as ever. There must have been talk pretty constant at first, but dying away without having really been violent talk among those who differed most about it. What I think is that most people were perhaps bewildered, and that waiting in their daze they did not say so much as people would now imagine their saying. Or it may be that my memory of the effect is a blur of so many impressions that it is impossible to detach any from the mass; but I do not think this probable. The fact probably is that people did not realize what had happened, because they could not, because their long experience of enmity between the South and North had dulled them too much for a true sense of what had happened.

The young English poet, Richard Realf, who had grotesquely been Secretary of State in the republic Brown had dreamed out, had passed from Canada with his Department before the incident at Harper's Ferry, and was in Texas at the time of it and of the immediately ensuing events. What affair of state brought him to Columbus, after the death of his leader and comrades, I did not understand, and I cannot understand yet how he could safely be there within easy reach of a United States marshal, but he was no doubt much safer than in Texas, and he stayed some days, mainly talking with me, about himself as a poet rather than as a secretary of state. He interested me, indeed, much more as a poet, for I already knew him as the author of some Kansas war lyrics, which I do not suppose I should admire so much now as I did then. He was a charming youth, perhaps my senior by two years, and so about twenty-four, gentle man-

nered, sweet voiced, well dressed, and girlishly beautiful. I knew, as he was prompt and willing to tell me again, that he had been a protégé of Lady Byron's, and that while in her house he had fallen in love with a young kinswoman of hers, and so was forced to leave it, for with all his gifts he was only the son of an agricultural laborer. Yet Lady Byron seemed to have remained fond of him; she had helped him to publish a volume of verse which he had called *Guesses at the Beautiful* (I envied him the title), and at parting she had given him a watch for a keepsake, and money to bring him to America. He showed me the watch, and I dare say the volume of poems, but I am not sure as to this, and I vouch for no particular of his story, which may very well have been wholly true. In the long walks and long talks we had together, when he cared more to speak of his literary than his military life, I cannot make out that he expected to help further in any attack upon the South. Apparently he shared the bewilderment which every one was in, but he did not seem to be anxious for himself as part of the scheme that had so bloodily failed.

Realf's brief stay in Columbus may have been in that time of abeyance between Brown's capture and his death; but it must have been after the hanging at Charlestown that one night I formed a particle of the crowd which seemed to fill the State House yard on its western front, listening dimly to the man whose figure was a blur against the pale stone. I knew that this man was the Abraham Lincoln who had met Douglas in the famous debates, and who was now on his way home to Illinois from his recognition in the East as a man of national importance. I could not well hear what he said, and I did not stay long; if I had heard perfectly, I might not, with my small pleasure in public speaking, have stayed long; and of that incident, and of the man whom history had already taken into her keeping, and tragedy was waiting to devote to eternal remembrance, I have only the sense of his figure against the pale stone, and the black crowd spread before him. Later I had a fuller sense of his historic quality, but still imperfect, when he stood

on the great stairway within the State House and received the never-ending crowd which pushed upward, man and woman after man and woman, and took his hand, and tried to say something as fit as it was fond. That would have been when he was on the journey, which became a flight, to his inauguration as President at Washington. He had been elected President, and the North felt safe in his wise keeping, though the dangers that threatened the nation had only gathered denser upon it, and the strange anomaly which called itself the government had been constantly betraying itself to the treason within it and without. The people, who pushed upward to seize the huge hand held out to every one, looked mostly like country folk such as he had been of, and the best of him always was, and I could hear their hoarse or cracked voices as they hailed him, oftenest in affectionate joking, sometimes in fervent blessing, but for anything I could make out he answered nothing. He stood passive, submissive, with the harsh lines of his lower face set immovably, and his thick-lashed eyes sad above them, while he took the hands raised to him one after another, no end, and shook them wearily.

It was a warm day of late February or earliest March, when the summer comes up to southern Ohio before its time, and brings the birds with it for the delusion of a week or a fortnight; and as we walked out, my companion and I, we left a sweltering crowd within the State House, and, straying slowly homeward, suffered under a sun as hot as June's. I do not say July's sun or August's because I wish my reader to believe me, and any one who has known the July or August, or the September, even, of southern Ohio has known something worse than tropical heat, if travelers tell the truth of the tropics, and no one could believe me if I said such heat ever came in February or March. There were whole fortnights of unbroken summer heat in Columbus, when the night scarcely brought relief from the day, and the swarming fly ceded only to the swarming mosquito. Few people, even of those who might have gone, went away; none went away for the season, as the use is now, though it is still much

more the use in the East than in the West. There were excursions, to the Northern lakes or to Niagara and down the St. Lawrence; there were even brief intervals of resort to Cape May; but the custom was for people to stay at home; to wear the thinnest clothes, and drink cooling drinks, and use fans, and try to sleep under mosquito bars, after sitting out on the front steps. That was where calls were oftenest paid and received, and as long as one was young the talk did not languish, though how one did when one was old—that is, thirty or forty, or along there—we who were young could not have imagined. There was no sea or any great water to send its cooling breath over the land which stretched from the Ohio River to Lake Erie with scarcely a heave of its vast level. We had not even the satisfaction of knowing that we were suffering from a heat-wave; the notion had not been invented by a quarter of a century yet; we suffered ignorantly on and on, and did not intermit our occupations or our pleasures; some of us did not even carry umbrellas against the sun; these we reserved for the rain which could alone save us, for a few hours in a sudden dash, or for a day in the storm that washed the air clean of its heat.

The deluging which our streets got from these tempests was the only cleaning which I recollect ever seeing them given. There was indeed a chain-gang which intermittently hoed about in the gutters, but could not be said to clean them, while it remained the opprobrium of our civilization. It was made up mostly of negroes, but there were some drink-sodden whites who dragged a lengthening chain over the dust, or hung the heavy ball which each wore over the hollows of their arms when urged to more rapid movement. Once I saw, with a peculiar sense of our common infamy in the sight, a quite well-dressed young man shackled with the rest, and hiding his face as best he could with eyes fastened on the ground as he scraped it. Somehow it was told me he had been unjustly sentenced and the vision of his tragedy remains with me yet.

Municipal hygiene was then in its infantile, if not in its embryonic stage,

and if there was any system of drainage in Columbus, it must have been surface drainage, such as I saw in Baltimore twenty-five years later. After the rain the sun would begin again its daily round from east to west in a cloudless sky, where by night the moon seemed to reflect its heat as well as its light. I had become accustomed to the more temperate climate of the Lake Shore, and I felt the heat as something like a personal injury, but not the less I kept at work like the rest. There had begun to be tremors of insecurity in my position, such as came from the bookkeeper's difficulty in sometimes finding the money for my weekly wage, which might well have alarmed me for the continued working of the economic machine. It appeared that our newspaper had not been re-established upon a foundation so firm but that it needed new capital to prop it, after something over a year, and then a business change took place which left me out. I was not altogether sorry, for about the same time my senior resigned and went to Cincinnati to cast in his fortunes as both owner and editor with another paper. Without him, though I should have fearlessly undertaken the entire conduct of our journal, I should not have felt so much at home in it; for I did not know then, as I have learned long since, that a strong writer, when he leaves a newspaper, leaves a subtle force behind him which keeps him indefinitely present in it. Yet there was no question of my staying, and though my chief's wish to have me stay almost made it seem as if I were staying, I had to go, and I had to leave him my debtor. I hasten to say that his debt was fully paid in no very long time, and that the payment became the basis of a new engagement with him.

It seems that the world was managed much less on a cash basis in those days than in these; people did not expect to be paid their money as soon as they had earned it; the economic machine creaked and wobbled oftener, and had to be sprinkled with cool patience when the joints worked dry of oil. But to my great joy I was now invited to become professional reader for the young publisher who had issued the

Poems of Two Friends, and who, apparently inspired by the signal failure of that book, imagined establishing a general publishing business in our capital. He followed it with several very creditable books, and he seems to have had the offer of many more manuscripts than he could handle. But our bravest venture was a book which he had fancied doing, and had fancied my writing. This was the "Life and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln," printed in the same volume with the "Life and Speeches of Hannibal Hamlin," who was nominated with him on the presidential ticket at the Republican convention in 1860. It was the idea of my friend, the very just and reasonable idea, that I should go to Springfield, Illinois, and gather the material for the work from Lincoln himself, and from his friends and neighbors. But this part of the project was distasteful to me, was impossible; I felt that there was nothing of the interviewer in me, at a time when the interviewer was not yet known even to himself by name. Not the most prophetic soul of the time, not the wisest observer of events, could have divined my loss; and I was no seer. I would not go, and I missed the greatest chance of my life,

though even now I am not sure I was wholly wrong, for I might not have been equal to that chance; I might very well not have seemed to the man whom I would not go to ask of his life at all the person to report him to the world even in a campaign Life. What we did was to commission a young law student of those I knew—it was Mr. J. Q. Howard, afterwards one of the owners and editors of the *State Journal*—to go to Springfield and get the material for me. When he brought it back, a sheaf of very admirable notes, but by no means great in quantity, I felt the charm of the material, the wild poetry; I was at home with it, for I had known the belated backwoods of a certain region in Ohio; and I wrote the little book with none of the reluctance I felt from studying its sources. I will not pretend that I had any prescience of the greatness, the tragical immortality, that underlay the few simple, mostly humble, facts brought to my hand. Those who see that unique historic figure in the retrospect will easily blame my youthful blindness, but those who remember his life before he overtopped all the history of his time will not be so ready to censure me for my want of forecast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Ghosts

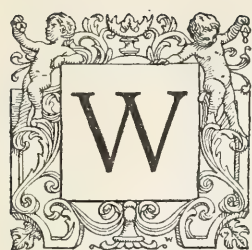
BY SCUDDER MIDDLETON

THE ghosts of the spring are haunting autumn—
 The sighing wind and the sobbing rain;
 I hear them come in the dusk and mutter,
 Searching the land for their loves again—
 For the pale new rose and the green vine twining,
 For the beautiful grass and the singing grain;
 Out of the gray of the day they wander
 Over the land for their loves again.

The ghosts of my youth are haunting my heart—
 The simple trust and the dreams long slain;
 I feel them come in the wind and water,
 Searching my heart for their boy again—
 For the wondering child with the eyes of laughter,
 For the glorious joy untouched of pain;
 Out of the dusk and the rain they wander,
 Searching my heart for their boy again.

The Six-day Sharp-shooter

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER



WE knew Willy for six days. I knew him better than any one else in the regiment did, except Jim Surrel. I was Jim's best friend until Willy came, an' after Willy—went away—I was Jim's best friend again. Willy Melerrish was twenty-two years old. He enlisted early in June, '63, "for the war." He enlisted because he believed he had been directed to do so in answer to his prayer for guidance. He was medium height, but with all his clothes on he weighed only a hundred an' thirty pounds. He had been a student for six years, an' all that time he had been certain that his was a saved soul. That's what he told us. A day or two after I got to know him he said that this war, if he lived through it, would postpone his arrival at his earthly goal, but that that was the Lord's will. He said that he meant to become an excellent soldier.

As near as we could make out, some clerk in the Adjutant-General's office must have been drunk when he made out Willy's papers. Willy went with the squad of recruits to the Seventy-ninth Regiment in camp of instruction near Washington. Then they found that Willy's papers, as made out, detailed him to the Ninth Regiment—us. I dare say that after a couple o' months the mistake was corrected—on paper. So he came all alone to us in front of Vicksburg.

It was after dark when he got to camp. None of us saw him come in. Our company commander that night was a lieutenant, acting captain, and he had a toothache; so he only glanced at Willy's papers an' told him to report at roll-call. It was comic those six days to see Willy mimic the lieutenant. He would tell that the lieutenant said: "'See ——,'" mumble, mumble, mumble—both hands to that jaw an' rockin' with the pain.

(Willy would have got to be a jolly little fellow—you could tell that.) "And I said," Willy would say, in that gentle little voice of his, "'See *who*, sir?'" We laughed till we just ached hearin' him try to roar like that lieutenant: "'See hell, sir. . . . Told y' once. . . . Get out!'" Only Willy would lower his voice each time he quoted the word "hell." When the lieutenant told him to get out Willy got; he went an' sat on a log, not knowin' what to do. That's where we saw him first—sittin' on the log.

You can guess how strange it all must have seemed to him. Nothin' at all but a few hours o' night between him an'—for the first time—bloody war. And the camp itself. We never had another camp like that one before Vicksburg. We was so close to a steep, bare hill that the firelight threw our shadows against it like great, black, dancin' giants sixty feet high. An' in the next gully was a camp o' contrabands. They had a fiddle or two there, an' every night those fiddles would be screechin' an' wailin', an' the niggers—dozens an' dozens o' 'em—would sing sort of chants, solemn, creepy, like their granddaddies and grandmammies had sung in Africa. Then, like the great, slow tick o' God's clock, there would come over the hills from the river and bayous where the gunboats lay . . . boo-om! . . . nothin' for five minutes, then . . . boo-om! . . . five minutes . . . boo-om!—the mortars, night an' day an' day an' night, throwin' shells into Vicksburg. It kind o' gave you the misgivin's, that camp, if you stopped to think about it.

I was the first one to see Willy. I called, "Hi! Jim Surrel! Fresh fish!" an' pointed. Jim was the regiment's clown. We generally laughed at what Jim said, but always at the way he looked when he said it. He didn't mind. When any one asked him how tall he was he would say: "Six feet four in my socks—when I wear any." That was his

height, all right—six four; an' he was thin as a bean-pole. An' when any one would say, "Jim, why don't you wear whiskers like the rest of us?" he'd say, "I favor my women-folks." His hair was growin' on the backs of his hands. He had the reddest face I ever saw on a human being, an' a mouth like a frog's, but he had good eyes—blue, all wrinkled at the corners with laughin' an' with kindliness.

When I yelled "Fresh fish!" Jim went stalkin' over toward the new member, the rest of us followin'; other fellows from near-by fires got up an' came, too. Willy stood up when he saw us comin'. Somebody threw more wood on his smolderin' fire, an' it blazed up. We had a good look at him then. Someway none of us even suspected—for o' course there had never been a recruit in the regiment. His turned-back coat-sleeves still came down to the knuckles of his little hands; an' he'd rolled an' rolled his dusty, flappin' trousers instead o' tuckin' them into the tops of his socks. His socks had slipped down off his slim, dust-covered ankles that were loose in the tops o' the clumsy shoes.

Jim was wonderful polite an' solemn. He bowed very low. "How do you do this evenin', comrade?" he asked. His high, thin voice was made so sweet it was just sickenin'. In that friendly little way of his Willy put out his right hand. Quick as a flash Jim dropped upon one knee an' passionately kissed the hand. Willy snatched it back, his white face flamin' like an insulted girl's. We all guffawed. Our Jim was never twice the same. Jim got awful business-like. "Young man," he snapped, "what is your record? What did you do your best marks in?" I mind to this day how astonished and pleased Willy looked.

"I didn't know that you soldiers were interested in *such* things, but, well—since you ask me—I stood head in Greek, third in Hebrew . . ."

"Bit!" we all howled. "Jim, you're bit!" Even then we thought that Willy was just fly.

Jim was sheepish; mad, too. He began over again in a sort of purrin' voice: "What might thee be called, little stranger?"

What did that boy go an' answer but,

"Willy"! Jim give a roar like a wounded animal, leaped up in the air, an' waved his flail-like arms. Willy just jumped back in horror, an' we all near hurt ourselves laughin'. "Your *name*, your *name*," Jim was howlin', all the time leapin' an' wavin' his long arms. "Your *name*—not what ma-ma calls her darling!"

Willy was gettin' a grip on himself. He answered out: "My name is Melerish, Willy Melerrish, an'—my mother does not— Last winter my mother—died."

Jim Surrel seemed to just shake down into his clothes. He stood lookin' for a long minute; then, "So did mine," he said. He turned an' came pushin' his way, rough, out through us spectators; he was dashin' the tears out of his eyes with the backs of his hairy hands. We was that abashed by it all that we just stood a minute an' then melted away, leavin' Willy sittin' there on his log.

O' course, for roll-call every mornin' it was near as dark as pitch. I saw a sergeant with a lantern go over by the log where we had left the new fellow, an' kick somethin' an' ask what in blazes he slept there for. An' I said to Jim, "Jim, that new fellow's slep' on his log all night." Jim just grunted. Nobody feels very chipper that hour o' the mornin'. We fell into line an' answered to our names. The lieutenant, still with his toothache, his swelled face still bound up with the dirty towel, come out for a moment in front of the line.

"Ammunition an' grub for the day?" he mumbled. "Canteens full? Then hunt your holes."

We broke line an' started away. Jim and I passed close to where Willy Melerish was standin'. He'd been given his Henry rifle an' 'couterments, but he was just standin' there with the 'couterments jangling together in one hand.

We hadn't gone more than a hundred yards before we heard somebody comin' runnin' after us up the hill. "Say!" he kep' hollerin', "Say!" We knew by the voice it was Willy Melerrish. I guess he had picked out Jim to be sort of tender and kind because of the night before. He caught up with us. "Say," he said, kind o' shy, "I don't know what I must do."

"Pot Johnny-rebs," says Jim, scornful, as though any fool would know that.

"You mean we are going into battle, to fight—this way, now?" All of a sudden he held out his rifle an' 'couterments, with a sort o' pleadin' gesture. "Say," he said, "if I have to fight now—though I never thought that going into battle would be like this!—I ought to know about my gun. If you'll show me how to load it, I feel sure I shall be able to fire it off."

It was too dark to see faces, but I could see Jim stickin' out his neck an' starin' at Willy as at one suddenly stricken lunatic. "Grant's sake!" he yelled. "You don't know how to load a Henry? You're a hell of a sharp-shooter!"

"A sharp-shooter?" says Willy Melerrish, with that little laugh o' his. "I'm no sharp-shooter! Why, in all my life I've never even fired a gun!"

Jim just capered. "Never even . . . Honest? Honest is that . . .?" Here in our famous regiment o' picked sharpshooters was a "sharp-shooter" who had never fired a gun! "Boys!" Jim yelled. "Hi-ee, boys! He's never even . . ." He fell to laughin' so that he couldn't speak. Eight or ten o' the boys, laughin' and chucklin', came trottin' back toward us in the dark. They could tell by Jim's voice that this would be somethin' rare. Willy Melerrish stood there kind o' spiritless, without sayin' a word. Jim said to me afterward: "Fat," he said, "once I kicked a little dog o' mine, an' I was goin' to kick him again, an' the dog knew I was goin' to kick him again, an' he just waited. It was like that with Willy."

It didn't seem a minute till the boys had got back to us. "Keep your mouth shut, Fatty," Jim whispered to me. Then to the boys that was groupin' around he began, cool-like, "Jest as I began to suspect last night!—we're a passel o' fools!" In those few words he had changed the whole meanin' of his yell. Now it meant, not Willy, but us an' the rest o' the boys. "This here new member," Jim went on, smoothly, "for all he is so fly with his Hebrew an' Greek, is shootin' in pretty fast company—ninety-five, modest enough he tells me."

Nobody said anything for about a minute except to kind o' grunt. Then one o' the boys said, "An' you called us down the hill, Jim—for that?" And another, "What's so blame' funny—?"

"Oh, *that* ain't funny," says Jim. "I never said it was. Only, what do you think o' *this*? Willy Melerrish's folks are livin' up in Rockland County on *our* old farm that we left six years ago! Don't *that* beat all? Willy an' me are goin' to shoot to-day from the same cover, an' gossip."

Willy Melerrish kind o' gagged. "Why . . . But . . ." he began.

Jim just took Willy's elbow as if he was mighty friendly, but I knew the strength o' Jim's fingers. "Think how funny . . ." Jim says to the fellows. "*Our* old . . ."

"Oh, hell, Jim!"

"But . . ." Willy Melerrish began again.

One o' the boys broke in, "It's gettin' pretty near light!" An' it was! "We'd best double," some one said. They started away an' the dark swallowed 'em up.

Jim, without a word, snatched the boy's 'couterments, an' began to hang them on him—haversack, canteen, cartridge-box—like he would have flung harness on an old mare. "Come on!" he ordered. "Run!" Within two hundred yards Willy Melerrish tuckered. His knees just wouldn't straighten, an' he began to drown for lack of air. Jim went plugin' back down the hill after him, caught him by the wrist, jerked him forward. "Take his other hand, Fatty," he called to me. The sky was gettin' right gray, an' you could see pretty distinctly for maybe fifty yards. So with Willy Melerrish between us we went tearin' an' jumpin' down the hill. The ground here was ripped an' ridged in every direction with the zigzaggin' rifle-pits an' trenches. Farther down, the whole hillside looked like it was stirrin' an' slidin' forward in the dark; that was the motion of the troops, just heads an' shoulders in sight, advancin' through the saps to the trenches an' rifle-pits that had been dug for them during the night.

Then we three jumped the advance trench an' were out between the armies. Every second it was lighter. We crossed

the dry run at the bottom of the valley an' started up the face o' the Johnnies' hill, runnin' like mad, an' draggin' Willy, who could hardly keep his feet. "Fatty," says Jim, pantin', "there ain't room for three in the pit. You shoot to-day from the rock-pile, will y'?" So I bore off to the left a couple o' hundred yards an' Jim dragged Willy to our old place in the pit behind the tree-trunk. I didn't pay much attention to Jim an' Willy for a while, but when I looked they were sittin' as far apart as they could get, an' I could see they wasn't sayin' a word. That was mighty unnatural for Jim. It lasted two hours or more. I had just begun to wonder how much longer I could stand it without knowin' what the matter was, when considerable work came my way, an' when I could look at them again they were lyin' shoulder to shoulder, thick as two thieves, an' Willy was shootin'. I couldn't make it out at all.

Jim says that when they got to the pit Willy just fell down an' lay there, strainin' an' heavin' to get air into his lungs again. At first Jim was terrible sorry for him, but after his sufferin' began to get less Jim got disgusted—thought he was a baby an' a sissy an' all that. So after a while he said, pretty impatient, "For God's sake, Willy, what were you before you enlisted?"

Willy sat up, an' his eyes began to sort o' shine. "For God's sake, Mr. Surrel," Willy said, still pantin' a little, "I was studyin' to become a missionary in the foreign field." Jim grunted that he'd begun to suspect somethin' almost that bad. Each of 'em got to thinkin' after that, and neither of 'em said anything for a long time.

All of a sudden Willy Melerrish just burst out as though he couldn't keep the words down another minute. "Mr. Surrel, I've got to tell! It's the only way! I've prayed to God—just now—He told me I've got to tell!"

"Tell who what?" says Jim, blinkin' with astonishment. "Who? What?"

"The men. You deliberately lied. . . . I'm not a sharp-shooter. . . . My folks do not live on your old farm in Rockland County. . . . I have no folks. . . . All are dead. I come from Ohio. You knew. It was all a lie. I let you

tell it. I have profited thereby. I am as guilty as you. . . . God will forgive neither of us until we tell it was all a lie."

Jim says he couldn't understand for a minute what it was all about. When he did he was so mad he was almost chokin'. "For takin' pity on you? . . . savin' you pain, an' tellin' a harmless little lie? Even niggers an' dogs are grateful," he snarled. "Here's *your* gratitude! 'This' man that befriended me—you mean to say to my friends—he is a liar! But that ain't it. You, an' such as you, can't take away from me the respect of my friends. It's what you've done to me—you've taken away my own self-respect. What regiment is this? Tell me!"

Of course Willy didn't know, except the number, an' Jim told him. I can guess how he told him! Ben Guardy himself wasn't more proud of the regiment than Jim was. All the rest of us were proud, too, but Jim was so proud that we used to laugh at him. He told Willy how the regiment was the most famous organization in the war, North or South. More dreaded than an army corps. . . . Not a day, there before Vicksburg, but what we saved the lives o' hundreds an' hundreds o' Union soldiers. . . . How? "Because we hold them rebels down on to the bottoms of their holes by the weight o' the fear o' death. *We* are death!" . . . He said the regiment was not just such an' such a numbered regiment of such an' such a state. . . . "We are from every loyal state in the land. *We* are Ben Guardy's Sharp-shooters!" (I can just hear old Jim sayin' that!) . . . "I guess the whole world's heard o' us! We ain't private soldiers. We're specialists! We ain't just picked men. In Ben Guardy's Sharp-shooters to-day there is just one man that ain't been qualified to all the tests an' won his place in open competition. One man that ain't a proved sharp-shooter. That man's *you*!" (You can imagine how Jim would sneer out those words.) "I'm weak!" Jim went on, his voice tremblin' with self-pity. "I'm weak! I'd ought to have told. But no!—in a moment o' softness, just to save the feelin's of a snivelin' little missionary, I said he was shootin' in

ninety-five! I've kep' you in Ben Guardy's Sharp-shooters! I've brought a taint onto my regiment!"

Willy neyer answered a single word. There those two sat, side by side, with fourteen hours o' that starin' 'em in the face. Jim pretended that Willy wasn't there at all, but Willy, as soon as Jim got to shootin', kind o' snuggled over an' watched pretty sharp. After a while Willy saw how it was done, an', by Davey! he got his own rifle loaded. Then Willy commenced shootin'! First time in his life that he'd ever fired a gun, mind you. Pretty soon Willy thought he had got one. "Did I hit it? Oh, did I hit it?" he says to Jim.

Jim just kep' squintin' along his rifle-barrel an' never answered. "Little hound!" he says to himself. "Suckin' up to the man he's goin' to round on in camp to-night!" Willy kind o' stuck out his chin an' kep' on shootin'. Jim stood it as long as he could. Then, "Tenderer on the trigger, lad!" he whispered. "You pull down. Your alignment's damn good." If you had known Jim you could see how that was—the sort o' makin' up the quarrel, I mean. Jim liked to talk. An' he had a regular mania for marksmanship. An' right here at his side was a pupil who showed likelihood o' makin' an out-an'-out marksman—with proper teachin'. Jim just had to talk.

It was one of the hottest days I ever felt. There wasn't a cloud in the sky all day long. Most monotonous sight you ever looked at: a few low bushes; here an' there little patches o' rank, sun-burnt grass; the rest, just an everlastin' slope o' red clay cut by the rains into dozens an' dozens o' gullies, some big, some little; at the top an everlastin' line o' yellow earthworks, sharp-edged against the hot, glitterin' sky. It was on that sharp line that we had to watch for the black dots that were men's heads. The whole hillside set up such a flicker o' heat that the earthworks seemed to just jump an' jiggle. I guess that nobody did any very good shootin' that day. Now an' then there'd be considerable poppin' o' Henry rifles; now an' then would come half an hour at a stretch when there wouldn't be a sound except the far-off roar of some batteries

givin' it, an' gettin' it, hot an' heavy. By an' by the sun set an' it got dark enough to get away. They were waitin' for me at the bottom o' the hill. "Willy . . ." the one was sayin'; an', "Jim . . ." the other was answerin', "Say, Jim . . ."

At supper that night the boys were all pretty nice to Willy. They all could see that he was a friend o' Jim's an' mine; an' they all seemed to know the story about Willy's comin' from Jim's folks' old farm up in Rockland County. Willy had mighty little to say all evenin' till most of us had begun to get a little drowsy, an' Pete Falloway had got up an' said he was goin' to turn in. Willy Melerrish says would he please wait a minute. Everybody looked at him kind o' surprised. Pete sat down.

Willy, very slowly, got up on his feet. "There's something I've got to explain," he caught his breath in a sort o' sob, "an' it's hard! Some of you heard Mr. Surrel say this morning that I was shootin' in 'ninety-five,' an' that my folks live on his folks' old farm in Rockland County." He seemed to expect some of us to say something. No one did. Willy swallowed three or four times, an' then commenced again: "No matter what it's told for, a lie's never right! Some one made a mistake; my papers are wrong. I shouldn't have been sent to this regiment. I'm not a sharp-shooter. I never fired a gun in my life till this morning. The part about Rockland County, too, is wrong; I don't even know where Rockland County is. Mr. Surrel said all that just to save me from being teased. He just didn't stop to think that it wasn't quite true—I mean that it wasn't true at all; that—they were—lies! No matter what they are told for, lies are never right. But you mustn't think any less of Mr. Surrel. It was noble of him to tell them." He sat down like his legs had just give way under him. The breeze shifted and blew the smoke into his face an' set him stranglin', but he struggled to his feet again, tears from the stingin' smoke rainin' down his cheeks. The flickerin' firelight made his too-big uniform look still funnier. "I am studying—I mean I was—was studying—I am going to be a foreign missionary." He had told it all! Then he sat down, tremblin'.



Drawn by Sidney H. Rosenberg

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

THEN THE BIRDS CAME. WILLY WANTED TO SHOOT THEM ALL

There were five of us besides Jim an' Willy. We just sat—stiff, dumb; not one of us had his mouth closed, not even Jim. Then Jim stood up. He was so tall that the glow from the embers did not reach his face; his thin voice seemed to come from the sky; we tipped back our heads an' peered up into the gloom, lookin' toward his voice. "He says himself I lied to save him. What do you boys think o' a fellow like that?"

Pete began, "I think he's a—"

Jim took one step toward Pete an' just hollered: "I didn't ask to be told your thoughts! *I'm* goin' to tell you what you're to think!" He let that sink in. No one interrupted again. "Willy told me he was goin' to tell you fellows how I'd lied. I didn't suppose he'd dare. You see he's done it! He didn't want to. It's his conscience has made him to tell. I've been thinkin' it over all day an' I see now how it is. You've heard him say he's goin' to be a foreign missionary?" He glared down at us, an' no one so much as smiled. Jim had to kind o' apologize himself: "Somebody's got to be missionaries," he said, "an', by God! I bet Willy 'll make a dandy! Well—that's why it's right for *him* to round on a chum. It's his *business* to be moral an' tell on a chum that's lied. *I* couldn't have done it—I ain't brave that way. An' none o' you hellions could 'a', either! Just one thing more—I never have seen a fellow take so natural to a rifle. Missionary or no missionary, I'm goin' to learn this lad to sharp-shoot!" That was the only speech that Jim Surrel ever made that nobody laughed at. Then Jim said to Willy (you'd 'a' thought Jim was Willy's dad—kind o' stern an' lovin' an' coaxin' all at the same time): "Now, Willy," he says, "you're in this regiment, an' just you stay in! The mistake was no fault o' yours. If you went back where you belong what would you do without *me*? Who'd take care o' you? So, now you've got your conscience quiet, you just let up on explainin'. You've done your part." An' to us, kind o' pleadin': "An' none o' you boys 'll say anything about Willy not bein' a sharp-shooter just now—will you, fellows?" We promised, an' shook hands with Willy—with Jim, too—an' went to bed, mighty astonished.

The third day was pretty similar to the second except that we got an earlier start an' didn't have to run for it. It was another hot day, but there were clouds that made big shadows, an' the shootin' was a lot better.

On our way back to camp Jim told me, an' after supper he told the rest of the boys; he was as proud as Punch about it. It seems that fifteen or twenty Johnnies had laid to get Jim an' Willy. The Johnnies pretty near shot the old log to bits. As Jim always said, "Good sharp-shooters know they ain't there to be shot at, but to shoot. An'," he says, "when you're bein' shot at you can't do as good shootin' yourself." So Jim laid down on the bottom o' the pit to wait for an hour or two till the Johnnies had forgot him an' he could go to work again in peace. Jim says he told Willy to lie down, too; but Willy, with the air just black with bits o' bark an' splinters, just squatted there, shootin', till Jim grabbed him an' pulled him down. But, by Davy! he got a Johnny! "What do you think o' *that*," says Jim, "for a lad that never saw a gun up till yesterday!" O' course we all praised him, an' Willy was just the happiest boy you ever saw. For sure, it had been more or less accident—for Willy wasn't anywhere near bein' a sharp-shooter yet—but some people take naturally to shootin', an' have luck besides.

Jim an' I had a little talk down by the run before we turned in. "Fatty," says Jim to me, "Willy's a mighty curious little chap when you get to know him."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," says Jim, "he killed a man to-day."

"Well," says I, "so did I. So did you, too, Jim, if you was shootin' up to form. What of it?"

"But," says Jim, "think o' *Willy* killin' a man!"

"How did he take it?" I asked.

"That's just it," says Jim, kind o' puzzled. "Willy says, 'I hit it, I hit it!' an' puts down his rifle, an' claps his hands."

"God!" says I. "*Willy*!" Then I began to reason things out. "O' course Willy didn't see the Johnny he'd killed?"

"O' course not," says Jim.

"Nor any other killed Johnny?—nor any of our killed fellows?—nor even a wounded person?"

"No," says Jim. "He's seen only sick people—I asked him. An' one dead one—his grandfather: *he* died o' old age."

"There you are," I says, kind o' triumphant. "That's it!"

"But," says Jim, "he got to talkin' about the Crucifixion—think o' talkin' about *that*, Fatty!—an' tears just ran down his face. 'The torture, the agony of it,' Willy said."

I reasoned that out, too. "Jim," I says, "that age-old pain is *real* pain to Willy. He's studied an' thought about that for six years. All he knows about anything is what he's read in books. For him there ain't such a thing as what you might call *practical* pain. A rifle-ball wound—in the stomach, for instance. Willy has never read o' one, much less seen one: it just don't exist—yet! All he knows about war is, he sees a little black dot; he shoots at it, hits it, an' it's a darn good shot, an' he's proud. Those little black dots ain't the heads o' fellow-men—yet! They are just targets to show his skill on. Wait till he sees one o' those little black dots' faces after Ben Guardy's Sharp-shooters has got through with it!"

"You're right, Fatty," says Jim. An' we went to bed.

Mornin' came—the fourth day. Jim an' I an' Willy had got leave to start before roll-call, for there was some little diggin' to do to fix up a new cover that Jim had picked for me. I found Willy with a lantern down at the run. He was stripped to the waist, an' was splashin' the water up on himself, an' whistlin' like he was havin' a mighty good time.

"Mornin', Willy," I said. "Beginnin' to find your soul's got a body attached onto it, ain't you?"

"Isn't it *good* to be alive, Fatty!" he answered.

After helpin' me fix my new cover, Jim an' Willy went back to their pit behind the log. It was still quite a bit earlier than we usually got into the field—just between black an' gray, if you know what I mean. I'd just got settled for forty winks till sun-up when I heard from the direction of Jim's an'

Willy's cover a shot—just one shot. It was too dark to see the enemy's works, so o' course I thought that one of the two guns had gone off accidental, an' as fast as I could I ran over. There was Willy settin' all alone.

"Oh, Fatty! Oh, Fatty!" he says. "He's over there—in the gully."

I was sure it was Jim. I didn't say a single word, but ran on. The gully wasn't more than thirty yards away. Just as I got almost there Jim came climbin' up the side.

"Are you all right, Jim?" I says.

"O' course," says Jim. "But right through the head for *him*!"

I looked down into the gully, and there was a Johnny on his face all in a heap. "What was he doin' here?" I asked, terrible surprised.

Jim shook his head. "I don't know," he says. "Lookin' for a place from where he could pick off some of us sharpshooters from behind. That's been done—other places."

It made me feel kind o' sick to find I'd come that near gettin' shot in the back.

"It's good you killed him," I said.

Jim gave a kind of a laugh. "I didn't! I was fixin' my hammer-release. It was Willy did it."

Willy began very softly callin', "Jim . . . Jim . . . *Jim*!"

Before we got there Willy began to ask: "Is he—dead?" His voice was kind o' shivering. (This time he didn't ask: "Did I hit it? Did I hit it?")

"He is," says Jim. "Praises be! It was a grand, quick shot, Willy."

"Jim! I *saw* him. I tell you I saw him, plain, Jim!"

Jim turned to me, mighty grim: "You was right last night, Fatty." I guess that Jim saw the kind of day that was ahead of him.

It was a lot worse than Jim even expected it would be. Along about nine o'clock a little avalanche o' dirt an' stones run down into the gully. Willy heard it an' was sure the fellow had come alive again. Jim had all he could do to keep Willy from runnin' over to see if he couldn't do something to save him. Then the birds came. That *was* pretty bad, Jim said. Willy wanted to shoot them all. He tried two or three times.

He was shakin' so that he couldn't hit any of 'em (an', o' course, a buzzard is a hard shot—it sails so much faster than it looks to be goin'. I've tried). An' they kep' comin' back. Jim finally had to take Willy's rifle away from him, because, o' course, if Willy'd been let alone he'd 'a' drawn the fire o' every Johnny within a mile o' him. An' then Willy prayed! Every little while. Not out loud, o' course. It got so on Jim's nerves that he swore he'd stand up an' get himself shot if Willy didn't quit, because he just couldn't stand it much longer. It was another scorchin'-hot day. By three o'clock Willy had drunk all the water in his canteen, an' in Jim's, too.

He an' Jim was about wrecks when I met 'em at the bottom o' the hill that night. Jim had Willy by the wrist, an' Willy was hangin' back at each step, an' gettin' jerked forward. There was somethin' he wanted to do, an' he was beggin' Jim to let him do it.

"He wants to go bury that fellow," says Jim, kind o' tired out an' hopeless.

"Let him be, Willy," I says. "His friends 'll come out an' get him to-night, an' like as not send him home to his family. You wouldn't be doin' him a kindness. It would be the other way." Willy hadn't thought o' that; he came along quiet enough.

In camp that night we got him heartened up almost as good as he was before. Jim told what a quick, good shot Willy had made. An' I said how five or six of us sittin' right there at that fire might be lyin' out in them gullies, dead, if Willy hadn't shot the fellow before he could hide back of our line. So all the fellows thanked Willy, an' praised him, an' got him proud again, an' almost happy.

Next mornin' Willy was bound he'd go look into the gully. Jim went. "He's gone," he told Willy; "they've took him away."

Willy was kind o' contented for a while. But Jim had forgot about the birds. Soon after sun-up they came back, an' then Willy knew that Jim had lied. The Lord knows why the fellow's friends hadn't come an' got him. When Jim found he was still there it was too light to hunt another cover.

It was another red-hot day, an' they got to knowin' about the fellow's still bein' there even without seein' an' hearin' the birds. It drove Willy almost crazy. His face would be red as fire an' then again paper-white. Jim, like a fool, give him all the water by noon. After two or three hours o' bein' without water in that sun Willy just sobbed an' muttered an' muttered an' sobbed till he fell asleep, wore out. Jim thought it was the sun, so he took off his own shirt an' laid it over Willy's head. Jim set there in the broilin' sun all the rest of the afternoon, just in his undershirt. He showed me his back an' shoulders that night—they was just one blister!

When I met Jim an' Willy to go back to camp Willy was kind o' weak an' dazed; he just tramped along at the side o' Jim an' me without sayin' a word. We had passed into our lines and beyond the troops on duty in the advance trenches, an' was trampin' along in the dark up through one of the old empty saps, when Willy, in front of Jim an' me, says, in a little, low voice: "Murder . . . Murder. . . . Murder!"

Jim didn't quite catch it, so he asks, "What say, Willy?"

Willy stopped an' turned round, an' we stopped, too. Then Willy Melerrish cried out in a loud voice: "Genesis, four, ten and eleven. 'An' he said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. An' now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.' An' in Matthew, five and twenty-one: 'Thou shalt not kill; an' whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment.' An' in Deuteronomy—"

"Listen to me, Willy!" Jim's voice was not loud, but it was terrible. "'I, William Melerrish, do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance—' Say it after me, William Melerrish!"

An' Willy, like he was a little child, commenced, "'I, William Melerrish, do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance—'"

My hair was creepin' on the back of my neck as I listened to them two sayin' our oath, a line at a time, on an' on, to—

"—an' obey the orders of the President of the United States—"

"—an' obey the orders of the President of the United States—" Willy commenced to cry. "I know what's comin', Jim. Don't make me say it, Jim!"

"Say it after me, Willy: '—an' the orders of the officers appointed over me—'"

"—an' the orders of the officers appointed over me—'"

"—accordin' to the rules an' articles for the government of the armies of the United States.'" "

"—accordin' to the rules an' articles . . .'" and so to the end.

"Add on to it, Willy, 'So help me God.'"

An' Willy, like an echo: "'So help me God.'" The night air had got cold, but the sweat run into my eyes.

"What's the Bible say about them that break their oaths, Willy? I used to know. . . . Think, Willy!"

"Don't make me say them, Jim! I looked them up last night, too. Don't make me, Jim!"

"Say all you know, Willy!"

An' Willy, whimperin' an' sobbin', but in a loud voice like he was preachin' to a great congregation, begun: "Numbers: thirty an' two, 'If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond, he shall not break his word; he shall do accordin' to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.' An' in Psalms, fifteen an' four: 'He that sweareth to his own hurt, an' changeth not' . . . an' changeth not . . . an' changeth *not*—" Willy dropped his gun an' wrung his hands. "I can't decide, Jim! I can't decide! It was murder, Jim! Murder! . . . He never saw me at all. . . . I shot him in the face when he never saw me at all."

"In the mornin', Willy! We'll talk it all over in the mornin'." Jim put his arm around Willy's shoulders an' turned him about, an' off they went without lookin' back at me; an' I followed behind, carryin' Willy's gun an' my own.

That was a bad night. Everything gone wrong. Pete Falloway was brought in, shot through the body. He was tryin', but he just couldn't die. There wasn't anywhere in camp where you could go an' not hear him. He kep' callin' for his little boy. That started

Jim about the baby he and Minnie once had. Then he got to talkin' about Minnie; he hadn't seen her since he'd had sick-leave after the battle of Iuka. Wasn't this God-cursed war ever to end? He was all wore out. He wanted to go home, he said. I'd never seen Jim like that before.

The captain's striker came around to the different fires an' said the mail was in. Jim got a letter—from Minnie. He took so long to read it that I looked to see if he wasn't ever goin' to get through, an' there he was sittin', with the great, slow tears fallin' on the page. He got up an' went off by himself down by the run. Pretty soon Willy, without sayin' anythin' to me, got up an' went after Jim; I followed, too, because I'd used to be Jim's best friend. After a while Jim told us. Minnie was goin' to have a baby. She'd kep' it from him all these months because she didn't want to worry him; but now, just at the last, she'd got scared.

Just then the striker found us an' said the captain wanted to see Jim an' me. We went up to the tent again. Word had just come, the captain said, through a spy, that the Johnnies had got a heavy gun away around on the right, an' they was to mount it next day. Jim an' I, bein' two of the best shots, was wanted to keep them from doin' it. It would be "extra-dangerous duty." At that point the lines was farthest apart. We couldn't get much support from our men. To do any good we'd have to shoot from some trees right near the enemy's lines an' a long ways from ours. The captain said good night, an' shook hands with us, which didn't look good.

When we got out of the tent we found it had begun to rain. "What are you goin' to do with Willy to-morrow, Jim?" I asked.

"Oh, ask me in the mornin', Fatty," says Jim. "In the mornin'. I'm all wore out to-night."

We went back, an' there was Willy still settin', though the rain was fast puttin' out the fire. His eyes looked kind o' queer at us as we come up, an' his face was burnin' red. "It's raining," he said. "The gullies will be running with muddy water!"

I thought that he was worryin' about



Drawn by Sidney H. Riesenberg

FOR HIM THERE WOULD BE NO SURRENDER

to-morrow, because he wasn't used to bein' in wet clothes all day. So I was surprised when Jim said, "Shut up that kind o' talk, Willy, an' go to bed!" Jim must have understood then what Willy was thinkin' about.

Jim an' I would have about a mile an' a half beyond our old cover to go next mornin', so we was to start early. I had just sat up when Jim, in his bare feet an' undershirt, came runnin' in.

"Dress quick, Fatty," he whispered. "Willy's gone!" It was the sixth day.

We ran all the way—straight to the old cover, Jim leadin' like he'd guessed it all out. When we got there we heard Willy's voice out beyond, callin', "Jim!" an' Jim answered, "It's me, Willy."

He must have been workin' a long time, for he was all through, an' sittin' there in the dark at the brink o' the gully, beside the mound. He gave a curious kind of little laugh as we came up. "I've buried him," he said.

"That was right, Willy," says Jim, soothin' him like he was a little child. "An' now can you get all alone back to camp, Willy?"

"Oh yes, Jim—back to camp. At least as far as Beersheba, 'the well of the oath.' . . . There are seven wells there—wells of water! Give me a drink, now, Jim . . . the Judgment. . . . Already I am burning in hell-fire."

Poor old Jim an' I went off to one side. "What are we goin' to do with him, Fatty?" says Jim, near cryin'.

"We've got to take him with us, Jim," I says. "Maybe we can think o' something on the way."

We started. It had quit rainin' now, but already it had begun to get hot—a sticky, steamy hot. We had made Willy throw away the spade. But it was so natural to see him carryin' his rifle, an' he had got so quiet, that we just never thought o' that. We'd ought to have made him throw it away instead o' the spade. All of a sudden Willy says, in his gentle little voice: "I'm all right now, Jim. I remember. I guess it cured me to—bury—him."

Jim an' I was that glad we just put our arms around him. "Now just you run along back to camp, Willy," says Jim, joyful an' happy again, "an' lay up for to-day. Take it easy."

Willy thought a minute; then he shook his head. "I'm afraid, Jim," he says. "I'll be all right if I'm with you an' Fatty. But if I'm by myself I might get to thinking again, and I—I'm afraid of what I might do."

"Willy's about right, Jim," I said.

"But we've got to shoot from the tree-tops, Fatty," says Jim. "Two of us can't cover in the same tree."

"Just let me be near you, Jim," Willy pleaded. "Let me be where I can see you. That will be all I'll need."

By that time we had come close to the place we'd been ordered to. We were standin' at the front edge of a thin little strip o' woods. About a third of the way to the enemy's works (though we couldn't see the works then) was two big trees, an' off a little to the right was another one.

"Out there is the trees, Fatty," says Jim. "Now, Willy, you'll wait for us right here in these woods."

"Oh, please, not clear back here, Jim. . . . There are three trees."

"We've got to hurry," says Jim, kind o' distracted, like he was at his wits' end. "It's almost light."

"Jim," I said, "let Willy take that tree off to the right, an' not do any shootin'. The Johnnies'll see by the smoke that all the shots are comin' from our two trees, an' Willy won't be shot at at all."

That suited all around, so we ran out an' each climbed into his tree—just about in time. They was fine, big trees, thick-leaved; makin' just wonderful covers. Jim took the middle tree; Willy's was about fifty yards away; mine, only about twenty. Pretty soon it was broad day. The Johnnies didn't seem in any hurry to begin. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock came. It was hotter than any day yet. We was shaded by the trees, but that didn't seem to do no good; it was a different kind o' heat: you couldn't breathe—that kind.

Finally the Johnnies got to bustlin' around. They never suspected we were there. To rig up a hoist for their gun one of the Johnnies climbed up on the parapet. I got him. Instead o' fallin' back inside like he'd ought o' done, what did he do but roll down the slope an' lie there in our plain sight. For about

an hour Jim an' I were pretty busy. They shot at us a lot, but the trees were big an' thick, an' they couldn't get us. So they give up tryin' to mount their gun just then, an' put some o' their best men tryin' to pick us off. The heat got somethin' terrible. About noon it commenced to thunder, but comin' up slow. You could tell by the feel o' the air an' the stillness over everything that it was goin' to be a great storm.

The Johnny that I'd shot, an' that had been lyin' at the foot of the slope, wasn't dead at all. He come to now, an' it was that breathless still we could hear his weak voice cryin': "Water. . . . Water! . . . Water!" It had been bad enough to have him there to look at all this time, but to hear him callin' for water was *bad*, mighty bad, even for Jim an' me, an' it must have been that an' the heat that made Willy Melerrish do what he did. The Johnnies rolled a couple o' canteens down to the fellow, but he was too far gone to reach them, an' just kep' callin': "Water! . . . Water!"

The storm was comin' up from behind us. More'n half the sky out in front was covered by a great, slow-movin', inky-black bank o' cloud so thick that the thunder couldn't roar through it—it just rumbled. The storm-clouds kind o' paused, as if they was waitin' for what was goin' to happen. Our trees and the field out in front of us almost up to the enemy's works was in black shadow; but the works themselves were lyin' with a strong light on 'em—green, verdigris-green, that always comes just before the breakin' of a great storm. The thunder got more frequent, but in between, when it seemed stiller than ever, we could hear the fellow callin' an' callin' for water.

Willy Melerrish commenced to shout somethin', but just then it thundered an' drowned out what he said. The shot-Johnny's friends couldn't stand it any longer. Two of 'em slid down the slope an' picked him up to carry him inside. The thunder stopped, an' this is what

Willy Melerrish was shoutin': "—'Accordin' to the rules an' articles—'"

With all his might Jim yelled, "Don't fire, Willy!"

From Willy Melerrish: "'—So help me God!'" Then one after the other he shot the two men, and their bodies an' the wounded man fell down together. In his senses Willy Melerrish could never have hit at that range, short as it was. It thundered then like the end o' the world, an' the lightning seemed to run over everything. There was just a moment o' quiet, but in it we again heard that cryin' for water. Volley after volley came crashin' through our trees, an' under cover of the firin' two more men came slidin' down the slope. Willy Melerrish shot one of them, an' the other one ran. The firin' and thunder stopped at the same instant an' we heard Willy: "'—swearth to his own hurt, an' changeth not—'"

It was black over the whole sky by then an' you could hear the moan of the comin' wind. The light on the earth-works had gone out, an' it was all like early evenin'. I was tryin' to call to Willy, an' so I didn't see till I heard Jim scream, "Down! Come down, Willy! The charge! The charge!"

Jim must have dropped from his tree, for he was nearly to Willy before I got to the ground. Jim was callin' to Willy. The Johnnies, forty or fifty of 'em, were comin' like mad, already half-way down the hill. The thunder was drownin' every sound. Old Jim started after Willy Melerrish up the tree. Anybody but Jim would have known that it was too late. There would be no surrender for them that had killed men succorin' a wounded comrade. I caught Jim's foot an' pulled him down, an' screamed into his face, "For Minnie, Jim—an' the baby!" An' *then* we ran.

The storm broke . . . sheets an' walls o' lashing rain. We heard a volley o' musket-shots, an' looked back. But it all was bein' ended behind a curtain o' fallin' water.

A Diplomat's Wife in Paris

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

PARIS, May, 1897.



DEAR L.,—I can hardly believe that we have been here a month. The time has slipped by as it has a way of doing when one is frightfully busy; in my case it was particularly exasperating.

We have found a suitable apartment in the Rue Pierre Charron and I have just now begun to look up some of my old friends. Alas! there are not many left, but those who are seem glad to see me. My first official visit was to Madame Faure. This was easily managed. I simply went on one of her reception days. An Elysian master of ceremonies was waiting for me, and I followed him into the *salon*, where Madame Faure sat surrounded by numerous ladies. A servant wrestled in vain with my name, "Crone" being the only thing he seized; but the master of ceremonies announced to the President that I was the Danish minister's wife, after which things went smoothly. To leave no doubt in the other guests' minds that I was a person of distinction and the wife of a minister, Madame Faure asked me innumerable questions about Monsieur le Ministre.

We were scarcely settled when there came the awful catastrophe of the burning of the *Bazar de Charité*, about which you have probably read. I had promised to go to it, and I can truly say that my life literally hung on a thread, for if my *couturière* had kept her word and sent my dress home at the time she promised, I should certainly have gone and would probably have been burned up with the others. Marquise de Gallifet also probably owed her life to my not going. She came to make me a visit and lingered a little, and this delay saved her life. She entered the fated bazar just a moment before the fire broke out, and therefore managed to escape.

Frederike and I drove to the offending dressmaker (how I blessed her afterward!). When we passed the Cours la Reine we were very much astonished to see a man without a hat, very red in the face, waving two blackened hands in the most excited manner. He jumped into a cab and drove away as fast as the horse could gallop. Then we saw a young lady, bareheaded, in a light dress, rushing through the street, and another lady leaning up against the wall, as if fainting. The air was filled with the smell of burning tar and straw, and we noticed some black smoke behind the houses. I thought it must come from a stable burning in the neighborhood. We had been so short a time in Paris that I did not realize how near we were to the street where the bazar was held.

At half-past five we drove through the Rue François I. on our way home, and saw a few people collected on the "Place"; aside from this, we noticed nothing unusual. When we passed through the Avenue Montaigne we met Monsieur Hanoteaux (Minister of Foreign Affairs) in a cab, looking wildly excited. He stood up and screamed to me, "*Vous êtes sauvée!*" What could he mean?

I thought that he was crazy, and screamed back, "*Que dites vous?*" but he was already out of hearing. It was only when we reached home that we learned what had happened and understood what he had meant.

How dreadful were the details!

The bazar was in a vacant lot inclosed by the walls of surrounding houses, the only exit being through the room where a cinematograph had been put up. This was worked by a careless operator, and took fire.

The interior of the bazar consisted of canvas walls, of which one part represented a street called *Vieux Paris*. The place was crowded. The stalls were presided over by the most fashionable ladies

of Paris, and there were many gentlemen in the crowd of buyers. When the fire broke out, a man whose wife was one of the stall-holders stood up near the door and cried out, "*Mesdames, n'ayez pas peur! Il n'y a pas de danger,*" and quietly went out, leaving people to their fate.

Then came the panic.

Young women were trampled to death by their dancing partners of the evening before. One of them was engaged to be married, and when her fiancé walked over her body, in his cowardly frenzy to escape, she cried to him, "*Sauvez moi, pour l'amour de Dieu!*" He screamed back, "*Tout le monde pour soi!*" and disappeared. She was saved by a groom from the stables opposite. She was horribly burned, but probably will live, though she will be disfigured for life. Under the wooden floor had been thrown all the debris—tar, shavings, paper, etc. This burned very quickly; and the floor fell in, engulfing those who could not escape, and the tarred roof and the canvas walls fell on them. What a horrible death!

The kitchen of a small hotel which formed one side of the vacant lot had one window about four feet from the ground, furnished with stout iron bars. The cook managed to break the bars, and, pushing out a chair, was able to drag a great many women through the window. He and the stable-boy were the only persons who seem to have done anything toward helping. The greatest number of victims were found near the uprooted and demolished turnstile, but many bodies were found heaped together before the canvas representing the street of *Vieux Paris*. The poor things, in their agony and confusion, imagined that it really was a street.

It was all over in an hour. It seems almost incredible that such a tragedy could have taken place in that short time. And to think that the whole catastrophe could have been averted by the expenditure of a few francs! When the architect heard that there was to be a cinematograph put up, he pointed out the danger, and begged that some firemen should be engaged. The president of the committee asked how much this would cost, and, on being told twenty

francs for each fireman, replied, "I think we will do without them."

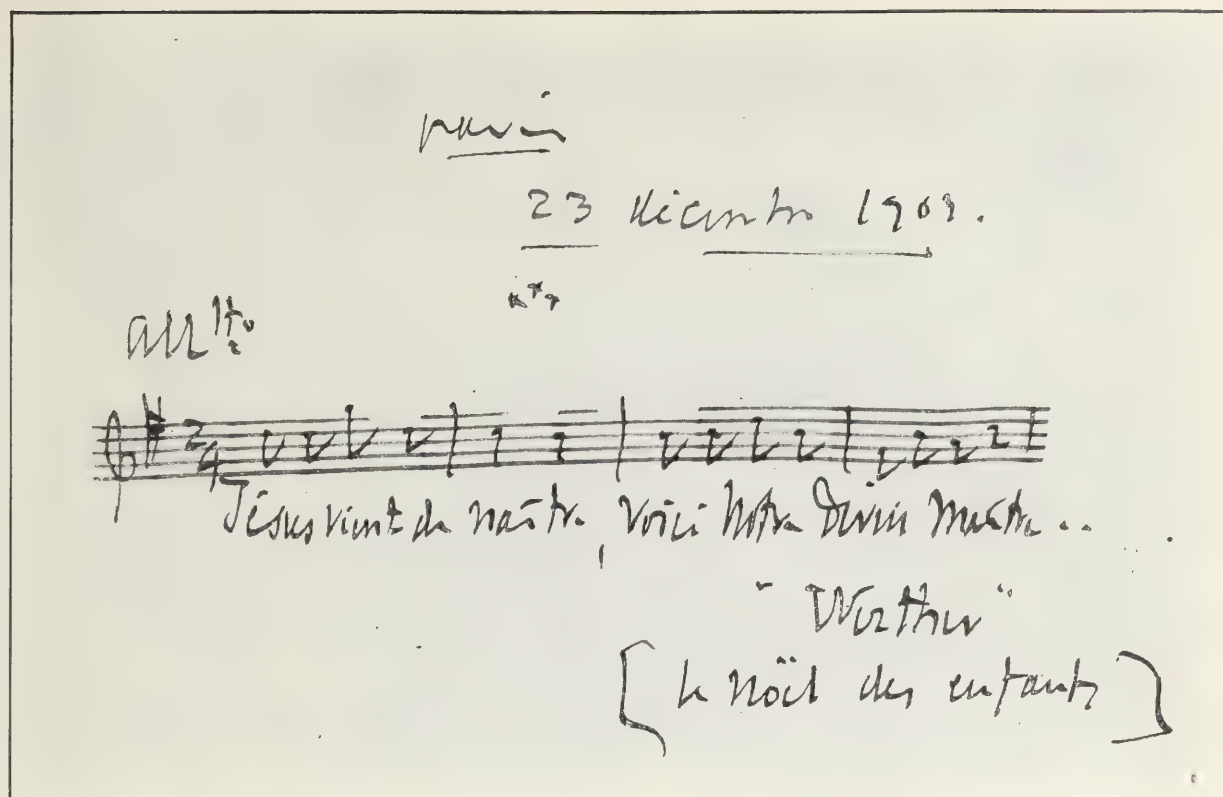
The Duchesse d'Alençon and the wife and daughters of the Danish consul-general were among the victims. The dead were all taken to the Palais de l'Industrie and laid out in rows. Through the whole night people searched with lanterns among the dead for their loved ones. It was remarked that though there were many men's canes and hats, there was not one man found among the dead. Not one man in all Paris acknowledged that he had been to the bazar.

Within an incredibly short time subscriptions amounting to over a million francs were collected. From America came many messages of sympathy and a great deal of money. But no one could be found except the cook and the stable-boy who had done anything to merit a reward. After giving them large sums, the rest of the money went to form a fund for the building of a chapel in commemoration of the victims of the disaster.

DEAR L.,—Social life here is very confusing and fatiguing; physically, because distances are so immense. People live everywhere, from the Île St.-Louis to the gates of St.-Cloud. There is hardly a part of Paris where some one you know does not live. The simple act of leaving a few cards takes a whole afternoon.

In reality there are three societies which make life for a diplomat—whose duty it is to be on good terms with every one—complicated and unending. The official season for dinners, receptions, and *soirées* is in the winter. French society, just returned from the Riviera and Italy, has its real season in the spring, when Longchamps and Auteuil have races and Puteaux has its sports. The autumn is the time when strangers flock to Paris; then flourish the restaurants and theater-parties. How can any lady have a reception day where people of all countries, all politics, and all societies meet? Impossible! I have tried it, and I am sorry to say that my receptions are dead failures. Still, I persevere, as I am told that it is my duty to receive.

When our first invitation to the ball of the Élysées came I was most anxious



Patti. I had not seen her for a long time. It seemed only the other day that I had written a letter condoling with her on the death of Nicolini, her second husband. This time she was accompanied by her third husband, Baron Cederstrom, a very fine-looking Swede whose family we knew well in Sweden. The diva looked wonderfully young, and handsomer than ever. When they came into the *salon* together one could not have remarked very much difference in their ages, though he is many years younger than she is.

Massenet comes often to see me. He is a great man now. He and Saint-Saëns are the most famous musicians of France at the present moment. Massenet has never forgotten old kindnesses, and no matter where he is, whether on a platform at a concert, or in a drawing-room full of people, he always plays as a prelude or an improvisation the first bars of a favorite song of his I used to sing. He sends me a copy of everything he composes, and always writes the opening bars of that song on the first page.

Among others, we find our friend Marquise de Podesta. She is a sort of lady-in-waiting to ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. I went to see her at the Queen's beautiful palace in the Avenue Kleber. I was delighted when she asked me if I would like to make the acquaintance of the Queen. I went two days later to what she called an "audience." The Queen received me in a beautiful room lined with old Gobelin tapestry and furnished with fine taste. She is rather heavy and stout, and wears a quantity of brown hair plastered over her temples, which does not give her the height a queen ought to have. She was very amiable, asked many questions about places and people I knew, and before I was aware of it I found myself spinning out lengthy tales. I would much rather she had done the talking.

Of all the *salons* (I mean receptions) which I knew of old, that of Princess Mathilde (cousin of Emperor Napoleon) still holds the foremost place. She receives on Sunday evenings, and one is sure to meet all the artists and celebrities worth seeing in Paris. All the diplomats assemble there. Her dining-room

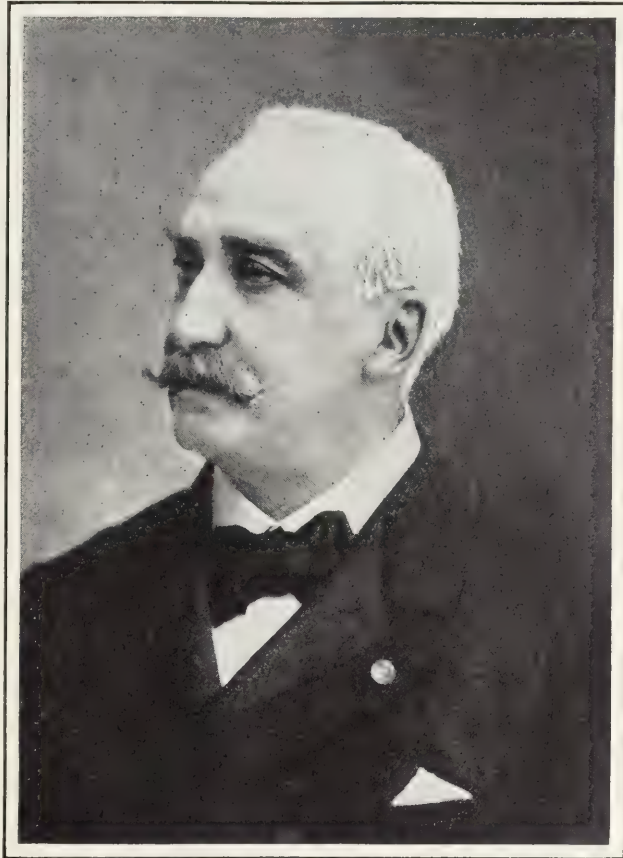
is a part of her palm-garden, and one goes up a few steps to reach the platform, which gives a sort of Leonardo da Vinci-Canaen feast appearance to her dinners.

The Empress Eugénie is now here. And fancy! living at the Hôtel Continental, right opposite the gardens of the Tuileries. I have not seen her for six years. Baron Petri, who always accompanies her, answered my note asking if I might come to see her, saying that the Empress would receive me with pleasure. You may imagine my emotion at seeing her again. I found her seated at the window facing the Tuileries. How could she bear to be so near her old home? As if reading my thoughts, she said: "You wonder that I came here to this hotel. It is very sad. There are so many memories. But it seems to bring me nearer *mon fils bien aimé*. I have him always before me. My poor Louis! I can see him as a little boy when he used to drive out in his carriage, always surrounded by the *cent gardes*." She told me of the terrible journey she had made to South Africa. She had wished to go over the same route that the prince had taken on his way to Zululand. How dreadful it must have been for her! Can one imagine anything more tragic? Her only child, whom she loved beyond anything in the world, whom she hoped to see on the throne—the future monarch of France—a Napoleon—to be killed by a few Zulus, in a war not in any way connected with France! The Empress appeared weighed down with grief; nevertheless, she seemed to like to talk with me. I wish I could have heard more, but the arrival of the Princess Mathilde interrupted us and I left.

Prince Valdemar, the youngest son of the King of Denmark, and Princess Marie, his wife, were dining with us yesterday, with Prince George of Greece, who is extremely agreeable and handsome. She (the Princess Marie) when in Paris stays with her parents, the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, in their beautiful palace, formerly known in Paris for its artistic architecture and its onyx staircase.

The Princess desired to meet President Faure for some reason, and as she could not do that in her father's house,

she desired us to arrange a meeting on the neutral ground of the Legation. On the day fixed they met here in the afternoon. I remained out of the *salon* and only returned when the tea-table was brought in. The President partook of his tea with graceful nonchalance—evidently he does not care for it. The Princess stood up as a signal that the interview was finished. He gallantly kissed her hand and expressed the pleasure she had given him by desiring this interview, etc. He refused to take the elevator, hesitated a moment, said, half aloud, "*Cela doit être comme cela,*" and allowed J. to follow him downstairs and put him in his carriage. He bowed graciously to the little crowd which had collected to see its *chef d'état*.



FÉLIX FAURE WHEN PRESIDENT OF FRANCE

DEAR L.,—Thank you for your letter. You ask impossibilities. You say, "Tell me about this Dreyfus affair!" and in the same breath you ask, "What are you doing?" The first question is a volume in itself, and will follow the second in time. If you had asked what are we *not* doing I would have told you in a few words, but what we *are* doing covers acres of ground. We are in a whirlwind of duties and pleasures, dinners, *soirées*, and balls. It would bore you to death to hear about them. Many of my old friends are still in Paris; those *you* knew are, Countess Pourtales (just become a widow); Marquise Gallifet, who is more separated from her husband than ever—she remains Faubourgeoise St.-Germain and he favors the Republic. I find Christine Nilsson here. From Madame Rivière she has become Countess Casa-

Miranda. She has a pretty little *hôtel* near us, where she sings not, "neither does she spin." I meet her at dear old Mrs. Pell's Sunday-afternoon ladies' teas. Nilsson and I are the youngest members of the club. You may imagine what the others must be in the way of years. Mrs. Pell gives us each (we are twelve) a gold locket with a tea-cup engraved on its back and a lock of her once brown hair inside, and we assemble and eat American goodies made in an ultra-superior manner by her *chef*.

May 15, 1898.

MY DEAR L.,—We have just come home from bidding our Crown Prince and Princess good-by at the station. They have been here four days. To-day being their last, we were invited to lunch with them at the

Hôtel Bristol. The Crown-Princess afterward drove about with me, buying pearl necklaces. Day before yesterday they honored us with their presence at dinner. Madame Carnot, the widow of the former President, who was assassinated, wrote to say that, as she had a great admiration for the royal family of Denmark, she would like to meet the Prince and Princess.

We invited her to join us. Monsieur Hanoteaux, Monsieur and Madame Dué, the Swedish minister, and others, were among the guests.

On Thursday, Madame Faure and her daughter came to see me. On bidding them adieu I said I hoped the President had not forgotten the photograph of himself which he had promised me. Madame Faure answered, "*Vous l'aurez ce soir même, chère madame.*" That very

evening while we were dining with Count and Countess Cornet we heard that Félix Faure had suddenly died. To-day we learned how he had died—not through the papers, but secretly, in an undertone, and with a hushed voice.

I think that the French papers ought to take the prize in the art of keeping a secret. One would never imagine that a whole nation could hold its tongue so completely! There appeared no sensational articles, no details, and no comments upon the departure of the President of the French Republic from this world. Everything of that kind was in the secret hold of the officials. In our country—and, in fact, in every other country—such discretion would have been impossible: the news in all its details would have been hawked about the streets in half an hour. Here was simply the bare news that Félix Faure had died.

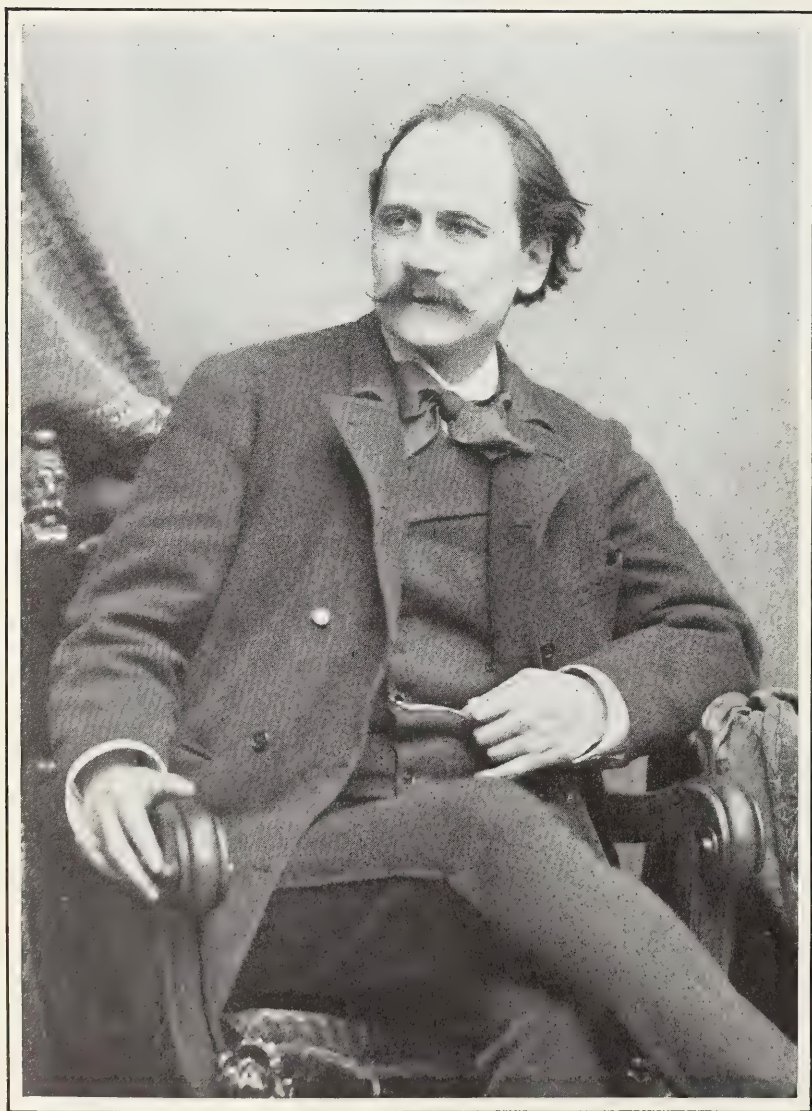
A week later the President's funeral took place at Notre Dame. Seats were reserved for the Corps Diplomatique by the side of the immense catafalque, which stood in the center of the cathedral. Huge torches were burning around the catafalque.

After every one was seated, in came the four officers sent by the German Emperor. Four giants! The observed of all observers! They seemed more as if they were at a parade than at a funeral. The music was splendid. The famous organist Guilmant was at the organ and did "his best." I believe Notre Dame never heard finer organ-playing. *I never did.*

The streets were full of troops; the large open square in front of the cathedral was lined with a double row of soldiers. The diplomats followed on foot in the procession from Notre Dame to Père la Chaise, traversing the whole of Paris.

PARIS, 1899.

MY DEAR SISTER,—
You may imagine what a joy it is to me to have my dear friend Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence staying with me here. Every day we go to some museums and do a little sight-seeing. She is interested in everything. The new President (Loubet) invited us to the Presidential *loge* at the grand opera, and I cannot tell you how delighted we were to hear Wagner's "Meistersinger," given in French, and marvelously executed. All the best singers took part. The orchestra was magnificent beyond words. The artists played with a delicacy and a *culte* not even surpassed at Bayreuth. In the *entr'actes*, seated in the



JULES MASSENET AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS CAREER



SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM DURING THE ZOLA TRIAL

luxurious, spacious *loge*, where the huge sofas and the *fauteuils* offered their hospitable arms, we reviewed our impressions, which were ultra-enthusiastic. Near us was Madame Cosima Wagner, whom one of our party went to see. She expressed the greatest pleasure at the performance, not concealing her surprise that a representation in French and in France could be so perfect. If that most difficult of ladies was satisfied, imagine how satisfied *we* must have been!

The contrast between the grand proscenium *loge* of the President and the little *loge* behind the curtain which we occupied next evening was striking. It is from this *loge*—way up in the third *étage*—that the organ peals out its mighty tones, and from this mysterious corner the different colored lights are thrown, and thunder and lightning roar and flash. As none of the elements was necessary in the first act of the ballet “La Maladetta,” we were peaceful and comfortable up there, and immensely interested watching the workings of things on the wrong side of the curtain. The audience, seen from this height and distance, looked like a vast *parterre* of glittering colors.

When the curtain fell, which it did with a great noise, the scene-shifters, in their shirt sleeves, rushed in a body on the stage together with the privileged *abonnés*, who appeared almost as

quickly to pursue their flirtations with the *corps de ballet*.

Zambelli, the best *danseuse* in Paris, appeared in the second act on the top of a mountain. She had a long, spangled robe, which hung in front of her, but as she descended from the mountain we noticed that her back was entirely unclothed—an apparition we had not expected! But she did not seem to mind, and walked about as unconcernedly as if it were the most natural thing in the world to be dressed in front and not behind. In this act we were not spared the thunder, rain, and lightning, and the organ, all going at once. The combination almost blew our heads off.

As a *bonne bouche* we took Mrs. Lawrence to Madame Carnot’s evening reception. These receptions are not gay. They might be called standing-*soirées*, as no one ever sits down. The guests move in a procession through the *salons*, the last one of which is rather a melancholy one. In the middle of it is a square piece of marble lying flat on the floor, with a quantity of withered wreaths and faded ribbons piled upon it. They are the souvenirs of the late President’s funeral. Madame Carnot, a most charming lady, wears a long, black veil, as in the first days of her widowhood, and receives in a widowed-empress manner.

Mrs. Lawrence’s visit is the incentive for active service in the army of musi-

cians. The President often sends me the *ci-devant* imperial *loge* at the Conservatoire. In old times I used to think how splendid it would be to sit here! Now I have the twelve seats to dispose of—six large gilded Empire *fauteuils* in front, and six small ones behind. There is always a bright coal fire in the *salon* adjoining, but it does not take away the damp coldness from a room where a ray of light or a breath of fresh air never can penetrate. The concerts seem exactly the same as they used to be—they do not appear to have changed either in their *répertoires* or in their audiences. Beethoven, Haydn, and Bach are still the fashion, and the old *habitués* still bob their heads in rhythmical measure.

The chorus of men and women look precisely as they did when dear old Auber was *directeur* (twenty-five years ago). I think that they must be the same. The sopranos are still dressed in white, and the contraltos in black, indicative of the color of their voices.

Pugno, with his fat, pudgy hands, played a concerto of Mozart in his masterful manner. One wonders how he can have any command over the keyboard, he has such short arms and such a protruding stomach.

As a modern innovation, Pierné's "Creation" was given. It was beautifully executed, but was received only with toleration.

Just to go up the familiar worn staircase brought the old scenes vividly before me. Then it was a great piece of luck to obtain a seat within its sacred walls, and it was such an event to go to a concert that I can still remember my sensations.

You ask me to tell you about the "Dreyfus affair."

It is a lengthy tale, and is such a tissue of lies and intrigue that common sense wonders if the impossible cannot be possible—if wrong cannot be right. You probably know more of the details of the case than I do, if you have followed it from the beginning, as I am just beginning to follow.

I assure you it is as much as your life is worth to speak about it, and as for bringing people together, or inviting them to dinner, you must first find out if they are Dreyfusards or anti-Drey-

fusards, otherwise you risk your crockery. The other day I was talking to an old gentleman who seemed very level-headed at the start. Perhaps I might learn something, I thought. I ventured to say, "Do tell me the real facts about the Dreyfus affair." Had I told him that he was sitting on a lighted bomb the effect on him could not have been more startling.

"Do you know that he is the greatest traitor that ever lived?" he cried. "He gave the *bordereau* to the German government."

"What is a *bordereau*?" I asked.

He seemed astonished that I did not know what a *bordereau* was.

"It is a list of secret documents. He gave this three years ago."

"Who discovered it?" I inquired.

"It was found in the paper-basket of the German Embassy, and Monsieur Paty du Clam knew about it."

"And then?"

"Well, then he was arrested and brought before the *conseil de guerre*, found guilty, and degraded before the army."

"Did he confess that he wrote the *bordereau*?"

"No! On the contrary, he swore he had not, but the generals decided that he had. So he *must* have!"

"The generals may have been mistaken," I said. "Such things have happened."

"Oh no. It is impossible that these officers could have been mistaken."

"What did he say when he was accused?" I continued.

"I hardly think that he was told of what he was accused."

"Do you mean to say," I cried, "that he did not know that he was suspected of high treason?"

"He must have known that he wrote the *bordereau*," he replied.

"If he wrote it!" I interrupted. "Was he not condemned *merely* on his handwriting?"

"Yes," replied my elderly friend, whose head I had thought level. "But to discover the truth one had to resort to all sorts of ruses in order to convict him and convince the public."

"Why did the generals want to condemn him, if he was not guilty?" I asked.

"They had to condemn some one," said my friend, who was beginning to be dreadfully bored. "The generals found Dreyfus guilty, therefore Dreyfus was guilty without doubt."

"Do you not think that if an injustice has been done, it will create a great indignation in other countries and will affect the coming exposition?" I inquired.

"Ah," said my wise friend, "*that* is another thing. I think myself that it would be prudent to do something toward revising the judgment—everything ought to be done to make the exposition a success." And there the matter rested.

I doubt if his friendship stood this test. Any one who takes Dreyfus's defense is looked upon as an enemy in the camp. I devour the papers. *Le Matin* seems to be the only unprejudiced one. J. reads the others, but I have no patience with all their cooked-up and melodramatic stories.

I was very glad to meet Colonel Picquard at a dinner in a Dreyfusard house. All that I had heard of him made me feel a great admiration for him. I was not disappointed. He is the most charming man, handsome, and with such an honest and kind face. I hoped he would talk with me about Dreyfus, and said as much to my hostess, who in her turn must have said "as much" to him, for he came and sat by me. I did not hesitate to broach the tabooed subject. He said:

"I do not and have never thought that Dreyfus was guilty. He may have done something else, but he never, in my belief, wrote the *bordereau*. I had not known him before. I was the officer who was sent to his cell to make

him write his name—they forced him to write it a hundred times. He was perfectly calm, but it was so cold in his room that his fingers were stiff and his hands trembled. He kept saying, 'Why am I to do this?' I was convinced then and there of his innocence. I could have



AUCTIONING M. ZOLA'S TABLE

wept with compassion when I saw how unsuspecting the poor fellow was. I was also on duty," he added, "when Dreyfus was conducted to the École Militaire the day he was degraded before the troops; his epaulettes were torn from his shoulders and his sword was broken in two. I would never have imagined that any one could endure so much. My heart bled for him," said the kind colonel.

Dreyfus was imprisoned two weeks and subjected every day to mysterious questionings, of which he could not divine the purpose. Neither he nor his counsel knew on what grounds he was arrested.

Forzinetti, who was in charge of Dreyfus's prison, also believed him innocent; he said he had never seen a man suffer as he did. He kept repeating, "My only crime is having been born a Jew." He has been confined ever since in the *Île du Diable* under the strictest surveillance. His jailer was not allowed to speak to him. When airing himself in the little inclosure, exposed to the awful heat, there was always a gun pointed at him. Sometimes he was chained to his bed with irons, and a loaded pistol was always placed by his side in case he became weary of life. Colonel Picquard said: "It can only be the strong desire to prove his innocence that keeps his courage up." Colonel Schwartzkoppen (the German military *attaché* in Paris) declares solemnly to any one who will listen that the German Embassy has never had anything to do with Dreyfus, and that the *bordereau* is unknown there.

3d October.

The French military *attaché* in Copenhagen was in Paris some days, and invited us to dinner at his mother's, who has a charming home. We met a great many agreeable people, among them the poet, Edmond Rostand (he is the brother-in-law of the *attaché*). Rostand was very talkative, and I enjoyed more than words can tell my conversation with him. He was most amusing when he told of his efforts "to be alone with his thought." He said that when he was writing "L'Aiglon" he was almost crazy. "My head seemed bursting with ideas. I could not sleep; my days were one prolonged irritation, and I became so nervous *que j'étais devenu impossible*.

The slightest interruption sent me into spasms of *délire*. Do you know what I did?" he asked me.

"I suppose," I answered, "you went on writing, all the same."

"No. You could never guess," he laughed. "I sat in a bath-tub all day. In this way no one could come and disturb me and I was left alone."

"Tubs," I remarked, "seem to belong to celebrities. Diogenes had one, I remember, where he sat and pondered."

"But it was not a bath-tub. I consider my idea rather original! Do you not think that the 'divine Sarah' is magnificent in 'L'Aiglon'?"

"Magnificent!" I said. "You are fortunate to have such an interpreter."

"Am I not?"

He was a delightful man. He sent me a few lines of "La Princesse Lointaine," with his autograph.

At Mr. Dannat's, the well-known American portrait-painter, I met the celebrated composer Moszkowski. One does not expect to find good looks and a pleasing talker and a *charmeur* in a modern artist. But he combines all of these. He said, "I shall die a most miserable and unhappy man."

"Why?" I inquired. I feared he would confide in me the secrets of his heart, which is at present mostly occupied with his handsome and giddy wife. These, however, he kept wisely to himself.

"I am like Rubinstein," he said. "He was wretched because he could not write an opera. I also wish to write an opera, but I cannot."

"Who could, if not you?" I said. "I think your concerto one of the most beautiful things I have ever heard."

"You flatter me," he said, modestly,



BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON

"but, alas! you cannot make me a writer of operas. To-morrow afternoon is the *répétition générale* at the Colonne concert of my concerto. Teresa Carreño plays the piano part. Would you allow me to accompany you—if you would like to go?"

Did I accept? Yes! Teresa Carreño surpassed herself, and the concerto was enthusiastically received. . . Siegfried Wagner led the orchestra in a composition of his own. He was very arbitrary, and made the artists go over and over again the same phrase without any seeming reason. One poor flutist almost tore his hair out by the roots. Wagner was so dissatisfied with his playing that he stopped him twenty times. At last, he shrugged his shoulders hopelessly and went on.

The King of Sweden kept his word and really did come to Paris. A dinner for him at the Élysées included us (the only persons who were not French except the Swedish legation). We are, as you know, what they call *une légation de famille*. I was more than enchanted to see the King again. He promised to come and take tea with me the next day.

"Whom would your Majesty care to meet?" I asked him.

"My old lady friends whom I used to know here before," the King answered.

"Your Majesty does not mean *all* of them?—that would be a legion."

"No, no," he laughed; "not *all*; only—" And he named several.

Every one came, although invited at the eleventh hour. It was a merry meeting—and such *souveniring*!

The King walked to my house, accompanied by Herr Ancacronra and the gentlemen whom the French government attached to his Majesty during his visit. They were surprised that a king should prefer walking through the streets to being driven in a landau from the Élysées.

The King brought several photographs, which he distributed to his friends, and, wishing to write his name on them, desired me to give him "a nice pen with a broad point." Oh dear! Not a "nice" pen could be found in the house, and one with a broad point did not exist. As for the ink! It was thick at the bottom and thin on the top. He had to stir it

à Madame de Heggermann Zindererone

C'est chose bien commune
De soupnir pour une
Blonde, châtain ou brune
Maîtresse,
Longue brune, châtain
ou blonde, on l'a sous peine.
— Moi, j'aime la lointaine
Princesse!

(Phœ. Gœttem, 1^{er} Act.)

Edmond Rostand

about each time he put the pen in. I was more than mortified.

Zola is mixing himself up with *l'Affaire* (that is what one calls the Dreyfus tragedy—there is no other *affaire* that counts) and is making himself very unpopular. He does not mind what he writes, and his attacks reach far and wide and spare no one. If he stirs up mud at the bottom of the well, he does it in order to find the truth. At any rate, he is honest, though he has had to pay dear for the best policy. I do not read his books, but I have a great admiration for him. The public feeling is so strong against him that crowds of the populace rush about the streets pushing, howling, and screaming at the top of their lungs, "*Conspuez Zola!*" Mrs. Lawrence and I met a mob while driving through the Place de la Concorde, and a more absurd exhibition of vindictiveness cannot be imagined.

Poor Zola was condemned to pay a fine of—how much do you think? *Twenty-five thousand francs!* He would not or could not pay. The authorities put all his worldly goods (which they valued at twenty thousand francs) up at auction. They went on the day of the sale belted with their official scarves and armed with pretensions, and commenced the farce of the auction. An old kitchen-table was the first thing to be sold. Two francs were offered, "Going, going, go . . . !" when a voice struck in, "*Twenty-five thousand francs.*" This sudden turn nonplussed the authorities. The auction was called off and came to an untimely end for want of fuel, and because no one knew exactly what to do.

PARIS, 1901.

DEAR L.,—Just a few lines from me to-day to answer your question. Dreyfus has been brought back from the dreadful island where he has been confined these last five years. Five years of torture! He was taken to Rennes to be tried. His lawyer, Labori, has driven the judges almost out of their senses.

The sensational attacks of Zola and his repeated "*J'accuse*," the suicide of Henry, the repeated demissions of the

ministers and generals, *la fâme voilée*, the disappearance of Esterhazy (stamped as a first-class scamp), the attempt to get Labori's papers by shooting him—all the ludicrous and tragic episodes, have at last come to an end. Dreyfus is declared innocent, and people are beginning to realize what has happened.

Björnstjerne Björnson, the famous Norwegian poet, has, for commencement, taken Dreyfus's defense and written article after article in the papers and proclaimed in every manner his belief in his innocence. He hurried to Paris when he heard that Dreyfus had returned. We were very glad when an invitation came from the Swedish minister (Mr. Ackermann) to lunch with the great author. I wish that you could see him, for to see him is to know him. He has the kindest and noblest face in the world. I wept over his account of the interview between him and Dreyfus. The day and hour were fixed for his visit. He found Madame Dreyfus alone. She begged him to visit with her for a moment, because her husband was so agitated at the thought of seeing him that he could not trust himself to appear. When at last Dreyfus came into the room, Björnson opened his arms. Dreyfus fell weeping into them, and sobbed, "*Merci, merci! Vous avez cru en moi!*" Björnson repeated, "*Mon ami, j'ai souffert pour vous, mon pauvre ami!*" Of course this is only a very little part of what he told me, but it was all in this strain. He said that not once during the interview, did Dreyfus utter a word of reproach against his tormentors.

Björnson gave a tea-party at his daughter's house in Passy and invited us. I hoped that possibly Dreyfus might be there, but he was not. However, I had the pleasure of seeing Colonel Picquard again, and we had a long talk together. Afterward, when I bade Björnson good-by, he stooped down and kissed me on my forehead before the roomful of people. Imagine my embarrassment at this unexpected and gratuitous token of friendship! But, the kisser being Björnson, every one knew that the accolade was merely the outpouring of a kind and good heart.

Miss Clara's Perseus

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—II

BY MARGARET DELAND



R. LAVENDAR was right; of course it could not be stopped.

It will be a favor to me [Clara had written Mrs. Herbert], a *kindness*. Won't you come? My house is yours; my money is yours. I will be grateful to you as long as I live if you will come. I have nobody in the world now but you. Remember our vow—we promised to love each other for ever. You must live with me as long as I live.

When she wrote those words Clara was holding in her hand the page torn from the old spelling-book, and looking at that faint brown scrawl—"Fanny Morr"—it seemed to her that Fanny could not say "no"!

It seemed so to Fanny, too. And who can wonder? Who could say "no" to such an appeal? At least what lonely, almost penniless woman could say "no"? She made a few perfunctory protestations, but at the end of her letter she yielded:

I am crazy to be with you—my own darling Clara; and, as you say, we will never part again. I'll burn my bridges; I'll sell everything I own, and bid my friends here "good-by" for ever! I will start on the fifteenth.

When Fanny wrote that letter, in the third-rate boarding-house in San Francisco, the tears stood in her eyes. Then she added a postscript:

There isn't anybody who cares whether I am alive or dead *except you!*

Yes, Clara cared. Cared so much that Fanny was to have no more worry about money, no more loneliness, no more discomfort. The last twenty years had been all worry and loneliness—"and fighting just to keep alive," as she had told Clara in an earlier letter.

How Clara had answered those bitter

words! Fanny's eyes filled with tears of sheer comfort as she remembered the tender assurances:

You shall never be lonely again—or poor. I love you, and all that I have is yours.

Fanny put her head down on the wobbly table of her hall bedroom, and cried hard. Then she got up, dipped the corner of the meager boarding-house towel in the water-pitcher, sopped her eyes, and began joyfully to pack.

"I must take the 'vow' with me," she thought, smiling. She stopped once to look at herself in the glass. "I suppose I've changed," she said, doubtfully. A large, worn, honest face, a face full of keen and friendly interest in every human experience, her own and other people's, stared back at her from the mirror. It left no doubt as to the "change." "Clara won't know me," she thought, laughing. "Well, very likely she has changed, too! But my *heart* hasn't changed!" she reassured herself, gaily. "I'm just as fond of Clara as ever; and it's wonderful to think she wants me. Oh, how much I have to tell her!"

The packing-up did not take long—she had so few possessions; but she gave herself time to see all her friends and her husband's relations, and to spread the news of her good fortune. "It's a real good-by," she said. "I'm going to live with my friend for the rest of my days."

... Then she started. In the long journey East, thinking of all the things she had to tell Clara, all the things that had happened in these thirty years, Fanny wondered how she should ever get through her story! She had had a hard life, but remembering it was a delight, because even its hardships had been interesting. Clara would want to know every single thing that had happened to her. Well, Fanny would tell

her. What good talks they would have! Then she would stop and think of Clara's life. . . . How strange she never married; how she must miss her mother. Well, Fanny would do her best to comfort her. She would do every thing on earth for her! It seemed to Fanny that she could not do enough to show her gratitude for this wonderful thing—Clara's continuing friendship! "She shall never regret it," she told herself again and again; "I will never, never leave her!"

Far off in Old Chester, Clara, too, was thinking of her good fortune. Fanny was coming to live with her "for ever." Her mind was so alert that she not only talked, but in a pottering way she acted. She made a hundred nervous preparations—new paper in Fanny's room, new curtains in the windows, plans for Fanny's comfort. Her whole expression changed; she was awake! She counted the hours until Fanny could arrive. And at last the hour came. . . .

It was an April day of sudden showers and soft winds, and the first daffodil of the year. The afternoon stage came jogging and tugging along the road; Clara was waiting on her doorstep, and when the stage drew up at the end of the garden she went running down the path. A stout lady with a pleasant red face got out, and Clara looked beyond her for Fanny. The lady put a bird-cage on the sidewalk, then, dropping a bandbox and stumbling over it, rushed forward with extended arms. Clara stepped back for just one quivering minute.

"Fanny!" she said, and was folded in a smothering embrace.

"I knew you the minute I set eyes on you!" said Fanny.

Both women wept; then, with their arms about each other, they entered the house. Fanny was so overcome and so out of breath that she got no farther than the hall sofa.

"Oh, Clara!" she gasped; "Clara!"

Clara, trembling, held the fat hand in its worn black kid glove against her breast. She could not speak. Fanny, fumbling with her other hand for her handkerchief, blew her nose and laughed.

"To think I'm here!" She looked

around the hall—at the faded landscape paper, at the mahogany table under the old mirror, at the yellowing old engravings on the wall—the "Destruction of Nineveh" and the "Trial of Effie Deans"—at the open doorway at the other end of the passage, through which one could see the faintly greening grass under a big locust-tree; it was all the same—all just the same as when she saw it last, more than thirty years ago! Nothing had changed; not Old Chester, not the house, not Clara, not *friendship*. Nothing had changed—except Fanny herself.

"Oh," she said, "think of all that has happened since I saw this hall! I remember your mother stood right there at the foot of the stairs. I can see her now. She had on a black-and-white-check silk. Oh, Clara!"

Clara nodded; she was still trembling.

"I little thought of all that was going to happen to me! And to you, my darling Clara! Your poor, dear mother! But, oh, Clara, my poor Hale! Since he died I've been so lonely. You'd have thought my husband's relatives would have been a comfort; but they weren't. As my landlady said, your husband's relatives hardly ever are; oh, she was such a sweet woman! And she's had so much trouble herself—her husband left her for another woman; well, I've never had *that* sort of trouble, I'm thankful to say—Charles was the best man that ever lived. She had three daughters, and they all died of diphtheria—did you ever hear of anything so awful? But I wish you could hear her talk of them! She's a Spiritualist, and gets comfort out of that; dear knows I wish I was! I was telling one of the ladies on the train, a Mrs. Elder, of Buffalo (such a fine woman, but lame; she has to use crutches) some of her experiences; she said they were wonderful! Her husband's aunt had some strange experiences, too; I must tell you about them. Well, I wish I'd had any myself! My poor Hale! If I could have a word from him I'd—"

"Fanny, you must be tired," Clara broke in; "dear Fanny, you must—*rest*." Clara spoke breathlessly. "Come up to your room."

She had retreated to the lowest step of

the stairs, almost as if she had been swept there by the torrent of words.

"Oh, I'm not tired!" Fanny said, cheerfully. "Clara! Let me look at you. Well, my goodness! You've not changed a bit! Oh, Clara, let me fix your collar. You are just the same dear, darling, untidy thing! Oh, my bird! I hope you haven't a cat? I must go and get Dicky, and—"

Clara followed her as she hurried out to collect the bird and the bandbox and a few other things which she had left at the roadside. Then they went up to the room that had been prepared for the guest,—no, not the "guest"! "It is your home, Fanny. Yours as much as mine," Clara whispered.

Fanny gave her a hearty kiss. "Oh, my darling Clara!" she said, "how good you are!" The bird-cage which Clara was carrying banged against the banisters, and she dropped a parcel or two, which Fanny, laughing excitedly, picked up. "The hall bedroom in that horrid boarding-house where I've been all winter was freezing cold," she said; "though it had a southern exposure; I always insist on a southern exposure. As I used to say to my poor, dear boy, 'You never would have taken that cold if you had only insisted'— Oh, Clara, you can't imagine what I have suf— Clara, this stair-carpet needs to be tacked down better; I'll do it. I tell you what, my dear, I'm going to take care of you! Even Charles's relations had to admit that I took the best of care of—"

And so on, and on, and on. The stream of talk never stopped, and in the midst of it Dicky began to sing. Clara looked at him with dazed eyes; suddenly, she slipped out of the room.

"I am going to get you a cup of tea," she called back, and fled.

In the upper hall she stood for a few minutes, perfectly motionless, breathing quickly, her hands opening and closing, and her face very red. She looked as if she had been in a high wind, and had not yet got her breath.

She sent Maggie up with the tea, and that faithful woman came down-stairs full of enthusiasm for the new member of the family.

"There! She has a tongue in her head," Maggie exulted; "and I could

hear her bird singing. I guess my hearing is improved!" Maggie was immensely pleased.

"Mrs. Herbert is wonderful, Maggie," Miss Clara said, "and she's my best Friend."

OLD CHESTER was delighted with Fanny. "She's very good-hearted," Old Chester said.

"Oliver likes her," Mrs. Ormsby said; "and I hear she's a fine housekeeper."

"She takes right hold of the work," old Maggie declared.

"She's too fat," Miss Ellen's girls objected; "and her hands are so red."

"She's gone through some rough weather," Captain Price said, "and she wants patching; but her timbers are sound. All she needs is a captain. Oliver, can't you take out papers?"

"She would be just the wife for Jim Williams," Martha King confided to her husband; "she is such a conversationalist."

"Good Lord!" said Dr. King.

Everybody had something to say about the new arrival; but Miss Clara said only one thing: "*She is my Friend.*"

As the summer passed, Mrs. Herbert, long bereft of home joys and toils, gradually, with Clara's silent acquiescence, did most of the housekeeping; she darned Clara's stockings and the worn old table linen; she dusted, she arranged flowers, she planned the meals; she even, good-naturedly, shoved old Maggie aside, and did a little cooking, "for I love to make nice things for you, my darling Clara," she said.

But whether she cooked, or cleaned, or did Clara's mending, she talked loudly every minute, to the shrill accompaniment of Dicky's incessant singing. Maggie, who had drowsed most of the time since she entered Miss Clara's service, woke up. She would stand open-mouthed, with her hands in the dough, listening to Mrs. Herbert, or Dick, or both together. Everything that Mrs. Herbert said interested her; she was enthralled by an account of the minister of the Congregational church who got married and left Mrs. Herbert's boarding-house, though he had said he knew he would never get such broiled ham for

his breakfast as she gave him; his wife was well-meaning, but young, and had no training; her mother had been in an insane-asylum, poor girl! Mrs. Herbert was so sorry for insane people. One lady she knew wouldn't wear anything blue, which was the beginning of insan— And so on, and on, and on, Maggie gaping with excitement, while her mistress, in the dining-room, surreptitiously threw an apron over Dicky's cage to keep him quiet.

"She is as good as a novel," Oliver said, after hearing some of Mrs. Herbert's stories. She was better! For she had actually seen some of the happenings she detailed: She knew a man whose brother had been murdered, which was almost as interesting as knowing the murderer. She had a friend who had been divorced ("What!" said Old Chester; "how shocking! But you meet all kinds of people in the West"). She had employed a Chinaman in her kitchen!

"Did he pray to an idol?" asked one of Miss Ellen's girls, excitedly; then, with regretful second thought, "Oh, I suppose he was converted?"

"Not he, I'm thankful to say," said Mrs. Herbert; "I wouldn't have a Christian Chinaman in my kitchen!"

"How she *does* talk!" said Old Chester, horrified. "Well, at any rate, she is devoted to Miss Clara."

She *was* devoted. The old affection had welled up in Fanny's heart as honestly as ever, and she put it into words, endless words; excited, impulsive words; loud words, sincere to the point of fatuousness. Clara's responses became briefer and briefer.

"Oh, Clara, darling, I love you so!" Fanny would say, bursting into Clara's room in the morning without knocking, and throwing large bare arms around Clara's delicate, shrinking shoulders. "I do love you so! As I said to Maggie yesterday, 'I've known Miss Clara ever since she was a little, tiny thing, and—' What is the matter, Clara?"

"I—I think I'll shut the door. The bird is singing so loudly," Clara would say, wriggling out of the big embrace.

"Oh, I'll shut it," Fanny would protest, good-naturedly. "Don't be late for breakfast!" she would call back; "and, Clara, *do* put your collar on

straight!" Then the door would slam behind her.

Left to herself, Clara would pin on her collar with quivering fingers. The comments upon her clothes irked her, and oh, that bird! But she loved Fanny. When she was by herself, in the blessed silence of her own room, she would think how much she loved her. She did not realize, of course, that the Fanny she loved was not this large, loud, talkative lady, but a freckled girl, with a rosy face, and chestnut curls caught back with a hair-ribbon that matched her own.

The Clara that Fanny loved, however, was this gentle, inexact, inarticulate person of forty-five, who had been just as gentle, just as inexact, just as speechless, at fourteen. A Clara to protect, to spare, to persuade—even to pity.

"Poor Clara!" Fanny used to say, heartily, "she doesn't know how to make herself comfortable." Clara's lack of order was a real annoyance to her, but she was very patient with it. It was in the early fall that, with almost tearful tenderness over one of Clara's vaguenesses, she said "poor, dear Clara." Now it is a curious thing—you can say "poor" Clara, or "dear" Clara, but if you say "poor, dear Clara" you compose love's epitaph. "Poor dear" marks the death of affection between equals. It is not virile enough for disapproval, and not unqualified enough for love. It always means impatience, and sometimes it means contempt. One hears it applied to parents who have fallen behind in the march—"poor, dear father," "poor, dear mother." Clara was thirty years behind Fanny. She had stood still in her sheltered serenity, while Fanny, efficient and sensible, had forged ahead into the realities of grief and worry and happiness and disappointment—in fact, into Life. Only two realities had ever touched Clara—the pain of that parting, thirty years ago, and the later pain of her mother's death.

Now, little by little, she was sinking back into the passivity which lay between her two emotional experiences; a passivity against which Fanny's affectionate confidences dashed themselves and fell back in pained astonishment. Clara used to listen to

her voluble recital of her experiences with a look of shrinking endurance; sometimes it was endurance without listening, the flood of words pouring over her mind and leaving no impression whatever. But sometimes endurance broke down. When Clara had heard Fanny's voice and the canary's together, up to a certain point, she would suddenly slip away to the shelter of her own room, and there, her hands over her ears, her flushed face pressing against the wall as if to cool it, she would whisper, "Oh, oh, oh!" She never said more than this.

However, to the outside world the experiment of having Fanny live with her had turned out very well. Oliver Ormsby even reproached himself for his forebodings about it. The life, together, which was to be "for ever," had run some six months before he began to be anxious. He would listen, grinning with amusement, to Fanny's stories, then, in the midst of one of them, he would catch that look of inarticulate endurance in Clara's eyes. After this had happened half a dozen times he began to be uneasy even while he laughed. His first realization of the situation came one Sunday evening, when they all three sat about the fire in the parlor, and Fanny told a story which turned on letter-writing; it ended in some such way as this: "But I sympathized with Mr. Smith. I find it hard to write letters myself. Clara knows I do, don't you, Clara? But I told him, said I, 'Well, Mr. Smith, a long correspondence is like a pair of trousers without any galluses—hard to keep up!'"

Oliver, laughing, caught sight of the shocked bewilderment in Clara's eyes, and his face sobered. That allusion to galluses had offended her! Anything indelicate offended Clara. "Mrs. Herbert and I are a coarse pair," he told himself, uneasily. He repeated the mild joke to his mother, rather tentatively, to see just how coarse he and Mrs. Herbert were, and old Mrs. Ormsby laughed quite as heartily as he had done, which comforted him a little. But he realized that to Clara's mind Fanny's talk was like the touch of rude fingers on a butterfly's wing.

"It's hard on Clara," he thought, frowning. And after that he watched the "friends" pretty closely.

However, they got through that winter.

It was in the early spring that Oliver, opening the front door one Sunday afternoon, almost ran into Clara, fleeing, scarlet-faced, from the parlor. She stopped, held out her hands to him, and seemed to gasp for breath; then she said, panting, "She . . . *talks*."

She would have rushed on up-stairs, but he detained her.

"I've come to take you out to walk," he said, soothingly.

She nodded, and was gone. While he waited for her to put on her bonnet Mrs. Herbert came out into the hall. She was plainly perplexed.

"Something is the matter with Clara," she said; "I'm afraid she's nervous. Dicky began to sing—he's the greatest singer! A bird-dealer in San Francisco, a Mr. Marks, who was very fond of snakes—one of them bit his wife's mother; horrid woman, she was!—he told me Dicky was the finest singer he had ever had; and I said, 'Yes, he is!' And I was telling Clara about it, and suddenly she dashed out of the room—"

At that moment Clara came downstairs as silently as a shadow. Fanny gave her a hearty kiss, and said a walk would do her good.

"You are nervous, Clara; I was just saying to Mr. Ormsby, 'Clara is ner—' Now, don't hurry home. Oh, Clara, wait; let me straighten that bow. I'll help Maggie with supper. And—"

But Oliver had got her out of the house, and Fanny's cheerful voice died away behind them. He hoped she would tell him just what had happened, but she was speechless. Indeed, those two words of disloyalty had taken all her strength.

It was in July that the situation became acute. Something happened: One morning Fanny found the door of Dicky's cage open. Dicky was gone! She stood by the empty cage aghast. "How could he get out? He *couldn't* have opened the door! Clara, do you suppose Maggie has been tampering with—"

"I did it," Clara said, whitely.

Fanny turned and looked at her in actual fright. Had Clara gone crazy?

"I couldn't stand him," Clara whispered.

The two women stared at each other; each suddenly knew that the other was a stranger to her. There was a moment of appalled silence, then Fanny burst out:

"I do everything for you, and you begrudge me my bird! He will *freeze!*" she said, fiercely.

"He can't freeze, in July," Clara stammered.

"He will next winter," Fanny said, in a suppressed voice. This time it was she who flew out of the room. She fled farther than Clara. She went over to Mrs. Ormsby's, and blurted the whole thing out. "I'm just distracted!" she said. "I'm so unhappy! I try to take care of Clara—she's as helpless as a child about her housekeeping, and her clothes make me frantic; but I don't know what's the matter with her. She seems to resent it if I sew on a button for her! I made her take off her sacque so I could sew on a button, and she was as— as sulky as a child. But I can't bear to see untidiness. And now to think that she should let my bird out! My poor little Dicky—the only thing I had left! I declare, I don't know what to do."

"Go home," Mrs. Ormsby said.

"I haven't any home," Fanny said, despairingly. "I sold every stick of furniture I owned. And my husband's relatives wouldn't want me, and—and I haven't got the money to go back, anyhow."

"I've no doubt Clara would help you," Mrs. Ormsby began.

Fanny shook her head. "I know she would help me, but—" Then it all came out: "I'd be ashamed to go back. I told my husband's relations I was going to live here for the rest of my life," she confessed. Tears of wounded vanity stood in her honest eyes. "Oh, she's so cold to me, Mrs. Ormsby; and we've been friends all our lives! And I do love her so; I'd do anything in the world for her! I tell her so every day. I say, 'I do love you, Clara; I'd do anything in the world for you!'"

"Except stop talking," Mrs. Ormsby said, under her breath.

"Yesterday I said, 'I'll make you a Dutch apple-cake, Clara.' My Dutch apple-cake is real good. There was a Mrs. Halstead in California, a nice woman, though her son was in prison for forgery. I must tell you about him: his wife had triplets, and she—I don't mean the wife, I mean Mrs. Halstead—she said my Dut—" But Clara just got up and flew out of the room. I don't understand it! As I was saying to Mrs. King yesterday—no; day before yesterday. No, it *was* yesterday, right outside Mr. Horace Shields's store; I said, 'I don't understand poor, dear Clara.' And Mrs. King said— Mrs. Ormsby, I haven't a place on earth to go, or I'd go."

"I'm afraid I can't advise," Mrs. Ormsby said. "Why don't you ask my son what you'd better do?"

"I believe I will," Mrs. Herbert said, wiping her eyes. "Oh, what a man he is, always so kind and wise!"

"He's a good friend," Oliver's mother said.

He was; but poor Oliver! he was between the upper and the nether millstone! Fanny poured out her heart to him about Dicky, and he winced with sympathy. Then Clara—his Clara!—his silent angel!—just looked at him with haggard eyes. "I couldn't stand Dicky," she confessed. And Oliver's sympathy was so intense that the tears actually stood in his own eyes.

"She'll kill Clara," he told his mother.

"Well, Clara did her best to kill Dicky," the old lady reminded him.

"She's looking dreadfully," Oliver said, sighing. "It's got to stop." Finally, in his worry, he told Clara so. It was on one of their Sunday-afternoon walks. Clara, very white, entirely speechless, was pacing along at his side on the wooded path between her sister birch-trees.

"Have a 'kiss'?" he said. "No? Clara, she'll be the death of you!"

She did not pretend not to understand him. "She does—*talk*," she admitted.

"I wish she would go away," he said.

"She hasn't any place to go," Clara whispered, quivering.

"Well, this sort of thing can't go on!"



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THE SUGGESTION OF THOSE GIVING HANDS WAS INESCAPABLE

Oliver declared, desperately; "she's dreadfully unhappy."

Clara gave him a surprised look. "Fanny?"

"Yes; she's miserable."

"Fanny!"

It was Oliver whose face flashed into surprise. "Why, haven't you thought how she was feeling about it?"

She was silent for a long time; then, with evident effort, she said, "I didn't suppose she minded."

"Of course she minds—poor Fanny! And you know you oughtn't to have let her wretched little bird out."

"I couldn't—bear it," she said, with a gasp.

He did not argue with her. "I tell you, it will kill you, if it keeps on, Clara."

Clara had nothing to say. It seemed to her, her head still dizzy from that resonant, cheerful, incessant voice, that probably he was right. Fanny would kill her. But nothing could be done. They were Friends. Friends cannot part. Fanny had come to Old Chester to live and die with her.

"It's you who will do the dying," Oliver said, grimly.

Clara turned hunted eyes on him. "If I could only go—anywhere."

"She's the one to go, of course," he said; "but if she has no place to go—Why don't you travel?" he ended, helplessly. But even as he suggested it he saw the absurdity of the idea; this flower-like creature, buffeting about by herself in railroad trains or on steamboats! Of course it was impossible. "Couldn't you just make up your mind not to mind her, Clara? She is really a very nice woman; a kind, good woman. You know she is."

Clara nodded. "She is my Friend," she said.

"I find her interesting," he declared. "I really do! I like her. And I like her long stories."

Clara turned sharply around, then frantically flung her hands out to him as if she were giving him something. "Oh!" she said.

That was all. But Oliver Ormsby stood stock-still in the path. The suggestion of those giving hands was inescapable. "I like her," he stammered, "but—"

Clara's face had fallen into dull unhappiness again. Her gesture had had no conscious intention. "I will soon—hate her," she said.

His eyes narrowed with thought. "Yet if she didn't live with you, you'd always love her?"

Clara made no answer. Oliver unfolded a strip of verse from a sticky "kiss" and read it mechanically:

If you love me as I love you
No knife can cut—

"Clara, you know I love you. If you would only—" He paused. No, he would *not* ask her again! It was like asking a drop of dew to lie in his hand. Yet she would die if this sort of thing went on! She was getting thinner; she looked ten years older than she did a year ago. She was as frail as a little birch-tree that has bent under an ice-storm. But even as he looked at her he had a glow of pity for Fanny, for, after all, it *was* hard on her, too! All the more so because she couldn't possibly understand what was the matter. The idea which leaped into his mind when those two shaking hands had seemed to offer Fanny to any one who would take her, clamored for a hearing. "I couldn't ask her to come and live with me," he argued to himself, distractedly; "it wouldn't be proper—mother isn't going to live for ever, as she says. No; I couldn't ask her, except—except . . . It would save Clara if I did *that*," he told himself. But what would Clara herself say to such a thing? Would she believe him false to her? Would it wound her? The mere idea of that gave him a strange pang of happiness, but it instantly ceased: "It couldn't wound her; she has never cared for me. And what would Fanny say to such an arrangement?" The question gave him pause. He had thought only of Clara. Fanny's a nice woman; too good for me! Very likely she wouldn't look at me." His fingers were crumpling the sticky strip of paper into a little ball, and he moved his "kiss" agitatedly from one cheek to the other. Yet, by "such an arrangement," Fanny and Clara could go on being friends for ever. Yes; I

could save Clara, if only Fanny can put up with me. But can she?"

All the way home his startled mind asked this question. By the time he reached Clara's gate, he was very apprehensive. After all, why should Fanny put up with him?—put up with a stout, bald gentleman who played on the flute and read novels, and whose taste ran to the simplicity of "kisses"; a man who could not honestly say he was in love with her? "It would save Clara; but Fanny's got to think of herself, and she may not see her way clear to take me," he told himself. The anxiety in his face was keener than any that had showed itself in these later years in his semi-annual proposals to Clara. But it was soon allayed. . . .

After the first gasp of astonishment (he offered himself the next day), Mrs. Herbert "saw her way" with entire clearness.

"Course you and I aren't two love-sick youngsters," she said, frankly; "but I do like you, Mr. Ormsby, and if you like me, why, I'm willing. It will be a relief to get out of this house!"

"No, we are not youngsters," Oliver agreed; "and I've been in love with Clara for twenty-four years. I don't know whether you knew that?"

"If I had a cataract on each eye I could see it," she told him, laughing.

"She has never cared for me," he said, simply; "as for you and me, why,

we are good friends, and I will do my best to make you happy."

"All right!" said Mrs. Herbert, and held out a warm and hearty hand.

Old Chester fairly buzzed with excitement.

"Faithless!" said Miss Ellen's girls; "he is a faithless lover, and she is a faithless Friend. And Clara is a angel!"

"An angel," murmured Mary Dilworth.

"How do you like it?" Dr. Lavendar asked Mrs. Ormsby.

"I'm as pleased as can be!" she declared. "Fanny is a good housekeeper, and she'll look after his winter flannels."

"What does Andromeda say?" Dr. Lavendar inquired.

"Andromeda?" Mrs. Ormsby said, puzzled. "Who is Andromeda?"

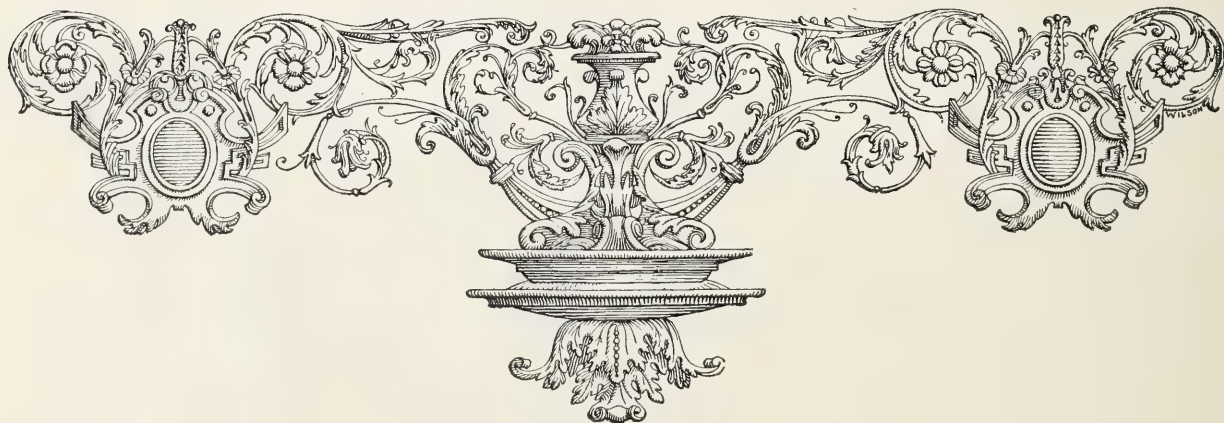
"Ask Oliver," said Dr. Lavendar; "and tell him I always liked Perseus."

"Now, what did he mean?" Mrs. Ormsby asked her son at supper that night. "Who is Andromeda?"

"Clara, I suppose," Oliver said, grinning; "but I'll have Dr. Lavendar know that, though I may be a Perseus, there's no sea-monster in this story! Fanny is a fine woman."

"She is," the old lady said, contentedly. "I don't know whether you are a Perseus, whatever that is, or not, but I'll tell you one thing you are: you're a *Friend*! You can tell Clara Hale so, with my compliments!"


[THE END.]



At the Absolute Zero

BY ROBERT WILLIAMS WOOD

Professor of Experimental Physics, Johns Hopkins University

HE present year has been marked by one of the greatest achievements of modern times in physical science: the practical attainment of the absolute zero of temperature, by Professor Kamerlingh Onnes, of Leyden, last year's winner of the Nobel Prize in physics.

The meaning of this discovery to the physicist can be indicated by describing the experiment of the brilliant Dutch investigator.

Imagine a coil of insulated wire, with its ends joined, forming a closed circuit, unconnected with a battery or other source of electricity, but in which a current of electricity, strong enough to light an ordinary incandescent lamp, circulates without any driving force. Hour after hour the current flows with undiminished vigor, as is shown by the deviation of a compass-needle brought into its vicinity. So accustomed have we become to associate a continuous flow of electricity with some source of electrical supply that the experiment looks almost like witchcraft, and is as amazing to the scientist as would be the spectacle of a whirlpool of water in a basin, spinning year after year without any assistance from the outside.

The nature of the experiment can best be illustrated by an hydraulic analogy. Suppose we wish to maintain a continuous flow of water around a circular trough; it is obvious that we must either have a revolving paddle-wheel to stir the water, or one end of the trough must be higher than the other, and a pump used for transferring the fluid from the low to the high end. If, however, we could do away with the friction absolutely, the circulation of water, once started, would go on for ever, for the same reason that the planets revolve around the sun. It

is much the same thing in the case of a flow of electricity—the current experiences friction in its flow through a wire, or the wire has “resistance,” as we say. Professor Onnes has succeeded in removing completely the electrical friction or resistance, and the current, once started, continues to flow by what we might term its own inertia. This almost incredible state of affairs is the result, solely, of the circumstance that the coil is at a temperature of 271.2 degrees below zero Centigrade, or within 1.8 degrees of the absolute zero of temperature, and the electrical resistance of the metal has ceased to exist.

Two hundred and seventy degrees below zero has, from theoretical considerations, been known to be the temperature at which all molecular motion ceases—in other words, it is the temperature which a body will have when every particle of its heat is abstracted. The rate at which the pressure of a gas decreases as it is cooled shows us that the pressure should vanish entirely if the gas were cooled to a temperature of 273 degrees below zero. Now the pressure is due to the molecular motion which we call heat, and if this motion ceases it means that we have removed all of the heat; in other words, we have brought the gas to the lowest possible temperature. On this account it has been called the absolute zero, and scientific investigators have been struggling for many years to reach this ultimate goal, for it has been a practical certainty that many of the properties of matter at ordinary temperatures will disappear, or become profoundly modified, at the bottom of the scale of temperature.

The remarkable changes in the properties of matter which accompany a great lowering of temperature have been made more or less familiar to the general public through the well-known experi-

ments with liquid air. At the temperature of liquid air the malleable metal lead becomes hard and brittle like cast-iron, rubber becomes so fragile that it flies to pieces like glass when struck with a hammer, while alcohol can be frozen to a white solid, and a candle made from it, which burns with a pale-blue flame when a match is applied to the wick. Yet the temperature of liquid air is nearly one hundred degrees above the absolute zero—that is to say, there is the same difference of temperature between them as exists in the case of ice and boiling water. The liquefaction of air, and the low temperature thus made available for experimental purposes, was speedily followed by the liquefaction of hydrogen by Sir James Dewar, which gave us the means of producing temperatures as low as 253 degrees below zero, or only 20 degrees absolute; but no very startling effects were observed by this advancement, and we began to wonder whether the bridging of this last small gap would, after all, lead to much that was new.

Vivid imaginations had predicted that, at the absolute zero, matter might fall to pieces and exist only as a sort of molecular dust devoid of cohesion—in other words, become infinitely brittle. These prophets appeared to be safe in making their predictions, for to push the temperature much lower seemed an impossibility.

To understand clearly the obstacles which it would be necessary to overcome it will be well to review briefly the methods which are employed in the laboratory for the production of low temperatures.

They are based, for the most part, upon the employment of a liquid with a very low boiling-point in combination with its rapid evaporation under reduced pressure. The freezing of the skin by the surgeon for minor operations by the evaporation of the spray of ethyl chloride is a familiar example. Even water can be made to evaporate so rapidly as to lower its temperature to the freezing-point, as is shown by the classic experiment of placing a shallow dish filled with water under the receiver of an air-pump, together with a dish of sulphuric acid (which absorbs the vapor), and exhausting the air. Under these circumstances

the water boils rapidly, even at the temperature of the room, and presently ice-crystals begin to form, the freezing continuing until nothing remains but a solid mass of ice.

To produce the lowest temperatures it is necessary to employ liquefied gases instead of water or ethyl chloride, and evaporate them under reduced pressure. Liquid air, for example, has a temperature of -180 degrees, and by its rapid evaporation it is possible to reach -205 degrees.

Since the reduction of temperature by evaporation results from the consumption of the heat within the liquid, it is important to prevent the entrance of heat from the outside, which would at once replace the heat used up. This is accomplished in two ways: first, by evaporating the liquid in a vacuum-jacketed glass vessel, the heat-insulating properties of which have been made familiar by the thermos bottle, and secondly, by surrounding the vessel with a liquid at low temperature.

Until very recently the lowest temperature that could be produced was that obtained by the evaporation of liquid hydrogen under reduced pressure in a vessel surrounded by liquid air. The temperature produced in this way was, however, still a dozen or fifteen degrees above the absolute zero. Were it not for a very remarkable discovery, we should have been obliged to remain satisfied with this accomplishment, at least until some new and undreamed-of method for the lowering of temperature had been devised; for liquid hydrogen has the lowest boiling-point of any common substance. In fact, many physicists were of the opinion that the limit had been reached. The discovery of helium, however, put the matter in a new light, for it was soon found that this gas had a boiling-point lower even than that of hydrogen, and the question of producing still lower temperatures resolved itself into getting a sufficient supply of the new material.

Helium was first discovered by means of the spectroscope in the atmosphere of the sun, from which it received its name. The most careful search, carried on over many years, failed to show any terrestrial substance which gave the charac-

teristic yellow line in the spectrum, and nothing whatever was known of its character save that it must exist in the solar atmosphere. The possibility of its discovery on the earth was even doubted, for it was thought that it might be capable of existing only at the high temperature of the sun, which is some 4,000 degrees hotter than any furnace which we are able to construct. This would amount to saying that helium must be a product resulting from the high-temperature decomposition of some other element. In marked contrast to this theory is the fact now known that helium not only exists in many minerals, but also that it is present in the gases given off from certain springs, and even in the earth's atmosphere. It is formed of small quantities by the spontaneous decomposition of the element radium, this being apparently the first known case of the transmutation of an element. It can, moreover, exist at the temperature of the absolute zero. The gas

was first discovered by Sir William Ramsay in the mineral cleveite, but even at the present time it is so rare and costly that it is doubtful if more than half a dozen laboratories in the world are supplied with a larger quantity of the gas than would fill a child's toy balloon.

Investigations of the physical properties of helium showed that it liquefied with even greater difficulty than hydrogen, and consequently had a lower boiling-point. Here, then, beyond any doubt, was the substance by means of which a further descent could be made on the temperature scale, if only a sufficient quantity of the gas could be obtained.

When it is remembered that the volume ratio of a liquid to that of the gas from which it condenses is about 1 : 1000 (in other words, one thousand gallons of ordinary air are required to make a gallon of liquid air) the problem of getting a large enough quantity of helium to per-

mit of experiments with the liquefied gas will be recognized as a difficult one. For not only must a sufficient quantity of the helium be collected, but the compression-pumps, the expansion coils of the liquefier, the complicated system of tubes connecting them, and the containing vessel must be so designed that not a particle of the precious gas can by any possibility escape during the experiments. Moreover, the glass vessel in which it is liquefied must be surrounded by a vessel containing liquid hydrogen, boiling under reduced pressure, which in turn must be surrounded by liquid air. This system of tubes within tubes is necessary to shut off completely the penetration of heat from the exterior. The

problem is comparable in difficulty to the construction of a piece of apparatus which would manufacture ice in the interior of a smelting-furnace. It has been solved in such a perfect manner by the painstaking experiments of Professor Onnes that he is now able, at any time, to produce about half a pint of liquid helium in a few hours.

To accomplish this extraordinary feat it was first necessary to obtain a large quantity of the gas. What little helium is in the market—and it is carried by only a few dealers—sells for about fifty dollars a quart, and it is doubtful if more than a few quarts could be obtained at any one time without exhausting the

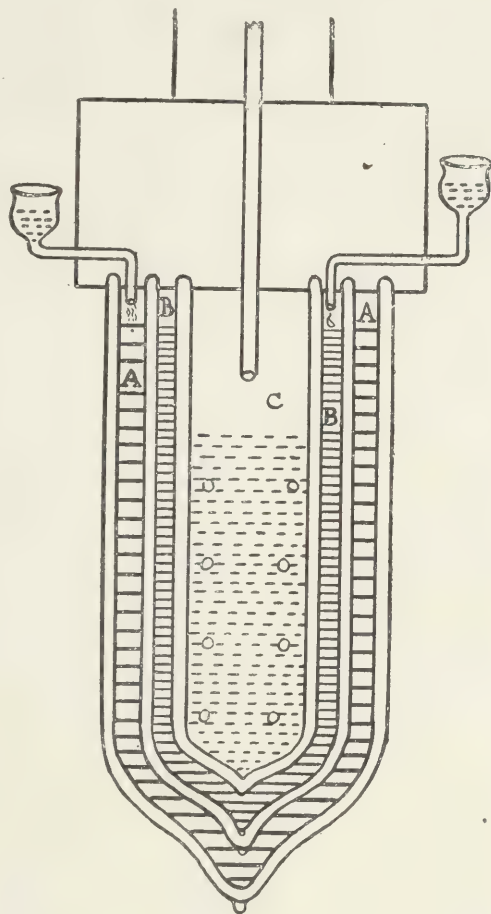


FIG. 1

Arrangement of apparatus in which liquefied helium is collected

market. Several hundred gallons were required before experiments could be made on a scale sufficiently large for the study of the properties of matter at the lowest temperatures. Professor Onnes, after searching the European markets in vain for a sufficient supply, turned to

drops into a glass vessel, while the remainder passes off through another tube and is returned to the liquefier—the process repeating itself over and over again, without the escape or loss of a single particle of the gas.

The arrangement of the apparatus in which the liquefied helium is collected is shown diagrammatically by Fig. 1. The outer tube, A, is filled with liquid air; the middle tube, B, with liquid hydrogen, which in the Leyden laboratory is carried about by the gallon, while the helium drops into the inner vessel, C. The walls of the tubes are in reality double, the space between being highly exhausted, as in the case of the thermos bottles.

Under the pressure of the atmosphere, liquefied helium boils at a temperature of 268.6 degrees below zero, or 4.4 degrees absolute, but by reducing the pressure in the tube by means of an air-pump, Professor Onnes has succeeded in reaching an actual measured temperature of only 1.8 degrees above the absolute zero, which can be

regarded as the practical attainment of the long-sought goal.

The only reliable thermometer for the measurement of very low temperatures is the so-called gas-thermometer, which indicates the degree of cold by the contraction of a gas, usually hydrogen, but in the present case a thermometer containing helium must be employed, and the gas with which it is filled must be at a very low pressure to start with.

The physicist is now provided with the means of studying the properties of matter from which practically all heat has been removed. One of the first and most interesting properties investigated by Professor Onnes was the electrical conductivity of the metals at the absolute zero. It is well known that the electrical resistance of a metal decreases as the temperature is lowered, and it has been predicted that the conductivity would become infinitely great—or, in

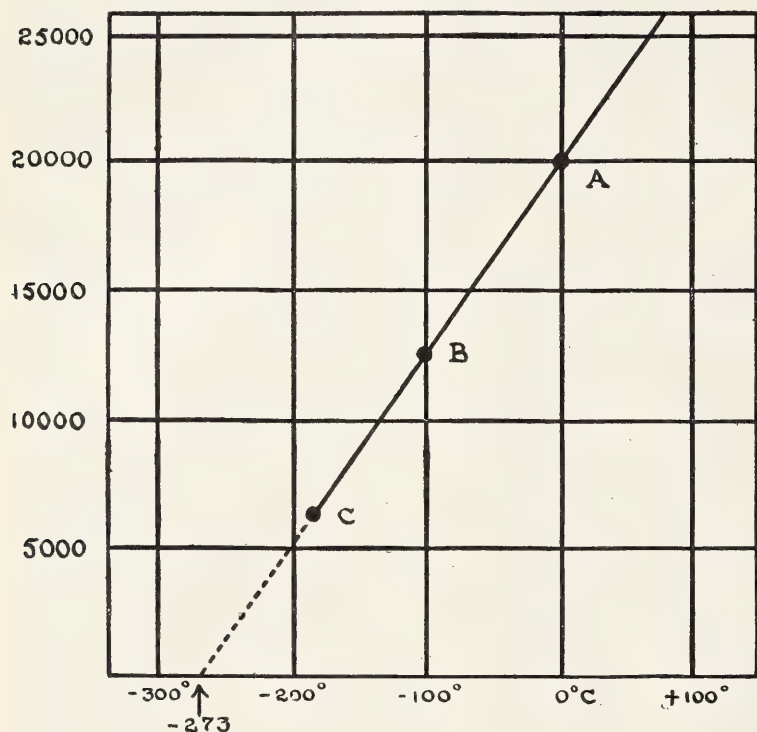


FIG. 2

Showing electrical resistance of lead at varying temperatures

America, and obtained an enormous quantity through the generosity of a private commercial source.

The liquefaction of the gas is accomplished by means of an apparatus similar to that employed for the liquefaction of air, except that the compression pump, tubes, coils, and receiver must be absolutely gas-tight. Professor Onnes employs a pump with mercury pistons, and every joint and valve in the system of copper tubes leading from the pump to the liquefier is immersed in a bath of oil, a leak immediately manifesting its presence by small bubbles which rise through the liquid. So perfectly is the apparatus constructed that the helium can be compressed to a pressure of three thousand pounds to the square inch, passed through tubes immersed in liquid air or hydrogen, allowed to expand in the coiled tube of the liquefier, by which process a portion becomes fluid and

other words, that the resistance would disappear at the absolute zero. This is indicated by the curves which show the variation of resistance with temperature, the curve for lead being shown by Fig. 2.

The specific resistance of lead at 0 degrees (the temperature of freezing water) is 20,000, and is indicated by the point A, immediately above the 0 on the temperature scale at the bottom of the diagram. At -100 degrees the resistance is 12,500 (point B), while at -180 degrees (the temperature of liquid air) it has fallen to 6,000 (point C). If these points are joined by a line, we have the means of determining the resistance at any (temperature between -180 degrees and 0 degrees, for we have only to take the point on the line immediately above the temperature and read the resistance immediately to the left of the point, following the horizontal line along to the scale of resistances, the vertical line to the left of the diagram. If we now extend the line downward, as is shown by the dotted line, we discover the remarkable circumstance that it cuts the lower horizontal line of the diagram (which indicates zero resistance) at a point which indicates a temperature of 273 degrees below zero. We thus have an electrical confirmation of the temperature of the absolute zero, independent of the theoretical considerations previously alluded to, which depend upon the contraction of a gas accompanying a lowering of temperature.

Professor Onnes has been occupied with the study of the electrical conductivity of metals at low temperatures for several years. His earlier experiments showed that the actual curve differed in a marked manner from the dotted line of Fig. 2. This dotted line is what the physicist calls an extrapolation curve, based upon the assumption that affairs will continue to proceed in the unknown region precisely as they have in the known. It was found, however, that as the absolute

zero was approached, the line turned gradually until it ran nearly parallel with the base line of the diagram. This indicated that it might very probably happen that the lowest possible value of the resistance would be reached several degrees above the absolute zero, and that below this point a further decrease of temperature might cause an increase of resistance, the curve rising again. Professor Onnes was at first inclined to believe that this would be found to be the case, and expressed the opinion that, at the absolute zero, the resistance would be infinite—in other words, the metal would become an insulator. The reasoning by which he was brought to this conclusion is interesting.

The conducting power of metals for electricity, according to our present theory, depends upon the presence in the metal of what are known as "free electrons," bodies much smaller than atoms and negatively charged. When the terminals of a battery are joined to a wire, the potential or electrical pressure sets these small bodies in motion, and the moving stream of electrons constitutes the current. Their motion along the wire is opposed, however, by something

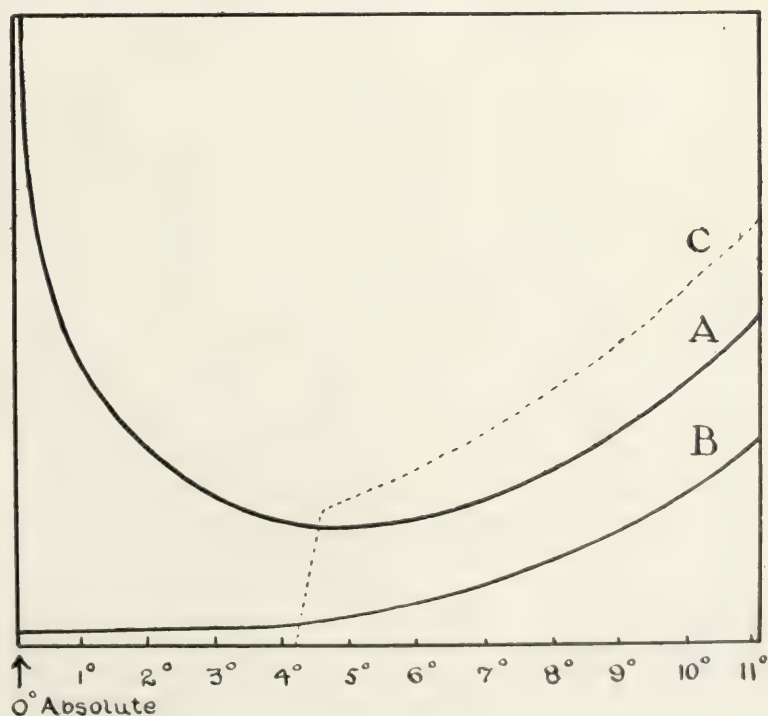


FIG. 3

Showing curves of resistance at temperatures approaching absolute zero

analogous to friction, which becomes less as we lower the temperature of the wire. This friction, or resistance, evidently depends in some way upon the molecular vibrations which constitute heat, since it becomes less and less as we abstract heat from the metal. Now the "steepness" of the line A, B, C in Fig. 2 evidently represents the rate at which the electrical resistance decreases with falling temperature. This rate is very nearly constant down to a temperature of about 200 degrees below zero, but at lower temperatures it becomes less and less, as if some new factor were developing which tended to *increase* the resistance. Professor Onnes considered that this factor was the condensation of the freely movable electrons upon the atoms. At the absolute zero the condensation might be complete, and the resistance become infinite. Such a behavior would be represented by the curve A of Fig. 3.

At the time at which this theory was held, temperatures below 5 degrees absolute had not been produced, and the temperature at which the curve would turn and run up again was a little below this point. By the rapid evaporation of liquid helium, however, still lower temperatures were soon produced, and it was found that the idea of electron condensation was quite wrong, for the curve *did not turn up*, but ran parallel to the

base line, as is shown by B of Fig. 3. This means simply that the resistance reaches a very low minimum value at about 4 degrees absolute, and holds this value for all temperatures below this point. In other words, so far as electrical conduction is concerned, the absolute zero is reached at 4 degrees. In the case of mercury Professor Onnes found a very sudden and abrupt drop in the resistance at 4 degrees, the resistance falling to zero in a very narrow range of temperature, as is shown by curve C, Fig. 3. The other metals examined, platinum and gold, had shown only minimum resistances, their curves not reaching the base line of the diagram, but the mercury curve fell to the bottom!

This discovery of the complete disappearance of the resistance of mercury made some very remarkable experiments possible. Now mercury at ordinary temperatures is, for a metal, a comparatively poor conductor, its electrical resistance being nearly fifty times as great as that of copper. If we employ a column of mercury as a conductor for carrying a given current safely, its cross-section would have to be fifty times as great as if we had used a copper wire. Nevertheless, Professor Onnes found that, at the temperature of liquid helium, a wire of frozen mercury one milli-

meter in diameter (about one-half the diameter of the lead of a pencil) would easily carry a current of one thousand amperes, a current sufficient to light two thousand ordinary incandescent lamps. It carried this current, moreover, without any appreciable heating, though a copper rod half an inch in diameter would be immediately melted by such a current, while a rod an inch in diameter would be heated nearly to the temperature of boiling water. This experiment showed conclusively that the electrical resistance of mercury can be decreased by cooling until it is practically zero.

If now we form a closed metallic circuit of a metal with

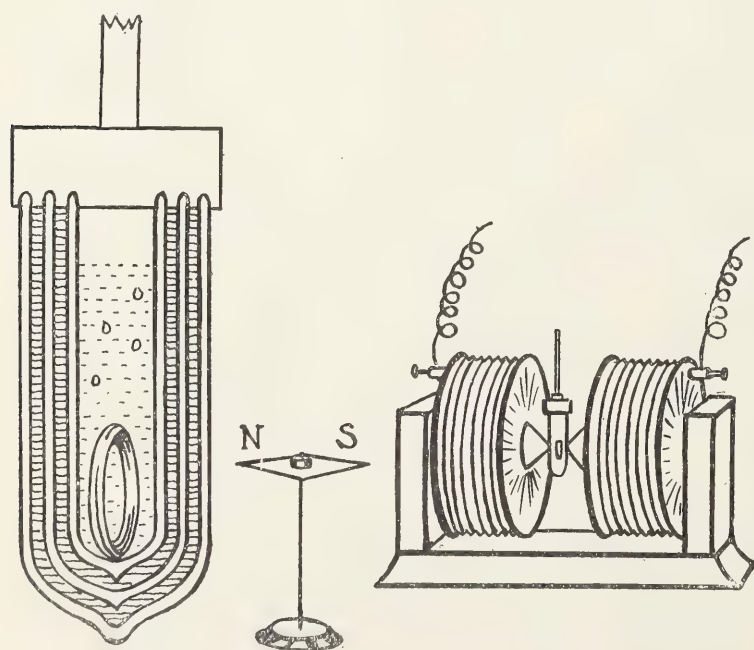


FIG. 4

Diagram of Professor Onnes's experiment with electrified coil immersed in liquid helium

no resistance, and start a current in it, the current should continue to flow for ever. Ten years ago—or even last year—any one contemplating the actual performance of such an experiment would have been called a dreamer, and even now that the thing has been done it appears almost incredible.

This is the actual experiment as carried out by Professor Onnes—an experiment which is, in the opinion of the writer, the most remarkable electrical experiment ever performed, and which will for ever be regarded as one of the milestones of progress in electrical science: A coil of one thousand turns of very fine insulated lead wire, with the terminals carefully joined together, was immersed in a bath of liquid helium placed between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet. The removal of the electro-magnet started a current of electricity in the coil by induction, and the coil was now found to have a magnetic field of its own, due to the continuous circulation of the current. A compass-needle brought into the vicinity immediately turned toward the coil, and by measuring the strength of the magnetic field it was calculated that the strength of the current was a little more than half an ampère—*i. e.*, a current of sufficient strength to light an incandescent lamp to its full brilliancy. The coil of wire, immersed in the bath of liquid helium, with the compass-needle setting itself parallel to the axis of the coil, is shown in Fig. 4, while the electro-magnet with the helium tube and coil between its poles is shown to the right of the figure. A coil of lead wire transformed into a permanent electro-magnet without battery or other source of electric potential is a more astonishing phenomenon to the physicist than was the demonstration of the existence of the X-rays.

How long will the current last? Will it continue to flow as long as the coil is kept in the liquid helium? Is the resis-

tance absolutely zero? These are questions which have not yet been answered, but Professor Onnes found not the slightest diminution of the current strength four and a half hours after the coil had been removed from the magnetic field which started the flow of electricity. A curious detail of the technique of the experiment should be mentioned. If the refrigerated coil were brought into a magnetic field and then removed, no current would be found, since the flow of electricity started by the first process would be, by the laws of induction, stopped by the second. This difficulty was surmounted by an ingenious method. The coil was brought into the magnetic field at the temperature of liquid hydrogen, the inner tube, C, of Fig. 1 (in which the coil was placed) being empty. The induction current started by the process speedily died out, owing to the fact that the wire still had an appreciable resistance. The helium was now introduced, and as soon as the coil had cooled to 1.8 degrees absolute it was removed from the magnetic field. This process started a current which flowed in a direction opposite to that of the first, and instead of dying out in a fraction of a second, continued to flow hour after hour.

If the helium was allowed to boil away without being replenished, the current immediately stopped, being destroyed by the electrical resistance of the metal, which manifests itself as soon as any heat enters from without.

How heavy a current could the coil be made to carry? If its resistance is absolutely zero, there should be no limit to the current strength possible. Professor Onnes finds, however, that if the current strength is increased beyond a certain maximum value, a trace of resistance manifests itself; and at the time of the writer's visit to his laboratory he was uncertain whether this was due to flaws in the wire or to some unknown law of electrical resistance.



The Boy at the Window

BY LUCINE FINCH



It had been the custom during many years for Old Peter Marston to walk down to his big stone bank, which was built like a temple—in spite of Penrhyn, his most punctilious serving-man, who stood at the door (it had become his habit now) almost wringing his hands, and murmuring, vaguely, “You’d far better ride to-day, sir,” or, “It’s a little bitter for walking to-day, sir,” or, “Shall I have the car follow you down, sir?” To all of which Old Peter was accustomed to respond, crossly, “You’re an ass, Penrhyn!” And Penrhyn, being an English servant, would reply, “Thank you, sir.”

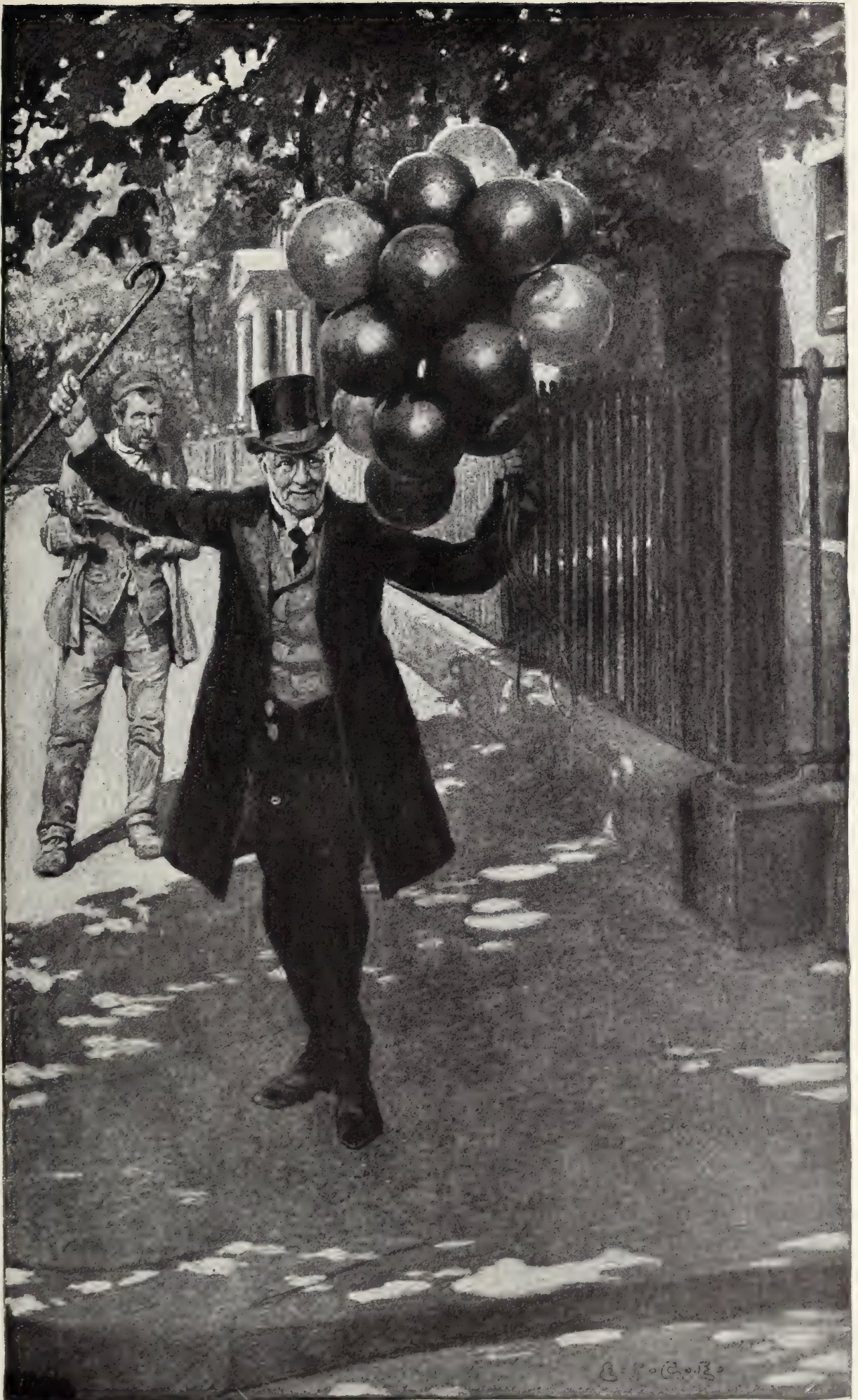
It had become a formality between these two. In his secret heart (which was dust-strewn and musty, with, perhaps, a fragrance of old roses about it) Old Peter would have missed this show of concern from his servant. He was a lonely old man, and his chief loneliness lay in the fact that he asked no sympathy, nor even asked any friendly feeling, from his world. In fact, he appeared to be quite unconscious of the world, except to rail at it. He had railed at it all his life, for Old Peter was lame and had never adapted himself to the fact. An old man of seventy, he cursed his withered leg with the same vigor that he did as a boy when it denied him the joy of action that he felt was his birthright.

“It’s bad enough to come involuntarily,” he had said once to himself, looking up at the serene blue sky above him, “without coming *maimed*! What a man needs, these days, is to be a centipede, instead of crawling through life on one leg!” The sky kept its unutterable serenity, and Old Peter halted along through life. Nevertheless, and almost in spite of himself, Old Peter Marston did kind things, though it made him ferocious to be found out in them.

When the investigation was made, at

his own instigation, of the shortage of funds in his bank, it was found to lie at the door of a middle-aged man, quiet and sad, whom poverty had hounded all his life. In the midst of the investigation, during which the guilty man cried without restraint, Old Peter, the autocrat, suddenly cleared the room, stormed at the man for an hour or more, found out several things that were really extenuating circumstances—from the human point of view, though the law would have scoffed at them—and stopped the investigation. He had opened the door of his office, holding the pale man roughly by the coat collar, shouted for his car, almost thrown the man into it, and ridden off, no one knew where. He did not appear at his bank again for three weeks, and no one knew then what he had done with the offender. It was found out later that he had taken him to Bermuda and left him there in one of his own big concerns. No one dared to comment upon it, so Old Peter was not thanked for it, except timidly by the derelict he had rescued. This was all done in a seeming rage, but it was done with all the efficiency of Old Peter’s clean brain. There were other things, too, the details of which were never found out, and which never could be explained. He was called a hard man. He gave nothing to charity, and almost insulted the worthy ladies who called upon him for public-spirited action. But no one ever complained of his business methods, and he scorned all tricks that might serve his large interests. It was clear, too, that he was an authority in banking affairs, for big men came to him for advice. There was a rumor that he had once struck another bank president full in the mouth for some dishonorable proposition.

Old Peter Marston was small and wizened, with discontented shoulders that had never been squared to the world. He wore a rusty top-hat, dis-



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

ONCE HE HAD BOUGHT OUT AN AMAZED BALLOON MAN

gracefully old and of quaint shape. This old hat was the laughing-stock of the younger men, who took no note of the face beneath it, a face lined with a million fine wrinkles and marred with much scowling. Any one who loved him might have seen that he had a sensitive mouth and that the eyes underneath the shaggy, unkempt brows were sad and not unkind. But no one loved him (except, perhaps, Penrhyn, his man), so he passed for a very cross but very rich old man; one, therefore, to be tolerated and even looked up to.

Old Peter had his regular trail downtown, which he followed with peculiar relish. It started down the long avenue of trees on upper East Street, then down a side street where some children played and got under his feet, and at whom he shook his cane furiously. It had become a fine game to the children, and, secretly, it was a fine game also to Old Peter. They gathered in little droves and hailed him as he limped along, scowling at them. It is noticeable that no child imitated his halting walk. They liked him too well for that. He had never spoken a kind word to one of them, but once he had bought out an amazed balloon man, who was passing at the time with his gay traffic, and left the street in an uproar of joy. And once he had laboriously picked a dirty mite out of the gutter where it had fallen, and sat it down hard on the sidewalk, and, some way, shut in the child's begrimed little paw was a bright silver piece, though Old Peter had sworn lustily at the baby and shaken his cane most divertingly.

Then there was a short cut through an uncompromising alley that smelled persistently of cabbage and other homely vegetables, to a still narrower street, where the boy sat at the window. The boy was a pale little fellow, but his face, white like a star set in the black of the room beyond, was always smiling. His legs were stretched out stiffly on a chair in front of him, and sometimes there was pain in his face, too, but always the smile. This is what irritated Old Peter.

"Why the devil does he grin?" he said to himself, "with those—those legs!" And he hurried along, a bitter, sour-visaged old man. He would not have acknowledged to himself that he waited

to see that small, pale face smiling at him. And the boy waited for him, too.

"He's late to-day, Martia," or, "Hurry me a little, Martia! I hear the stump of his cane!" Once he waved to the old man, but Old Peter almost snarled, and pulled his dingy hat down closer over his eyes, and walked a little faster. The next day after that, and for several days, Old Peter watched out of the tail of his eye for the timid, slow-moving little hand, but the boy did not wave again until one day, in the rage of his disappointment, the old man stopped before the window and waved his cane angrily and threateningly. Then the boy waved and smiled and looked back into the room, speaking gaily to some one. Then he waved again, and how he smiled! It would scarcely seem that one small face could hold such a big, inclusive smile—eyes and cheeks and even his hair, which was parted scrupulously on the side, seemed to smile. There was a radiancy about him as if he were lighted from within. This radiancy seemed to focus itself in his smile.

This unconscious intimacy had been going on for several months now, and no one knew but the boy and the old man and Martia, the little buttonhole-maker, who was the boy's big sister, though not very big, for all that. Yes, and Hans, the shoemaker, knew, but he bent over his work and scowled as if remembering something.

In the spring of the year, on an irresistible day, the window was left open and the boy spoke to the old man for the first time.

"Hello, mister! I'm lame, too," he said.

Old Peter, to whom his lameness had always been a curse and a tragedy not referred to, was at first astonished, and then, in the habit of a lifetime, furious at the mention of it. He walked on, glancing neither to the right nor to the left. The child could not know the shame in the old heart, nor the quiver that went through the old body; for to the boy his lameness was not a tragedy, but an accepted fact, to which his naturally sunny nature had easily adapted itself. And, besides, there was Martia! No boy could be really unhappy who had Martia! Martia, who pretended she was

the mother, and had soft little cooing ways and a touch that never hurt. So he rubbed his cheek at the sudden flush of thin blood that crept up, for he was a shy child, and he did not speak again until Old Peter, some days later, stopped abruptly, and with some amazement to himself, before the low window, and said, gruffly, "Hello, you boy!"

Then the boy said, "Hello, mister!" And turned shyly to some one inside the room. That morning Old Peter was particularly diverting to the children, who followed him a block down the street.

After that they spoke—one with the stubborn shyness of age to youth, and one with the shy egotism of youth to age.

Old Peter often wondered who it was that the boy turned to so eagerly and so readily—some one inside the room who seemed comforting, though he had never caught a glimpse of her, and once he had stopped and asked the boy, accusingly, "Whom do you live with?" And the boy had responded, promptly and conclusively, "Martia," and Old Peter very much wanted to know who "Martia" was, but couldn't find courage to ask. That day he called "Central" to inquire who lived at a certain number of a certain street, and when the reply came, with characteristic and maddening terseness, "No telephone there," Old Peter stormed and swore at her.

"Dammel!" he said, "don't tell me that, you belligerent female. I know better!" They had quite an argument over it, and Old Peter was in a rage all day.

That was the morning the little freckle-faced office-boy, who was Irish from his shaggy crown to his stubby boots, asked to be allowed to go to "the game." He chose a most unfortunate time to ask, for Old Peter threw a book at him and called him a "moon-faced lout." Then he sent for him again and threw the price of admission at him, striking him exactly on the nose.

"Get out!" said Old Peter, "and don't let me see you again to-day." The "moon-faced lout" tore to "the game," where he saved the price of admission by sticking his nose and one eye through a friendly knothole. And the next day he even had the temerity to stop Old

Peter as he was coming into the bank to say, "The game was bully!" Whereat Old Peter seemingly gave him a crack over the shoulders with his cane, to the evident delight of the boy, who wore a satisfied grin all day and was saucier than ever. Old Peter was pleased at something, too, though he only stumped vigorously into his office and banged the door that was marked in pompous gold letters, "President."

One day as he passed the boy's window it occurred to Old Peter that he didn't even know the boy's name. With accustomed directness he stopped immediately.

"What's your name, boy?"

"Ben."

Old Peter took out his note-book.

"Ben what?"

Then the boy looked back into the room as if for reassurance. "Benjamin Lanston," he said.

But Old Peter had written down "Ben."

"You didn't ask his name?" Martia had said a little later. "Oh, you wouldn't do that, Ben, would you?" And there were two spots of red in her cheeks. Martia was scrupulous about Ben's manners.

Ben put a thin little hand, that was far too white for a boy, up to Martia's cheek as she leaned over his chair.

"No. But he's so old that *he* can."

And Martia was satisfied, and nodded and sat down again to her buttonholes.

"He looks very lonely," she said, absently.

Ben was silent for a while, then said, loyally, "It's very polite for an old man to ask a boy's name, isn't it, Martia?"

And Martia, who was as sensitive as a wind-flower in the wind, knew that he was a little hurt about his old friend, so she put down her buttonholes and came over quickly.

"Oh yes, dear!" she said. "Yes, indeed, Ben. It was quite right for him." And she touched the carefully brushed hair with her hand.

"He's lame," said Ben, irrelevantly, and added—feeling, not seeing, the pain in Martia's face—"I don't mind it at all, but he does."

"You'll run some day," Martia had said, sighing. She had said it so often

and Ben had always smiled so happily when she said it. She felt she could not "go on" without that illuminated look in Ben's face.

One day Old Peter missed the smile on the boy's face. In fact, there was no smile there, for he sat with his cheek in his hand, unsmiling. And he said, "Hello, mister," a little wearily, and sighed when he said it.

Old Peter scowled, walked on a dozen steps, turned, and stumped back.

"You, boy!" he said—it was his common form of greeting—"what would you rather have than anything else in the world, hey?"

And the boy had responded, promptly—so promptly that it almost made Old Peter jump—"A dog that can run!"

Old Peter nodded understandingly.

Three days later Old Peter took a day off and went out into the country to a dog-farm that he knew about. He went in his car and he took Penrhyn, and Penrhyn was so amazedly happy at Old Peter's calling for the car and at his taking a day off that he followed his master's lead without even a question. It was not Penrhyn's province to ask questions. Penrhyn hugged his dignity to his heart and held others up to it. It was an art with Penrhyn to be a perfect servant. He let no human feeling like curiosity enter in to break down his poise. He tucked the rugs about Old Peter's feet with almost a loving touch, and jumped to his seat beside the driver with boyish alacrity.

"I want a dog," said Old Peter to the dog-fancier, "that can run—like the devil!"

And that is how Chaffo came to sit at the window with the boy until Old Peter came along, when he bounded out, almost knocking Old Peter down, and ran all the way to the bank (oh, ran several times all the way, tearing back and forth like a thing mad with his own youth!). Then he ran back to the boy waiting for him, and told him all about it. The boy always clapped his hands when Chaffo dashed out to Old Peter, but Martia, who was very gentle, was a little anxious for fear Old Peter might be hurt.

Then came the pinwheels to decorate the window. Martia sat up late into the

night to fix them in their places, and yawned over her buttonholes all the next day. The boy scolded her for it.

"I must take care of you, too!" he had said. And Martia assured him she was not tired, and did five extra buttonholes to prove it! But Ben suspected her. That was the day he had his first lesson in buttonholes, and that explains why Old Peter did not see him at the window as he passed. Old Peter was disappointed, and it made him angrier. Chaffo was let out, and though he talked of everything else—in fact, seemed quite frantic to express himself—he refused to explain this. He only wagged his tail and looked particularly wistful, perhaps a little mystified, and started back toward the boy's window, then thought better of it and plunged ahead of Old Peter to speak to another dog that had come to be a friend of his. Old Peter stumped along, wondering. All day he could not get it out of his mind. And going home late in the afternoon, he made a determination that was wholly out of keeping with either his apparent indifference to the little goings-on in the world or with his own very real shyness. He determined to go and see Ben.

"I know I'm an old ass!" he said over and over, roughly, to himself; "but as long as only I know it, it won't matter. Damme, I'll go!"

He rang the rickety door-bell sharply, to show himself that he was quite at his ease.

Martia opened the door. "Oh!" she said. "Oh!"

"Good morning," said Old Peter, stoutly. "Good evening. Where's—Ben?"

Martia said "Oh!" again, then flushed slowly, beautifully. "Won't you come in?"

Old Peter did not hesitate, though he felt more shy than the girl.

"I will," he said, a little pompously, though his old heart was pounding in his breast.

Ben sat in his chair, with his two legs stiffly out before him in another chair. His face was quite guilty and he held something behind his back. Old Peter walked over to him.

"Where were you this morning?" he said, crossly.



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"YOU'LL RUN SOME DAY," MARTIA HAD SAID, SIGHING

Ben's cheeks flamed. "Here," he said. "Why didn't you sit at the window?" "I—I couldn't—very well."

"Why not?"

"Tell him, Ben," said the girl who was Martia, and she put her gentle hand on Ben's chair. Ben looked first at her and then at Old Peter.

"You won't laugh, will you, mister?"

"I never laugh. Go on."

"Go on, Ben," said Martia. "It's more courteous."

There was an instant's silence, then Ben said: "Well—now—you see—you see, now—Martia makes buttonholes, and she gets awfully tired sometimes, you see. And—now—you see, I'm learning to help her."

Old Peter had forgotten to take off his hat. He suddenly remembered.

"Quite right," he said, gruffly. "Go on."

"Well," said Ben, gathering courage from Old Peter's sober and natural acceptance of the facts—"well, I guess that's all. Only a fellow can't sit at the window and sew—though I like it—and," he added, wistfully, looking at the old man, "I missed it."

This is how Old Peter happened to send for his car at precisely quarter to nine and take a pale-faced boy, whom Penrhyn had to carry in his arms, downtown for a ride. Then after this it became the regular thing. And a handsome collie, evidently quite frantic with

joy, followed along. They stopped frequently to wait for the collie, who had much business to attend to between Ben's home and the bank. And one morning Old Peter got out of the car and took Martia's buttonholes right out of her hands, leaving Martia quite breathless, and insisted that she go down, too!

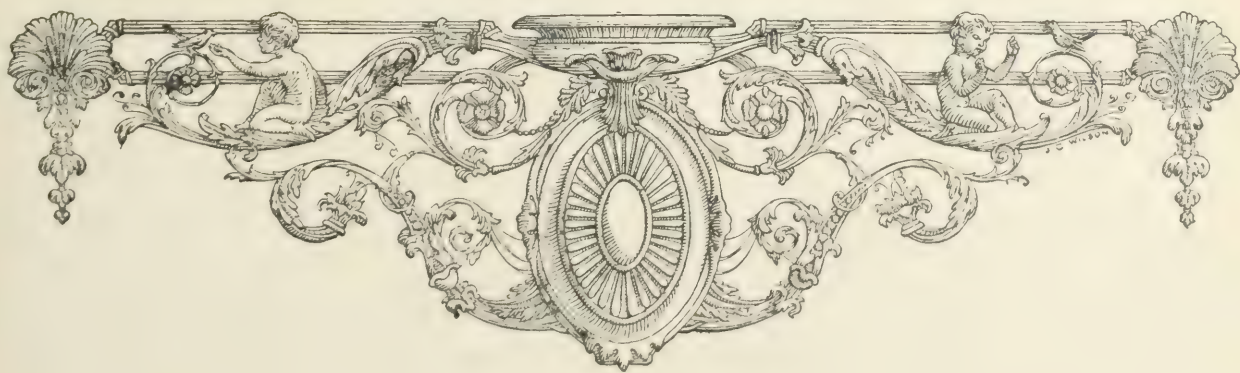
"Oh!" said Martia. "Oh, I can't!"


"You must," said Old Peter.

And Martia went. In fact, she was quite excited, and even found a veil to put over her hat. Ben clapped his hands when he saw her come out with the veil. She looked very young and very pretty, with charming color in her cheeks.

And this is how Martia stopped making buttonholes for everybody else, because Old Peter kept her so busy making them for himself. Even Penrhyn had buttonholes made by Martia's slender and eager little fingers.

And last of all, and best of all, this is why Old Peter appeared at his own door late one afternoon with Martia tucked snugly under one arm and Ben waiting outside in the car to be carried into Old Peter's handsome and dull library—only it isn't dull any more, for Ben reads all the books and Chaffo lies curled up before a fire, and Martia always opens the door for Old Peter, and is always concerned for fear he is cold, and bustles him about quite like a despot. And Old Peter lets her do it with an air of wistful resignation that would be sad if it were not so joyous.





EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

OUR old friends, Florindo and Lindora, are no longer young. They are not yet what is called stricken in years, but they have certainly been touched by the first frosts of age; their bloom is gone; their fruit has dropped from the parent stem in full maturity, if we may so figure the marriage of their several sons and daughters and the settlement of those young people in homes apart from their parents and one another. Yet Florindo and Lindora are still so strongly attached to life that they wish to live easily, and to get the full worth of their money as they go. We do not know any couple, old or young, who are more averse to the increased and ever-increasing cost of living, or who take a more lively interest in the abatement of prices which the combined suggestions of the wisest and best among us have not been able to control or in the least affect. Because of this interest and the public spirit which also animates them, they experienced, in spite of their sixty-odd years, a glow of almost adolescent emotion when they read, the other day, or say month, that utterance of the Parcels Post, already the agent of so much good in our conditions, promising, or at least prophesying, the hour when the producer and consumer should be brought directly together by its agency.

"I suppose you know what that means?" Florindo said, looking round the edge of the paper he had read this vaticination of the Parcels Post out of.

"Yes," Lindora answered, from across the breakfast-table. "What does it?"

"It means," and Florindo clapped the paper triumphantly on the table, "it means the elimination of the middle-man!"

"Well, isn't that what you've always wanted?" Lindora asked. "More?" and she gestured toward the coffee.

He mechanically passed his cup over to her. "Wanted! I've hungered and thirsted for it, ever since we began keep-

ing house, and paying through the nose for everything. What are you thinking of?"

"Well, I wasn't thinking of *that*," Lindora replied. "I was thinking that I should have to go down and see to having the house cleaned if we are ever to get into it this summer. Those natives will never do it for love or money at this distance; you must use *force*, if you want it done, and you have got to be there and keep round after them yourself."

Florindo asked, "Didn't you have the house thoroughly cleaned after we left it in the fall?" But in response Lindora only made an all-disdainful "Tchk!"

The reader of the allegories which occasionally intersperse the more formal dissertations of this place will remember that when we last met Florindo and Lindora they had, after long and varied experiment, devolved upon a summer cottage as the only solution of the summer problem. They had begun, like most people of their time, with farm board, and then gone on with board in mountain and seaside hotels, and then passed successive seasons in Europe; or, that is to say, Lindora had, for the fact included Florindo little or none at all. When the bottom dropped out of Europe, and Lindora with her half-grown brood fell through on her native shores, she announced almost before Florindo, who came to help her through the customs, had paid the duties levied on her excess purchases, that it was the last time she should spend a summer in Europe; and now they must begin looking out, before the winter set in, for a cottage. She had talked with people on board who were going down even then to their cottages in September; September and October were the pleasantest months of the year there; and they might stay on into November; and in the severe logic of events it followed that Florindo and Lindora took a cottage at once, in the settlement of those amiable colonists; they had said

that if you left it till spring, the best cottages would be all grabbed up. After an experimental summer, Lindora liked it so much that she made Florindo buy their cottage, and they had never regretted it, except when they had to open it in the spring and get it in decent shape for the four or five months they should be in it. Lindora did this at arm's-length through the natives, but she made Florindo suffer through every detail when she came back to town for the weeks necessary to put their flat in moth-balls before finally leaving it for their cottage. Ordinarily Lindora went about moth-balling the flat in anticipative despair of ever really cleaning the cottage after she got into it, though she was always somewhat comforted in making Florindo see how the natives had scamped every detail of the cleaning which they had not simply ignored. But somehow, last spring, after that promise or prophecy from the Parcels Post, Lindora could not resist an effect of buoyancy from him. If he had been brought to book, he probably could not have said just how the conditions were to be changed in their experience, but she did not bring him to book; he looked joyously forward to the elimination of the middleman, and she joined him, as a good wife must, in his expectation of a reduced cost of living at the earliest day, or the day after that at the furthest.

Strictly speaking, there were in that summer colony only two or three middlemen who stood between the consumer and the producer. There was the provision man who sold meat and vegetables; there was the grocer who dealt in wares mostly produced at such a distance that the consumers could not have reached the producers without the grocer's help; and there was the coal and wood dealer who supplied coal and wood at more than city prices because he had no mines or forests of his own, just as the provision man had no flocks and herds or gardens, and the grocer had no coffee or sugar plantations, no wheat or rice fields, no olive-groves or vineyards to draw upon for the consumer. The fish-man was also partially a middleman, but his supplies were drawn from the sea so near by that the

colonists felt as if they got their fish direct from the fisherman. The other middlemen might be regarded as necessary evils, and Florindo so regarded them with such patience as his faith in the Parcels Post enabled him to use. Somewhat to his surprise, he realized that he, as the consumer, was otherwise already confronted with the producer in a relation which ought to have been of the greatest amity and mutual advantage.

As soon as it was apparent that the Florindo cottage was open, the producers, old friends of the summers past, began flocking to its back doors. The milk-man came straight from his own cows, the ice-man from his personal pond, the chicken-and-egg woman from her poultry-yard, the butter-woman from her farm dairy, and in due season the berry-woman from the patches of herself and her neighbors, with the vegetable-man from the gardens which he had planted and weeded with his own hands. With all these Lindora renewed the relations of former years, and Florindo rejoiced in the generous supplies which she ordered from each. But with the bills at the first month's end a measure of disillusion came. It was, in fact, a rude awakening from the fond hypnosis induced by the prophecy of the Parcels Post. Florindo, the consumer, had indeed been put into direct contact with all those producers; the middleman had been eliminated; but with what effect upon the prices? In Florindo's trance the prices had reverted to the low rates ruling shortly after the resumption of specie payment in the eighteen-seventies, when beef which had been forty cents in paper fell to twenty cents in gold. To be sure, gold had depreciated very much since then, but with the elimination of the middleman all the provisions which beef typified must go back to those happy prices of the eighteen-seventies. In the absence of any flocks and herds on the neighboring hills, beef still came from Chicago or Argentina, and the middleman still existed to handle it, but Florindo had largely lived on poultry, fish, eggs, and vegetables; he had done what he could to starve out the beef-handling middleman, and he expected his reward.

But when he came to look at the bills

which his allies, the producers, had itemized, he fell into such amaze that he had to call Lindora from arranging the table for a ladies' lunch to help him out of it. "Will you look at those prices, please!" he defied her, as if it were she that had rendered the bills.

She looked, somewhat distractedly, with half her mind still on the lunch. "Well, it's perfectly outrageous," she sufficiently burst forth. "It's ridiculous. It's just what we paid in town, when it isn't more! It's a good thing I kept that last report of the retail market at home. They'll all be coming with the things for the lunch this morning, and then I'll see about it." She glanced out of the window, with the bills quivering in her hand, at the sound of rubberless buggy-wheels on the gravel of the road. "There's the chicken-woman with my broilers, now!" She whipped out of doors more like a girl of sixteen than a woman of sixty, while Florindo followed her with eyes of enduring delight in her. She began in a high key, which she diplomatically abated almost instantly, and ended in a joyful cry of amicable intimacy as the chicken-woman got out over the wheel and showed her a basket with the limp broilers in it, ready to be consigned to the cook.

It was the same with the butter-woman, the berry-woman, and the milk-man bringing bottles of cream, and the vegetable-man with fresh peas and lettuce for the impending lunch; only she began with the later-comers in the tone of amicable intimacy she had ultimately used with the chicken-woman. When she came back to Florindo with the bills in her hand they were no longer quivering, and she seemed to have forgotten about them.

"Well, I must say," she declared, "the things are beautiful. It's the greatest privilege to have them straight from the producer, so fresh and crisp and sweet, with no middleman to keep them till they're all stale and not fit to eat. They convinced me of *that*."

"Did they convince you," he demanded, ironically, "that they were right to ask the middleman's prices? Did they say why they wanted about twice what they could have got from him, and so made us pay two profits?"

"No, they didn't," Lindora answered, "but I think they were quite right in saying that if we hadn't got our things from them we should have had to pay just as much at the stores, and the things wouldn't have been half as nice." She added, reflectively, "I'm sure I wouldn't have raised those chickens and killed and plucked and cleaned them for less than forty cents a pound. And it's the same with the butter and the berries, and the milk—keeping it from microbes, and everything. And then, it eliminates the middleman, and, as you say, that's the first great step. It proves what a blessing the Parcels Post is going to be when it brings the producer and the consumer together everywhere."

Florindo gave it up; it was convenient to do so, and he began drawing checks to pay the bills, which Lindora left with him, while she went back to arrange the wild-flowers which the berry-woman had brought with her for the decoration of the lunch-table. A great many things went through Florindo's mind, and when he had drawn the checks, he took them to the post-office so as to get the whole thing off his mind for another month, anyway. He liked going to the post-office, especially between the coming and going of the mails, for then he was apt to find there a native of philosophic mind and varied employments; who in a frequent leisure from them after the spring stress of installing the cottagers was past liked to join Florindo in an impartial survey of human affairs. In default of any indoor provision for his leisure the philosopher made his favorite seat on a benching under the large elm-tree outside.

At sight of the handful of envelopes which Florindo came carrying with a still clouded brow, the philosopher called to him with kindly irony, "Rejoicin' like the rest of 'em in the 'limination of the middleman? Consumer and p'ducer brought together and holdin' hands? Or is it more like grabbin' thruts?"

"Yes," Florindo assented to the general interpretation of his aspect, "but I'm not doing any of the grabbing. You seem to understand pretty much everything. Will you tell me why the producer expects the consumer to pay the middleman's profit?"

"Well, why shouldn't he?" the philosopher asked. "You payin' any more than you would if you was buyin' of the middleman?"

"No," Florindo boldly responded. "But when there isn't any middleman I object to paying his prices. I don't see why the producer shouldn't sell to me at the same prices he sells to the middleman."

"Well," the philosopher provisionally assented, "there *doos* seem some sense in that. But supposin' the middleman never paid him enough?"

"Well, I'd be willing to pay him half the middleman's profit."

"That sounds fair. But did you expect to pay half? Didn't you expect to pay just the same as the middleman gits the things for?"

"I can't see that it would be unjust if I did."

"Well, no, it ain't, on the surface. But here: you come and you go, but the middleman stays. He's a steady market, and it kind of stands to reason he should set the price to the p'ducer on one basis and to the consumer on the other, don't it? Now when you leave in the fall, what's the p'ducer goin' to do with his stuff if the middleman's gone?"

"He's going to sell to me and the other summer folks in town at the bottom prices he can get from the middleman, with the slight additional charge of the Parcels Post."

"Oh, the Passels Post goin' to do it," the philosopher commented. "I see. It looks easy, too. How long you, or your wife, goin' to take the trouble to order the things by postal in time, and take care the boxes and send 'em back, and keep the whole thing in mind, when she could step to the telephone and order what you want from your town middleman, and have it up in half an hour?"

"Of course it will be more trouble; but we must take the trouble."

"And when you get tired, where'll the p'ducer be? What you want—now, ain't it—is for prices to go back to where they was when we resumed specie payment?" Florindo assented by a shamefaced silence, and the philosopher continued: "Well, the low tariff was to do that, and the income tax was. Now we've got both, and where are we? Right back to

the specie-resumption prices, and more too!" The philosopher laughed genially, and Florindo rather ruefully. "It's kind of queer about human nature, now, ain't it?" he went on. "I suppose you feel kind of sore at the p'ducers stickin' you with the middleman's prices, now don't you? Most the summer folks thinks the natives takes a mean advantage of 'em, wantin' city prices for their work as well as their p'duce; and puttin' up the rents on 'em. Summer folks got all the nicest places and the best views, that they bought when the natives didn't know what their land was wuth, and glad to git anything in money, but now they turn round and want what the summer folks pay in town. It doos seem hard; seems ungrateful."

The philosopher laughed, inquiringly, and Florindo, who, if greedy, was honest, said, "There is something to be urged on that side."

"Oh, I don't *urge* it," the philosopher crowed. "Just happened to see it in that light. Ever happen to think that mebbe there ain't ever a-goin' to be any lower prices than there is now? Some folks believe the Passels Post is goin' to bring back the millennium. It's killin' off the express companies, all right, and now if it's got its hand on the middleman's thrut, we're goin' to all be happy. But the way I look at it is like this. We are livin' off each other and on each other, and one's got just as good right to his meat as another. What's the matter with the middleman, anyway? He didn't make himself. He come along in the nature of things—of things as we've got 'em. Prob'ly if things was different, he wouldn't be here. But then prob'ly we wouldn't any of us be here; well, not just as we are."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if we lived more *for* each other. If every man took a hack at p'ducin' and there wa'n't a passel o' folks that didn't do nothin' but consume?"

Florindo began to experience a certain cold alarm, and he rose from the benching where he had been sitting with the philosopher. "That sort of thing was exploded long ago," he said, severely.

"Now, was it?" the philosopher asked with his laugh. "I thought it hadn't never been tried."



EDITOR'S STUDY

THE last time we met, in the Study, we just touched upon what we termed the "normal eccentricity" of our present course in the movement of life and art, by way of contrast with the many evident eccentricities also marking that course which are abnormal, and which, though trivial and insignificant, and because they are so numerous and conspicuously in evidence, absorb the general attention, distracting it from the main current, of which they are merely secondary undulations.

We should not now recur to this theme but for the recent publication of Rudolf Eucken's heroic and luminous exposition of the religious life, in answer to the question, *Can We Still Be Christians?*

The exposition itself, in its essential features, is helpful and convincing. It is a protest against the claims of a naturalistic science which denies to humanity any realm of spiritual activity not continuous with and derivable from the world of sense. It constructs an "inner life" not only independent of the world, but transcending the limitations of individuality, having real immediacy with God, yet at the same time freedom and personality—a spiritual kingdom, in its own right, for ever withstanding the claims of naturalism, of intellectualism, and of human culture to invade its realm or to determine its ideals; having its own content, its own supreme experiences, and from its divinely reinforced currents for ever renewing and transforming human life and the world.

But while laying such stress upon the inner life, Eucken only negatively indicates its content. This life, we should suppose, always in some new becoming, would find its realization through those creative activities which originate in the soul and have an eternal ground, and which are outwardly manifest as creations of Faith, Imagination, and Reason—every new realization being less detached from human life and experience.

But this psychical manifestation apparently would not be accepted by Eucken as an adequate characterization of the spiritual life. To him, as to Paul, the term "psychical" seems too closely linked with the natural man to suggest the chasm involved in the spiritual withdrawal or the heroism of the never-ceasing conflict between spirit and sense. Eucken is no mystic, and of meditation and brooding introspection he will have none; he repudiates all dogma, even that of the Incarnation, and identifies redemption with spiritual self-preservation through inward concentration for conflict with the world and for the realization therein of the transcendent spiritual life.

This emphasis upon an agonistic concentration, fixing attention upon action, tends to minimize sensibility and all expansive movements based upon human sympathy—to minimize even that humanism which the modern man has come to regard as the distinctive expression of his soul, including not only his faith, but the embodiments of his art and the intuitions of his creative reason. It is Eucken's distrust of humanism—which he confines to a regard for utility and pleasure—not less than his antagonism to a naturalistic philosophy, that induces his too unhopeful view of modern movements, scientific and social.

"Life," he says, "has moved ever more and more to the circumference and now does not see what is to become of the center. . . . He who wishes to comprehend the spirit of the time must free himself from the time-spirit." It seems to be his conviction that present humanity is nearing a faultful extreme. Solicitude for the "inner life" as something at peril, the concern as to "what is to become of the center," certainly does not mark a healthful age, or one of developed psychical sympathy and sensibility.

The main movement to the circumference, which has modernly gained such momentum, is precisely what we have

termed a *normal* eccentricity. It is pre-eminently a social movement.

When we speak of man as human we mean something more than the man himself, we are including human society; so when we speak of the soul, regarding it as a psychical essence, we mean something transcending the limitations of an individual integration, something which we cannot dissociate from the kingdom of all-souls, or indeed from the all-Father. We pass from even the subjectivity implied in the phrase "our inner life" to the sense of an invisible reality beyond our limited selves—so beyond them that, by reason of our *unbroken* intimacy therewith, which is our eternity, it cannot be an objective to our conscious apprehension. Before we can possess it, it must possess us. But it attends only upon life; it escapes all mortuaries.

We may, referring this Reality to its eternal ground, speak of it as the center, but the center is not in the individual self; we cannot make it the object of our study or of our care. It is our unseen weather. The way of the spirit is like that of the viewless wind. Wordsworth, with poetic intuition, says: "The soul that rises *with* us," not *in* us, thus escaping the idea of an individual inclusion. We have an unbroken intimacy with some presence alongside—a *paraclete*, of which we are aware by surprises, as of something unaccountably occurring to us on the way at our supraconscious call or need.

This psychical weather, not here or there, within or without, but of some unrelated firmament we really inhabit, is as truly beyond our conscious experience as it is beyond our observation, though it is the breath of our life, the light of all our seeing. Our experience is not only interpenetrated and illuminated by a power and light beyond our volition and acquired knowledge, but it has an outward expansion beyond our individual selves, being for the most part a social experience. There is no human race at all save as we *become* others in the procession of generations. Except for this vital altruism and tradition, the individual, without kith or kin, is not only an insoluble enigma, but a cipher. The first commandment of life,

in its natural procedure, is, Thou shalt not be out of kind. And since Nature, that garment of God of which we touch but the hem, affords, nevertheless, the indispensable warp of any web we weave, an equally imperative commandment is, Thou shalt materialize.

The social experience is held in severalty—that is, by individuals, by each according to the measure of his passionate assimilation, which in turn is measured by his vital expenditure. Nutrition is converted into fertility. The barren fig-tree is accursed for its withholding. Our taking is dependent upon our giving. The movement of our life—of our regard, our sympathy, our desire—while it is registered in our individual consciousness, enlarging the scope of faculty and capacity, and enriching our individual experience, is by its natural law outward, a social expansion. In this sense it is eccentric, ever more and more to the circumference, not only to new social horizons, but to more extensive knowledge of the world.

This is the field of use and design, of rational choice and purpose, of cumulative progression through experiment and search, but without real significance save as at every stage of the progression the intimate but hidden Reality is in some way manifest. The intimation and realization is in what we call humanism, though we must divest that term of its academic associations and identify it with the creative activities of the soul—that is, with our psychical intuitions, referable to nothing in the visible constitution of things or even in the moral order of the human world, but only to an eternal ground, to the creative Source of both Nature and Humanity.

It is just here that Eucken seems to find justification for those phases of his interpretation of the spiritual life which, in his expression of them, seem to us out of perspective with our present vision and less pertinent to our own than to any former age, though they are more likely to mislead the casual reader than the careful student of Eucken's philosophy, who becomes fully imbued with his spirit. Even the Gospel and Pauline phraseology is sometimes liable to misunderstanding, having been addressed to a peculiarly unreceptive generation.

Thus Eucken may well ask what the psychical intuitions, never outwardly derived, are, if not manifestations of our inner life; and is not the creative source of all spiritual dynamics the invisible center of all spiritual intuitions or activities? Does not the fact that the physical universe not only hides such spiritual reality as it may have behind the impenetrable barrier it presents to us, but in its inert matter and blind forces stands forth for ever in blank contradiction to the free play of human activities that overleap its closed circuits into a psychical firmament wholly alien to its habit, show that man—at least in this transcendent humanism, which is his eternity—is superior to Nature? And, further, since this humanism is conditioned upon Free Will, the distinctive characteristic of a living person, do we not find in it presumptive support for the conviction not only of the individual soul's independence of matter, but of its eternity?

While he insists upon the vital translation of spiritual truth, beauty, and goodness into outward conduct, he nevertheless in the expression of his thought seems to favor introspection and leans toward a mystical conclusion; and this inclination is reinforced by his pessimistic interpretation of present tendencies.

In historical sequence, the natural man precedes the spiritual man, and instead of seeking Reality he seems to turn away from it—that contrary direction being the only way of realization. It is in his outward or centrifugal expansion that he becomes aware of a centripetal attraction, just as when he first touches something other than himself self-consciousness is first awakened. It is because of the wider social and world scope and the increased velocities of our modern life in the normal eccentricity of its main movement that the central spiritually dynamic control of it is more manifest. We do not in the historical sense, and we cannot consciously, seek first the kingdom of heaven, but we eventually see that in all our earnest seeking it is that kingdom which, from the first, we have really been finding.

We understand more fully than men have ever hitherto understood that individual consciousness and experience are

conditioned upon collective, or social, development, because there has never been before such social solidarity, so instant and far-reaching communicability. We therefore the more readily have committed ourselves to the world sense and movement, looking out and not in; looking also forward and not backward, confident that inevitably all the lasting values of the human past are in the living present. In an age so vitally progressive in materialization, we do not "need to free ourselves from the time-spirit in order to comprehend the spirit of the time."

Progress is not itself humanism, but an indispensable condition of it. The culture and discipline, in which our striving wills and our seeking, inquiring intellects are strenuously engaged, are preliminary to a real culture expressing the informing soul. Spontaneous graces supervene upon solicitous efforts; dilections of a creative will upon choices implying alternatives within the limited range of our arbitrary volitions; creative art upon artifice, and the intuitions of creative reason upon our intellections. In a word, our humanism seems to occur to us, coming without observation, but only as we are in the way of it. The soul itself seems thus to occur to us, not only in our faith, but in our creative art and psychical interpretation; it does not occur to the inert and stagnant, but only to those in the open, free course of life. The trivial eccentricity of activities at the surface of society but having little social significance, being vivid rather than vital, are hardly participant in the main current of our modern life. These "windy ways," not less than the vast areas of dormant and stagnant humanity which even in our day resist all vital currents, may well discourage earnest thinkers. There is need enough of the prophet's warning, but also abundant room for hope in the time-spirit of an age which, of all ages, is the least static, formalistic, and hypocritical; the most fearless and the most tolerant, and in which sympathy has most prevailed over hate, and creative activity is least detached from living human experience.

Eucken would not stand forth as preeminently the spiritual teacher of this generation if he did not himself so fully represent these tendencies.

Nipper's Crowded Hour

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE news broke over Jimtown on a Saturday morning when there was time to do it justice. The mercury had come sneaking out from under the woodshed, or wherever it had spent the winter, and had resumed its rightful place in the thermometer; the frost had left the ground and the streets were soft and interesting. Bill Snaveley and Peewee Barlow and the latter's dog, Nipper, inspected the vacant lot back of the M. E. Church. They found that a Mount Ararat had appeared, but that it was still too wet for marbles. Thence the three went to High Street and gravely contemplated that noble stream as it gurgled into Main Street. There was a street crossing at this important point, but it was only a memory during the early spring months. To supplement it some helpful spirit had strewn across boards which slipped and spurted deliciously as the public jumped from one to the other.

"Peewee," said Bill, "le's play Eliza - crossin' - the - Delaware." The game always went by the above title, thus killing two historical incidents with one dramatization.

"All right," said Peewee. "I'm Legree."

In the condensed version all the villains were boiled down into Legree, an infinitely desirable rôle. Here complications arose. Bill had proposed the game, but Peewee owned the bloodhound. And Nipper could not be a bloodhound without a special dispensation from his proprietor; he was not that kind of dog by nature.

Nipper, like his proprietor, was small in stature, but chunky. His short hair varied in color from almost white in the swimming-season to a rich walnut at the end of winter; he was

in a way a kind of almanac. But the patch about his right ear was black, irrespective of season. His face was furrowed like that of a German with a liberal education. He limped slightly with one leg, but was speedy on the other three. His favorite English word was "sic."

The difficulty was suddenly removed. Bessie Windom, who did not recognize Bill and Peewee as members of the human race on Saturdays, passed with elevated nose and started across raging High Street, stepping carefully in immaculate shoes and holding her white, starched skirts in one hand, al-



NIPPER, IN PURSUIT OF HIS RUDIMENTARY TAIL, UPSET WHAT REMAINED IN THE BUCKET AND WOUND UP THE FIRM'S AFFAIRS

though they were barely long enough to conceal her bony knees. She wore a regular hat as one going calling, and a new pink ribbon in her flaxen hair. In one arm she carried a doll.

"There's Eliza an' her baby escapin' to the free states," said Bill.

Bessie was more like little Eva, but, not being a stickler, Peewee uttered Nipper's favorite word. Nipper did so; the boys followed, howling agreeably. The bloodhound disregarded the floating ice, and ran exclusively upon the Delaware. Consequently when he reached the fugitive and planted his fore feet against her skirt he left marks of identification and trouble. To make matters worse Bessie chose this time to fall down, running one arm and the sleeping infant deep into High Street.

At this point history was subjected to a severe strain; the fugitive picked herself up and returned to the slave states, while the pursuers crossed the river obliquely and hurried toward Canada.

"Girls is no good," said Bill when conversation was practical, though puffy. "They only play with dolls and dress up fine."

Peewee had a pain in his side and stopped to spit upon a stone.

"They say, 'Ain't the moon beautiful?'" was his indictment. "Oh, lookee!"

In their progress toward safety the boys had reached a point opposite a billboard before which enterprises were afoot. Already half of the space was covered by a flaming lithograph which declared that:

MARTINGALE'S DOG A
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
AND TRAINED ANI

In illustration of this remarkable announcement half a ring of dogs sat upon inverted barrels, half a string of ponies cavorted upon hind legs, and half a professor in evening clothes held a whip in his visible arm. In an instant they had joined the flower of Jimtown's youth and chivalry which had gathered there. The work was being directed by a stranger with a fur collar on his overcoat; the actual pasting was by local talent, namely, Lon Biggs; the boasting by his son John, who expected to get a free ticket.

For this was not a missing-word contest; all knew very well that Martingale's Dog and Pony Show, the World's Greatest Canine Carnival and Trained Animal Exhibition, Moral, Instructive, Enthralling, would positively appear at—the word "Jamestown"—and the date would be pasted on last. Jamestown was the way the village was referred to in print; it appeared so upon maps, if at all.

Martingale's dog and pony show was a

hardy perennial which bloomed early in Jimtown; in fact, it was the theory of frugal parents that Martingale's only came to Jimtown to practise. This libel goes before dog and pony shows just as of the more ambitious circuses it always is said that "only a small part of the show is coming here; the main circus is out West or playing before the crowned heads of Europe."

The morning passed divertingly. Peewee tried to arouse antagonism between Nipper and a red-and-white dog near the bottom of the lithograph, but Nipper was more interested in the paste-bucket and the tail of the alien overcoat than in art.

When, after delaying to the last moment, Peewee went home, his mother had dinner and a reproachful look waiting for him. He thought the latter referred to his tardiness, and ventured on a cheerful explanation.

"The dog and pony show 'll be here on April fourth," he said.

"Raymond"—for some reason Mrs. Barlow had never adopted the popular appellation, Peewee—"Mrs. Windom has told me what you did to Bessie. I could hardly believe that my boy would set the dog upon a little girl and throw her down in the mud!"

Peewee fairly gasped at this injustice. The thing was Bill's idea entirely, but the falling down was a device of Bessie's own. Nobody wanted her to fall down; Eliza didn't fall down.

Mrs. Barlow explained that she had hoped to get some sewing to do for Mrs. Windom, but now, of course, that was out of the question.

"I don't want to whip you," she said, "but as a punishment I am going to make you stay home from the dog show."

Peewee was depressed, but not thoroughly disheartened. He knew that quarters were none too plentiful in their fatherless household, and that his punishment was partially a fiscal policy—combining business with displeasure. If he could raise the necessary funds in the next three weeks no doubt mother would reverse her decision.

But money-raising proved depressingly difficult. The youth and chivalry had scoured the town for rags and bones. The bill-passing concession went to the male heir of the *Clarion* pressman; nobody seemed to want wood carried in or cows conducted hither and thither. The Saturday before show-day found Peewee with only eight cents, which he invested in a desperate venture involving lemons. But the solvent public proved to be utterly without thirst, which was monopolized by volunteer drinkers; the lemonade-stand stood a confessed failure at five in the afternoon, at which hour Nipper, in pursuit of his rudimentary tail, upset what



MEANWHILE THE COCKER SPANIEL LEFT THE RING, RESOLUTELY PURSUED BY NIPPER, WHOSE APPETITE FOR NIGHTGOWNS SEEMED 'UNAPPEASED'

remained in the bucket and wound up the firm's affairs.

The week that followed was a series of bumps down the stairway that leads to despair. By noontime of the fatal day the bottom was in plain sight.

"Mother," said Peewee at the dinner-table, "I tried to get a job leadin' a pony in the parade, but they give 'em all to bigger boys."

"I'm sewing at Mrs. Willoughby's this afternoon," said his mother, heartlessly, "and I don't want you to leave the yard. These shows always bring rough characters to town." It was Mrs. Barlow's idea that the noble horse and dog always hobnobbed with their social inferiors.

Peewee went out and sat by the pump, ostentatiously dejected. After a while Mrs. Barlow put her head out the back door and said, "Now remember what I told you," thus putting an end to the faint hope that at last she would relent and say youth was the time for innocent pleasure and give him twenty-five cents.

The strain of band-music that came floating from the Canine Carnival turned his despondency into a stern resolution. He would put the dog in the house to scare off rough characters and take a run over to look at the show-grounds. He would be back in a few minutes.

With patience he succeeded in closing the front door on Nipper without closing it upon his arm, locked it, and put the key under the door-mat. Then, with a heavy conscience but a thumping heart, he hurried toward the grounds. He had gone almost a block when he was joined by Nipper. It was evident that he had left the rear door open; but at that moment a blast of band-music set his spinal cord vibrating and it became obvious that no rough character would ever think of going around to the back door.

By the time he reached the tent the band was inside, acting as a magnet to such fragments of the human race as had not yet gone in. The man at the door—this was not one of those plutocratic circuses that boast a ticket-seller and a doorkeeper—was piling up coins on his little table. Finally he looked up from his pleasant and easy work and noticed the boy; Nipper was under the table, safe from scrutiny.

"Ain't you goin' in, bub? The show's beginnin'," the man said, not unkindly.

Peewee fell back with a thumping in his chest. Perhaps beneath the stern exterior of the financier there was a human soul. Maybe the man had a little boy of his own.

"Ain't got no money."

Peewee's voice as he said this came out very hoarse and gave an unintended impres-

sion that he was blaming the showman for his poverty. Moreover, Nipper chose this moment to sniff at the magnate's legs.

"Then get away from here," said the soulless financier and confirmed bachelor," and take that dog with you."

The boy started to obey, leaden-hearted, for he heard applause and laughter within and the sharp bark of a dog. At this latter sound Nipper suddenly lost interest in plutocratic legs and made a break for the tent door.

"Hey, Nipper!" Peewee shouted, darting forward and lunging for him with his hand. If Nipper had been equipped with the conventional amount of tail he might have been caught. As it was, Peewee grasped the dusty atmosphere directly behind his faithful companion, who turned to the left and rounded the canvas screen. Peewee made another dive, also without success, and in an instant found himself a horizontal boy, but well inside the tent.

Nipper made straight for the moral, instructive, and enthralling exhibition which shortly became less moral but, if anything, more enthralling. Less moral because the black, woolly little Cocker spaniel, dressed in a white nightgown, suddenly ceased saying his prayers and abandoned all idea of going to bed; more enthralling because all the other dogs left their posts on top of the little barrels and the ring became a pandemonium of creatures of assorted sizes, including one Shetland pony, which seemed more. At once this became the loudest, as well as the best, dog and pony show which the skill of man had ever achieved.

What Peewee did after picking himself up was hasty but sagacious. The doorkeeper, perhaps on account of the money, had not followed him in. Peewee did not regret this, as they had no interests in common. Nobody else, apparently, had noticed his unusual way of entering a canine carnival. He could have done nothing to stop Nipper's depredations—he had very little influence with Nipper even when his heart was in his work—so he climbed upon the nearest bench and merged his individuality into the general public, which was enjoying itself too much to notice what it had gained.

In spite of all the distractions Nipper pursued with great singleness of purpose the deeply religious Cocker spaniel, which wove a white streak in and out among the denizens of the ring. Professor Martingale, the dignified ringmaster, waded about knee-deep in dogs. When Nipper next emerged he was bearing portions of the spaniel's night raiment in his teeth and the professor was making industrious motions with his whip and calling desperately to a red-haired attendant

who had vaulted into the ring. The whip descended, not upon Peewee's little playmate, but upon the flank of the pony, which, with remarkable accuracy, kicked the red-haired attendant back over the very rope from which he had come a moment before. He fell against and partly upon another attendant—an ill-natured one, apparently, for words passed between them. Meanwhile a mastiff and a St. Bernard were settling old scores under and about Professor Martingale and occasionally mistaking that gentleman's legs for each other.

At this point a cowboy who was on the programme later for an exhibition of daring, dazzling, and death-defying lasso-throwing, jumped into the ring, rope in hand, obviously with some vague idea of social service. He made a perfect swing and let the loop go. If he had caught Nipper up out of that canine kaleidoscope he would have earned everything the alliterative programme said about him; he would have been, in fact, a super-cowboy. What he did catch was the one dog pedestal which seemed to be the only harmless and stationary object north of the Ohio River.

The introduction of that rope met with immediate popular approval. The cowboy clung desperately to his end as if fearful lest the barrel get away and run riot among the women and children. The taut rope promptly tripped up the ring-master, who, for the time, disappears from the story. The pony caught his foot in the lariat and plunged; the barrel rushed about the ring seeking whom it might devour. It charged at the ill-natured attendant, who, in jumping back to avoid it, encountered another barrel which happened to be passing that way, and fell upon a bulldog; from that moment bulldog and attendant were practically inseparable.

Meanwhile the Cocker spaniel left the ring, resolutely pursued by Nipper, whose appetite for nightgowns seemed unappeased. The spaniel made half the circuit of the seats without finding an opening to his taste, and turned at last into the performers' tent. As he did not come out again, the boy judged that Nipper had been overpowered by desperate men and would be held until after the show, which, by the way, he might as well stay and see. The uproar still continued.

The next picture is entitled, "Professor Martingale Arising from the Canine Sea." Unlike Venus, he was dressed in a daring, dust-colored evening suit with one tail. By way of ornament he wore a simple dog bedstead about his arm. The canine flood was running low now, trickling through the ropes and fraternizing with the sturdy yeomanry, and instructive little exhibitions of dog-catching were going on all over the tent.

All at once unearthly shrieks issued from the performers' tent, growing louder with each repetition. Soon this breach of the peace resolved itself into an indubitable monkey, followed immediately by the hero of the day. The monkey made straight for the ring and vaulted lightly to the pony's back, as he was in the habit of doing positively twice daily, rain or shine, but earlier on the programme than usual. Nipper in rapid succession barked up practically all of the pony's legs, but only succeeded in restoring the ring to its former condition of liberty with license. The human race roared and pounded one another's backs in tearful glee. The hunted look came back to the professor's face, but with a courage due to clothes that could not be torn worse he

waded in and finally captured Nipper, who had far too much on his mind. With the cause of the disturbance beneath his arm the ring-master approached Peewee's section.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "can any one tell me whether the owner of this troublesome animal is present?"

There was a moment of loyal silence, but eyes were sticking into Peewee's back from all directions. He had chosen his position hastily; he did not know that Nemesis sat in that section—Nemesis, who never forgives or forgets. Nemesis now spoke in a shrill, hateful voice, accompanied by gestures.

"That boy there!" He turned in time to see Bessie Windom being pulled back out of the glare of publicity by her scandalized mother. But Nemesis had done her work. If Bessie's pointing had not been specific enough, Peewee could still have been identified by his red ears. One of these ears the ring-master now took between his finger and thumb.

"He f-follered me!" the prisoner gasped. This was one of those half-truths that often are of greater social value than a downright lie. But Professor Martingale, amid a popular ovation, led his captive to the entrance.

"Give this kid his quarter," he said in part to the Cerberus, "and send him home."



NEMESIS NOW SPOKE IN A SHRILL, HATEFUL VOICE, ACCOMPANIED BY GESTURES. "THAT BOY THERE!"

"He sneaked in," protested the door-keeper, a financier to the bitter end.

Nipper made blackmailing motions and all but struggled free.

"Give it to him, anyway—or a ticket or something."

The doorman gloomily parted with a ticket to the evening performance and the two miscreants were personally conducted as far as the gate and propelled even farther. Nipper's "One crowded hour of glorious life" was over.

For a week after these events Peewee rented out the privilege of leading the historical Nipper about town on a string. When the craze wore off he owned in fee simple twenty-seven marbles, including a cracked "canelia," the wheel of an extinct velocipede, a mouth-organ which would make a noise if you drew in, a piece of glass that made the teacher look wavy, and a battered nickel. Besides these were such perishable or intangible assets as all-day-suckers, buttered popcorn, Legree privileges in perpetuity, and a partnership in all canine carnivals. And finally one glorious day he heard this remark addressed to the new boy:

"Don't you know nothin'? That's Peewee, the tella that knocked down the doorman and sicked his dog on a dog-show."



*"Why, every piece of furniture which you've unloaded so far is badly scratched and damaged."
 "Yes, mum, but we broke the speed record for moving-vans between the city and this town."*

For Keeps

MRS. WINSHIP left her little son, Randall, to play with his baby brother. Shortly after, she heard the baby screaming lustily. Hurrying to the place where the children were playing, she found Randall picking up his marbles, while the youngster was trying vainly to get hold of some of them.

"Why, Randall," said the mother, "don't be so selfish! Let your little brother play with some of your marbles."

"But," protested Randall, "he means to keep them always, mother."

"Oh no, dear; I guess not," replied the mother. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, I guess yes!" howled Randall. "I know he does, 'cause he's swallowed three of 'em already."

Two at Least

MISS PAULL was one of the teachers at the Mission Sunday-school. One Sunday the subject of the lesson was, "The Second Commandment," and Miss Paull began by asking little Adelbert Dugan the question:

"Now, Adelbert have we any idols in this country?"

For a moment the boy hesitated, and then replied:

"Yes, ma'am. Me dad's idle, and me uncle, too."

A Settlement

MR. GOLDEN had a new office-boy. A few days after his arrival some money was missed from the cash-drawer.

Calling the new boy into the private office, Mr. Golden said, severely:

"There is ten dollars gone from my cash-drawer, Albert. Now you and I are the only people who have keys to that drawer."

"Well," replied the boy, cheerfully, "s'pose we each pay five dollars and say no more about it?"

In the Hall

LITTLE four-year-old Gladys was making her first journey in a sleeping-car and occupied a drawing-room with her mother. In the morning she was much astonished to see the passengers in the car emerging, in various stages of dressing, from their berths, and said:

"Mother, why did those people sleep in the hall?"

An "Oozer"

THE visiting lady had kept her hostess at the open door fully half an hour saying good-by. Finally an irate masculine voice indoors called out, "Say, Maria, if you're going, go; if you're staying, stay; but for Heaven's sake, don't ooze out."

A Perplexing Question

LITTLE Walter and Gerald had ceased to wonder at the arrival of another baby brother after a few weeks had elapsed since that eventful occasion. Their attention was now directed to an importation of baby kittens.

"Where do you s'pose those kittens came from?" queried four-year-old Gerald. "Did the stork bring them just like baby brother?"

Seven-year-old replied with ponderous precision:

"Of course not, silly. Storks couldn't bring kittens. God made them. God said, 'Let there be kittens, and there was kittens.'"

A Problem

LITTLE eight-year-old Florence had a birthday recently and her mother gave her a party. During the afternoon the little girls had been comparing their ages.

"Mother," asked Florence, during the evening, in a perplexed manner, "how does it come that all the other little girls of my age are nine or ten and I'm only eight?"

Why Father was Silent

SINCE Fred had become a sophomore, and was therefore a college "man," he had given himself patronizing airs toward Sister May, who had been his guide, philosopher, and friend during boyhood. Vexed by his haughtiness, she was unmercifully quizzing him the other evening at dinner.

"Has our 'MAN' made up his mind," she inquired, "as to what profession he will honor after a while?"

"Why, yes, little one," Fred responded, with his most aggravating smile. "I have made up my mind to be a doctor, like grandfather and father."

"You a doctor!" May sniffed, scornfully.

"I'd like to know why not—if I get my diploma?" asked Fred, still annoyingly calm.

"Well, you'll never be a great surgeon, like father," May insisted.

"Again, why not?" Fred smiled, condescendingly.

"You a surgeon like father!" May cried, vehemently. "Why, you big softy, you couldn't even kill a fly!"

Nobody but father caught the significance of the remark, and somehow he didn't mention it.



The Spoilers



HUBBY: "Something's wrong, my dear! It won't steer to-day"

Revisiting

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

THE backward path to boyhood days
Is never very hard to find;
You trod it quickly when your gaze
Surveyed old scenes of boyhood land;
While strangers passed and never guessed
The growing turmoil in your breast.

That wall you climbed with all your might,
The while you tore your stocking knees,
Has shrunk to such a puny height
You mount upon its crest with ease.
The tree that was too thick to "shin"
By some odd means has gotten thin.

That vast expanse you scanned with care,
Then crossed with frightened, hurrying feet,
Lest traffic overtake you there,
Is now a quiet village street.
Each doorway wide and gate-post high
Seem smaller to your startled eye.

Old friends that pass look *up* to smile,
Who used to greet you smiling down;
A magic spell, in this brief while,
Has somehow fallen on the town.

Yet strange! You seem to be again
As small a boy as you were then.

The little tree that once was tall,
The quiet street that stirred your fears;
Your little boyhood's kingdom small
Have drawn you backward through the
years.
And some old teacher's kindly tone
Belies his words: "How you have grown!"

That backward path to boyhood days
Is never closed to them that see;
It winds by old familiar ways
And leads you to a mother's knee,
Where boyhood's gentle king and queen
Dispel the years that intervene.

But if that path you cannot find
Since they two laid their scepters down,
Yet other paths there are that wind
Through valleys to the Mother Town,
Where many dear remembered things
Call childhood back on certain wings.



Painting by Frank Craig

Illustration for "The Ninth Man"

IT WAS A STRANGE PROCESSION THAT CAME BEFORE OUR EYES

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The Ninth Man

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—I

BY MARY HEATON FORSE

CHAPTER I



I might have been said of us that our city was the iron pot, we in it the broth, and the edict of Egidio Mazzaleone the stick with which to stir the broth. It was a fine, big stick with a point at the end of it, as we found out, though at first sight it had a harmless look beside the naked sword which was what we had expected. As the stick stirred and the broth boiled and bubbled over the blue fire of his insolence, many a strange thing was cast to the top—things good and things bad—that none had guessed were simmering and cooking at the bottom of the broth, flavoring the whole of it.

I shall go on to tell you of the wry faces that the town of San Moglio made as it cooked slowly over the insolence of Egidio Mazzaleone. I have found out that it is always so in this world. You may call any handful, if you will, a city, for among them you will have in little the picture of the state: they love and die, bear children, buy and sell, and strive for power, and the days will go by one like the other, and you may think that you know each of your fellows as a book; then singe them with the fire of a great event and, behold, your town

will turn on you an unaccustomed and terrifying face.

Myself, I cannot even now distinguish the events as they came, they happened so quickly, one on top of the other, like a dog tumbling down-stairs. Whether it was his head or his tail that went first you would be at a loss to tell. We were in sore straits in the city, I know that. There was wild-cat fighting; there was a surrender to a greater might of mind and body than we could show—this I know, too. Then there was peace; we wondered that we were not burned and pillaged like the cities that had fallen before us. Before he entered the gate we had made a shrewd fight of it; but he had more of everything than we—any outsider would have foretold the end. He had more men; and though it may not be becoming of a soldier to say it, a clerk like myself may perhaps be permitted to tell the truth: he had the greater genius for fighting—not more bravery, mind you, but as much; I grant you that. And, more, he had a brain in that misshapen head of his.

After our defeat came the edict. What it meant I did not know, except that it was respite from death; and I had not drawn long breaths enough that I myself was safe, as well as the persons of those I loved, when my young mistress came to me.

"They say that I and all of the house are to appear in the public square and walk in person past Egidio Mazzaleone."

She frowned at me as though I had done this thing.

"Lady," I made haste to reply, "I know not."

She pressed her lips together as if she would have spoken angrily to me, but she did not, and went to the window.

"See," she said, looking at the crowd in the street that wandered aimlessly up and down, on their faces the frozen look of those who still stare death in the face. It seemed to me that they had the desolation of driven sheep who smell the slaughter-pen and know the meaning of the smoking, sick, red smell of it.

Among them all there were those who walked insolently as though to dare Death, but there were none who remained unconscious of his shadow. As my lady bade me look, I saw one who walked outside the circle of this walking fear like a happy child in a field of lilies. This young man belonged, it seemed by his habit, to some religious order. To us, at the window above this restless moving people, driven hither and thither in their cold suspense, he seemed like a dweller from some other world who walked outside the circle of our concern. He had a rough-hewn and clownish face, and his eyes had the gentle and brutish gaze of the lads who tend goats on the mountain, but the high serenity that had made him solitary in a crowd shone from them.

"Bring him to me," said my lady, "for I will learn the truth from him."

I gained him with difficulty through the shifting throngs, and without surprise he followed me—so unquestioningly that I thought him little better than a poor witless fellow, until I saw him greet my lady, and the look he poured on her was as kind as water on a parched flower.

"What is the news?" my lady asked. "Are we to walk before Mazzaleone like sheep? Is it true?"

"So it is commanded by Mazzaleone," said he, and his voice sounded like a deep bell. And I saw that this thing of so great importance to us, and so great a hurt to our pride, was less than nothing to this strange man.

"Who are you?" my lady asked him.

"The least of all things: the youngest of the Brothers Minor," he answered.

We had heard of these lay preachers from Assisi, for their fame had spread greatly in those days.

"Do you preach in San Moglio?"

"I am not worthy. I cannot speak. But as I go to and fro I talk to children about my Master," said he, humbly. "I wait with hope and dread when my hour to speak shall come and the coal of speech shall be laid on my lips."

My lady considered his words and asked him questions concerning Brother Francis, and as he answered her we were so delivered from our shame and apprehension that it was only as he went away that my lady asked again, "When shall this conquered and unhappy town walk past its conqueror?"

"In three days," he answered. And as he went, my lord Count Bartolommeo Conti came clanking in, and the Brother Minor greeted him as he had my lady, to which my lord made no answer at all. And when the Brother Minor was gone:

"What did here this lout?" asks he.

"That is Brother Agnello—he was here at my request," my lady made answer in her softest tone of most level insolence, and she turned and watched the Brother Minor as he wandered aimless and unafraid through the shifting panic.

CHAPTER II

FOR three days he let us stew; under the mask of clemency, and of giving us time to learn the edict for which disobedience was the pain of death, Mazzaleone let suspense have its way with us. His heralds cried the edict out through the town; through each little street went the command that on the third day, that being a Friday, all of us, noble and simple, men and women, young and old, should walk before the *loggia*. And for this no explanation was given; the bare command stripped down to its bone, and nothing more, was the edict of Egidio Mazzaleone—and it seemed to us that it was as menacing and as lean as himself. Behind it we felt that terror was lurking. Some said he would butcher us one by one; others said that our leaders and great men only

would be slaughtered before our eyes; and again there were those with higher imaginations who hinted at torture and burnings. That it meant no good to us none of us doubted.

Meantime not a house was thrown down nor occupied by the soldiers of Mazzaleone; all was left as it was found. The men-at-arms were as stern and yet as even as Mazzaleone himself. But there they were, the iron witnesses of our defeat, we who three times had been taken and three times had shaken off the yoke of Pisa—free men—and had more than once entered, victorious, through the gates of other cities, not counting the fortresses, the *castelli*, and intrenched strongholds—fiefs of the empire that we had made our own, one after another, forcing their nobles to become citizens of our own commune.

Now, while Mazzaleone's men patrolled us, we went about our business. The pot-houses were overrun and there was much quiet talking among the nobles. And, although we came and went unmolested, the people were not allowed to congregate in the streets or the *piazza*. He kept moving those who would stop to prattle, did Egidio Mazzaleone; and while we moved about we pondered upon the meaning of his edict until the hide of each one of us felt an uncomfortable itching, as though it already felt the prick of the sharpened sword.

The third day we had ceased to prattle so much; each man stayed more at home. The women wept and the men sat with their heads in their hands. A cold sort of fear plucked at the entrails of us, for it is one thing to go to your death smoking hot, your sword in your hand, and by chance have another man's sword thrust into you before you can at him, and another to march forth in the cold morning to have your throat slit.

In the morning of The Day, we started forth early. I and a few of the other young scribes of the city had been sent for by Mazzaleone, and stood in the *loggia* to count the townsmen and tell their names—for what purpose I did not then know. It was a strange procession that came before our eyes—as odd a procession as ever any town witnessed, for there were our chief men and our nobles with their heads up; there were

their ladies, and there were the poor of the town. Here a man who had missed a right hand for theft, and there an old woman hobbling on crutches, and children were there.

As I looked I saw that, spread like a mourning veil over the crowd, were those dressed in black, and I saw that it was our nobles who had been moved to do this. Mazzaleone sat in the *loggia*, his captains about him, and he saw it and smiled.

"This spectacle," I heard him say, "is more diverting and instructive than I thought."

And the captain behind him, to whom he spoke, answered:

"Small honor it seems to have taken such a town."

Indeed, as one looked down upon it it seemed that there were more old hags and women and children and pottering old men than aught else. Very different, indeed, from the time when all such were within doors and our burghers and stout men-at-arms were out with their clanking swords by their sides.

So San Moglio walked along three abreast through a solid line of Mazzaleone's men. In the beginning, as they came close, I was told to count upon the ninth, and as the ninth came, small black ballots were given them, which they were told to keep. All came docilely. Pride made them come so in the case of our black-robed nobles; cold fear, some of our burghers,

Only old Count Gervaise Deverti came protesting. It was he whom it had taken the commune three years to smoke out of his perch in Santa Croce, and during that time he sold his right in his *castello* for four thousand florins and later signed papers which were in my master's possession and which I saw with my own eyes, promising that he would not in any wise help his faithful vassals who fought for him three long years while he had sold and resold them. When no sign was left of Santa Croce, and his vassals came to live in the commonwealth, always he gave himself great airs at the resistance which he, solitary, had made against the town. With the bombast of his race he refused to go forth in the morning, whereupon the men of his own household trussed

him up like an old turkey and brought him up squealing and gobbling.

He and a young Count Guido Mazzafini were all that made a disturbance that day. And for Guido it was a greater tragedy. He was a boy of sixteen, and his two brothers and his father had been killed in the fray, and when they led him forth he made resistance and blubbered with rage, and fought with the guards that held him. At the noise of him, Mazzaleone lifted his hand and said in his low voice that had the sound of a flicker of flame in it always:

"Stop the noise for me."

So they cut his throat, and the blood spouted up like that of a stuck pig. And they threw his body aside in the gutter. At that, though the house of Mazzafini was not beloved in the city, a murmur went through the crowd, the growl of a checked tiger, and at the same moment the short swords of Mazzaleone's men leaped forth from the scabbards and I could see them shining like the white hills above San Moglio when the sunlight strikes them.

At the glancing forth of the light of steel the murmur of our people died like distant thunder. All was tranquil again and the march went on as before, three by three, and each ninth man got his sinister ballot of black ebony. Then the heralds in the *loggia* gave tongue:

"Thus saith the most clement of conquerors, Mazzaleone! 'San Moglio shall go free for thirty days' time while he takes his much-needed rest among those who so warmly received him. Thirty days passed, he will depart and take no other toll of blood than this: *Each ninth man shall designate secretly whom he wishes put to death in the public place.* Thus shall San Moglio judge San Moglio.'"

There was silence. The simple and noble of the town stood as though death had struck them all. The heralds cried again—and again cried into the silence of our amazement. Then again, and still we moved not, we spoke not, but a sigh swept us like wind in the olives. And there was no sound but the heralds accompanied by men-at-arms making their way out to the four quarters of San Moglio.

Then suddenly a gray-haired hag, who to see better had climbed the wrought-iron fountain near the *loggia*, raised her lean arms above her head and laughed and laughed and still laughed. Revenge was in her laugh, and relief, and she waved her clenched fists in air and laughed her hideous relief and her hideous revenge, and then a very pandemonium of joy broke from that silent crowd.

Strangers embraced. The spell of fear was broken, so they shouted and howled together, except certain of our greatest, who slunk away ashamed, while in their hearts they echoed the words I heard Mazzaleone speak gently to one of his captains:

"The love of life, Hugolino, is a foul thing."

CHAPTER III

AS I would have gone, my duties being over and my lists given to the captain, I heard the voice of Mazzaleone as though he spoke low in my ear, yet he was many paces behind me, say, "Stay, boy," and I wheeled as though the voice of him had been a power that turned me on my heels; and I hope I looked at him squarely enough while he told me I was to go forth into the city and bring him back news of what I saw.

"Be eyes for me," said he.

He sighed deeply, as though a great weakness were upon him, and I with a fear in my heart turned and left him, to do as he bade me—fear, because I now saw the game of cat-and-mouse which he was playing with us. I had heard of other conquerors possessing a town; but he possessed us, it seemed to me, as no conqueror had possessed any. Though I had but a shadow of the subtlety of his imagination, I hated him that he should sit there and watch us through the narrow, bright slits of his eyes, and rest his long, tired length with the spectacle of us.

Yet as I went from him, love struggled with hate in my heart, and both of them were subject to admiration. And when later his page boy, Carlo, killed himself because of more than a passing displeasure of Mazzaleone, I did not wonder, for the least sight of him stirred thus powerfully the hearts of

those who came near him in one way or another, as he had stirred the town of San Moglio. Even as he possessed the town so he possessed me. I became a part of him—his eyes. That is why certain scenes are burned into me as by fire.

There are times yet when I see in my sleep the narrow up-hill streets of San Moglio, red and black with the flames and smoke of torches, the town rushing through, a hungry flood in pursuit of hot and smoking life after its cold fear of death. I was young. I thought of and had loved San Moglio as I might love a fair and warlike and austere woman, and I had found that the soul of San Moglio was like the lean hag who lusted for life and for revenge even from the grave.

Bands of men and boys—and women, too—went through the streets, terrible and revolting in their rejoicings. The business of living and dying and of buying and selling for a moment sank to unimportance.

"We are to live," San Moglio shouted, "therefore, let us live." And they lived at their hardest. The savage rejoicing of the *piazza* would not spend itself, and finally it was the sight of three fat women teetering and shrieking, crying and dancing, as though they were girls, around a May-pole, that sickened me. I went out up to the little *piazza* of Ogni Santi, and there sat by the fountain a man whose head was bowed on his hands, and as I came nearer I saw that it was the Brother Minor, Agnello, and I saw that he wept. And as he wept he cried aloud, "The Lord take from me this cup."

Two loutish boys were throwing mud at him, but he heeded them not; and they, still tormenting him, cried, "Why do you weep?"

Said he, his hands in his eyes, "Because I have but thirty days to live innocent, and then, by taking an innocent life, I give my innocence." And he wept again, and the boys laughed together, and one cried:

"Kill yourself, then!" Then they ran off after their sheep, crying, "Kill yourself!"

At this he dropped his hands from his eyes, and, kneeling upright, he raised his face up to heaven and gave thanks to

God that from the mouths of children he had been taught how to avoid the sin of taking the life of another.

So I stayed there for a time and went back into the town as though refreshed with water. Though he had not seen me nor spoken to me, I was glad to have come near him in his simplicity, for San Moglio was keeping step to some mighty and inaudible music, as a city will when it becomes a mob. The very children ceased their play and ran through its streets, small shrieking furies, more terrible than the wantoning girls, their grace and their youth, and that they knew not why they ran, marking the depth of us.

It seemed to me that in all this great city, but for my lady, I saw not one familiar face. Can the whole heart and soul of a town be like a changeling, or had San Moglio worn a mask? I wondered. Or under the torture of Mazzaleone's suspense had the town gone mad? Everywhere I saw change, even as great as in my Cousin Gemma, a meek and pious girl. A long-eyed girl she was, downcast, too timid to look at one straight, given to shy, sidelong glances, a slim, honey-colored girl. I liked to tease her, to see the soft pink mount in her bashful cheeks. Now as I passed by her house I saw her at the window, herself, but changed—soft yet, like a hazy sky in summer, but beckoning, inviting and glancing now at Guido and now at young Leoncavello, playing them more skilfully with her white and desirable innocence than any courtesan, while my aunt watched the game.

As I told these things to Mazzaleone I felt as ashamed as one who sees his mother indecorous in some public place. "Give them life," said he; "they snap at it and gulp it down like a hungry dog; and since they wish amusement they shall have what they wish. Everything they wish they shall have—I could envy them their gusto," he added.

And so he set about giving a *fiesta* of great magnificence, and asked all the nobles within the town of San Moglio; and he judged them rightly, for even the nobles, in their zest for life, had no mind to show spite to Mazzaleone.

For the common people there was dancing in the street, and wine and

music for all who wished. And so it was that the whole town fell to its great, lustful rejoicing, that they were to live.

CHAPTER IV

AND I will wager that in all its life San Moglio had never seen gathered in the palace of the Podestà such a company; for there faction met faction as friends; old hate smiled at old hate; sworn enemies met for the first time without the drawing of swords.

Nor could Mazzaleone's own eyes distinguish where a feud lay; one would have supposed that each felt a dear joy in thus seeing close at hand his own enemy. I saw Beatrice degli Oddi talking with her brothers, though all San Moglio knew that they had sworn to tear her in pieces when that happy hour came that they might lay their hands upon her. And she talked with them as though they had never been parted; as though they had not sworn her death so bitterly that she had not left the palace of Ugo da Sala since he took her there from her father's house, Da Sala's men killing her kinsman as he lifted her over the threshold.

I stood near Count Bartolommeo, and heard him say to my lady, "There is the making of a rare fight below," for in the courtyard, where the vassals of the rival houses met face to face, there was no smooth talking, and a menacing growl arose from it through the corridors and up the hallways. I had seen the retainers of Malatesta da Mogliano glommering at those of Casamatto, and the men of Cola degli Oddi itch for the throats of those of Da Sala. The halberdiers of Mazzaleone formed an iron bar, behind which the men could only show their teeth at one another. As my lord spoke his dearest enemy, Carlo Graziani passed, and he and my lord saluted each other, Graziani with the gravity of his disgruntlement. In times of peace a month was barren when there were no broken skulls given and taken between our house and that of Graziani, nor had these men met in many years, save when the common cause of San Moglio called them together. I could see a flame of interest in my lord's face, for it seemed to pique his bold humor.

Then all at once his face darkened, and my gaze followed his and fell on my lady talking with Mazzaleone. They conversed together as old friends. At this sight the heads of the company bent toward them like grain in the wind, for my lady was not of San Moglio. A peace offering of Barga to us, the living symbol of Barga's good faith, she had come here a young bride, a lovely white thing, silent and proud, and as Count Bartolommeo had warmed her in the fire of his love she had warmed toward San Moglio.

None of our household knew what had changed her from fire to ice toward him. But changed she was, and the city knew it; and since then it seemed that her heart was ever tugging and straining up toward the Barges heights. And who knew what her friendship with Mazzaleone might portend for San Moglio?

She walked slowly around the assembly, flashing her laughter here and there, at her ease with Mazzaleone. Before Count Bartolommeo she paused, and I of many heard her say:

"I knew him when I was but a little maid . . . in my father's house—he was there with a broken wrist. I called him 'the lean man Egidio,' and knew no other name." And Bartolommeo joined them in their walk, he also at his ease and smiling.

And then there happened a strange thing. It was as if this sight had been some unseen torch and had set to flaming the smoldering hates and feuds, the smothered hatreds of years; and now, without a word being spoken, without the outward suavity of the scene being changed, this fire crackled round through the assembly as fire might catch a light festooning of drapery. With hatred came revenge. The thought of the black ballot and its use stalked exultant through us. Enforced peace was upon us, and with enforced peace a handy, silent weapon had Mazzaleone given to San Moglio.

Down in the courtyard the men of San Moglio became more restless, and the men of Mazzaleone more alert, and as I went through to bid our torch-bearers be ready, I saw one of the men of Casamatto fling forth his arm, and in his hand was a black ballot.

"This," cried he, "for Count Malatesta and his house!"

CHAPTER V

AS he spoke there came up from the town the roar of a brawling mob. Some were killed that night. . . . All night the sound came to me. The men of Mazzaleone herded home the fighting factions as day broke. By the next day the fire of revenge I had seen start in a ball-room had spread itself through the smallest quarters of the town. Each man saw how he might be revenged upon his enemy. There were few in Moglio who might not profit by the death of some one.

Changed was the temper of the town. They had been wallowing in life. Now from one day to another they were wallowing in the thought of death. Eye met eye questioningly, for each man hugged to his bosom the thought of old scores long due. In this temper they continued their rejoicing, and that pallid specter, assassination, rejoiced with them; and with assassination and revenge smirked along the love of gain, asking:

"If you must kill your man, why not kill him whose death will be most to your advantage?"

And in this day and the days which followed, I had heard enough of such rumors to sicken me, until revenge for injuries to wipe off old hate seemed to me a clean passion. Then whisperings in corners began, while the braggadocio fellows openly showed their black ballots and talked of what they would do with them.

The people became quiet, but there was a tenseness to the whole town, like the drawing of a bow across strings taut to the breaking-point. As the fury of a crowd is worse than the fury of one man, so much more was San Moglio terrible, the whole of it aquiver with its desirous revenge, men and women locking within themselves some secret hate, until the sum of their hates made a whole so dark and sinister that it seemed to me my fair city had become a hell, and I cried out to Mazzaleone:

"What have you done to us?"

"I only set the men's feet keeping

step to the time of Death," said he; "the tramping of many feet to one rhythm, or the beating of many hearts to one love or one hate, is more terrible or more beautiful than any other thing, Matteo."

CHAPTER VI

PONDERING upon the changed face of the town and upon its altered and so sinister temper, I walked slowly through the great hall. What I saw there was nothing, and yet it struck a chill as of death through me.

My lady sat by the window with the sun shining square upon her loveliness and upon the gold of her hair; but she was sunk in so deep thought that she was unconscious of all around, as unconscious as one who sleeps. As though she knew not what she did, she played with a black ebony ballot, as though it had been a jewel. Her eyes did not leave it, but watched it, as it passed from one hand to the other, as it fell from her hand to the palm outstretched to receive it.

Across the room sat my master, Count Bartolommeo Conti, and fastened upon her a look of inconceivable malignity. He also watched the ballot, and he knew and I knew that my lady was not conscious of him nor of me nor of space, nor of aught in all the world but that she held death in her hand, and she was well pleased that she held death in her hand.

I had come into the hall with sedate and slow step, thinking to find no one there. And slowly I traversed its long length, but while I was in that room scarcely did my breath come to me.

It seemed to me that in crossing that silent room I lived more than the span of years that I had reached, and I pushed through the heavy door; and although I walked so slowly, as though absorbed in my own thoughts, panic was at my heels. I wanted to run from this sight: my master standing there in the insolent pride of his strength, watching my lady, who played so lovingly with the thought of death that she forgot life. As I got through the door it was as though I ran into the arms of my own chattering fright. In the corridor without was Father Giorgio.

"Have you seen, Matteo? Have you

seen?" he cried at me. His fat cheeks were limp and gray, and it was the first time I had seen he was old.

"Oh, my poor Bartolommeo!" he cried. "My poor lady! Have you suffered as much as that? But this can't be! This can't be!" and he shoved out his two fat hands in front of him as if shoving something away from him, and then, half talking to himself and half to me: "Was it not enough that I should see the soul of her frozen in a night, and see the softness of her wither? And I must, too, see this? My poor Bartolommeo! A hard man he is and a strong man, but before God I swear he is not bad. It was to him only as if he had killed a whining dog. The black night's work it was. The black night's sowing! But not this harvest! You see, Matteo, she must not do this!"

In the hardness of my youth there was that in his complete discomposure that disgusted me. I plucked him by the sleeve and said to him in a tone of authority unbecoming in me to use to a priest of God: "Come, Father, who can tell who listens here?"

I led him down the long, deep flights of stairs and along the corridors to his own room, wondering into what hell I had now stepped, and frightened that life in my own house, where I served those whom I loved, should turn so ghastly a face upon me. I had often talked in the garden with Simonetta, my lady's tiring-girl, concerning my lord and my lady. We knew that my lady gave to my lord a cold, unvarying grave courtesy. We called her among ourselves the most arrogant lady in the land, for we had both seen that she had the highest of arrogance, that which gives to all and asks from none. Pity she gave, and love and tenderness and kindness to all who needed it. She asked nothing in return, and held herself as one who needs nothing; yet we, who lived so close to her, suspected her of a soft, tender heart, needing all those things and receiving none of them. We remembered, too, a time when she gave more to my lord than courtesy, and when he gave less than the jealous love which he now gave her, for he could not let her be, coming near her as though to bruise himself against her calm, as

though he would hold her soul as close in his hand as he did her body, and with a fury that this for ever escaped him. We knew that her gaiety dropped like a flag of mourning when he came near her; and it was this flame of life that burned so headily within her that made her beloved by all, this and her joy in play, for she played as eagerly as children play, sometimes with a child's serious eyes and sometimes with a child's laughter.

When her gaiety was at its height she seemed like some wild thing, and those who beheld it must needs run after it. It was like a flashing and scarlet thing. None of this, nor tenderness, was for my lord. This change, so Simonetta said, had come from one day to another.

All these things came tumbling through my mind as I traversed the corridors with Father Giorgio, he shaking as with the ague. As he got in his room he turned to me and said, "She has drunken too deeply of the loathing horror of life. This loathing has shaped her into a frightful, tortured thing, and there is no forgetting for her. I know the very night when the flesh of her became so degraded in her sight that she would have rejoiced in a purifying fire that mercifully could have burned it from her. But he did what he did in anger."

He stopped, and then as though he must tell, to relieve his mind of some intolerable burden, said, "There was a girl here once—some poor and distant relation of Count Bartolommeo's. You knew her."

I nodded. She had been a soft thing—too soft for my taste—with brown eyes like a dog's. And one day she went away and came back no more, and there had been some gossip, and that was all.

"Some months after the girl had gone I sat one night in my room," said he, "and with me Bartolommeo. I heard a whimpering as of a scared animal, and the curtain was held aside, and there stood my lady, and she pushed the girl in ahead of her; the girl was huddled under a cloak.

"And what do you here?" he cried. "What do you want?"

"You, my lord," said my lady, looking at him straight. And the girl bowed her head.



Drawn by Frank Craig

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"THERE WAS A GIRL HERE ONCE—SOME POOR RELATION OF COUNT BARTOLOMMEO'S"

"The black fury of the Contis, which kills what comes in their way, came over him. "I told you to begone," said he, 'and to trouble me no more. Have you come whimpering back to show your shame?"

"Your shame and hers, my lord," said my lady. "Where will you have her hide her shame?"

"Where it will trouble her no more," cried my lord through his blackness, and he pointed to that doorway."

I looked where Father Giorgio pointed, and shivered, for our town is built on a hill, scrambling to its summit no one knows how. A mountain stream cleaves the town in two, cold as ice in mid-summer. The garden of the Contis sits with its feet in the water, while that door leads to a narrow corridor and the corridor to a bridge, and thence is a narrow stretch to the town. Far below the bridge runs the silent stream, and many have gone through that door who have never returned.

"You come to me for counsel," he cried, 'and to know where to hide your shame. Now hide it deep and hide it fast,' and he spoke in a tone that no man can resist. He opened the door and bowed low.

"My lady stepped up to him, and, 'My lord,' she cried, 'my lord!' He swept her away as though she were paper.

"Pass, Madonna," said he.

"And the girl with the cloak around her bigness passed out before him and stood at the door shivering. Then he said:

"There are less pleasant ways of dying. Pass!"

"She went out into the darkness, whispering, and he mocked her as she went, and whimpered after her and closed the door. And my lady said:

"You have rendered a great service, in that you have made my greatest grief my greatest joy, my lord."

"And what is this joy?" he asked.

"That I had no son, my lord. In times of darkness I can remember that and my heart can become glad that I am childless."

"You are young," said he, 'and I am still your loving husband. The hour is very late. Let me conduct you to your room.' So he went with her."

Then Father Giorgio dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"I loved him," he said. "I raised him from a little boy—and she has made my heart to break with pity—and she has death in her hands."

CHAPTER VII

I FELT that I must leave the house. It was noon. San Moglio sat at meat, but I had stomach for neither meat nor drink this day. I walked up the hill and sought solitude in a little-frequented place hardly larger than a handkerchief at San Moglio's summit. In the shadow of a church portico sat Brother Agnello, and he threw crumbs to the birds. My heart was gladdened that there were those who could feed birds in the sunshine. I sat myself beside him, and a little blond child came up and leaned herself against his knees and reached up shyly for a bit of bread. And some other children joined us, some shyly, some boldly. When all the bread was gone but the last bit, the two boldest quarreled for it, and one snatched it, at which the other wept and said:

"I shall tell my big brother what you have done to me and he will kill you with his black ballot."

"Ah, but my father," said the other, "will kill him first, for he, too, has a black ballot."

"Nannetta has one also," piped one of the little children.

"And who will Nannetta kill?"

And here, walking with importance, came another child and three smaller children following her at a distance, and those about the knees of Brother Agnello called out, "And who will you kill, Nannetta?"

Then she says, with the manners of an heiress, "That is not yet decided. My aunts and mother talk about it all the long day, as do my father and his brothers, and no two of them agree." Her pockets were full of sweet cakes, and these she distributed.

But a big, quiet boy, who had borne himself like a man among his inferiors, spoke up and said, "Nannetta gives herself airs; but there are other children who have the ballot." And he pressed

his lips together as one who would say no more.

"He himself has it," cried a child, and he pointed a chubby finger at his brother. "Julio himself has it. I saw him as he thought I slept bring it from between his mattresses and look at it." At this they crowded about Julio.

"And what will you do with it, Julio? And what doth thy father say?"

"Hist!" said he. "My father does not know, nor my mother. I shall kill my master with it, and then I shall be free. Moreover, those children who now use their ballots as their fathers and mothers say are fools, for they must undoubtedly some day work and be bound over as apprentices, and they had better kill their masters."

There being no more bread, and the noon-hour being past, the children ran away, all but the little blond girl, who had remained pressed close to Brother Agnello's side. And now when they were all gone she lifted the skirt of her pinafore and groped in her pocket, bringing from it a ballot which she mutely showed to him; and he, feeling in his script, brought out its fellow, and the two smiled at each other like children who compare their marbles.

"No one knows," she whispered.

"She lives with her grandmother," Brother Agnello then said to me, "and the old dame is deaf and blind and the little maid too shy to talk to any."

"And what shall you do with yours?" he asked her, gently.

"She shook her head. "I know not. And you with yours?" she made bold to answer.

"With mine I shall kill myself," said he in his simple way, "so no blood shall be upon my head."

"Then I, too. Then I, too!" she said, clapping her hands. "I, too, will kill myself like you, Agnello!"

At this he was troubled. Then he said: "Why, no! I am as one already dead, so do you cast your ballot for me, and you shall live and not one more be killed besides. So you shall be innocent."

With that a light as from heaven streamed over his face, and the little maid clapped her hands, crying:

"That I will do! that I will do!" and glad enough that she need not kill herself. But he did not hear her. And I went away, leaving him as one who listens to the voice of God's angels speaking.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Laggard Song

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I HAD no heart to write to thee in prose,
The sadness in me sore demanded song;
But the song came not,—laggard as the birds,
That will not sing us back the little leaves.
O winter of my heart—when comes the spring?
I am sore weary of these deathlike days,
This shroud unheaving of eternal snow,—
O winter of my heart—when comes the spring?

'Tis thine to answer me, O nightingale,—
'Tis thine to sing the winter all away,
Release the world from bondage, and bring back
The sound of many waters and of trees,
And little sleeping lives anumb with cold,—
Yea! all the resurrection of the world.
O winter of my heart! O nightingale!

Behind the Shutters of a Kashmir Zenana

BY MARION WHITING



THE Kashmiri's home is his castle. Its drawbridge has seldom been lowered to admit a foreigner. Behind the massive gates lives a world that fires the Western imagination. Here wives, daughters, and mothers drag out a dreary existence. In the Happy Valley a man maintains as many wives as his purse will allow. If his goats' wool be unusually profitable, if the London or New York market give large orders for soft Kashmir shawls, or the trade in carved wood and brass bowls leave him a heavy bag of silver at the end of the season, instead of squandering his savings on material luxuries he acquires another wife, and so adds to his prestige in the community. His household of women thus appears to him as an index of his prosperity, to be managed and admired, and especially to be kept in seclusion according to historic custom. And the Kashmiri has good reason to be proud of his women. They are the most beautiful of Oriental beauties. Travelers who have wandered through the vale will tell you tales of dark eyes behind latticed windows, of graceful figures disappearing into doorways, of gay laughter and melodious singing from the interior of impenetrable houses—but here the story always ends. Occasionally one of the higher class Kashmiri will invite a Westerner, perhaps even a Western woman, to drink tea and eat honey in the outer rooms of his house, but to have even his No. 1 wife share in this hospitality never crosses his Oriental mind. Sometimes, however, the drawbridge is lowered by other than the master's hand. It was lowered for me by the wife of a village official, far up among the Himalaya Mountains, many miles from the sound of the steam-engine and the rattle of the trolley-cars.

The Happy Valley is no easy place to

reach. It is a month's journey from London, a hard ten days' trip from Bombay, and even then the expedition can only be made during the warmer months of the year. The most traveled road from India to the hills begins at Rawal Pindi, a military cantonment on the northwest frontier, and ends two hundred miles inland at Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. The journey is made in a sort of two-wheeled covered tip-cart, or *tonga*, drawn by a pair of wild mountain ponies that tear along at a full gallop over the winding road. At relay stations, placed every six miles along the way, fresh horses are substituted for the winded little beasts that draw up panting at the end of their quota of running. The change occupies only two or three minutes, when the *tonga* is off again at full speed.

The trip into Kashmir is exciting all the way. The road follows the banks of the Jhelum River, sometimes close to the tumbling waters, sometimes high up along cliff banks, with precipitous rocks above and deep declivities below. Rushing along at top speed, up hill and down, round sharp corners and along level stretches, is an experience one does not soon forget. The swiftly moving landscape is like a sort of moving-picture film, and the miles and minutes slip rapidly by. But eight hours in a *tonga* wearies the most hardened traveler, and one is glad enough at dusk to stop for the night at one of the government rest-houses built at intervals beside the highway, where shelter may be had of a more or less primitive kind. For three long days one rolls along the way. At noon on the fourth, weary and stiff, travel-stained and dusty, one reaches Srinagar, in the very heart of the Happy Valley.

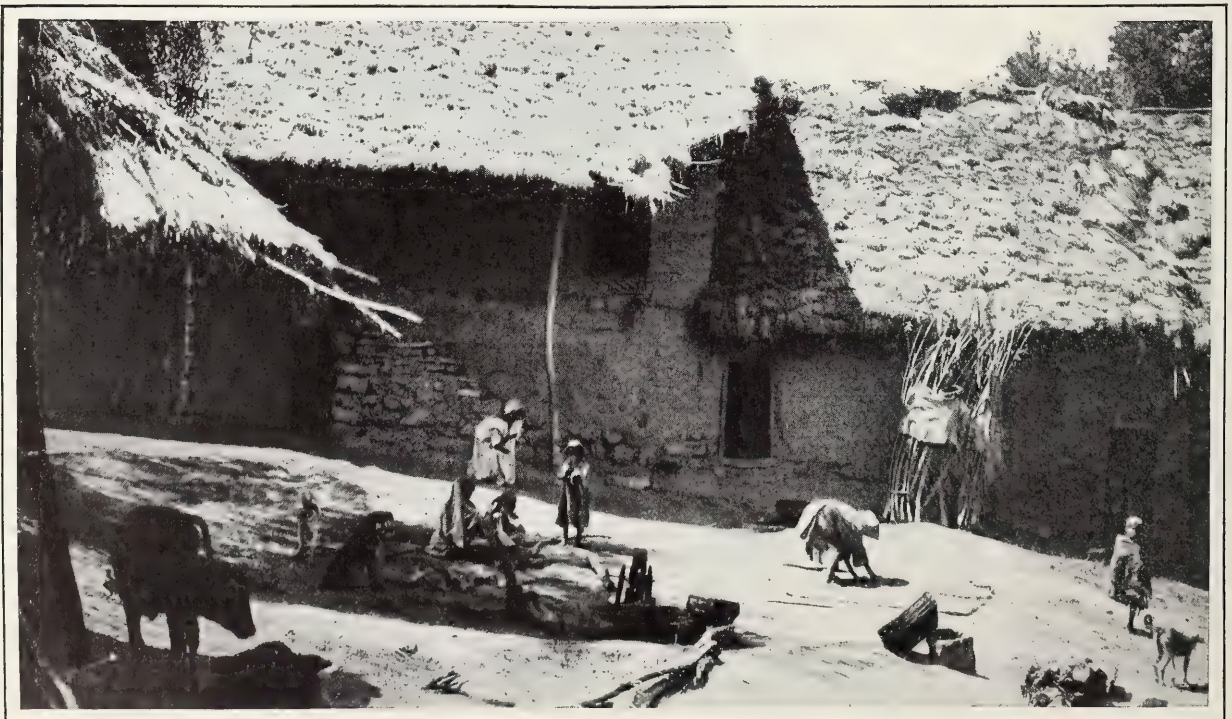
My husband and I had come to Kashmir to hunt big game and to explore by ourselves some of the unbeaten paths through the Himalaya ranges. Srinagar was to be our starting-point, and we

were keen to get off and feel "fresh air astir to win'ard."

But this was no easy task. There were servants to choose from a motley crowd that hung about the hotel, each applicant the possessor of glowing letters of recommendation, or *chits*, from his previous employers; there were ponies to try out; a camp outfit to acquire, with food-supplies, guns, and many other accessories. At last, one bright morning, after endless delay, we mounted our little native ponies and started forth at the head of our caravan. Close at our heels rode our head-man, a tall, black-bearded Kashmiri, astride a ratty little mountain horse, and behind came our entire retinue of about forty followers in a long, irregular string. It was an imposing sight. Conspicuous among the company was our Indian bearer, Mohammed Rajoo by name, an acquisition from Calcutta, who strode along under a huge black-cotton umbrella. Then came our ten permanent camp servants, turbaned but shoeless, and behind these twenty-odd Kashmiri coolies straggled and loafed along, loaded with tents, folding-beds, chairs, tables, boxes, bags, food—even a tin bath-tub was firmly strapped to the back of one stalwart youth. Nor was this all. Chickens were tied to the

tops of some of the lighter coolie loads. A much-ruffled, squawking duck fluttered in the hands of our cook as he shuffled ahead; and last, but not least, two bleating sheep brought up the rear. We should not go hungry for some time to come.

And so we marched ten long miles, passing through little villages of mud huts covered with thatch, fording streams, and picking our way along narrow ridges between rice-fields. At noon we rested for an hour under a huge *chenar*, or spreading nut-tree, and then started on again for another five miles. Toward dusk we stopped for the night, pitching camp on the outskirts of a little walled-in village. A bath, a rub, dinner served at a little table set on the grass in front of our tent, an hour spent by a big bonfire, talking over the events of the past twenty-four hours, and we turned in for the night. Thus ended the first day; and the second was just like the first, and the third like the second, and so on for many weeks. Each morning we started forth with the dawn, traveling on pony-back or on foot, and at night pitching camp near some native village. As soon as our tents were up, a crowd of men and boys, each wrapped in a coarse gray Kashmir shawl, squatted on



IN THE COURTYARD OF A KASHMIR COMPOUND



A KASHMIR PEASANT WOMAN AND HER DAUGHTERS

the ground about our camp, absorbed in watching a sahib and his memsahib eating and sitting about. Much to our disappointment, no women joined even their husbands or brothers. We often saw them at a distance in their loose garments, but when we drew near they always ran off into the houses or hid behind bushes at the roadside. Even the little girls seemed terrified at the sight of us, and never came within yards of our dread presence. The fame of the Kashmir women had been drummed into our ears, and our desire to see and photograph some of them grew as the difficulties increased. All attempts to get near to them had been fruitless. The sight of the sahib was invariably a signal for instantaneous flight.

For three weeks we wandered. Srinagar was now some two hundred miles behind when we pitched camp one night, on the eve of the Mohammedan New-Year, near the ruins of Martand Temple. This anniversary is always the excuse for a great celebration, and in keeping with the custom we had bought two fat mountain-sheep for our followers to feast upon and make merry. The morrow was to be a holiday for every one, and during the evening our little company sat grouped on the cool grass, watching the

sun set, and waited for the young hunter's moon to be born, and with it the Mohammedan New-Year. Darkness set in. There was not a cloud in the sky, but though we watched and watched, no moon appeared. The faces about us grew long and longer as the hours passed. At last our head-man got up, looked about him, and in his low, sing-song voice remarked: "Maybe astrologer make mistake, maybe no moon come out to-night, maybe come out to-morrow night. More better we go to bed." Whereupon the watchers one and all turned in.

The next morning my sahib went bird-shooting, leaving me to my own devices. Half a mile away the village lay below us. The thatched roofs and willow-trees, so characteristic of these Kashmir communities, looked inviting, and I started down the road toward the town. Ten minutes brought me to the main square, and I sat on a stone to await events. No one was about. Two or three dogs lay sleeping in one corner, a young calf was eating the remains of some corn leaves, and numerous hens were strutting among the rubbish. Several spinning-wheels with lumps of wool beside them stood in the shade of the trees. The buildings around me, nearly all of two



ON THE STEPS OF A TEMPLE

stories, were made of a brownish mud and covered with light, tan-colored thatch. An irregular flight of steps led up the side of each hut to a rude sort of door in the upper story. Under the eaves one or two windows, closed by roughly carved shutters, seemed to show the living parts of these dwellings. A clump of willow-trees shadowed a little running brook, and steep, green mountains stood out in the brilliant sunshine beyond. One part of the square was shut off by a high mud wall, but behind I could see the upper story of a house, more pretentious by far than any of its neighbors, made of elaborately carved wood, with a peculiar sort of shingled roof instead of the usual thatch.

I had no sooner noticed this building than a woman came out of its inner courtyard and, seeing me, stopped. I beckoned her to come forward. She mumbled something about "sahib." Unfortunately, I knew no words in Kashmiri, but I shook my head and beckoned again. Then, to my astonishment, she took up a stick and began waving it wildly in the air, at the same time pointing in the direction of our camp. After some time and much gesticulating I guessed that she meant: "Wouldn't my sahib beat me if he found me talking

with her?" I shook my head. "Then wouldn't he beat her if he found us together?" Again I shook my head most decidedly. This seemed to reassure her, and she came within a few feet of where I was sitting.

At once I was impressed by her remarkable appearance. Her dress, like all those I had seen in the distance, was a one-piece affair, falling a little below the knees, a sort of combination of a Japanese kimono and a man's night-shirt. The women of the fields always wore a grayish-brown garment, but hers was a dark blue, made of a fine wool like a shawl, embroidered with green and turned back at the neck and sleeves with broad bands of the same shade. Splendid silver earrings fell nearly to her shoulders; heavy silver bracelets almost without number decorated her arms, and long necklaces of elaborate design, rings, and many sorts of silver ornaments set with Tibetan jade and turquoise hung about her person. Her hair was smooth and black and fine; parted in the middle and drawn across her temples, it was arranged behind in dozens of little braids into which were woven strands of brown wool, the whole ending somehow in a long, untidy woolly tassel hanging as low as her knees. A small, round cap covered her shape-

ly head and seemed to be held in place by a strip of brilliant apple-green, tied across her forehead much like a Greek fillet, while pinned to the top of her cap was a long, white-cotton scarf or veil, which floated far out behind in the wind. This scarf, I found, is used either to shield the eyes from the sun or to hide the face when a terrifying sahib appears. Both scarf and smock are put in place when new, and remain in that position until they fall to pieces from decay. Only the dancing-girls and the women of their class wash in Kashmir, dirt being a badge of virtue in this topsy-turvy land.

My companion charmed me at once. Her beauty, her lithe, graceful figure, and, above all, her winning smile, were irresistible. Whether she was more interested in the strange memsahib, or whether I was more interested in her, it would be difficult to say. My hideous pith sun-helmet first attracted her attention. I took it off, put it on, shoved in the pins, and drew them out over and over again, and each time her shyness disappeared as her interest grew. Meanwhile the top of the wall became lined with dark, smiling faces. Babies were being held up to be patted and admired, and little girls and boys began scurrying

about. In the midst of it all my blue-gowned friend, taking me firmly by the arm, invited me into the carved house behind. The next moment I was making my way through the inner courtyard, up two flights of pitch-black mud stairs to a large room on the top floor. Behind trooped at least thirty women and young girls. The sound of the patter of their bare feet coming up the steps increased the feeling of mystery that had been growing within me.

The room into which my hostess led me was about twelve feet square and as clean as the proverbial whistle. There was no furniture in it except two or three carved walnut spinning-wheels. In one corner, by a large window overlooking the courtyard, was a sort of wooden dais, on which some of the women quickly spread a splendid dark-red rug of old Kashmir workmanship. With much bowing and scraping I was asked to sit upon this improvised throne, and, following the example of my hostess, I climbed up and squatted tailor-fashion on the rug. No one spoke, but they all jumped upon the platform, too, sitting in rows around me and in front of me, their mouths and eyes wide open with suppressed excitement.

This was my opportunity, so long de-



THE PATRIARCH OF MARTAND

sired, to see and know the Kashmir women. They were even lovelier than my imagination had pictured them. Tall, slender, straight were they, with large, soft, deer-like eyes and regular features; their skin was of an olive-brown, their cheeks were red, and they smiled bewitchingly. Though dressed chiefly like my hostess, some had chosen red or green or brilliant pink for their one garment. Each wore the same sort of greasy scarf over her head, and each had squandered her savings and those of her relatives on untold quantities of rough silver jewelry.

For a while we sat in silence, looking one another over from top to toe. Suddenly the stillness was broken by everybody breaking into a torrent of talk. We were women, after all, and, though strangers to one another, the bond of our sex had broken down all barriers. In a flash we had become friends, and at the same time all shyness quite disappeared. Up to this moment they had been content merely to gaze at the strange memsahib, but now I felt the touch of many hands squeezing and pressing me from top to toe. Some of the braver women began handling my clothes: my collar and tie, my flannel shirt and thick, homespun skirt; even my hobnailed climbing-boots were closely examined and remarked

upon in language which I gathered to be not wholly complimentary. What interested them most was the way my hair was dressed. In a few seconds all combs and pins were removed by nimble fingers, and passed from one inquisitive hand to another amid peals of laughter.

Then my hostess had an inspiration. She left the room for a moment, and when she came back she carried a long skein of dark-brown wool. I understood immediately that I was to have my hair done in Kashmiri style, and submitted laughingly to the operation, but with many inward misgivings. The result was highly satisfactory to every one. I counted thirty-four miniature braids at the back of my head, and felt a coarse, heavy knot bumping me about the waist; but as there was no mirror the effect was lost to me. I dared not leave the house decorated in this way, so after some time, with many apologies, the braids were unwound and the wool removed. The operation of rearranging my hair in what was a poor imitation of the latest Parisian fashion afforded them all much amusement.

Meanwhile one of the spinning-wheels was placed in front of me and a large lump of soft, gray wool put in my hands. My knowledge of spinning was about



KASHMIR PEASANT WOMEN



THE RUINS OF THE MARTAND TEMPLE

equal to my knowledge of the Kashmiri language, both forms of ignorance being quite unintelligible to the women about me. Helplessly I held the soft wool until a young girl near by came to the rescue by offering to teach me the art of spinning. But though I began bravely, in less than a second the wool was tangled, the delicate thread broken in a dozen places, and the wheel jammed. Without a word, my instructor patiently unwound the tangled mass, rolled the threads skilfully between her fingers, and freed the wheel. I tried a number of times to imitate her nimble motions, but each effort was worse than the last.

Finally, much chagrined, I gave it up, while my companions tittered and hid their faces behind their hands as they tried to refrain from laughing. It was an awkward moment, but the tension was soon broken by the appearance of pewter plates heaped with peaches and pears, almonds and walnuts, and sprays of a delicate herb. These, together with a graceful pewter pitcher and a dozen or more pewter cups, were placed on the rug with much formality. Our hostess immediately lifted the pitcher and filled the cups with a dark-red wine, whereupon one of the young girls held close to my lips, as though to feed me, first a peach and then a pear, and finally a handful of

nuts, all of which I accepted as gracefully as I could. The plates were not touched, but remained on the rug, every one leaning forward and helping herself to what she wanted. Only a few of the favored ones were invited to drink the wine, which was exceedingly good, with a bouquet much like that of a light claret. And while we were feasting, my hostess started to teach me the Kashmiri words for the various articles about us. We all laughed a great deal over this, and especially when she tried to pronounce the English equivalents I gave her. For two hours or more I stayed with the women, eating and drinking and talking in the universal sign language which seldom fails.

At last I started to go. The women pulled me down. I tried again, but with the same result, until I finally realized that some excuse must be given them for my departure. The only words in Kashmiri that I knew were *shikar*, meaning hunting, and *chikore*, meaning a partridge. With the aid of these two words, and much gesturing, smacking of lips, sighs of hunger, and so on, it was explained that my sahib was out bird-shooting, that he would come home hungry, and that I must prepare his food. This brought a ready response, and reluctantly they let me up from the rug.

As I climbed off the dais, a small boy appeared, carrying a huge pewter dish laden with more fruits and nuts and vegetables, which he placed at my feet. This was a parting gift from my hostess.

Meanwhile a crowd of men had gathered in the courtyard below, grumbling and shouting up at the windows. The women seemed to pay no attention to the excitement outside, so I tried to feel undisturbed. It was, as I have said, not unknown to me that the Oriental man considers his wives his sole possession, and that interference with them is always resented in some form or other; but my white skin was, I knew, a great protection. With much bowing and scraping, my friends and I started down the stairs, my hostess holding me again firmly by the arm. The voices of the men grew louder and louder as we came nearer the door, and when we finally emerged into the courtyard the mob seemed to be seething with anger. Some of the women, however, pushed their way through the crowd, letting me follow close at their heels, while the rest stayed behind to argue with their irate husbands. At the gate we stopped. My hostess pressed both hands to her forehead many times, her way of bidding me good-by, and we parted.

With the little boy leading the way, the laden pewter dish balanced on his head, we walked through the narrow lanes of the town, out into the fields, and up the hill to our camp. Later I learned that my hostess was the No. 1 wife of the magistrate of the district, the most important person for miles around. And later, too, I learned that a severe beating had been given a number of my entertainers by their respective lords and masters for associating not only with a white woman, but, worse still, with a Christian.

According to Eastern etiquette the gift of my friend of the carved house should be returned, but in just what form now became a problem of momentous importance. Our food-supply we knew to be at a very low ebb, our canned delicacies reduced to one tin of corn, which we selfishly refused to give away. Our wardrobes, too, were very restricted. Not even an extra pocket-handkerchief was included in our kits, much less anything

frivolous or gaudy such as would appeal to the native eye. We ransacked our two small traveling-boxes over and over again, handling each article and discussing its merits as a gift. But everything we had with us was a necessity. The decision finally fell to my sahib's one and only necktie, a red-silk one, and this was sent by a servant, with many salaams, to my hostess of the morning.

That evening the new moon rose as advertised, and the New-Year celebrations began. But we were not prepared for what was to follow. Dinner was over, and we were lazily sitting in our comfortable camp-chairs warming ourselves in front of a huge bonfire. Presently the sound of singing came up from the village below, and soon it grew louder and louder. Then, emerging from the darkness into the light of our camp-fire, appeared what proved to be the entire population of Martand. First came a crowd of men and boys, and directly behind them women, singing, as they walked, a low, monotonous sort of chant. Close to the ruins of the temple they stopped, just near enough for us to make out in the firelight the outlines of their long, white scarfs and loose-hanging smocks. The singers arranged themselves into rows facing one another, each woman placing her hands on the shoulders of the woman next to her. Meanwhile the men had squatted on the ground in a circle around the performers, their knees up under their chins, their shawls wrapped tightly around them in a fashion peculiar to the Kashmiri. All the while the women were singing the same chant, over and over again, swaying back and forth in rhythm with the music. First one row would take the air, and then the other would respond in a sort of cadence, with always the same theme repeated again and again. The scene, so unexpected, was wonderful, the firelight illuminating the figures, the tall columns of the old temple rising behind, and the black night enveloping everything beyond. Our Kashmiri factotum was called upon to explain what it all meant.

"They come to the old temple to sing to Mohammed. They tell the story of his life. They tell of his wanderings and of his preachings, and then they tell long



DARK AND BEAUTIFUL FACES, BUT WARY OF THE CAMERA

stories of what the Koran say must do. How the women must obey their husbands, how the fathers must teach their sons, and how they all must worship the great God Allah!"

"Do they often come to the temple to sing?" we asked.

"Only at the New-Year," he answered.

"And do the men never join in the ceremony?"

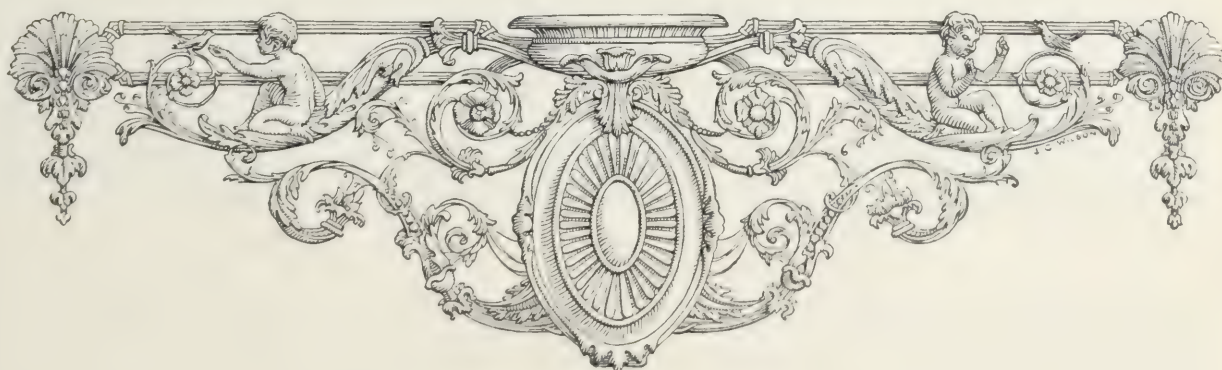
"No. Only the women; they do the singing."

"But this was originally a Hindu temple," we persisted. "Why do Mohammedans come here?"

"It is the custom," he answered, vaguely, shrugging his shoulders.

Just at that moment the fire flared up and lighted the figure and face of one of the women. I recognized at once my hostess of the morning, conspicuous among the group because of a strip of red silk knotted outlandishly around her slender throat. Had a Piccadilly tie ever before achieved a like distinction?

We listened spellbound until long after midnight, and then we crept into our tent and to bed, lulled to sleep by the mysterious and not unmelodious music of the worshipers. At dawn they went back to the village and began their feasting. At dawn, too, we were off up the valley in search of more game and more adventure.



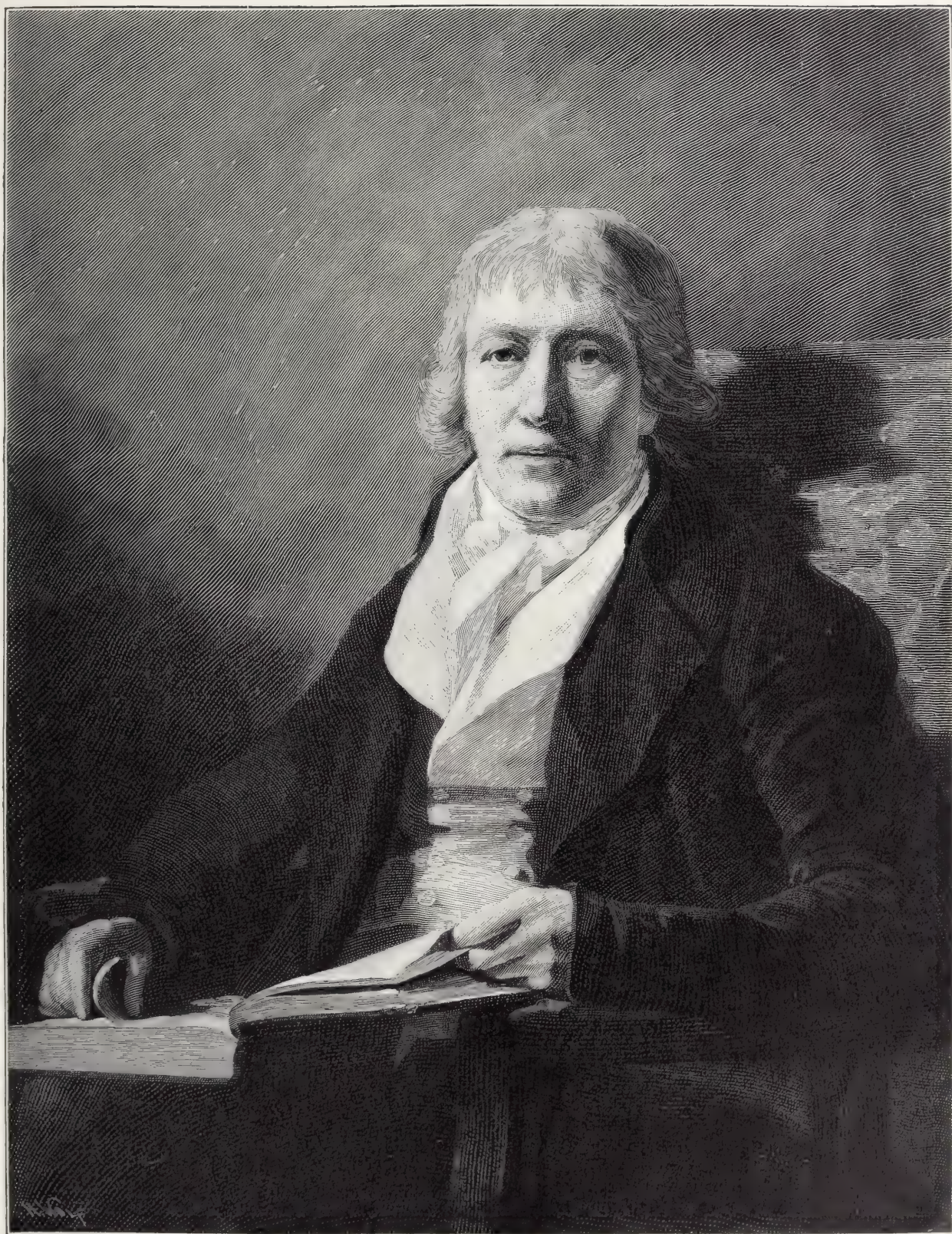
“James Johnston of Straiton,”

by Sir Henry Raeburn

BEGINNING at fifteen as a goldsmith's apprentice, then, when paying patrons could be found to eke out his slender purse, undertaking the painting of miniatures, this Scottish painter was wholly self-taught. Though he painted in his own way and knew little of contemporary art and artists, yet at twenty-five his work was welcomed at the London exhibitions, in part because he had interested the most distinguished men and women of his own North Country to sit to him. However, during those years he was neither artificer of gold nor portraitist in the true sense, but only a young artist with alert mind and keen perception seeking to find himself; and it is this quest which gives individuality to his work. His studies, his friendships, his financial struggles, and his succession of sitters all tended to develop his art to its fullest expression. He possessed the ability to see the character of his sitters and to portray them with breadth and truth. He made a two-year visit to Italy, but what he saw there influenced his own style but little.

In his time admiration for virtuosity had not set in; while good craftsmanship was respected, it was not exalted above expression. The world was not supersensitive, and nerve sensation was not so much sought after. Life was less tense and feverish and impressions were less keen than to-day, hence the people on his canvases are not the exceptional beings, but a very human sort that we should know if we were to meet them. At times he displays a certain rhetorical dash with a rich and varied masculinity, but he never descends to the sentimentality found in some of his English contemporaries. He is pre-eminently a painter of men because his art refused to flatter and he lacked the courtly suavity of his London confreres.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"JAMES JOHNSTON OF STRAITON," BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN
Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting
By Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Company

The Tame Cat

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA



MR. CRAIG-LORING, at the time of Kennedy's entrance into her life, was forty-seven. It is an awkward age—neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring—an age when some women become grandmothers, and others take up the new dances. Mrs. Craig-Loring did no dancing—increasing curves had made her lazy; but neither did she dandle the third generation, being childless. Instead, she dabbled in culture and played Egeria to divers budding wonders. Eventually there was Kennedy.

If Kennedy had been a woman he might have been almost beautiful. His eyelashes shaded dark, expressive eyes, and his mouth was prettily weak. In figure he was slim and rather tall, with a pair of uncommonly eloquent legs. He came to Mrs. Craig-Loring's notice first by means of a dinner-party at which he related with vast effect a number of slight but Gallic stories.

"My dear," said Mrs. Craig-Loring to her hostess, "he is delicious. Where did you get him? So absolutely subtle!" Kennedy was presented.

He spoke of ships and shoes and sealing-wax in terms of Bernard Shaw and Lewis Carroll—which is not difficult if you have a good memory. He looked a great deal that he modestly forbore to say, and he emitted sympathy of soul as a pinwheel emits sparks.

"You must come to tea with me," said Mrs. Craig-Loring at last—that being the accolade of her approval.

"If I may," returned Kennedy, as wishful as an Airedale.

"I am always at home on Mondays," suggested the lady.

The gentleman implied a shade of disappointment.

"Then there will be hordes of other people, and it has been so nice—just hearing *you* talk—"

As a matter of fact his own varied eloquence had not left much room for Mrs. Craig-Loring's statelier meanderings, but she accepted the inference graciously.

"Oh—isn't that flattery? Say Wednesday, then—"

"At five?"

Mrs. Craig-Loring nodded and smiled.

On Wednesday she was careful to be alone except for a silver tea-service, and a thoughtful selection of thin bread and butter and little French pastries.

Kennedy appreciated the pastries frankly. In the course of the hour or so before Mr. Craig-Loring came home to dinner Mrs. Craig-Loring perceived for herself that here was a fine field lying fallow for want of a little womanly cultivation. She spoke of books, and Kennedy's wit tripped nimbly beside her. She spoke of music, and he sat down before the piano and produced it in lovely, vagrant snatches. She spoke of clothes—he sketched her a brown chiffon gown which should accentuate the lights in her hair. She spoke of life—"You understand—I felt that the first moment you spoke to me, Mrs. Craig-Loring."

A month later he was fetching her books from the library, arranging the flowers for her parties, designing frocks for her—playing cavalier in general to her necessities—all with the thoughtfulest grace in the world. Not too much suggestion of sentiment—a delicate dust of impersonality veiling his attitude before the crowd.

"What's that boy sticking around so much for?" Mr. Craig-Loring inquired with friendly interest.

It is always the husband who laughs last in these affairs.

"What boy?" asked Mrs. Craig-Loring, coldly.

"The ass that dances," responded her lord, quite innocently.

Mrs. Craig-Loring shivered and burned with disgust.



"WHAT'S THAT BOY STICKING AROUND SO MUCH FOR?" MR. CRAIG-LORING INQUIRED

"Really, Arthur," she said at last; "*really*—Arthur!"

"Oh, all right," conceded Mr. Craig-Loring, hastily. "It's all right if he amuses you, Georgie. Have you seen my pearl tie-pin anywhere?"

Of such pitiful stuff are our masters made. When her husband had left the house Mrs. Craig-Loring assumed a look of languid emotion and sat down to her telephone.

"Mr. Kennedy?" she murmured, creamily. "Clive?"

"This is Georgiana Craig-Loring. . . . Yes. . . . Clive, I've something for you to do. I'm having some people to dinner to-night. . . . No, dear boy, I'm not. You simply can't come. It's a fusty family dinner. I can't ask you. . . . I know. So am I, but, Clive, I want you to run out and arrange the flowers for me. I've got Maryland roses and maidenhair. . . . Pink tulle? No, I haven't any. I'll get some. About how much? . . . Three yards? I'll get it, before five. . . . You're a dear boy—yes you are. I've got that book on the Futurists for you. . . . Yes. . . . No indeed! . . . At five, then. . . . 'By."

A morning in May was not more innocent—Maryland roses and maidenhair, three yards of pink tulle, and a family dinner; yet Mrs. Craig-Loring smiled a smile of conscious intrigue as she hung up the receiver. Her very eyelids took on a siren's droop.

That night at the family dinner she refused creamed lobster with a sigh of renunciation and a gently mysterious smile, as of one who crucifies the unessentials of life for love's sake.

"Why, Georgie!" Mr. Craig-Loring protested. "I thought you liked the stuff."

"Awfully fattening," explained Miss Craig-Loring, a casual diner of uplift tendencies—and never knew that from that moment forth her sister-in-law cherished for her, in secret, an almost vindictive dislike.

Kennedy would have understood—but Kennedy was not there.

At large dinner-parties Kennedy assisted, and at *affaires à deux*, while Mr. Craig-Loring was lending the substantial honor of his presence to diplomatic banquets and some things at the club.

From all of which, however, it is not

to be deduced that Kennedy offered, or Mrs. Craig-Loring accepted, an outlawed emotion. He was, when all was said and done, twenty-eight, and she forty-seven. Life had set the gulf between.

"You understand me," was Kennedy's parrot cry, and, "I do—indeed I do!" Mrs. Craig-Loring's response.

She lent Kennedy books, some of which he returned, and sent him flowers once when he was ill. Also she allowed him to kiss her hand upon occasion, at which her friends smiled and her enemies guffawed. As for Kennedy, he served his goddess quite peacefully. He carried her wraps and ran her errands and saw himself doubtless a *preux chevalier*.

Then Sally came—little Sally Jarvis.

Sally was a niece of Mrs. Craig-Loring's—an impoverished niece, an unwilling niece. She regarded her aunt's young men with surprise and her aunt's routine with alarm.

"Don't you ever rest?" said Sally upon the third noon after her arrival

from the South. "I don't see how you stand it."

"Rest is rust," Mrs. Craig-Loring returned with acerbity. "I've got a luncheon-bridge and a tea to-day, and ten people to dinner to-night, and my head is splitting. Would you mind seeing that Martha fixes the lace on my old-gold crêpe météore? I want to wear it."

Sally said she would see. "Who's coming to-night?" she added, inquisitively.

Mrs. Craig-Loring named nine people and Kennedy.

"Oh! The one that sings?" asked Sally.

Mrs. Craig-Loring admitted that Kennedy sang a little.

"Isn't he awfully young?" said Sally.

"He is twenty-eight, I believe," her aunt returned, a trifle coldly.

Sally meditated, frowning. She was not good at figures, but she reckoned the difference between her aunt's age and Kennedy's as considerable. As a matter of fact she counted two years too many



"DON'T YOU EVER REST?" SAID SALLY. "I DON'T SEE HOW YOU STAND IT."

to the lady's score—an unintentional injustice.

"Does Uncle Mat like him?" she inquired further.

"I dare say. I really don't know, my dear," said Mrs. Craig-Loring with eloquent indifference, and departed.

Sally, left alone, sat in the window-seat of the comfortable living-room and considered life. She had been only two days in her aunt's house, but the eyes of twenty are keen and the philosophy of twenty is deep-reaching. Sally, whose cheeks were pink and whose hair was black, and whose general aspect, so far as mere flesh and blood was concerned, was that of a peculiarly non-moral little gipsy, reflected that marriage, in the largest sense of the word, should infer retirement from mere material joys. Young men, said Sally to herself, are not for matrons. Upon the question of Mr. Kennedy's quite obvious devotion to her well-preserved and charming aunt, Sally expended a certain amount of irritated perplexity, not unnatural under the circumstances.

Darkness and dinner put a period to her communings with nature—feminine nature. Later, she sat between a stock-broker and a man of law just out of Princeton, and enjoyed herself as heaven intended she should.

Kennedy, upon his hostess's left, like the queen's pawn, and protected, as it were, by a red bishop with a fondness for dinners, looked across the table to Sally's rose cheeks and twilight eyes and felt a quotation rise to his lips.

"Of course it's bad form to talk Tenyson these days," he murmured in the Craig-Loring ear, barely visible beneath a smooth and careful wave, "but she does make you think of it—little Miss Jarvis. Doesn't she?"

"Make you think of what?" inquired Mrs. Craig-Loring with something less than her usual sympathetic perception. She turned a suspicious glance on Sally.

"A little rosebud, set about with wilful thorns—" Kennedy explained. He felt almost at once the lack of enthusiasm in the atmosphere.

"Wilful—rather!" said Mrs. Craig-Loring, darkly. She looked slightly displeased.

"Of course—I saw it at once," said

Kennedy. He had a knack of covering his retreats with glory.

Nevertheless, when, later in the evening, he was dummy, and so momentarily free, he followed Sally out upon one of the foolish little balconies left over to an ungrateful people from late Victorian architecture, and stood with his back against the railing where he might see and be seen of the bridge-players.

"I'm afraid we're boring you to-night," he suggested with an ingratiating friendliness.

Sally regarded him gratefully.

"It's my own fault," she said at last, "for not playing. I hate cards, but Aunt Georgie says I shall be a social failure if I don't learn."

"On the other hand"—Kennedy deftly avoided a contradiction of his lady's fiat—"it's something of a distinction not to—when everybody else does."

"I like you for that," said little Sally Jarvis. She flashed a smile and two deep dimples.

"Don't light up so unexpectedly," retorted Kennedy, like any fatuous sophomore. "It hurts my eyes."

"As bad as all that?" inquired Sally, regretfully.

They laughed. Youth does, without much reason.

"I can do it again, if you'll like me some more," suggested Kennedy, hopefully.

"Be clever?" asked little Sally Jarvis.

"Be truthful," he corrected.

"Oh!" said Sally. She looked up at him with a certain amount of interest.

"Shall I?" Kennedy insisted. "Will you, if I do?"

"You've got me all mixed up," said Sally, sadly. "Shall you what? And will I what? And why?"

"I'll explain," said Kennedy, indulgently. "It's like this—"

Footless nonsense, of the commonest, but little Sally Jarvis's eyes were big and dark, and Kennedy's explanation was to cover that along with other facts. At the moment that the first word left his lips—it was only a "now"—Mrs. Craig-Loring's sweeping old-gold draperies flowed into the window and Mrs. Craig-Loring's fingers came to rest as gently as five plump, jeweled snowflakes upon Kennedy's sleeve.

"Sally!" said Mrs. Craig-Loring, reprovingly, "if you aren't playing yourself you mustn't interrupt the others—dear."

It was a little delayed, that "dear," and Sally understood.

"I'm sorry," she said at once. "You mustn't let me keep you, Mr. Kennedy. I think, if you don't mind, Aunt Georgie, I'll slip up-stairs. I'm tired."

"Do, if you like," said Mrs. Craig-Loring, kindly.

The man of law had gone on to a tango-party somewhere, the broker was at the card-table, and up-stairs really seemed the most appropriate place for little Sally Jarvis, who was visiting her aunt Georgiana as a great treat, and had not yet learned that possession is nine-tenths of the law—any law.

So little Sally Jarvis went up-stairs, and Kennedy went back to his game in the wake of the old-gold gown. He made an epigram upon the way about the flatness of bread and butter in general as opposed to caviar, but, strangely enough, he did not enjoy it so much as most of his epigrams. He had usually a highly appreciative ear for his own wit.

When he went home that night he got into his pajamas, put his dress-coat upon a hanger, carefully pressed his dress-trousers, opened a window, drew up a chair, turned off the light, and sat down to make poetry.

At two in the morning he went to bed, having achieved a sonnet which began, correctly but innocuously:

My garden hath one rose, and only one.

Five nights before he had courted

fame in a trifle of erotic imagination, to somewhat different effect:

White arms clinging have barred my way;
Blue eyes blind me—and black and gray—

Who reads need not run. We dig no deeper into the metric fastnesses of Kennedy's soul. Obviously, though, little Sally Jarvis had had her effect.

To Mrs. Craig-Loring, however, no effect presented itself beyond that of her own full-blown personality triumphing over a nipped-in-the-bud possibility. At tea, the day after the birth of the sonnet, she wore a gold-colored chiffon gown Kennedy had designed for her, and sent Sally out for a walk in the Park.

"She mustn't lose her roses. My sister would never forgive me," said Mrs. Craig-Loring with that Madonna-like and lovely thoughtfulness which so becomes a woman in the prime of life.

Kennedy looked through the open window, and the trees in the park just over the way were cloudily green; the smell of spring drifted in from the sidewalk, where a woman with the face of the oldest

Fate sold violets and white narcissi from a barrow. As if that were not enough, the man next door began to play a gipsy tune upon a violin which in some other life had been, seemingly, the heart of a jilted faun.

"Rather nice in the Park—these days," said Kennedy.

"But so awfully damp," Mrs. Craig-Loring returned with a shiver.

He was thinking of new grass, she of rheumatism—strange, the parallelism of comrade souls!

"Try this one," said Mrs. Craig-Loring, suddenly, and gave him be-



SALLY MEDITATED, FROWNING

tween her white, smooth finger and thumb a little crinkled tart with marzipan inside.

Kennedy crunched the tart and sighed humorously.

"What is there," he observed, "that you can't do for a man, O Lady of the Golden Gown? You open his eyes, you feed his soul—you even find him French pastries. There's nobody like you!"

Mrs. Craig-Loring smiled, her head a little on one side, her eyes conveying just the requisite amount of proper skepticism.

"Then don't let's talk about the park, or anything outside ourselves. Let's just be comfy—and, listen—Clive!"

"I'm listening," said Kennedy.

He was—to the violin next door, which was now chuckling diabolically through *Anitra's Tanz*.

"I've got a paper to do—for the Hellenics—on Symbolism in Modern Irish Drama. I know what I want to say, but—just at the moment—"

"Can't I help you out a bit?" suggested Kennedy, eagerly.

He had been eager so often that it took no effort.

It was not the happiest chance, however, that showed him to little Sally Jarvis upon her returning, a good hour later, from the Park, his hair mussed with the agonies of composition, a stack of books upon the table before him, a book open upon his knee, and an ink-smudge upon the hand with which he turned the pages.

Mrs. Craig-Loring had gone up to dress for dinner.

Little Sally Jarvis paused in the doorway of the library and looked in.

"How do you do?" she offered, doubtfully. "Busy?"

She came nearer, the breath of outdoors in her garments, and looked daringly at the paper upon which Kennedy had been writing.

Kennedy meanwhile had sprung to his feet and was watching her with his deep, long-lashed eyes.

It was in Sally's heart to believe that his craven behavior of the night before might somehow be explained. It was in her mind to accept the explanation—his eyelashes had done that much for him—but she read the first line upon the

page before her, and her brows came together in a scowl, absurdly dark, above her little nose.

"Sym-bo-lism in Modern Irish Drama," read Sally, slowly. She looked at Kennedy.

"You are writing Aunt Georgie's paper—for her club?"

There had not seemed to Kennedy anything amiss in the fact. It was not the first time his Pegasus had been hitched to the plow of Mrs. Craig-Loring's career. Nevertheless, he stammered.

"I—ah—yes."

"Oh!" said little Sally Jarvis, coldly.

She looked at Kennedy again, then she looked at the paper, then she went slowly out of the room. At the door she stopped long enough to speed a poisoned shaft:

"You must be awfully useful to Aunt Georgie."

It was then that Kennedy began to love her.

He wrote one page on the Irish drama with his eyelids burning and his head full of little Sally Jarvis, and then went home to his boarding-house, leaving a note for Mrs. Craig-Loring which said, rather more directly and less poetically than most of his notes, that he was no good at all that day and would see her later.

Mrs. Craig-Loring, who wanted the paper in a week's time, was naturally rather vexed about it.

As for Kennedy, for the first time in his existence he was blindly, madly, excitedly in love. The curve of little Sally Jarvis's lip when she scorned him, the blink of her gipsy eyes, the breath of April in her voice—he was far too much in love for making poetry, and the force of nature could no further go.

As a means of being near his new-found goddess he went to tea with Mrs. Craig-Loring, and was snubbed by Sally in the hall—at what cost to Sally's inclinations he never knew. The elder deity perceived a meandering attention upon the part of her tea-drinker, but put it down to spring in the blood, and thought no more of it.

It was spring in the blood—and in the heart, and in the head. Kennedy brought a handful of blowsy golden dafodils when next he came, and gave them

to Sally, whom he waylaid on the veranda, with a tender look.

"Thank you," said Sally. "Pretty, aren't they?" and passed on into the house.

Kennedy did not see that she thrust the poor flowers into a glass of water and left them on her aunt's writing-table to sweeten the desert air.

As for Mrs. Craig-Loring, she had met at dinner the night before, in one of the mansions of the elect, a young Australian who quoted Yeats and played Debussy, and already the hounds of her fancy were tugging at their leashes—in spite of which she held Kennedy with gentle insistence to Symbolism in Modern Irish Drama.

"You have helped me so much," said Mrs. Craig-Loring when the paper was done. He had, indeed.

It was once more an unhappy chance that Sally had to listen to that paper. She sat through the meeting of the Hellenics with her lip curled like a crimson bud and her eyes smoldering scorn-

fully, while perfectly rounded syllables issued from Mrs. Craig-Loring's deceitful mouth.

"Your aunt writes so delightfully," said one gushing lady to Sally, when the paper had rippled to its epigrammatic close.

"Does she? I've never heard anything she's written," said Sally, but the lady merely thought her rather stupid, and nothing came of it.

That night Mrs. Craig-Loring dined out, with a great spreading of peacock plumes, and Mr. Craig-Loring dined out, to his amiable discontent—he hated parties—but little Sally Jarvis was left at home, and to her when the evening was still absurdly young came Kennedy.

Sally received him without enthusiasm. She did not get up from her very comfortable place on the window-seat, and she did not lay aside the book she was reading—she merely closed it on one finger and looked up abstractedly.

"I'm sorry," said Sally; "Aunt Georgie's gone out to dinner."



"YOU MUST BE AWFULLY USEFUL TO AUNT GEORGIE"

Kennedy, looking very immaculate in his evening clothes, with a monocle on a black ribbon about his neck, nodded and smiled.

"I know," he said, "the Devlins. It's a big party. Two generals and a senator. I'm not asked."

"She'll be sorry to have missed you," said Sally, somewhat pointedly, and opened her book again.

"But I came to see *you*," said Kennedy. "Please let me sit down."

He pre-empted a place on the window-seat about a yard from Sally's knee, and looked at her coaxingly.

The room was still and shadowy, its dusk pierced softly by the one light on the wall above Sally's head. There was a pot of valley-lilies on the table whose fragrance touched the air with magic of cool dawns and rain-washed moonrises. In spite of which little Sally Jarvis frowned and settled her narrow white skirt primly about her white-silk ankles.

"Do you have much trouble with your eyes?" she asked, coldly.

Kennedy had fingered his monocle.

"No," he answered, startled. "Oh no!—not in the least." Then he dropped the monocle and leaned a little forward. Above the loose Byronic collar of her white blouse Sally's face was distinctly suggestive of a flower. Her big, dark eyes showed velvet-soft.

"Little Sally Jarvis," said Kennedy, all at once, "it was *you* I came to see—"

Sally only stared.

"I want to tell you something," he went on, after a moment, confidently; "you may have guessed it already—"

"I can't imagine," said Sally, aloofly.

To do her justice, she had not the faintest suspicion of Kennedy's meaning. Further, it made her unhappy to talk to him. When he put out his hand and covered hers, therefore, she snatched it sharply away.

"Don't be afraid of me, little Sally," said Kennedy, caressingly—"I love you."

His voice stumbled as he said it, and his face flushed darkly. His eyes for the moment were rather beautiful, with the sort of longing that men's eyes sometimes show—and dogs'.

"*Me!*" cried little Sally Jarvis, breathless and astounded.

"You, small sweetheart," said Kennedy, very softly. There was an expectant and exquisite edge of mastery to his voice. The woman who is cool enough to listen for it may hear it any time that any man truthfully tells her he loves her.

For Kennedy the bubble broke abruptly.

Little Sally Jarvis laughed—any answer under heaven but *that* he might have expected.

"Me?" she said again. "You're sure? Me—? Not Aunt Georgie?"

"Sally!" said Kennedy. He very nearly gasped.

"I never told you you might call me that," said little Sally Jarvis. She slipped to her feet, and when Kennedy followed she faced him like a little fury, her small, sweet face hot with scorn.

"You must have guessed—" he began, confusedly.

"I never dreamed!" said little Sally Jarvis. "Why, I—I *despise* you!"

"Sally!"

"Don't you dare to call me that again!" she stammered.

When Kennedy laid a hand on her arm with an imploring gesture, she shook it off as if it had been a spider.

"You"—said little Sally Jarvis, in a royal rage of contempt and disappointment—"you couldn't love any girl. No man could—who's nothing—nothing but a tame cat for the married women to play with."

Kennedy's mouth opened—and shut without a word. His face lost some of its color.

"You—you fix the flowers for their parties," said little Sally Jarvis, almost sobbing by now, "and you design dresses for them to have made, and you write their club papers. Don't you? You go to concerts and things with them, too—when *they* have the tickets. I never knew a *young* man could be like that. And they have you to dinner—and to tea—all the time. Don't they? And they tease one another about you—right before their own husbands. I heard a woman say the other day that it was about time for Aunt Georgie to get tired of you; that you were her third this year—like—you were some kind of a *toy*—instead of a *man*—"



"YOU COULDN'T LOVE ANY GIRL. NO MAN COULD WHO'S NOTHING BUT A TAME CAT"

"Hush!" said Kennedy, sharply. "You don't know what you're talking about." But the color had come back to his face in a flood.

"Everybody talks about how horrid it is for a girl to marry an old man for his money," said Sally Jarvis, whose reading had been both wide and inadequately limited, "but nobody says a thing about a young man's tagging around with a woman who's old enough to be his aunt. I think it's horrible. I don't see how you can do it. Down home the young men go with *girls*—and the married women *act* like they were married. I should think you'd be so ashamed! And to tell *me* that you—that you—"

The tame cat showed his claws.

"If you didn't care, you'd never have thought of all this," he suggested, feline-ly quiet.

"I tell you I *despise* you!" said little Sally Jarvis, clenching her little hands miserably. "Maybe I *could* have cared. I did like you awfully—that first night; but I'd never be able to look at you now without seeing Aunt Georgie buying lit-

tle cakes for you—just like you were a cat or something—"

"You are unbearably rude," said Kennedy, icily.

"I know I am," said little Sally Jarvis, "but I can't help it. I just couldn't stand your pretending to—to care about *me*. That's all. Anyhow, I'm going home to-morrow. We'll never see each other again, so—what d-difference does it make?"

She ran past him out of the room before Kennedy could answer, if he had anything to say, which he had not.

In her flight she upset with a touch of her arm the pot of valley-lilies on the table. Kennedy set the pot straight again and put in his button-hole a little stalk of flowers broken in the fall. But that was bravado. His lip faltered on a sneer. If Sally, crying her heart out up-stairs, could have seen him!

On his way out of the house he met Britton, the young Australian who quoted Yeats and played Debussy.

"Evening," said Kennedy, briefly but conventionally.

Britton, a blue-eyed young Adonis

with a careful accent, nodded and smiled—the king coming, to the king going.

"I've come back for Mrs. Craig-Loring's scarf," he explained, with a touch of importance.

The moment was one which spoke for itself.

"*Morituri salutamus!*" retorted Kennedy, bitterly, and left the other staring in the doorway.

Three Swords

BY DANA BURNET

THREE blades from out the smithy fire
He drew, and forged with starry blows.
Beyond his door the skies of God
Bloomed like an unplucked rose.

"Three swords," he said, "I make for you,
O little Knight of Love and Youth!
One blade is Knowledge, one is Faith,
And one is Hope, forsooth!"

I was so young; and life, a rose
That bloomed beyond the smithy door—
"Give me the first," I cried, and rode
Out like a knight to war!

Another year I came again—
His forge was like a rose agleam.
"Give me the second sword," I said,
"That I may fight—and dream."

The second sword lay in my hand,
I rode once more, as knights must do,
But all my casque was wet with tears,
And my heart's blood trickled through.

Then came I back along the road,
Thrice-ridden, till I saw his fire
Glow redly through the bitter dusk
Like a flower of desire.

"The third!" I gasped. "Give me the third,
The last sword, that I fight and die!"
Then turned again, and lo, I saw
A dust of roses through the sky!

American Society a Century Ago

BY GAILLARD HUNT

Chief of the Division of Manuscripts, Library of Congress



ONE morning during the second session of the First Congress John Adams, the Vice-President, took a seat beside Charles Carroll of Carrollton before he called the Senate to order, and began to question him about his estate in Maryland. He persisted in speaking of it as an empire and in treating Carroll as if he were a baron; and he seemed to derive personal satisfaction from the fact that he presided over a body which contained several barons. William Maclay, a Senator from Pennsylvania, one of the earliest members of the Republican party, sat near by and heard Adams's remarks with disgust. He had been disgusted ever since the Senate had convened, however, for it had been more exercised over the question of the proper title to apply to the President than by any other subject. Adams and a majority of the Senate wanted him called "His Highness" or "His Mightiness," or by some other lofty designation, and had been saved from the blunder only by the disagreement of the House. If they had had their way something corresponding to a court circle might easily have been created. The resounding title of the head of the state would have encouraged the use of high-sounding titles by the lesser officials. These titles would have conferred prestige in private life, and public office would have been sought for that reason. A privileged class might have grown up.

Maclay and his followers were right in objecting to the introduction of undemocratic titles as dangerous to liberty. Nevertheless, John Adams and his group were not royalists. If there were any such in the country they were a few unimportant individuals who supported their views in parlor conversations and did not dare to seek the public ear. Adams believed that dignity and au-

thority should attach to office, and he liked the trappings of power, but he went no further. Charles Carroll voted with Maclay for the simple title for the President. Titles meant little to him and other large landholders and slave-owners of the South. They belonged to a class whose power and prestige were undisputed, and titles could add nothing to their supremacy.

It must be remarked, however, that, using the word "society" as meaning the more cultivated members of a community in their social relations to one another, their private intercourse and recreations, it has never been democratic in its constitution nor admitted that all men are equal, and one hundred years ago it was less democratic than it is now. Here many of the forms and observances which had prevailed in the days of the king and a court circle lingered long after they had disappeared from public life. Congress might refuse to call the President His Highness or His Mightiness, but the ladies persisted in calling his wife "Lady" Washington. As late as 1815 they often spoke of Mrs. Madison as "Her Majesty." As soon as the government gave the President a house to live in, nearly everybody called it "the Palace" or "the Great House," and when his wife held a reception they called it a "levee" or a "drawing-room."

In 1815 the head of society in America was generally held to be the President's wife, and the primacy of the White House began with the reign of Dolly Madison. When John Adams and his wife moved into it in the first year of the century it was hardly finished, and they disputed possession with the workmen. It was not fully furnished, till Mrs. Madison and Benjamin H. Latrobe equipped it in 1809, spending eleven thousand dollars for the purpose. It cost three thousand dollars to furnish the great reception-room known as the East Room. When they had finished their

labors the interior of the house presented a pleasing appearance in harmony with the perfect taste of the exterior. When it was lighted up for Mrs. Madison's first reception, in May, 1809, a thousand wax candles glittered from the chande-

until she entered the White House and felt that the example might be harmful. She painted her cheeks, which was not considered to be a crime. She took snuff, which was a common practice among women as well as men. When

she got old she remained the same age for several years at a time.

To show what clothes a fine lady wore in those times, here is a description of her costume on the day her husband was inaugurated: At the reception after the ceremonies she "was drest in a plain cambrick dress with a very long train, plain round the neck without any handkerchief, and a beautiful bonnet of purple velvet, and white satin with white plumes." In the evening at the inauguration ball she had on "a pale buff-coloured velvet, made plain, with a very long train, but not the least trimming—a beautiful pearl necklace, ear-rings, and bracelet—her head-dress was a turban of the same."

A few years later,

in 1811, a visitor to the White House said, "Her Majesty's appearance was truly regal, dressed in a robe of plain satin, trimmed elaborately with ermine, a white velvet and satin turban, with nodding ostrich plumes and a crescent in front, gold chain and clasps around the waist and wrists." To pursue the subject a little further, a young lady who went to the Peace Ball given in Boston in 1815 in honor of the Treaty of Ghent must be quoted:



MRS. JAMES MADISON

From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart

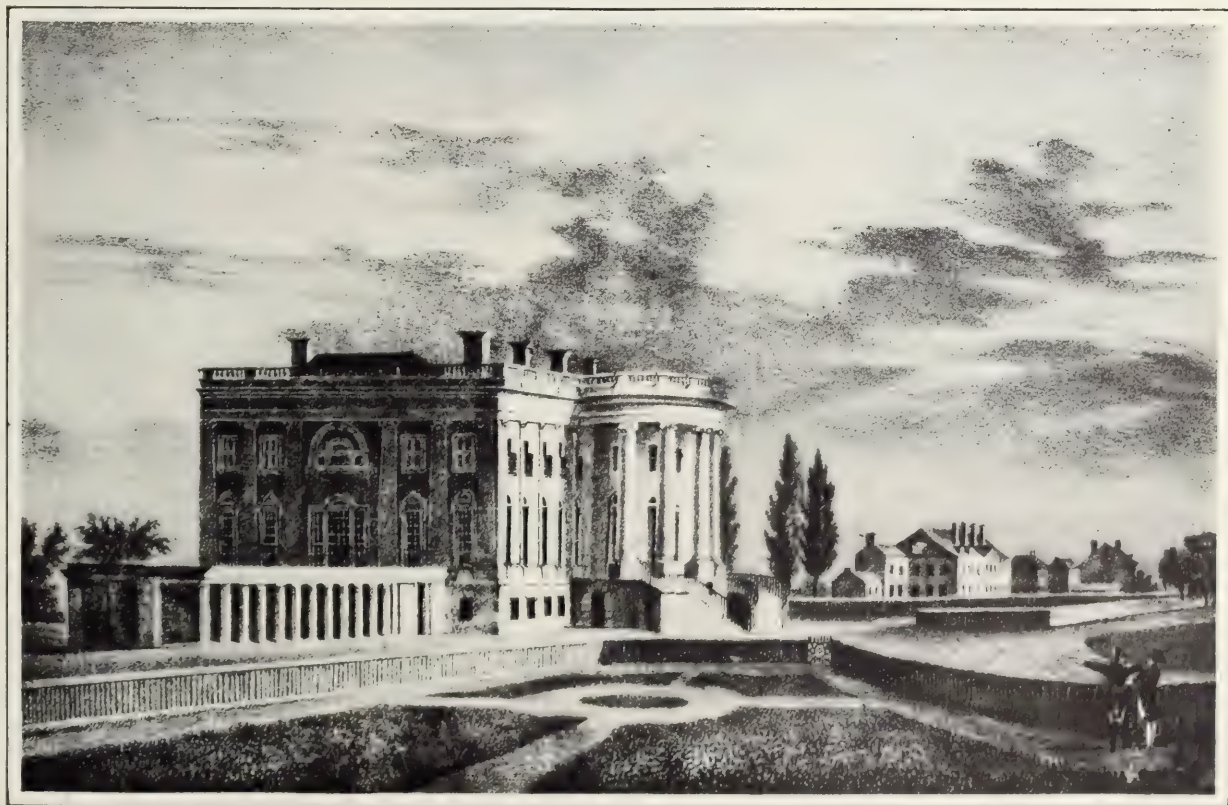
liers, and the scene was really beautiful. The house became the gathering-place for society in Washington, which was considered to be the best the country afforded and was called "the first circle in the nation." The mistress of the White House followed the customs of her time, and was neither above them nor below them. She dressed in the fashion and loved beautiful clothes. She played "loo" and other games of cards for money, as other ladies of her class did,

"I wore," she says, "a sheer dotted muslin skirt trimmed with three rows of plaited white satin an inch wide. The bodice of white satin was also trimmed with the same ribbon. I wore lace round the neck, a bouquet, gold ornaments, chains, etc. My hair was arranged in braids, bandeau, and curls."

The admiration for Oriental things was a dominant note, and showed itself in the ugly turbans which Mrs. Madison and other ladies wore, but delicate cashmere shawls, graceful tunics and mantles, were also the fashion. Some of the turbans were made of spangled muslin, and others of bright-colored cloth, and from the center of a few glittered a precious stone. There was a passion for gems and jewelry. Women twined long gold chains about their necks four or five times. They wore bracelets, armlets, and ear-rings. Instead of the turban, some wore drooping ostrich plumes in their hair, or bound it with ribbons or a narrow band of gold. It was the fashion to gather it at the back in a knot, as it appears in Greek statues, and this style was known as "turning up the hind hair close." In front it was often worn in curls or ringlets, and a few had it cut and

curled tightly over the whole head. Wigs were coming into fashion for women, having passed out for men. A pleasing adaptation of the Greek costumes was affected.

The costume for men was in a transition stage, and it was not until many years later that the fashion of a special uniform suit for evening wear came in. Pantaloon had been affected by the radicals of Paris during the French Revolution and had found their way to America, but here they never rose to political importance. By 1815 they had come into general use with the younger men, but the older ones adhered to breeches and long stockings. There was, therefore, great variety in the costumes of a gathering of men. Some wore square-skirted coats, and others a newer style of coat made of blue or green cloth with large gilt or pearl buttons, a high rolling collar, and long narrow tails reaching down to the calves. Beau Brummel had already introduced starch into the neckcloths of Europe, and the fashion had reached America. Shirt collars were prodigiously high and reached to a man's ears. Some wore "pudding cravats," designed to make the chest look deep, but stocks



THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1814

The south front. From a contemporaneous print

were coming into use. A few old men still powdered their hair, but others parted it on the side and wore it cut long. A few fops had it curled.

There was general interest in the social life and everything else pertaining to the city of Washington. It had been deliberately planned and artificially made, instead of coming into existence naturally from the needs of the surrounding country or as a port for shipping. It was the common property of all the nation, and everybody had an opinion about it. It deserved little praise and received none. Foreigners and Americans made it a butt for their wit, and it is doubtful if any other city in the world was ever so peppered with epigrams.

Here are some of the criticisms taken at random from an inexhaustible supply. One of the early doggerel rhymes said that it was a place

Where the houses and
kitchens are yet to be
framed,

The trees to be felled, and
the streets to be named.

In 1806 the poet
Tom Moore called it

That famed metropolis where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees.

A few years later the Abbé Carrea da Serra, Portuguese minister, whom President Madison called "the most enlightened and esteemed foreigner among us," said it was "the city of magnificent distances."

It was a sorry place to look at. The broad streets were unpaved, and most of the houses were cheap and mean. The few public buildings were classic in design, but they were framed in a ragged waste. The parks existed only in the plan. Yet there was an agreeable social life in the city and a compact society was built up from the various elements. The high Federal officials were the dominant

class. It is true that they embraced many degrees of culture and lack of culture, especially among the Senators and Representatives. There is an account of a Western Senator who saw a piano-forte for the first time and was as curious concerning it as an Indian would have been; but other Senators powdered their

hair, drank old Madeira, and quoted Horace.

They were particular about being called upon, and had quarrels over precedence. There was a group of army and navy officers always in the city, and they were generally well-educated and entertaining companions. The stationary inhabitants comprised a few high officials, several hundred government clerks, who occupied a more important place in the city's life then than government clerks do now, a small diplomatic corps of not more than a dozen people, and a few wealthy landholders and resident families, chiefly in Georgetown, who had been on the scene when the government arrived and acted in some sort as hosts.

The society was held together by two generally accepted principles: one was that a man of high rank in the government service was entitled to privileges and prestige in private life, and the other was that a member of a family which had enjoyed social privileges for several generations had a vested right to their continuance.

So an agreeable and well-selected society existed in Washington. It was a generation later, when the new West—where men had grown up unoppressed by visible social restraints—came into control, that the doctrine of political equality was held to carry with it social equality and the removal of the barriers which had separated groups of people in private life. To be specific, the fabric of



EVENING COSTUME—1815

Washington society was destroyed when Andrew Jackson became President.

The days were not crowded in 1815, and leisure fostered social intercourse. Morning calls were paid, and the callers stayed long enough for rational conversation. When they gathered together their number was small enough to permit of general acquaintance-ship. Even at the inauguration ball there were only four hundred people present. In the large cities there were occasionally as many at a public ball; but a private entertainment was considered to be a very large one if there were two hundred guests.

Men of standing in the community did not esteem the affairs of society to be unworthy of their attention. In 1802 Capt. Thomas Tingey, an officer of high standing in the navy; John Peter Van Ness, lately a Representative in Congress; Samuel Harrison Smith, founder of the *National Intelligencer*; Dr. William Thornton, the first superintendent of the Patent Office and the designer of the Capitol; and several others of similar rank, organized the Washington Dancing Assembly, which continued in existence for many years and gave dancing-parties at short intervals during the winter season. There were similar organizations, managed by men of prominence, in all the large cities. The amusements of society were not left to the exclusive control of idle and frivolous people.

When Philadelphia ceased to be the capital some of the spirit which had made it the gayest and most luxurious city on the continent departed from it and the severity of the old Quaker life reasserted itself; but it was still an agreeable place to live in. Subscription dances or assemblies were begun there in 1749 by an association which, omitting the period of the Revolutionary War,

has been giving them ever since, and is thus the oldest dancing organization in the United States.

There were a number of foreign dancing-masters in Philadelphia, as there were in other cities. They taught the cotillion, a lively French dance, executed by any number of couples, performing evolutions or figures, as in the modern German, the *minuet de la cour*, the waltz, which was new and was received with some doubts of its propriety, Highland reels, fancy jigs, which were not often seen in polite circles of society, and American country dances which were like our Virginia reel.

It was some years before there was a hotel in Philadelphia in a building constructed for the purpose, the Mansion Hotel having been adapted from the large town house of the Binghamms. The meals which were served were typical of the best hotels. For breakfast there were tea and coffee, eggs, cold ham and beef, hot fish, sausage, beefsteak, broiled fowls, fried and stewed oysters, and preserved

fruit. The supper was essentially the same as the breakfast, but for the dinner roasts of beef or turkey or mutton, game, vegetables, puddings and pies, and wine and liquors were added.

The greatest hotel in the country was the new City Hotel in New York, which had recently been erected on Broadway between Thames and Liberty streets. It was five stories high, contained seventy-eight rooms, and was regarded as a marvel of size and luxury. There was a large assembly-room where dancing-parties were held.

The society of New York was changing, and already the commercial life of the city was rising to the top. The population was more than one hundred thousand people. It had passed Phila-



BRIGHTON WALKING-DRESS

delphia and was increasing in size at a tremendous rate. Wall Street was regarded as the typical street. The *Stranger's Guide-Book* for 1817 said:

In Wall Street, which commences at Broadway, crosses Pearl Street, and descends to the river, are situated the Banking-houses, Custom-house, Insurance offices, Tontine Coffee-house, the offices of Exchange Brokers, and most other public mercantile offices. This is a very handsome, airy street. Towards the bottom, in the neighbourhood of Pearl Street, and in front of the Coffee-house, the public sales by auction are conducted, which renders this quarter extremely busy, and gives a very favourable and correct idea of the extensive trade and commerce of New York.

Like Boston, New York had suffered from the embargo, but it recovered with startling rapidity and business went forward so furiously that in a few years there was a reaction and a temporary business collapse. Notwithstanding the obvious commercial destiny of the city, the society was still aristocratic. Great families, such as the Livingstons, Clintons, Van Rensselaers, Schuylers, and Morrisises, dominated politically and socially and even industrially. The social life was gay. A few Dutch customs—for instance, general visiting on New-

Year's day—prevailed and spread to other cities. Many private balls were given. The favorite dining-place for the men was the Tontine Coffee-House; the lounging-place for people of fashion in the warmer seasons was the beautiful Battery, overlooking the Bay. There were as yet no men's social clubs, but a few popular shops, to a certain extent, took their place. A man could stroll into one of these, meet his friends, and linger for hours at a time.

In spite of the presence of a Puritanical element, there was almost as much entertaining in Boston as in New York. It had suffered severely during the war, as much of its wealth was in shipping, and it received the news of peace with wild rejoicing. There was a long emblematical procession, and a great oratorio was sung in the concert-hall. On the evening of February 24th there was a Peace Ball, which everybody, including the gentry, attended. In spite of the general evenness of fortune among the people of New England, and the consequent democratic nature of the social life, in Boston and other large towns there was a perfectly clear dividing-line between the gentry and the common people.

The chief gathering-places for the so-



A VIEW OF CHARLESTON
From a painting made in 1774



CITY HOTEL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, 1812

ciety of the South were Baltimore and Annapolis for Maryland, Richmond and Norfolk for Virginia, Raleigh and Wilmington for North Carolina, Charleston for South Carolina, and Savannah for Georgia. New Orleans was a city by itself, deriving its prosperity from commerce and from the vicinity. It was as much French in its characteristics as if it had been in France.

One Southern city in particular stands out as having the characteristics of the others in an exaggerated degree. Charleston was then among the first five cities in the country in population, among the first three in the importance of its commerce, and without a rival in the lavishness of its hospitality and the luxurious life of the members of its ruling circle. Few families in this circle had

less than twenty household servants; all had coaches and horses, and their servants wore family liveries. It is true that the servants played as much as they worked, that the coaches were not always in repair, and that the liveries were often shabby, but the masters lived like a landed nobility, were treated as a nobility, and often spoke of themselves as a nobility. Those who had their plantations near the coast were generally called the "low-country nobility." Writing some years later, James H. Hammond, Senator from South Carolina, said he wished his sons to be "South Carolina country gentlemen, the nearest to noblemen of any class in America." In colonial days some of the gentry had been in commerce, but as the civilization developed more and more upon a foun-

dation of slavery all trade came to be looked down upon as an occupation unworthy of gentlemen. It fell almost exclusively into the hands of foreigners, while the Carolinians planted and went into the learned professions and public life.

A recent commentator on American life has observed that our political history is notably free from the names of women; and he is correct. The historian of the United States cannot begin his work with an account of a wholesale flirtation, as Herodotus, the father of history, began his; nor is he called upon to discuss the wholesale divorces of a monarch as a part of the history of a great crisis, as an English historian must. It is true that a queen as well as a king gave encouragement to Christopher Columbus and sent him on the voyage which resulted in the discovery of America, and that it was under another queen, Elizabeth, that the first English settlements were made, but when we come to America itself we find ourselves in a land where men have been thus far in undisputed political possession. It is necessary for our purpose to point out only one reason why this is so. It is because there has never been a permanent governing class in this country with a permanent society of officials and their families in which, as a matter of course, the women would be supreme. Whenever the same officials have been in power for a long time, however, a society of their own has begun, and there have been signs of the influence of women in political affairs. Such a society was forming in 1815, when the same party had been in control of the national government for fifteen years. It grew in force during Monroe's term of eight years, which was a continuance of Madison's, and when three members of his Cabinet, Adams, Calhoun, and Crawford, were candidates to succeed him, each had a coterie of women followers in Washington who exerted themselves to further the interests of their favorite. When Andrew Jackson, an outsider, became President, Washington society was strong enough to try a fall with him. He offended it by taking into his Cabinet the husband of a woman whom it would not recognize, and it compelled him to send the obnoxious

couple beyond the seas and reorganize his administration. But soon the personnel of Washington society was changed, the circle was broken into pieces, its power was gone, and women's influence disappeared from national political life. That influence had been exerted indirectly, however, and a woman of polite breeding would have resented a charge that she meddled in public affairs. What she thought on the subject is illustrated by the remark of Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith, a woman of unusual intelligence, to a Federalist whom she met a few hours after she had fled from Washington when the British invaded the city in 1814. He said the defeat of the Americans was an argument for a standing army, and Mrs. Smith replied that she had always understood that a standing army was an instrument of despotism; but she added, "I am not competent to discuss such questions, sir." We can, in fact, eliminate consideration of women in any other than their private relations when we consider the American women of a hundred years ago. "A female politician," said *The Female Friend*—a little book published in Baltimore in 1809 under the patronage of citizens of that city, Annapolis, Alexandria, Georgetown, and Washington—"a female politician is only less disgusting than a female infidel, but a female patriot is what Hannah More was and what every American woman should study to be."

So the women were domestic, and the home was the scene of their activity. The object of their education was to attract men, gain husbands, have homes, and manage families. Their teaching was entirely different from that of men. All boys who went beyond the merest rudiments must learn Latin and mathematics, but the girls learned neither, nor Greek, nor the sciences, except some geography, astronomy, and physics—or natural philosophy, as they called it. To give a girl the same course of study as a boy beyond the first reader would have seemed absurd. Addison's description, in the *Spectator*, of the accomplishments of an Englishwoman of high breeding in 1712 would have answered, with some modifications, for the daughter of a well-to-do family of America in 1815:



THE OCTAGON HOUSE

Occupied by President Madison after the burning of the White House in 1814

She sings, dances, plays on the lute and harpsichord, paints prettily, is a perfect mistress of the French tongue, and has made a considerable progress in Italian. She is, besides, excellently skilled in all domestic sciences, as preserving, pickling, pastry, making wines of fruits of our own growth, embroidering, and needlework of every kind.

Elementary as it was, the book education of women was far better than it had been in earlier days and was more generally diffused among them. Women wrote well whose grandmothers had not been able to write at all. They read some books besides the Bible, and spoke better grammar. They wrote very good letters, although they were taught a stilted and unnatural style. Their choice of appropriate words seemed to be instinctive; their sentences were well constructed and their meaning was clear.

The system of education fulfilled its object. According to report, the girls of North Carolina married at such an early age that grandmothers of twenty-seven

years of age were often met with; but, as a matter of fact, early marriages were usual in all the states. Even among the higher classes girls often married when they were thirteen. This was a new country and there were more men than women, so there were few old maids. It was a farmer's country, productive land was plentiful, and it was easy to support a family, so from the early marriages came large numbers of children, often a dozen or more from one marriage. Widows married again if they were young; widowers married again whether they were young or old. It was the land of marriage.

Americans were a religious people, and the women, especially, were orthodox. They put human conduct to the touchstone of the rules laid down in the New Testament. They accepted the gospel according to St. Paul without protest, even when he told them that they must learn in silence, with all subjection.

A standard author with them was Hannah More. She was quoted, remem-

bered, emulated, and shamelessly imitated. Her philosophy was that of the men of her time. One of her ablest essays was on St. Paul; but, while she defended him from the charge that he opposed marriage, she did not defend his views on woman's subordination, because no one attacked them.

The great duty of woman was to contribute daily and hourly to the comfort of husband, parents, brothers and sisters, and other relations and friends, to form and improve the manners and dispositions of men by her society and example, to care for children and mold their minds. She was prescribed strong doses in reading, most of the books dealing with religion; but she could read *The Rambler*, *The Idler*, and *The Spectator*. Shakespeare was too coarse; but selections from his works were permitted. Byron must be avoided; but Young's *Night Thoughts*, Thomson's *Seasons*, Milton, Cowper, and Goldsmith were recommended. Moral essays, such as Mrs. Chapone's letters on the "Government of the Temper," Knox's essays, and, of course, everything of the incomparable Hannah More, were considered the best things for her; but she was encouraged to read American history—Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts*, Ramsay's *History of the Revolution*, and the *Proceedings* of the Massachusetts Historical Society being specified as suitable works. Of American biography there were the lives of Franklin and Washington. She was warned against novels, but might indulge herself with *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, and a few others. Life was a serious affair, and preparation for eternity should be made by reading serious, contemplative books, such as Dodd's *Reflections on Death* and his *Thoughts in Prison*, Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, and Littleton's *Dialogues of the Dead*. I am not writing a humorous parody on the education of a young lady, but am faithfully transcribing the titles of the books selected by those who directed her reading.

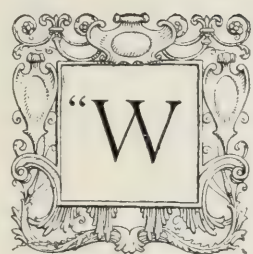
I doubt whether many women read the *Dialogues of the Dead* when the teacher's eye was not upon them. I doubt if they cared much what men thought their position ought to be, because they knew what it really was;

and they were willing that men might have the word of sovereignty as long as they had the fact. Mary Wollstonecraft might protest to the utmost, but they were content "rather to be short-lived queens than labor to attain the sober pleasures that arise from equality." Their condition compared favorably with that of the women of other countries.

Americans practised marriage freely, but the habit of unmarried had not been acquired and divorce was not a national evil. The social life of the country existed without this scandal to furnish food for conversation. In 1811 Thomas Law, an eccentric Englishman, whose real residence was in Washington, established a legal residence in Vermont so as to obtain a divorce from his wife, Elizabeth Parke Custis, a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. They had been leaders of the society of the capital, and their separation and marital differences had caused a social commotion. This was probably the first instance of a divorce in the society of the city, and it stood alone for many years. Regular divorce laws were a novelty in the country. In South Carolina a divorce had never been granted. In New York for a hundred years before the Revolution there had been no divorces. That state had no law on the subject until 1787, when the courts of chancery were authorized to pronounce decrees from the bonds of matrimony for statutory cause alone, but the legislature might do so also; and the law remained thus for many years. Generally speaking, the states in which English customs held most tenaciously were very strict in their reasons for divorce, and those which applied rules of their own were more free. Louisiana had the liberal laws of the *Code Napoléon*. Divorce was still exclusively a function of the legislatures in Delaware, Kentucky, and Maryland. In Georgia the legislature might allow divorce by a two-thirds vote of each house after the cause had been tried and a verdict given in a court of justice. In the other states it was a function of the courts, and the causes for allowing it extended to intolerable ill-usage, wilful desertion, and habitual drunkenness. But whatever the laws were, they were rarely invoked.

A Homely Sacrifice

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD



"WHAT'S that!" cried Miss Sally, at a sudden rattle of pebbles on the upper window-pane.

"Reddy—only Reddy Blake," said Mrs. Farrell, shifting the weight on her lap. "He's mad 'ith me, an' he's throwin' stuns at the robin that has her nest under the eaves on my porch. He ain't got nothin' agin the robin; fact, he'd rather not hit her; but he thinks it troubles me, and it doos—"

"Why, Mrs. Farrell, how can any one want to trouble you?"

"Wal, the whole of it is I'm mad 'ith Reddy. You see, he was playin' hookey, an' somebody told on him. An' he thought 'twas me. 'Twarn't. I tell on a boy! And a boy that's lost his father! But often w'en ye git a notion ye can't git rid of it; an' Reddy's got it fixed in his brain that 'twas me got him his lickin'. Fust thin' he done was ter open my door an' throw in a live mouse. He knew how scared I was of a mouse. An' ter save my soul from harm I couldn't help

screamin', an' that tickled him to death. The nex' thin' he done was ter steal my cat—an' that mouse in the place! But 'twarn't on account o' the mouse. I missed kitty by night an' day; 'ith her gone I felt 's ef there warn't no one in the house. An', besides, I didn't know surely what that imp might 'a' done to her—ef he'd drowned her or shet her up an' starved her. Sometimes I've thought

there was more o' his mother in him than there was o' his father. I do 'no'. I uster wake up in the night an' seem ter hear Kitty cry. But one evenin' she come hoppin' home; on her three legs, sleek an' shinin', an' couldn't make enough o' me. I seen her go an' rub agin Reddy's legs, tew, w'en he was goin' by w'islin'. Nex' time I see Reddy he put his tongue in his cheek. Then, becos he warn't satisfied 'ith his ill-doin's, he gits up on my roof an' stops up my chimney with a board an' two big stuns—he was spry as a cat himself them days. He ain't so spry now—poor little bad soul. I can't tell ye w'at I suffered 'ith the smoke a-pourin' back, couldn't git no draught, nor



"HE SAID I WAS MORE TO HIM THAN ALL THE WORLD"

bake nor broil. An' then there come a great gale an' blowed the board off, an' the stuns made a hole in the shinglin' that it took time an' trouble an' money to mend. No, I ain't no use fer Reddy Blake. Leastways, as I feel jes' now. An' he knows it, an' fires at the robin w'ile he's thinkin' up suthin' wuss. One time he come ter the porch where I set a-sewin' an' hed jes' stepped inside a moment, an' he caught up my work-basket an' scattered the thin's in it, the pieces o' this very quilt, so 't took me half the forenoon ter pick em up. I tell ye my fingers tingled ter make his ears smart. Yes, there's been many a time I've jes' longed ter take him acrost my checkered apron, though he's mos' too big. There's some o' the pieces now. Oh, this warn't done all ter onst. Why, it's took years, off an' on. Yes, I set by it. You wouldn't think it of jes' patchwork, but there's been tears shed into it—cotton, too, mostly. The days I was a-linin' an' bindin' of it off, seein' all them bits an' mindin' where they come fum, I must 'a' cried showers. Makes me feel queer in my throat ter-day. That linin' now—w'en they put new fittin's into the meetin'-'us I ast fer the old curtin's behind the pulpit. They was faded in reg'lar streaks, one streak reddish an' another streak buff, where the sun hed burned it. I put it on jes' so; looks 's ef 'twas done a-purpose; old-fashion-brocade-lookin'. The work's a kind o' record, 's you may say. Fer all the days o' my life are stitched inter that quilt!"

"How interesting!" said the sympathetic Miss Sally.

"Here, I'll show ye," said Mrs. Farrell, throwing it over the back of a chair, the better to unfold the laps. "You see that little bit o' lavender color? It's French caliker. That was a piece o' my fust long gown. I mind the day I put it on. I felt as ye do w'en ye're goin' ter the circus or any great thin' ye've been lookin' forrud to. It seemed 's ef life was jes' beginnin'. I was goin' inter a world where everythin' was bright. There warn't a thought o' death in that world, no grief, no disappointin'. 'Twas all hope an' gladness. That atom o' lavender! An' that rose-sprigged piece now! Pretty, ain't it? I hed it on the evenin' he said I was more to him than all the

world, when he put his arm 'roun' me there in the darkness o' the lawn—the moon jes' gone down, an' the dew on the wild roses sheddin' sweetness 'ith every little breath o' the soft, dark wind—that rose-sprigged piece—full o' love an' joy! I can't a-bear the smell o' them roses summer nights now. That dust-colored scrap! I hed that on the day I larned he'd changed his mind an' was goin' ter marry her. My life's been dust-colored ever since. I'm speakin' reel free, mebbe—"

Miss Sally pressed her hand for reply.

"Yes," resumed Mrs. Farrell. "That blue right by it? It's off'n the gown she stood up ter be married in. That yaller was her fust baby's ni'gown—Reddy's. Oh no, I never quarreled with 'em. 'Twarn't wuth w'ile. 'Twarn't long, I guess, 'fore he found out he'd giv' substance fer shadder. He lost her money—bank busted—an' he died. An' nobody knows jes' how they keep the breath between their teeth."

Mrs. Farrell was silent awhile, tracing her finger up and down the pieces. She started, as if coming back from a distance. "'Twas suthin' later I took John Farrell," she said. "He'd ast and ast, and along ter the last I thought 'twarn't no use two on us bein' onhappy. So we was married. I'd 'a' been a good wife ef he'd lived. But w'en we started off in the chaise the folks throwed thin's arter us, an' suthin' hit the hoss so 't he rared right up, an' we was tossed out, and I was lamed fer life, an' John Farrell never stirred ag'in. His folks give me his propurty. My mother came an' stayed 'ith me. See that gray, like a soft bit o' cloud? It's only a mite, but it holds power. 'Twas hern, my mother's, w'en her hair was the same silver color. Makes me think o' the flower-de-luce in the gardin by moonlight. Mother uster walk there Sabbath evenin's. Yes, yes, oh me! An' this laylock—my sister Mary wore that. 'Twas becomin'. She was a sweet, serious gel. She thought her husban' stood 'roun' w'en the world was made, an' he thought she made it. They was happy. There's the misery o' growin' old—you jes' walk among graves.

"W'en I see that speck o' red and blue, I bring ter mind the time the boys come marchin' hum, what there



"AN' THIS LAYLOCK—MY SISTER MARY WORE THAT"

was left on 'em, an' the band playin' till the music made your heart stan' still. That was a shred o' one o' the old battle-flags that was shot ter pieces. I darned it to proper size. Yes, Reddy's lost his foot, as you was sayin', an' without goin' ter war, either. Spite o' his actions I do' 'no' but I feel sorry fer him; seem ter symperthize. He's been wuss sence he lost it, tew. Havin' ter go thru life limpin' 'ith my lame foot's sort of enlightenin'. An' as ye say, he ain't the money ter buy a new one, them light paper or wood kind. I seen one o' the boys that come hum fum war that hed both legs shot off jes' below the knee, an' he hed two wooden legs, an' he was

dancin' a reel. Think of it! There's some scarlet—Cousin Susan wore it the day o' the flag-raisin'. She was dark-complected—sort o' flashin'. I sot out some wild red lilies on her grave. There was lots o' life in her. Cur'us, how life gits blowed out! Oh, my life's lived out in this quilt. I do' 'no' but I'll hev it buried 'ith me. There's nobody ter know w'at it all means."

"I will," said Miss Sally. "And so will Mrs. Holmes."

Mrs. Holmes had but lately come to the village with Miss Sally, her companion; and, having bought an old house, she was humoring herself with the idea that it was old Colonial, was adapting

her furnishings to the idea, and was by way of being immensely interested in all pertaining to the place.

"Why," said Miss Sally, "she says this quilt is not only your history, but a history of the place, a real live book of chronicles. She was quite excited about it after you let her see it, and insisted I should. She said she'd give—well, perhaps a hundred dollars for it. She said it was a human document, and it would be a misfortune to the place to have it worn out like any common covering. She said she could hang it over an empty doorway, the lining outside, and when people admired the work of the

sun on that crimson stuff, changing it to sun-color, she would turn it about and tell them the story of the place and the people."

"I never thought she was silly as that. A hundred dollars! Ef she's got money to throw away so she'd better buy Reddy his wooden leg!"

"But she doesn't know anything of Reddy, except as a boy jumping off a haymow and having his foot crushed."

"Reddy ain't nothin' to her, I know," said Mrs. Farrell.

"But you can't say it's money thrown away when paid for a thing you value so."

"She couldn't hev that quilt ef she covered it 'ith silver dollars!"

"What a lot one could do with all those dollars, though, Mrs. Farrell," Miss Sally urged, rather plaintively.

"You needn't talk, dear. I'm sot as Mount Pisghy. This quilt's my life writ out. An' my life's goin' inter the grave 'ith me."

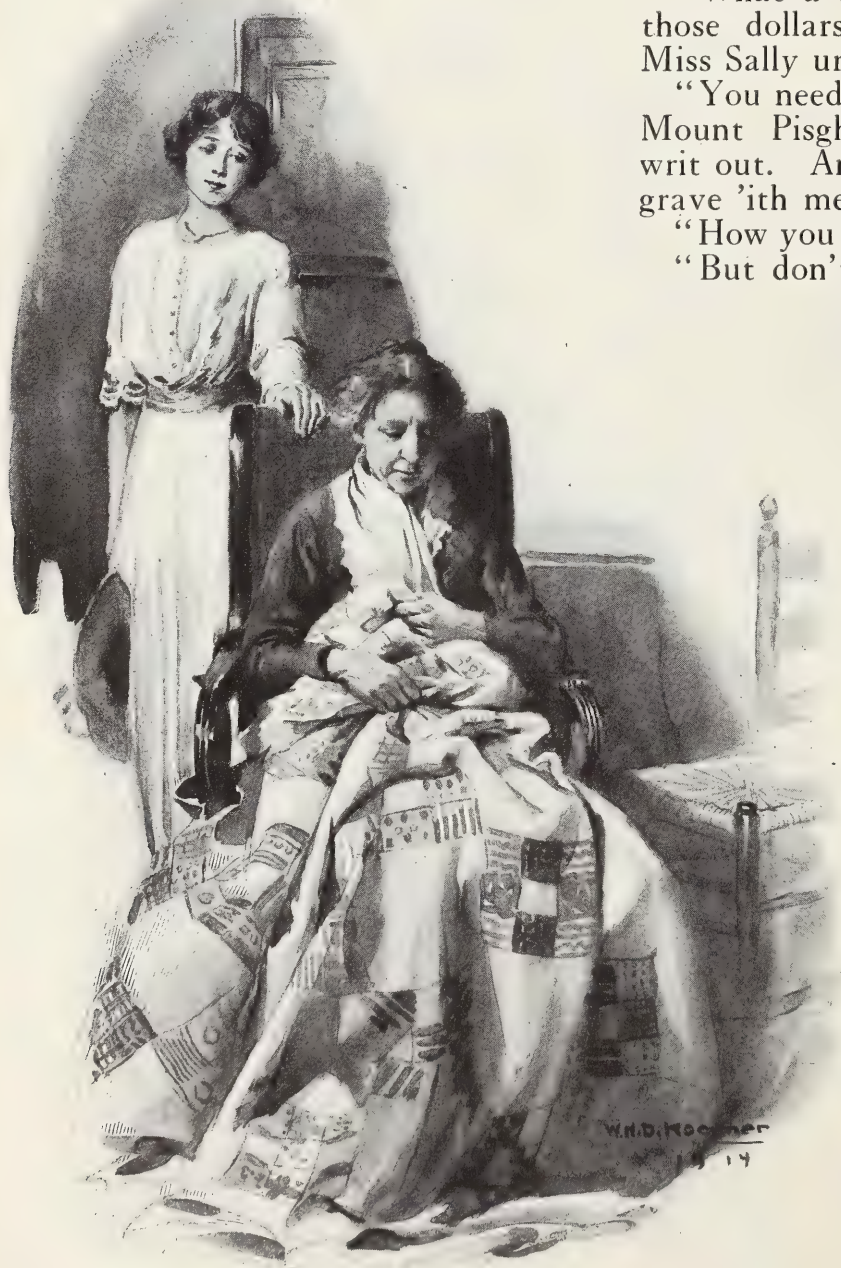
"How you talk, Mrs. Farrell!"

"But don't you see them pieces are allers showin' me w'at I wore, an' callin' up picters o' the others in w'at they wore, when we was young. It's better'n a photograph-album. It keeps a-tellin' me I was young onst, I was young onst. I hed the pleasant forenoon o' my life. An' there can't be two forenoons to one day. Your'n ain't all gone. But it's the edge o' the evenin' now 'ith me."

"Oh no, just after-noon."

"An' most o' Reddy's forenoon's gone 'ith that lost foot o' hisn, poor little chap! I do 'no' w'y I keep the little scamp on my mind so."

"Yes, part of his forenoon is gone," said Miss Sally, who had both Mrs. Holmes's



SHE GENTLY SAID GOOD-BY

wishes and Reddy's necessities on her mind, "unless—"

"Unless what?"

Miss Sally's pale face flushed, but she did not know how to say more, and she cast down her mild eyes and gently said good-by.

"No," said Mrs. Farrell, as if she still had Miss Sally's ear, "she can't hev it. It can't hang in anybody's empty doorway. It's—it's—too sacred to be seen of everybody!" And as she stood up—wondering then a little about Miss Sally's unfinished sentence and her own unanswered question, and yet in some blind inner consciousness knowing the answer very well—she saw, as she held her hands high in disposing her quilt property, the boys on the green playing ball and Reddy Blake leaning on his crutch just outside the ring. A ball flew wild, and Reddy, lifting his crutch, caught it on the fly and sent it back; and then, his support having failed him with the uplifting of the batting crutch, he sank in a heap, and Mrs. Farrell thought she saw a quivering lip bitten to hold it straight. "The poor little creetur!" she said to herself. "I'm ashamed on ye, M'villa Farrell. Keepin' a grutch agin a child! I ain't no business—ef I'd been his mother—as I might 'a' ben"—she thrust her head through the open window space. "Reddy," she cried, suddenly, "you come here!"

Reddy, his footing regained, turned and looked at her and then looked back at the game.

"Ef that motion ain't jes' the way his father uster— Reddy!" she repeated.

He turned again, then he hesitated, then he started to come, and stopped.

"I'm goin' ter hev cream-a-tartar biscuits an' honey fer supper. You come in an' set by," she called.

Reddy hesitated again. He suspected a trap; he grinned, but he did not advance.

"Honor bright!" called Mrs. Farrell. Reddy's grimace was brief.

"Come along, now," said Mrs. Farrell.

And although not quite understanding, convinced neither of her friendliness nor his desert, he decided he would chance it. He slowly made his way around to the end door, where—while the biscuits were baking and the honey



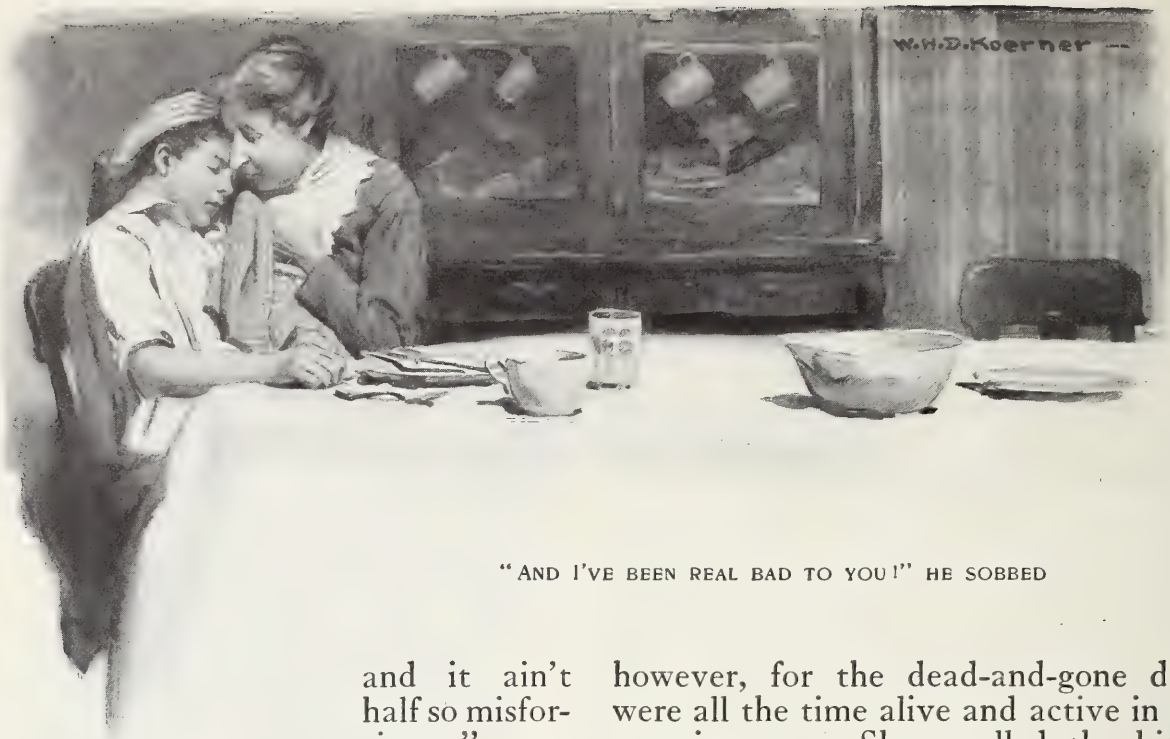
HE SAT HOLDING ON HIS KNEE THE OLD GRAY CAT

dripping from the comb—he sat upon the steps holding on his knee the old gray cat, who seemed pleased to renew acquaintance as she purred. She had lost a foot in a trap, and he felt a pleasant sympathy with her as he smoothed her head, somewhat astonished to find himself here watching Mrs. Farrell limping on her little journeys.

"He does favor his father," she was thinking. "I guess the mischief in him's hern."

When he was summoned he put the cat down gently.

"There's three on us," said Mrs. Farrell. "You make a joke o' misfort'n,



"AND I'VE BEEN REAL BAD TO YOU!" HE SOBBED

and it ain't half so misfortunate."

Reddy, after a moment

or two of diffidence, proved himself a brilliant trencherman, and Mrs. Farrell felt in a way flattered. He might have had brewis at home, which is filling when you are hungry, but nothing to linger over; and this table had a charm of novelty, and the honey was luxurious.

He was too busy for words at first, but after the third helping, and when Mrs. Farrell had left the table for more biscuits, he came to the conclusion that this was no dream, the biscuits and honey were real, and it was plain that bygoness were to be bygoness. "I uster be sorry fer you," said Reddy, his knife suspended on the way to the butter.

"Sorry fer me!" exclaimed Mrs. Farrell with a quick suspicion that Reddy's shiftless mother might have said unspeakable things. "Why, for goodness' sake, what for?"

"Sundays," said Reddy. "When you come inter meetin'."

"Oh!" she replied. "I see. Ye mean my foot. Yes, it's too bad. But you know how it is yourself now."

"You bet I do!"

The emphasis of Reddy's tone struck against something in Mrs. Farrell's memory. You could hardly call it memory,

however, for the dead-and-gone days were all the time alive and active in her consciousness. She recalled the bitter pangs of shame and sorrow when she first met her recreant lover walking with his bride, and she herself stricken with this deformity. She had learned how to manage it better now and scarcely noticed it. She did not know that a pang of pity, almost as sharp, shook the lover's heart in the midst of his new life.

"I guess I do!" cried Reddy, in a torrent of words let loose. "Oh, Mis' Farrell, w'en I hev to go to the blackboard to schule all the gels puts up their han's 'fore their faces so's not to seem ter see me. It's awful ter be pitied so! W'en my mother wants suthin' in a hurry—an' she's allers in a hurry—the others gits it for her fust. And it's the same way with teacher. And o' course I can't play hare an' houn's, I can't climb a tree, I can't run to base, I can't ever be a missionary, and I can't—"

"There, there, there, Reddy! There ain't but one o' them thin's much conserquens. An' you a missionary, anyways!"

"Missionaries travel, an' see the worl', an' do good. An' thin's like that ain't no conserquens? They're the hull of a boy's life, an' a man's, too. An' nobody'll hire me ter hold a hoss or run an arrant. I ain't no good at all!" And Reddy's tears salted his honey. "And I ain't got money fer a false foot, an' nobody else has!" he concluded.

"You couldn't wear one now whilst ye're growin'," said Mrs. Farrell, scooping up the last of the honey to drop it on Reddy's plate. "'Twould be a sinful extravagance ter buy one fer a growin' boy. In no time at all it wouldn't fit. You wait till you're a man."

"I want it jest as much now as I will then," said Reddy, "'ith the gels an' the fellers an' all—"

And then Reddy broke down altogether and hid his face in his elbow; and Mrs. Farrell came around the table, as if she had no lame foot of her own and were not his ancient enemy, and had his curly head on her shoulder, and was wiping away his tears with her apron, not quite certain, either, whether they were his tears or her own. "And I've been real bad to you!" he sobbed at last.

"Don't ye give up so," she said. "There's no knowin' w'at may happen. There's more ways than one to kill a cat. The Lord looks out fer the lame an' the lazy an' them that won't work. So you an' me an' Kitty's all right."

Mrs. Farrell started to walk home with Reddy after the last of the biscuits and honey had disappeared. "No, Mis' Farrell," said he. "'Twould be puffickly re-dikerlous — two on us! Two on us goin' along tergether and a lame cat follerin'!" But he took with him all he could labor along with, in the shape of an empty hive, pushing it with his spare arm and foot, a long and tiring task, but buoyed by the promise of Mrs. Farrell's first swarm of bees. "You can be a bee-keeper," she had said, "an' do a lot o' thin's

the other boys darsent. I'll larn ye. She went back and washed her dishes, looking after Reddy as she moved about. "I'd like—I'd like fust-rate ter take that child an' fetch him up," she thought. "But 'twouldn't be fair ter John Farrell ter use his money so, unner the sarcumstances."

But when everything was cleared away and Mrs. Farrell was about to sit down and enjoy the moonlight her eye fell on the quilt that she had dropped on the instant of calling Reddy. The re-



IT SEEMED AS BEAUTIFUL AND PRECIOUS AS AN OLD TAPESTRY

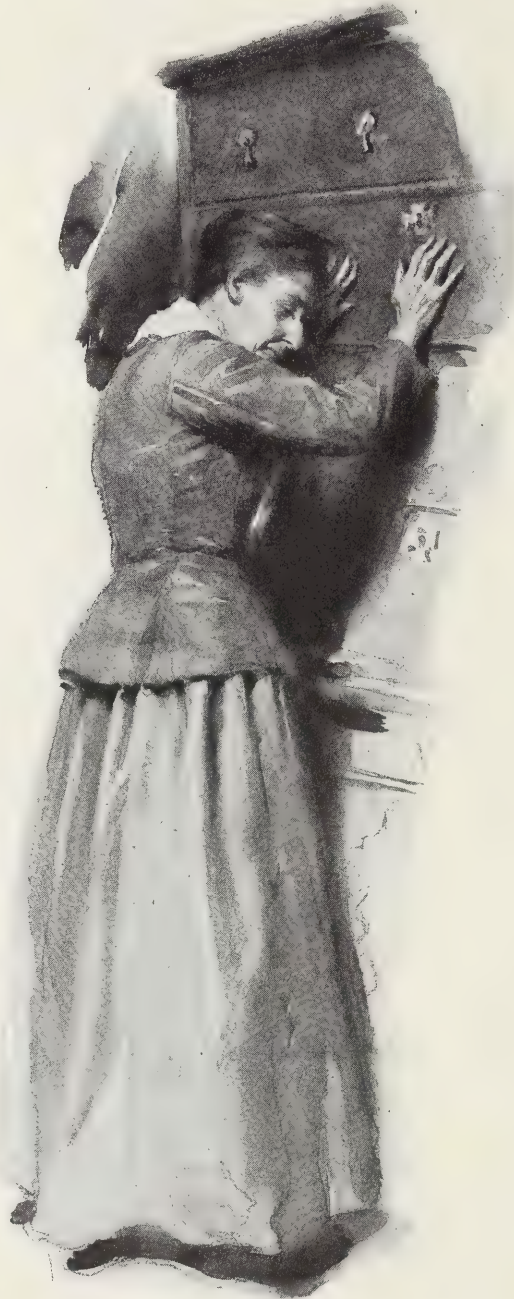
fulgent light of the full moon came through the open window and lay upon the quilt and gave it a certain strange remoteness, a sort of glorifying mingling of its many colors, so that it seemed in the moment something as beautiful and precious as an old tapestry. It was to her—precious and of a value not to be reckoned, something like life itself.

Mrs. Farrell stood a moment irresolute. Then she bent and snatched it up with a sudden eagerness, as if she were snatching it out of a great danger. "My Lord!" she exclaimed. "My Lord in heaven! To think I'd rather keep them bits of old gowns than hev that boy git a new foot! What kind of a mother 'd I been!" And she threw the thing over her arm and ran out through the warm summer night as if escaping evil fates, all the way around the green to the old house that Mrs. Holmes had remodeled, to the admiration and consternation of the village. It was a very brief while that she stayed, but she came away empty-handed, except for a folded slip of paper with which she went straight to the doctor's.

"'Tain't no use your talkin', doctor," she said, answering his remonstrance,

"a-tellin' me he's a growin' boy, an' ter wait. One half o' this 'll git him a foot now, an' the other half can lie at interest an' so git him another foot, by an' by, that he won't outgrow. I can jes' see

him this minute when he's larned ter handle it! I can see his glad little face shine, an' them eyes 'ith their blue blaze light up every freckle. To think them bits o' rags can make folks happy as that! Me an' Mis' Holmes an' Reddy! I s'pose that was what Miss Sally was drivin' at—she's a reel tender heart. My soul alive! w'en I was a-stitchin' away on them shreds an' patches I never thought o' the good work they was boun' ter du!" And Mrs. Farrell went home with a song in her heart which had in it much the same ring as the poet's "He build-ed better than he knew." But as she shut the drawer of the highboy where she had been wont to keep her treasure and turned to close the window, the smell of the wild roses in the



SHE SHUT THE DRAWER OF THE HIGHBOY

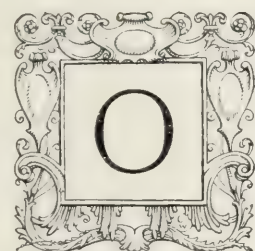
lane came in, and she sat down and in spite of her inner joy she cried bitterly. "I do' 'no' w'at I'm a-cryin' for," she said as she wiped her eyes. "I've lost my quilt, to be sure. But I'm goin' ter have Reddy."



THE DEER COME TO THE WILD APPLE-TREES BY NIGHT

The Harvest of the Wild Places

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON



OVER the hill behind our house, and then a mile through the swamp, we come out into a pasture clearing set on a slope. The slope is to the south, with many an undulation and outcropping ledge, with here and there a group of young hemlocks, here and there an old apple-tree bristling with suckers, or a spiky seedling from the parent pippin, cropped into a dwarf cone like an inverted top; and almost in the center of the pasture a hollow where a spring makes an emerald patch in the grass, and an emerald ribbon follows the outlet brook into the woods. On its southern edge, the clearing meets the forest, with little bays running into the pines, or sallies of young birch coming out to prospect in the sunlight. The pasture grass is cropped by occasional sheep and a cow or two which wander through the woods from a distant farm. They like it especially in hot weather, for its spring and its clumps of hemlock, under which they gather in the dense shade and look out at you blankly. But, despite the cattle, it is a wild spot—an abandoned clearing going back to forest; part of a farm where man once reaped his hard-won harvests, and now reaps no more.

Yet it is harvested daily by the four-footed and flying creatures of the wilderness, and the human cultivation once expended upon it has made it the richer farm for them. They toil not, neither do they sow, yet they live well on a varied if vegetarian diet. They reap as the fancy strikes them in man's abandoned clearing.

There is so much to see in our pasture, so much to infer! It is so quiet, so delicately melancholy with its suggestion of a vanished race of New England pioneers, so lovely with its woods and spring, such a busy restaurant for the birds by day, with music furnished by the patrons, and by night a restaurant, too, always open, with no police restrictions, though we be not here to see. To take morning reckoning of last night's visitors, especially by their tracks in the snow, is one of the lesser but unfailing delights of woodcraft.

Birds are busy creatures, for all they find so much time to sing, and they pay a great deal more attention to their stomachs than the poets ever mention. You will come closer to the facts in those government bulletins which report the finding of two thousand mosquitoes in the stomach of a single martin, and similar interesting discoveries, than in the poet's pages. I don't know that I



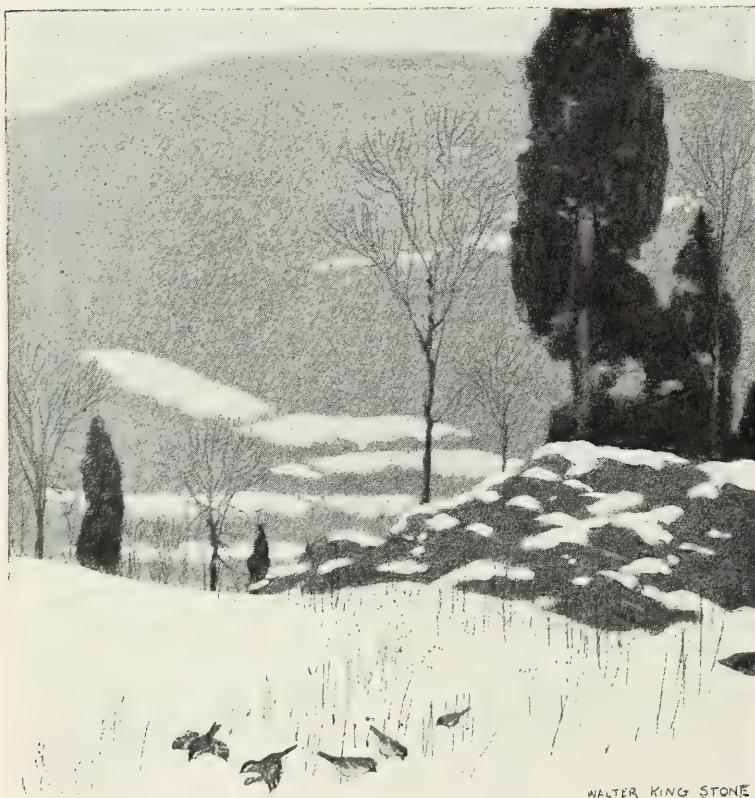
PASTURES STUDDED WITH DARK SENTINELS

have ever seen it computed how many raspberries a catbird can eat, but I know it is more than I care to spare from the vines in my own garden, where a pair of catbirds who nest each year in a red-osier dogwood beneath my study window love to feed. Out in our abandoned clearing, however, I do not begrudge them the berries, which grow in a corner where the vanished farmer made his last

cutting of timber. Many a time I have lain on the ground up the slope in fruiting season and watched a catbird darting back and forth to these vines, as if his appetite were insatiable, his trim gun-metal body taking the sun on head or wing-tip. Presently I would get up and stroll over to gather some berries for myself. You would have thought a band of human pickers had been there,

to see all the whitish, thimble-shaped hulls hanging denuded from their stems. Even as I would put out my hand for a red fruit there would come from the thicket close by a mew of protest and an angry flutter of wings. Though, in my own experience, the catbirds are most addicted to raspberries, the thrushes, orioles, robins, flickers, and cedar wax-wings also eat them, and doubtless other birds besides.

But there are many other harvest products in and about our pasture besides the raspberries. Even the weeds yield their store, and in autumn, or better still in winter, when the weed tops stand up dry and stiff above a light covering of snow, you may see the Canadian or tree sparrows (so called, perhaps, because



WALTER KING STONE

A WINTER-MORNING BREAKFAST

they spend most of their lives on the ground!) hopping up to peck at the seeds, or occasionally one more wise shaking the seeds down and picking them up from the snow. In our own farms and gardens, indeed, we may see the same thing occurring, and often beneath a weed top find on light snow the dust of seed shells and innumerable tiny tracks. There is nothing more beautiful than the weed tops above a deep snow by country roadside or forest edge. Consider a group of wild-carrot tops (Queen Anne's lace), dried and turned up into fretted cups to hold each its thimbleful of snow, or a clump of withered goldenrod blooms, as perfect in shape as they were when the frost struck them down, but a brownish gray now instead of gold. Above all, look for the pods of the milkweed, three or more on a single tall stalk, a lovely yellowish brown inside, a delicate mouse-gray on the tongue, which curls over like the hood of a Jack-in-the-pulpit! The milkweed pods, above the deep snows of winter, with the full sun upon them, are like petrified orchids.

Grass tops are lovely, too, rising through the dazzle, and cattails in the swamp, and many a more humble weed. And every one that bears seeds is harvest for the birds and mice, as well as the most delicate of etchings—a few gracefully stiff lines, a puff of withered bloom, against the dazzling ground plate of snow. Tiny foot marks, with the line of the tail between, make roads amid all the weeds of our pasture after winter has come. We may call it an aban-

doned clearing, but it was busy enough last night!

Richer food than the weeds, however, is provided near our pasture by the black-cherry-tree close to the old fence just over the ridge toward a desolate cellar-hole. It is the lush time of sum-



PARTRIDGES HAVE BECOME SHY AND SCARCE

mer when this tree is in fruit, the time when the baby birds are getting their growth, when the mother robins are anxiously busy. Man may have forsaken this clearing, but if we take our stand quietly under the cherry-tree, and wait a few moments till the frightened birds are reassured, we find ourselves in the midst of almost feverish avian activity. Robins dart into the tree incessantly, making a considerable noise about it, too. Now and then a big

flicker comes winging into the branches. There is the gorgeous flash of an oriole, and sometimes, perhaps, the brilliance of a rose-breasted grosbeak or a tanager. Only the robins so haunt our domestic cherry-trees (can you not remember how, as a boy, you were startled, when rob-

insect pests, especially tent caterpillars, but if these pests were kept down by spraying, a few wild trees ought to be a considerable protection on the edge of a cherry orchard.

Along such a fence as that where the cherry-tree stands might well be several

cedars. The cedar is not a common tree with us, to be sure, but it grows plentifully twenty miles south in Connecticut. There the pastures are studded with dark sentinels, and many an old fence post is companioned by a sturdy tree or two. When the blue cedar berries are ripe in the autumn the late visitors among the birds, such as cedar wax-wings, robins, jays, and perhaps bluebirds and ruffed grouse (partridges), find them a ready food, and find, as well, warm protection from early snow-storms in the thick foliage. The young cedars, too, make excellent nesting-places for the smaller sparrows in early summer. The foliage is so dense and upstanding about the trunk that such a nest is practically invisible, and one existed in our yard last year, only breast-high beside a frequented garden path, for many weeks before we discovered it.

The lively goldfinch is brother to the butterflies in our forsaken pasture in

thistle-time. There are but few thistles, and they are clustered amid wild sunflowers in a fork of an old logging road by the edge of the second growth—a pretty color scheme of pink and gold. It seems almost as if the finches realized their own harmony with this bit of wild gardening, for they wing into the bed, seeking thistle-down for their nests, and starting up a swarm of tiny brown butterflies which had been invisible before. This garden-patch, too, is murmurous with bees on a warm summer morning. Later the finch returns to the sunflowers for their seeds, and later still



THERE IS PLENTY OF TESTIMONY THAT FOXES DO EAT WILD GRAPES

bing a neighbor's tree, by the rush of wings almost against your face?); and I have been told that even in an orchard, if a wild cherry is planted amid the cultivated sorts, the red-breasted trespassers will choose it in preference. Perhaps they find the small fruit better for their young. I have seen a mother robin in our garden try twelve successive times to stuff a large red cherry down the throat of her offspring, and give up the task only when the fruit was entirely battered off the stone. The wild cherry-trees, of course, are undesirable to the gardener because they harbor so many

you may see the chickadees darting quickly and cheerily out of the pines on the same errand.

Pine buds are still another form of food the pasture affords, and the English pheasants which have overrun our Berkshire woods in the last decade are the feeders. The pheasant is a walking bird, treading with one foot directly behind the other in a perfectly straight line, and he will often tramp for miles without leaving the ground. I have myself tracked one in light snow for more than two, and found him at the end in a nest of leaves. Unlike the partridge (perhaps because they are protected fifty-two weeks in the year), the pheasants like to feed in open spaces, and they particularly affect our pasture because many little seedling pines have begun to creep out from the forest edge and climb the slope, especially around the spring. Only the other day, walking softly on snow-shoes, we came out of the woods into the open dazzle, and saw four brown pheasants close to the spring, waddling on the snow. They did not fly up till we were within fifty feet of them. The snow was two feet deep, and it had thus raised their feeding level. Their tracks were everywhere about the seedling pines, and the juicy little terminal buds, which had been out of reach before the storm, were nipped off by the hundred. Snow which made food scarcer for other birds made it easier for them to obtain. Perhaps that is one reason they are multiplying so

fast. Many of their tracks led down to the spring, which was still open in the center—a black hole in the expanse of snow. Evidently they had gone down to drink or bathe.

This same deep snow and accompanying cold brought down to New England and New York from the north flocks upon flocks of the rare pine grosbeaks, large, beautiful birds which move silently save for occasional little soft



YOUNG BIRCH-TREES HEDGING THE FOREST

notes, almost like the pleasant squeaking of a tiny hinge. They grew very tame as winter progressed, and, from a discovery of the wild barberry bushes in the woods and abandoned clearings, moved in to feed upon the barberry hedges lining the drives of summer estates, and



Drawn by Walter King Stone

AN AUTUMN HARVESTER



then actually to the bushes in front of occupied houses. On one of our walks we found a barberry bush surrounded apparently by blood-stains on the snow, but sitting on a topmost spray was the cause. A young grosbeak, not yet arrived at the dignity of red plumage, his bosom feathers puffed out by the cold wind, held a barberry in his bill, and was working it back and forth, sideways, rolling off the skin, evidently to get at the seeds and pulp. Presently he dropped the skin on the snow, emitted a gentle squeak or two, hopped to a new spray, and, quite unmindful of us, began on another. The snow had no terrors for him so long as that bush held out.

The major harvest of our pasture is undoubtedly the apple crop, and the major harvesters are the deer. The apples are small and bitter—or else tasteless—now. Encouraged by the optimism of Thoreau, I have bitten into many hundreds of wild apples since I first read his immortal pæan in their praise, but I have yet to discover a second Baldwin, or even an equal of the poorest variety in our orchard crop. At any rate, I no longer pick the apples in this pasture. No one picks them. They fall to the ground on an autumn night, and no one hears the soft, startling thud in the silence of the forgotten clearing. But the squirrels and the deer know where they are. More than once, in autumn, we have come out into the pasture in time to see a squirrel leaping across the open spaces toward the shelter of the pines with an apple in his mouth, and we have often seen one pick an



CROSS-BILLS SHREDDING A PINE-CONE

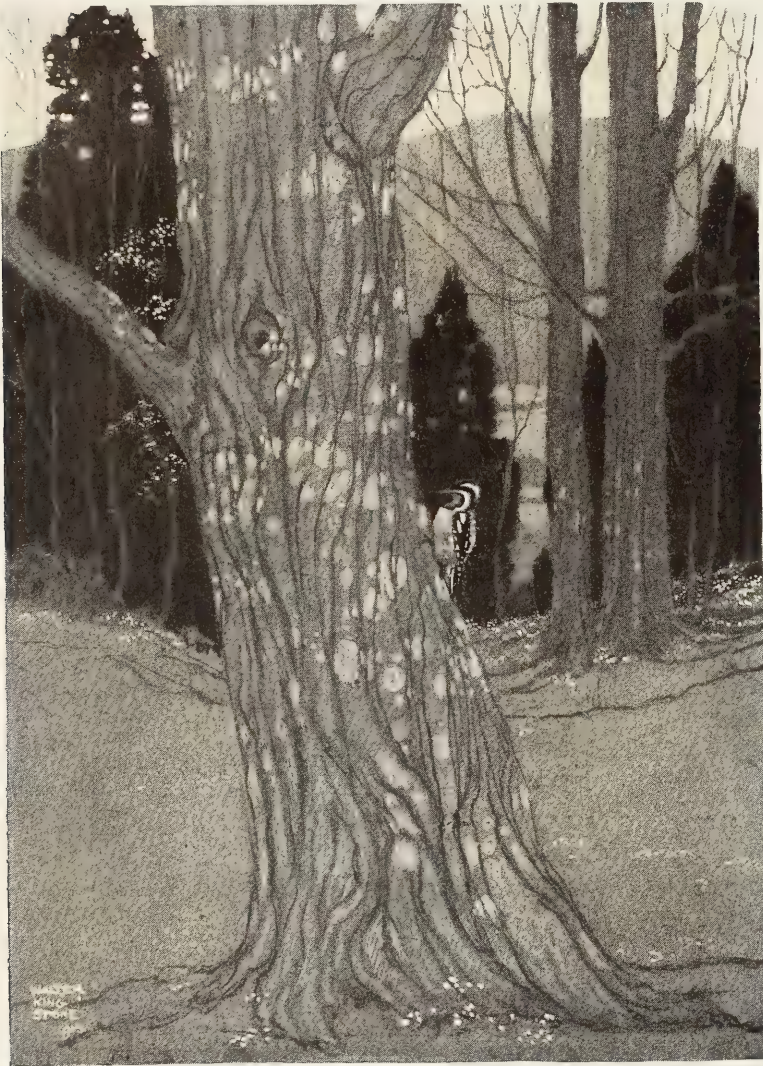
apple from its stem, run down to the ground to get it, and then climb back with it to a crotch and eat at it. Sometimes they spit out the pulp, apparently aiming to get at the seeds, especially after the fruit is over-ripe. Sometimes they appear to swallow it. In old fence-holes frequented by chipmunks and squirrels you will often find apple-seeds. On the other hand, you will often find apples partially eaten on the ground beneath the trees, but not bitten through to the core, unmistakably by squirrels. The rabbits, also, eat the apples in winter. They will even come into our garden close to the village street, and eat the rotten apples on the frozen compost heap. It is there the cat hunts them, stalking behind the hedge. One of the delights of a walk to our pasture is the soft, sneaking approach through the woods, and the surprised uprush of pheasants from the ground when we are discovered, or, at the sudden appearance of a white tennis-ball, bounding away from under the apple-trees. The pips

and stalks of wild roses and the new wood of raspberry vines are food for the rabbits, nor are they at all averse to domestic roses and cultivated raspberry stalks, as I know to my sorrow. They are out in almost all weathers, and the alder thicket below the pasture, on the

attract the grosbeaks around their dwellings discovered that apples were one of the few tempting baits. These birds have not yet learned, like the chickadees and nuthatches, the ways of civilization; they will not touch suet nor crumbs—nor even sunflower seeds.

But apples will tempt them always.

The deer come to the wild apple-trees most frequently at night. Wherever there is an abandoned clearing or secluded orchard near their ranges, they will find it out, and in the morning after a snowfall, or more likely the second day after, you will find their hoof-marks all about the trees, and plentiful signs where they have pawed up the snow and nozzled out the frozen fruit beneath. If I were the particular sort of "sportsman" who shoots tame deer in Massachusetts during our open week in November, I know a certain old apple-tree far back from the road in a nearly deserted township where I should build a blind and sit comfortably down to wait for the slaughter. But that is hardly the way in which I wish to hunt them. It is almost inconceivable to me, indeed, that the law should give any opportunity for the destruction of these beautiful and harmless creatures, the last of the larger four-footed wild things to roam our



THE SAPSUCKER MAKING HIS ROUNDS AND DRINKING INSATIABLY

swamp edge, is in winter a perfect network of their regularly traveled roads leading out to the feeding-grounds. The dog goes quite mad on this crisscross of trails.

The old apple-trees of our clearing, studded with suckers and spikes, are also a favorite roosting-place for the pheasants. The pheasants evidently eat the terminal buds. The pine grosbeaks, too, discovered the apple-trees last winter, carefully rejecting the skin of the fruit, as they did the skin of the berries. Many people, I find, who attempted to

Eastern woods. Those who hunt them are few, if damnably destructive; those who would rejoice to see our forests peopled with the loveliest of wild creatures are legion. Yet the kill-lust of the few rules in our legislatures. The traditions of barbarism die hard!

As for me, I much prefer to track the deer back from the apple-tree in our clearing, where he has been pawing up the snow, into the woods, following his rambles to see what else he ate that day—not a difficult task when the snow is fresh. It is obvious that he has nibbled

at young hemlocks, apparently pulling off the tips as he passed along, much as a horse will do when you are driving him idly down a country lane. But the ground-hemlock, or American yew, is not thus lightly passed over. When the deer find a clump of this evergreen rising above the snow, they fall upon it eagerly, and sometimes eat it down almost to ground-level. It is a staple of their diet. Another staple seems to be sumac. More than once I have come upon a deer along some back road, feeding close to the boundary wall, and investigation has disclosed that he was eating sumac fruit. In winter, when you pick up a deer track in the woods and have time and patience to follow, it will frequently lead you to some sumac hedge by a pasture wall or back road. Before it gets there, to be sure, it may take you into the deep forest for ground-hemlock, and over a frozen swamp to a spot where there are water-holes protected from frost between the peaty hummocks, or even over a mountain almost too steep and slippery for your feet. But ultimately in our New England country the deer will probably swing back toward a sumac patch, even if it brings him close to a village, and leave the signs of his feeding on the broken stems. To start a doe with her fawns by a sumac hedge, to see her clear a stone wall at a single leap with no running start, to see the fawns with white tails like rabbits go cavorting after her with all the grace of animated saw-horses, is one of the prettiest sights in nature.

As you are tracking your deer through the woods, you will come upon many other signs of wild harvesting. Perhaps you may be sitting under a pine-tree, when suddenly a cone scale will fall on your head. Listen, and you will hear the sound of crackling far above you. Creep out away from the tree, and look up. It may take you several seconds to find him, but presently you will spot a red squirrel sitting in a crotch, tearing busily at a cone held in his fore paws, to shred it down to the edible part. Perhaps if you are very quiet you may see him descend the trunk, spring out to the ground when he gets three or four feet from the bottom, and leap across the snow toward an old stump, or

some other tree which contains his hole. Occasionally, even, he will disappear into the snow, working through a tunnel he has built to some hiding-place. There will be scarce a stump in the pine woods without its litter of cone scales on the snow about it, and scarce a tree without tracks leading close to it, and tracks leading away from it which start three, four, or even five feet out. The pine and purple finches feed on the cones, also, as well as the rare pine grosbeaks, and the crossbills. If you ever get a chance to observe a crossbill at work shredding a cone you will no longer consider his odd bill poorly adapted to its purpose. It never slips, but holds like a vise while the hidden neck muscles under those brick-red feathers do the work. This is the bird which an old German legend says got its twisted bill from trying to pull the nails from the Saviour's hands when he hung upon the cross, and its red feathers from the sacred blood.

But hark! the dog has flushed a partridge! It goes whirring off through the woods, with its uncanny facility in dodging obstructions. There is little difficulty in finding the spot whence it rose. On a southward-sloping bank, in a shaft of sunlight, the snow has almost melted away, and with a little scratching the bird has uncovered some partridge-berries, or eye-berries, as we boys used to call the fruit of the *Mitchella repens*, that dainty little evergreen trailer which bears its fragrant, waxy flowers in June, and later its bright red berries, on the forest floor of our American woods. How glossy the leaves look now, and how brilliant the berries, as they lie on the dark, exposed mold, amid the snow and the scattered fragments of dead leaves scratched away by the bird! They are pleasant to the human taste, also, though without the pungency of checker-berries.

The partridges are growing scarce in our Berkshire thickets. Certain game-keepers say it is because the English pheasants have driven them to the mountain-tops, but I have my doubts of this. We have thousands of pheasants, to be sure, and as they are protected the year through, they are extremely fearless; walking up to our very door-yards

after grain. But there is a fatal open season on partridges, and where they are hunted they are shy and scarce. Ascend the Crawford Bridle Path up Mount Washington, however, where they are apparently not molested, and before you break out of the woods on Clinton you will often come upon whole coveys of them beside the path, so tame that they will almost let you touch them with your hand, as they will in the Canadian wilds. I have stood in the path and watched a male bird, with three or four females about him, scratching in the moss not six feet from me, and have talked aloud with my companion while the partridges continued feeding, quite indifferent to us, and keeping up a soft, hen-like *coot, coot* of their own, a lovely little woodland sound.

The fact that the English pheasants are not necessarily inimical to partridges, at any rate, is attested by the experience of a breeder in Lenox, who found both birds nesting on terms of perfect peace in the thickets of his carefully posted and patrolled estate. These beautiful birds could, he believes, hold their own with the pheasants if given the same protection. What a pity the chance, at least, is not afforded them! No surprise in the woods is more startlingly sudden and nerve-tingling than the uprush of an unsuspected partridge and his booming flight along an alley of sunlight ahead. Why must it for ever be a temptation to pull a trigger? Alas! man has got but little beyond the instincts of his remote ancestors!

The partridge feeds on strawberries, as well as on the berry which bears his name, on checkerberries, false Solomon's seal, apple buds, pine buds, and even on wild grapes. Sometimes the grouse will sit in a tall tree almost like hens at roost, and perhaps you may see them in the early morning, or late twilight after frosts. They are more at ease than hens, however, and negotiate a change of perch with far more grace and much less audible excitement.

We have no quail in Berkshire County, which is one of our serious failings. When I was a boy in eastern Massachusetts, a half-witted French Canadian was often my companion in the open, because he could sit down in a field by

the edge of the woods, motion me to silence, and then whistle "Bob White" till sometimes a whole flock of quail would be gathered on the ground about us, almost like the penguins about Captain Scott's phonograph on the Ross Barrier. I can still remember the odd thrill of that experience, and my awe of the half-witted youth who had so little kinship with the rest of us boys, so much with the birds. But our Berkshire winters are too severe for the ground-dwelling quail, and we have too many foxes, as well—and doubtless, in times past, too many hunters.

Foxes are not generally accredited with vegetarian instincts. You never see their tracks, as you see those of the rabbits, around a young oak-tree shoot which has been nibbled down to the tough stem. But Æsop evidently thought otherwise when he wrote his fable of the sour grapes, and there is plenty of testimony that Æsop was right. Foxes do eat wild grapes, as many observers have testified, climbing a considerable way to get them; and probably at times they eat berries and perhaps apples. I have found their tracks, at any rate, beneath apple-trees. I have also been confidently assured that they eat the persimmons in Virginia; that the "ol' houn' dawgs" know how good this fruit is, too, and if you wish to find the very best tree, take a "dawg" with you.

Mr. Woodchuck, on the other hand, doesn't eat at all, after September. He hibernates, coming out on Candlemas Day to see his shadow and make an annual "weather story" for the newspapers. Up in our pasture one winter the ground-hog who lives there had to tunnel up through two feet of snow to get his outlook. The six-inch bore by which he emerged was yellowed by the dirt on his body, and he packed a hard, dirty track across the snow for ten feet to a bore leading down to the back entrance of his dwelling. Evidently he took some exercise between the two doors. But there was not a single track leading away in any direction.

The wood-mice—or deer-mice—eat apples, surely, and many other things, including maple seeds. They also harvest hazel and beech nuts in great

quantities, and they are not at all averse, as I can unfortunately testify, to Spanish iris bulbs. They nest not only in the woods, but in our gardens, preferably under a pile of pea brush, or the straw protection on the flower-beds, and often I have found their tracks in the snow all about the weed stalks, and the dust of trampled seeds, as if they had shaken down their food by climbing the stems.

The mention of maple-seeds brings us around, by a process of suggestion plain enough to the Yankee, to spring. When the sap runs in the maple-trees, when the melting snow steams in the sugar-grove, and makes a haze that is permeated with the aroma of wood-smoke and boiling syrup, spring indeed is on the way. It is then that the yellow-bellied woodpecker, or sapsucker, comes into prominence, if not into repute. He makes one or two holes in a tree—deep holes, sufficient to induce a good run of sap—and then goes to another tree, and another, and still another. When his taps are all running, he starts back and makes the rounds, drinking insatiably, and also, some say, feeding on the insects which stick to the wet bark around his bores. Mr. Burroughs denies this, and on the occasions when I have driven a bird away from his bores I have never yet found anything but clean sap and bark in the hole. He taps the yellow birches, also, for they have a very considerable flow of sap in spring, which, in an unboiled state, tastes nearly as sweet as maple. Later he favors apple-trees.

The squirrels, likewise, are sap-drinkers at this season. If you will break the twig of a sugar-maple in spring you will soon find a crystal drop depending from the abrasion. The squirrels know this, and they either nip several twigs off or bite deeply into the larger shoots, and then go back over their tracks, drinking the sweet sap drops. I have seen them do it in the maple at my own door, as well as in the woods.

Our investigation of that deer's diet has taken us far afield from our abandoned pasture, over the snow, through the woods, even into our own gardens. Let us return once more to the sunny

slope where the stray sheep wander and the finches dart and dip above the nodding thistle-tops. The small wild apples are already forming in the trees, for future harvest. The little trickle of water which runs away from the spring, over a ribbon of emerald grass into the woods, tempts our feet for another brief excursion, till we stand on the edge of a swamp and see amid the weeds the winding canals of the muskrats, where they swim in their search for lily-roots. As we retrace our steps a squirrel chatters at us amid the pines, and when, a moment later, we break into the clearing once more, a startled cock pheasant rises from his feeding and skims away, his long tail-feathers streaming out behind like the rudder of a monoplane. The summer afternoon is very still, yet a hundred sounds are audible—the chime of crickets, the hum of bees, the croak of a frog in the spring, the sweet cheeps and liquid songs of the birds, the murmur of a lazy wind in the pines. How delicate, how peaceful, these sounds are! How unprovocative of tiring thought or senseless worry is this pasture solitude! Here the beasts of the wood and birds of the air find nourishment and go happily about their woodland harvesting. The declining sun bathes all the slope in "the golden light of afternoon," and pushes its beams down the forest aisles to play tag with the shadows. We lie quiet beside the spring, and see a rabbit hop across one of these aisles, his tail flashing white, and make for the shelter of a young pine thicket. A catbird mews by the raspberries. Out of the deep wood rings the elfin clarion of a thrush. It is a little world of little creatures, toiling happily for their bread; and yet the soul feels for them all a curious kinship, here in this silent pasture where the shadows lengthen and the rising sea-surf murmurs in the pines. To shoot the least and smallest would be to break with murderous hands the bonds which link nature into unity. The drumming partridge, the thrush who in shadowed thicket sounds his liquid call, the poet with his verse—how much of star-dust is in each? It is only the rash man who attempts the answer with a gun.

The Miracle

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD



“MAY Roderick come in to say good-by to his mother?” Vincent Sayle addressed the trained nurse with a beautiful deference. Miss Maddox assented.

“Oh yes, I think so. He’s not an hysterical child, is he?” She did not, by the least turn of the head in Mrs. Sayle’s direction, pretend to consult her on the point. Rosina broke in, however, from her *chaise-longue*.

“Roderick hysterical? Why, he’s bursting with health. Of course he can come in. I *must* see him.”

In spite of the spirited freshness of her tone, the two pairs of eyes interrogated each other over her head. A mute decision passed between them, and Sayle went out of the room to fetch the boy.

Rosina Sayle lifted herself a little on her lavender pillows. “You all are too absurd, Miss Maddox. I’m still a human being, you know, if little Vincent is going to be born as soon as he’ll condescend to arrive. I give you fair warning: I don’t want hole-and-corner consultations, and I don’t want things kept from me. They don’t have to be. I’m really not a fool.” Firmness and gaiety were evenly balanced in her tone.

The grave mouth of the nurse widened slightly in a smile. “Don’t worry, Mrs. Sayle. We have no desire to keep things from you.”

Rosina shivered inwardly at the “we”—the mystic federation that it implied. Oh, all for her good! But who wants a secret society working in the dark for one’s benefit?

“Here he is.” Vincent Sayle swung his five-year-old son lightly down from a broad shoulder, beside his stepmother’s couch.

“Good-by, dear. Tell Aunt Pauline I said you might have ice-cream once a week. Have a good time, Roddy, and you shall see baby brother when he’s a

day old.” She lifted her arms to clasp the sturdy little figure, and kissed his cheek heartily.

“Are you sick?” he asked, very gravely.

“Dear me, no! But I may be, just a little. So Aunt Pauline is going to take you, and you’ll see Daddy every day. You’ll come home very soon. We couldn’t get on without you. Good-by.” She kissed him again, and lay back on her pillows.

“Good-by.” He turned to his father. “Can I drive the goats?”

“I think so.” They went out together, Miss Maddox following them.

“I wonder what Vincent will be like when *he* is five,” murmured Rosina with closed eyes. “Different from Roddy, I should think. And yet, who knows? Oh, Vincent, Vincent darling, what are you going to be like?” Then she covered her face with her hands. “Suppose it shouldn’t happen; suppose I shouldn’t love him as much as I want to; suppose there shouldn’t be any miracle!” Then she flung her arms wide and stared at the sunlight—great, hollow, golden gulfs of it beyond her couch. “Isn’t it like me, not to be willing to wait and see—to be worrying and worrying, as if anything I could do beforehand would make any difference?”

Miss Maddox re-entered the room with a tray. Rosina Sayle ate her soup slowly. Suddenly she turned to the nurse. “Do you think he’ll be fair or dark? His inheritance is evenly divided, all the way back. So Mendel doesn’t help me out. Mendel doesn’t, anyhow, unless you have as many children as guinea-pigs. What do you think?” She looked very young and eager propounding the question.

“There’s no telling, Mrs. Sayle. And it won’t make a bit of difference to you after the baby comes. It may be a girl, too—you don’t seem to have thought of that.”

"A girl? I should think not! Would I spend my time having a girl? Girls are very rare in my family. The two oldest are always boys, and often there are no girls at all. Besides, what do you people know about it? I'm the only one who knows anything about that blessed baby. And I've never, from the first minute, been in doubt on that point. A girl indeed! He isn't in the least like a girl."

Miss Maddox laughed outright. She had heard other young mothers predict quite wrongly every physical detail of their first-born. It was a perfectly well-known symptom of maternity. The prescribed treatment was not to contradict.

"I think I'll have a most beautiful nap." Mrs. Sayle yawned widely, after she had finished her luncheon. "And when my husband comes back from Mrs. Dart's, will you send him up to me? I want to ask him about something. Thank you. And now I'm quite all right. Here's the bell, and Frances will get me anything I need. Do go and have a lovely walk in the garden. I think you're rather silly not to go farther, with things as they are, but I suppose you are right. Oh—if you just would give me that book in my bedroom, by the reading-lamp . . ."

Mrs. Sayle's voice was exquisitely modulated. It ran through a hundred silver notes, accentuating here and there with a feather-like emphasis.

"The blue book you were reading this morning?" Miss Maddox's tone was not approving.

"Yes—*Holy Dying*."

The nurse brought it, with a grudging smile. "There are half a dozen new novels down-stairs, Mr. Sayle said."

"Yes; I'll take those later. Just at present I can't do with anything but really good stuff. I give you my professional word as a patient that it doesn't depress me in the least. Quite the contrary." Rosina Sayle waved her hand as the nurse left the room.

Cheering though Jeremy Taylor may have been to her, she did not take him up at once. Instead, she lay in her long chair, pondering, as she had done so many times in the last months, over the adventure that was so soon to have its climax there, under that roof, herself the protagonist. "It is the inevitability

that appals one," she murmured. "I've never before been up against anything concerning myself that I couldn't have stopped—couldn't, I mean, if I had willed it supremely. But there's no discharge in this war. It is extraordinary, for all it's so natural." And then she fell to musing silently, for there were some things that, even in her solitary soliloquy, she did not put into words. They articulated themselves mutely in the back of her brain; but even the lonely air heard no echo of them—even Vincent Sayle caught no hint, in their intimate spontaneous talks. "You pay for being a New-Englander," she had once said to him; and had been silent when he asked her how. You paid precisely in being haunted by all sorts of things your ancestors had abjured. The New England conscience, as Rosina Sayle well knew, can give a very fair imitation of a Witches' Sabbath. Your real New-Englander knows perfectly what it is to meet the devil face to face—to say nothing of all the shapes that he mistakes for the devil. It is characteristic that there is nearly always more than one shape. There is not often the joy of focusing on one antagonist.

Rosina Sayle herself could hardly retrace her own winding path through the thicket of scruples that had intervened between her and happiness. She had not only the New England conscience: she had also the New English sense of humor—the distinctive characteristic of which is that neither grimness nor tragedy prevents its play. Both are apt to be torturing for the possessor. If her heart had had to make it out with the undeniable fact of Vincent Sayle's first happy marriage, her ironic mind had faced as well the latent incongruities in the rôle of stepmother. The stepmother *motif* had jiggled across her romance as the Venusberg music jigs across the Pilgrims' Chorus. She had no fear of not doing her duty by Roderick; she had a good deal of fear of not loving him properly. She wasn't fond of children; she hadn't the miscellaneous maternal instinct with which some women are happily furnished. She had hoped that the miracle of marriage would include Roderick in its magical sphere—that when life turned her into Vincent's wife,

it would somehow turn her, with the same gesture, into Roderick's mother. And it had not done so. She didn't know, even now, on the edge of experience, what a mother felt. She was even afraid that she shouldn't feel the quintessential maternal passion for her own child. But, after all, that must take care of itself. If that extraordinary and ugly thing happened, it wouldn't be her fault. She had loved her husband passionately and had wanted her child: she had performed all the proper preliminaries, and probably she would be the average mother. If she couldn't, it would prove her the monster she still refrained from calling herself. She was quite sure, on the other hand, that no mother felt so detached from her child as she felt from Roderick. He was pleasant, he was good, he was lovable; but nothing tore at her when he came and went. She hadn't achieved the paradox of feeling him in any way part of herself. Her conscience saw to it that she should therefore wrap him, all the more stiflingly, in practical kindness, in patient listening, in canny forethought. On the whole, she had put it through pretty well, she thought. Roderick must, with the philosophy of childhood, have made up his mind that mamma was like that. Perhaps, his own mother having died in his infancy, he didn't miss anything; perhaps he didn't know that most mothers took their little boys more naturally, more spontaneously, than she. Why, she fixed her smile and pitched her voice when she heard him coming, as mechanically as if she were a court lady following a prescribed etiquette. She felt as ceremonious, when she heard his prayers at night, as if she were attending a *coucher du dauphin*.

All this she had grown used to, hoping now and then that Roddy didn't realize. But with her own son coming—ah, should she be able to manage that? Would not her instincts riot about him? Would not her mental and physical muscles respond so naturally to his appeal that even five-year-old Roddy could see the difference? Would Roddy spoil, for her, her own maternity? If she didn't love her child as most mothers do, she would be, for herself, a monster; and if she did, then wouldn't she be a monster

for Roddy? She had no physical fear of the event that lay before her—it wasn't in her tradition to fear natural things. If your delicate flesh shuddered a little, you remembered the women in the slums at the mercy of ignorant midwives, and then for very pride you stopped shuddering. But a moral fear was upon her; and if she blamed Roddy for any of the things that were not his fault (she tried so hard not to!) it was for giving her a terror that she couldn't disclose to her husband. *That* didn't seem quite fair of Roddy. She hadn't stepped between him and his father—she was almost ridiculous about not intruding. It was up to Roddy not to come between her and her husband. Oh, not up to Roddy (to the end her brain would try to do justice), but to his guardian angel—to whatever power it is that stands responsible for the irresponsible young soul. She should really like to have it out with Roderick's guardian angel! And then she laughed to, and at, herself—for the New England sense of humor sometimes makes an unnatural meal of the New England conscience.

Vincent Sayle interrupted her reflections at this desirable point. He bent to kiss her, and before he had raised his head she asked:

"Is he all right?"

"Roddy? Of course. I left him in the buckboard, driving the goats, with Thomas dropping everything to watch him. They'll spoil him to death over there."

"Don't you think we spoil him, too?" she asked with wistful haste.

"You do, my dear. I try not to."

"Oh yes; I mean to spoil him. I want to spoil him."

"Why?"

The question was serious, but Rosina Sayle did not intend to break out now in exposition of her secret mood. She had saved Vincent so long: she would go through with it. Later, with their own little son—theirs—between them, she might have to speak. But not now—not until the climax had been reached.

"Because that is what mothers are for." She hated to toss it off with conventional sentimentality, but she could not speak yet.

"It seems a little odd," she went on,

"that you and Marian didn't name Roderick 'Vincent.'"

"Of course it is his middle name."

"Yes, but it should have been his first—your eldest son."

"Marian didn't like repeating names in a family. And we were both especially fond of 'Roderick.'"

They had always talked about Vincent's first wife—not with any morbid effort to bring her into their own context, but often enough to prove to themselves that she was a subject that could be discussed. Rosina, though she had never known Marian, had made a point of it; and the fine fiber of her husband's consciousness had responded delicately to every stress of hers. Rosina often wondered why she could be natural about Marian and not about Roderick—perhaps because Marian wasn't there and Roderick was.

"You don't mind my calling him Vincent? I couldn't have him anything else. We'll find a nickname in time, if you don't want any one else to have your name."

"Of course I don't mind." He smiled at her.

"I feel, you see, that there ought always now, for all time, to be a Vincent Sayle in the world. His son, and his son—on for ever. Even if the name is all they have of you, better than nothing."

He smiled again, then looked at his watch.

"If you could, dear, I think it would be well for you to take a little turn on the porch in the sun. You know Dr. Betts wanted you to, up to the last minute."

Rosina rose obediently and carefully. Again she had the curious sense of not belonging to herself—of being a chattel, managed for her own good. She didn't mind being her husband's chattel, but she resented faintly the temporary suppression of her personality in all other minds.

"Promise me, Vincent," she said, as they went out on the wide upper porch, "that you'll tell me everything, straight through." Then, as she saw his face darken ever so slightly: "No, I won't make you promise a thing; but remember, if there's danger or a complication,

or a decision—unless I'm absolutely unconscious—I want to know. I would tell *you*. One wants to face things with one's own intelligence. And I think my intelligence is all there. I'm not hysterical, am I?"

"No, dear; you're not hysterical."

"I'm not challenging your rights. As far as I am concerned, your decision would always go. But it would go because I love you, not because I am an imbecile. So if anything does come up, I want to be told. I'm not an entry in a card-catalogue."

"I understand, my dear. I think you know I'd always tell you unless the doctor said it was absolutely unsafe. You're a very sensible woman, but you can't always control your temperature, for example."

"Oh yes, I can—unless I'm being worried with a mystery!"

They laughed. "Can't you trust me, Rosina?" There was a pleading note in Vincent Sayle's voice. Had he, Rosina wondered, some special reason for not promising—for wanting to be trusted? She was suddenly sure that he had. The first physical fear that she had known for months gripped her.

But she was loyal. "Of course I can, dear. I know that you will always do the absolutely right thing. Only I want you to realize that not being allowed to face at first what you've got to face at last, is the real going down into the Valley of the Shadow. Don't tell me anything, ever, that you think it best not. After all"—she turned to him, as they entered the wide door of her sitting-room—"in any right sense, if you know a thing, I know it. It's all one. To say anything else would be a quibble. But I do rather wish little Vincent wouldn't delay like this. It's too coquettish—it almost makes me afraid he's a girl." She lay down again, Vincent helping her, on the *chaise-longue*. "Is Miss Maddox there? Then I think I'll go to sleep for a little. Go and read a book, dear. I hear you have some beautiful novels down-stairs. I have a lot of things to say to you, but I'm not going to say them now."

He bent over her. "Would it make you feel better to say them, dear?"

"No; it would make me feel worse.

They can wait until it's all over. If anything should happen to me"—he frowned as if with a sudden stab of neuralgia—"they wouldn't need to be said. They aren't anything that affects you and me at all. In that sense, they're not important. Afterward, afterward . . ." Rosina turned a little uncomfortably on her pillows.

"Do you feel ill?"

"Ill? No. I feel most annoyingly well. Isn't this ever going to begin, I wonder? It's all overture; and I'm a little tired, at the end of the evening, so to speak, of waiting for the curtain to go up. So must you be, you poor darling. Oh yes, Miss Maddox! Just stay in my bedroom and read a book, if you don't mind. I'm going to sleep, and Mr. Sayle is going down-stairs to read his book. Every one must read a book at once except me. I'm let off." She smiled vaguely at the two, and composed herself, with closed eyes, for a nap.

Sleep took her soon, so that she did not hear the whispered consultation in her bedroom or the ring of the telephone down-stairs, nor yet the muffled, nervous talk with the doctor at the other end of the wire. It was not without reason that Vincent Sayle, facing the operation that he had promised the doctor to give his wife no hint of until the morrow, had asked Rosina to trust him.

Rosina Sayle had only an hour before the operation itself in which to face her crisis consciously. The hour was sufficient, and Vincent Sayle realized that the distrusted Dr. Betts had been right in insisting that the patient should not miss the chance of a good night. Vincent Sayle, whom nobody was "saving," had the long hours of the night to carry Rosina's burden for her. There was no appeal from the doctor's decision: if Mrs. Sayle knew about the operation beforehand, her temperature might go sky-high. At present she was in excellent condition, and they must keep any advantage she gave them, by hook or crook. It was very doubtful whether anything would be gained by telling her before the surgeon actually arrived; but there Dr. Betts had had to yield to Vincent's assurance that he felt it his duty to forewarn her, to give her an hour to

take in the fact that there might be no little Vincent brought into the world.

Sayle resented vicariously their inevitable attempt to suppress Rosina as a responsible being. There was something gruesome in it, even for a modern person like himself. Not that he welcomed the task of breaking it to her—it would have been far more comfortable for him if she had been a chattel morally as well as legally. Hideous, with no mitigation, was this complete disfranchising of any human being before the tribunal of surgery! They looked to him for permission and consent as if her body had ceased to be hers, and she had no mind. All very necessary, no doubt; and in their case it didn't matter—they were one. But it must be atrocious sometimes, that formal dragging in of the next of kin before the knife could descend upon the flesh. With Rosina, the case was laughable—her mind was uncannily clear and calm. Yet he bowed conventionally to the pathologic fetish, and spent his sleepless night as in duty bound, while Rosina slept as sweetly as if Jupiter, flaming in the sky above their garden, were a conscious guarantor of her peace. A queer revenge women have wrested from civilization—that the husband must watch their pangs, step by step, in his helpless imaginings, so that the ancient immunity of the male becomes little more than a dishonest slogan in a sex-war. So he thought to himself, as he lay wakeful, or listened at Rosina's door to her quiet breathing. He plumbed the paradox of chivalry, without becoming for that a whit the less chivalrous. Even while he realized that the pain of the beloved is sharper in one's flesh than one's own, he none the less exalted the beloved's martyrdom and declared to himself that, compared with her, he went scot-free.

Yet even Vincent Sayle, who knew how to be illogical for another's benefit as well as any gentleman that breathes, felt, as he entered his wife's room the next morning to disclose to her the actual state of things, that his was a hard task. He was worried to the core of him by her tears. Rosina did her best to keep them back, but at first she could do nothing but sob on his shoulder—a melting contrast to the

eager, faintly flushed creature he had seen a moment before, high against lacy pillows. She faltered it all out between sobs: she had been so well; she had supposed the long waiting natural enough; she hadn't dreamed that, whatever happened, little Vincent could do anything but take triumphant possession of the world. How could the hushed house of birth be instead a hushed house of death? She shook terribly with her sobs, and Vincent Sayle began to wonder if the doctors hadn't been right—if perhaps in one hour of foreknowledge the beautiful nervous fabric of hope would not be utterly torn in pieces.

"You mustn't, Rosina, darling—for his sake and my sake you mustn't."

And gradually his factitious calm evoked an image of itself in her. "No, I mustn't." She dabbed her eyes dry at last, grew stiller in the white bed, held his arm more gently, essayed a little joke—a mere whisper of mirth.

He had to leave her to speak to the surgeon, who arrived in his car, brisk and ready for action. He had to give more of those stupid authorizations. He had to make the final abdication even of his own stewardship, withdrawing while the doctors and the nurse discussed together. Rosina wasn't even his property any more—she was theirs; and he felt, in that moment, the full force of the insult science levels at our heads.

Up-stairs, alone, for a moment Rosina took the measure of her changed world. Now that she was at last in the fighting-line, with a definite military duty, she was far beyond tears. Her promise to be calm—that precious calm which meant a normal temperature and nerves in equilibrium—was a sharp sword in her hand. Her own unpremeditated cry, "I want him so!" had taught her part, at least, of what she had so passionately wished to know. She knew now that she loved her child as well as any mother of them all. She wasn't that kind of monster, at all events—she had never wanted anything (except her husband) as she wanted her baby. She bathed in the genuineness of it, before going down into unconsciousness. Her appeased conscience put off Roddy—there would be time enough later to see how the question of Roddy turned out. Just

now she must be lulled and quiet—good material, when drugged, for them to work on. No one could consider it her duty, when little Vincent's life was in question, to worry about Roddy, happy at Aunt Pauline's with his goats. She mustn't let her mind worry her body—that complicated package of nerves and tissues and vital organs, with the blood running about among them in a labyrinthine course. An odd world, she thought, smiling with closed eyes, where you always have to be protecting soul and flesh from each other!

Then sordid, practical things intervened, which she met with set teeth and a heart at peace. It had its dignity, all this, though that was far to seek. Even those white-gowned creatures to whom she was a "case"—who didn't give a hang for her cerebrations so long as these didn't affect the pulse their fingers could feel—had their dignity. Yes, even, she supposed, their ugly instrument for making her sleep, though it didn't appeal to one's esthetic sense. . . .

"So it's like this, chloroform. I must remember to tell Vincent. He's never taken it." That was the last articulate thought in Rosina Sayle's mind before the anesthetic conquered both brain and body. She couldn't murmur the words, with that queer thing they were holding over her mouth and nose, but she etched the impression on her brain with a last focusing of her will. "It's like being all centrifugal force—all those electric shocks shooting out from the very center of me. Most uncomfortable. And why does the surgeon look like a grocer? I could see some sense in his looking like a butcher. I must ask Vincent as soon as ever I get out of this." Then the chloroform began its sponge-like work upon her brain, and she thought no more. The hours that dragged at a paralytic pace for Vincent Sayle, outside in the big hall, were swept, for her, clean out of life, more absolutely lost out of her existence than the deepest sleep. Rosina Sayle was absent from her own crisis: the competent hands of doctors and nurse took up her life and manœvered it as if the human clay of poetic hyperbole were clay indeed. She had what to the sensitive creature is the supreme boon of the anesthetic: by no

fault of her own, her most intimate problems were being solved for her without her intervention. Spirit was as grateful as flesh, at the last.

What images pursued each other through Vincent Sayle's mind during that period, Rosina would never know; what tortured memories of Roddy's birth; what strange revisions of mortality and hope; what desperate flinging of his heart upon the new event; what final triumphant concentration of every sense upon her, there in the room beyond, clutched, fought over, held firmly below the tide of consciousness. His period of torture did this for him—it made any outcome tolerable compared with waiting. Waiting, he faced many conflicting alternatives—tragedies that could not co-exist. Endurance was almost worn out before there was anything actually to endure. So when, after a stretch of time to which the marching hands of his watch bore no relation, Dr. Betts came out of the room and walked toward him, the length of the hall, he felt for an instant only relief. Now he should know.

"She'll do, all right."

Then what was there to fear, he wondered. And in that instant, before the doctor spoke again, his nerves began clumsily readjusting themselves to the lost rhythm of joy.

"But—I'm mighty sorry, Sayle—we couldn't save the boy. Dr. Mosher did everything science can do." And then, hurriedly, he gave technical explanations; out of the confusion of which Vincent Sayle gathered that Rosina would never have a child of her own. The door at the other end of the hall opened, Miss Maddox beckoned the doctor, and Sayle was left with his knowledge.

He rose and walked unsteadily to the window, whence he looked blankly out over the garden. Pressing his forehead against the pane, he murmured: "Poor kiddy! She'll mind so. It isn't as if she had ever really cared about Roddy." Then, mercifully, Miss Maddox summoned him, and there were again things he could do—little absurd ways in which his hands and feet and brain could serve the devious plan of science.

Roderick Sayle was exiled longer than any one had contemplated. Before he

was brought home, even for a visit, he had had time to establish a familiar, an almost traditional, despotism over his aunt's household, and reduce the goats to a state of peonage. Sayle went to see him daily, but for weeks there was no talk about Roddy's returning. "A little longer," he whispered each time, behind Roddy's back, to Aunt Pauline. And she would nod, before Roddy turned round.

Rosina was gaining strength—the body defying the soul, this time; for she put no ambition into her recovery, and refused utterly to interest herself in the details of convalescence.

"You think I ought to shriek with joy when Miss Maddox tells me I can go for a drive, or have tomatoes in my salad. I'm sorry not to be thrilled; but I'm not, and there's the end of it. Nothing really interests me—except you, dear." She turned to her husband with a faint smile. "By the way, would you mind burning up that copy of *Holy Dying*? If I should ever come across it again, I should go off my head. Oh, my darling boy"—she hid her face on Sayle's shoulder—"promise me I shall never, never, whatever happens to me, have chloroform or ether again. If I hadn't been drugged out of life, perhaps I could have kissed Vincent once! I think it wouldn't have mattered so much, all my life, if I could just have done that. To think I shouldn't have been there! It's cruel to drown one's mind. What is pain, compared with that?"

"No, dear, no. You mustn't think of it." Sayle's voice was stern. They had united—and this time he was passionately of the confederacy—in the determination to shroud, for ever, the details of Rosina's foredoomed maternity in the merciful anesthetic mists. If Rosina asked questions, he wouldn't answer them; but he dreaded a spasmodic cross-questioning through the months to come. It was so difficult not to put everything to Rosina straight.

"Can't you get up a romantic interest in me, dear? Something to keep you going from day to day—to make you want to wake up in the morning?"

She looked him over, listlessly. "No. Perhaps if you went away, I should find

it exciting to wait for you to come back. But I think I should just die of it. You're my temperature, and my pulse, and my metabolism—all the normal necessary things without which there wouldn't be any 'me.' But you're not an imaginative interest. My body's doing very well, thank you—ask Miss Maddox if it isn't—but there's something wrong with my soul. I used to think you held it in the hollow of your hand, but you've somehow let it slip. Pick it up at once, careless!"

She smiled, but her eyes were wet.

"I've never dropped it, my dear. Only it's a little bruised, and I'm trying not to hold it too close. Are you coming down for all day to-morrow?"

"Yes. I could have done it a week ago, you know, and I think Miss Maddox resents my not taking advantage of my privileges. By the way, there's no reason why she should stay on after this week. She's a nice woman, but she's frightfully expensive. And I dare say it would be a good thing for me to take up the detail of life again—order food, and tell the servants what to do, and all the rest. Life has to go on, somehow."

"I think you're right. There's no reason why you shouldn't do anything you like, *within* reason. And a house without a mistress is an inorganic thing." He hesitated. The most crying difference in life, now that Rosina was virtually well again, was Roddy's absence. But she had never mentioned Roddy since the day of the operation, and it became more difficult, daily, for him to speak. The child must come back, but even his father dreaded the day. There was no reason under heaven why Roddy should be made to suffer for all that had come and gone. It was like Rosina not to mention him until she felt sure of doing it in the right tone. But would the right tone ever come? Poor darling, it never had been really right—it had only been beautifully correct. But that she must never know. He sighed.

"Let me look at you!" There was a touch of her old imperiousness in her tone. "Why, Vincent Sayle, you look dead—positively dead! There's every sort of wrong line in your face, and your eyes are so far back in your head that

in a few days they'll drop down your spinal cord. What a whining egotist I am! As if my cerebrations mattered, while you're pining under my blind old eyes! Why, I have to take care of you! That's something for me to do. I'll come down to dinner to-night."

Vincent Sayle crushed down his impulse to deny his own weariness. Perhaps it would be better for Rosina to put her mind on him for a little. The doctor had said she might do anything she liked, within reason; and their great trouble had been that there was nothing within or without reason that she had liked to do.

"Good! I have missed you," and he rose. "Want some one to help you dress? I'll tell Frances."

"No, thanks. I'm on the job myself now. I believe I'm actually tired of tea-gowns. We'll call it a party. I think I'd like to see you drink a cocktail."

He felt a little reassured as he went down-stairs. Her last speeches had sounded more like Rosina than anything—since. But still no word of Roddy! He knew that she couldn't have forgotten the child; if she hadn't spoken of him, it was because, for some tragic reason, she couldn't bear to. And yet Roddy must come back. Even Aunt Pauline was beginning to look curious. Besides—he wanted his son.

Mrs. Sayle came down, that evening, in her best frock. She made the dinner, as she so well knew how, a "party"; and if occasionally her eyelids fell and her shoulders drooped, she kept it up, none the less, extraordinarily well. Once or twice Sayle had the amused sense that Rosina was flirting with him—a sense that threw back to almost prehistoric times. He played up as well as he could, though flirtation had never been the *genre* of either of them. He wondered if she was going to try to change her type, by way of creating an interest in life. No good could come of that, he thought—Rosina's temperament did not take easily to anodynes. He was very tired when he said good-night to her; he almost reeled as he paused an instant in her doorway.

"Straight to bed, Vincent," she called, "or I'll have Dr. Betts for *you* to-morrow. I told Miss Maddox before dinner

that she can go as soon as she likes. She's been awfully good to stay, for she badly wants a rest before her next case."

"All right, dear. I think it's safe enough." But as he went into his room he had the desperate feeling that he couldn't face a haunted solitude with Rosina. When Miss Maddox went, that would end the period during which Roddy's absence was plausible. None the less, the fiction of a return to their normal *régime* had quieted his nerves, and he slept soundly.

When he woke the next morning and threw open his shutters, he gave an unhistrionic start. Rosina, in a white dress and a big garden hat, was below his window, picking flowers. His tired face relaxed in a smile. Rosina always lost her head in the garden—she never could learn which flowers were meant to be picked and which were not. Wasn't it like her to be filling her hands with tulips and leaving a riot of pansies untouched? The spectacle made him almost gay, and he hastened to dress and join her.

She faced him, a little later, across the breakfast-table, as naturally as if there had been no interval, though for months she had breakfasted in her own room.

"I've arranged for a drive this afternoon. Can you come?"

"Yes."

"And I think"—she was very grave now, and her face was drawn—"after we get back, you had better go over and fetch Roderick. I'll telephone to Pauline this morning."

His lips trembled a little as he looked down into his coffee-cup. "Very well, dear. I think that's an excellent plan."

"Do you suppose," she went on, "that we could have some goats for him?"

"Perhaps so. I dare say Pauline would sell us hers, now that Jack has gone to school." His voice was strained.

"I'm afraid he'll miss them dreadfully," she went on, "and—and—I don't want him to miss anything he *can* have."

Then she covered her eyes with her hands, and he saw the tears on her cheeks. He got up and went over to her.

"No, no; it's nothing—nothing," she sobbed. "Go away, dear. And please get him the goats if you can." She rose and went quickly up-stairs.

An hour later he found her packing

winter things into the cedar-closet. "I'm very busy, dear. Don't stay in this hot, smelly place. If I were a moth, I'd keep away from cedar, too." She did not smile. "If you don't mind, I think you'd better go straight to Pauline's and take Roddy to drive instead of me. I'll get a rest this afternoon. I don't want to be done up when I first see Roddy."

"All right." He turned away, biting his lip.

Roderick took his return home with philosophic cheerfulness—especially as it was prefaced by the long drive with his father. He did not seem elated or excited over his home-coming, though he professed an interest in the pigeons.

"Has she been very sick?" That was his only question about his stepmother.

"Very. That's why we had to let you stay away so long."

"And I mustn't make any noise, I suppose." He spoke in the bored tone of one who had recently made a good deal.

"Not any more than you can help. But of course we expect you to make some." Vincent Sayle's heart yearned over his son—the son who was, for no reason at all, extraordinarily like Rosina herself, could she only have seen it.

"Mamma wants you to have the goats at home. I think we can manage it."

"That is good of her," answered Roderick, quaintly.

"She loves you dearly."

Vincent Sayle did not know, himself, why he said it. Apparently Roderick did not know, either, for he made no reply. The rest of the drive was filled with five-year-old questions and a deal of chatter.

When they reached the house, Sayle sent Roderick up to Rosina's room alone. Every nerve in his body warned him not to be present at their meeting. The child went up-stairs, neither laggingly nor in haste—as if he, too, had made up his mind to something. Then all was silence for Vincent Sayle, for he had at once sought his own study in the other wing of the house. Once there, he sat waiting; he did not even fiddle with his papers or light a cigarette. Roddy would probably be back soon. He rather hoped Rosina would come down with the child, her hand on his shoulder, as she sometimes did. But half an hour

went by, and the boy had not reappeared.

"Confound it! It's like waiting for Betts to come out," murmured Sayle to himself. "I'm a fool. I'll go up myself." And he did.

Rosina, in her own room, was sitting in the biggest chair, with Roddy on her lap. The falling lace of her sleeves was all over the child's shoulders. Roddy was turning the leaves of a story-book, but with the irrelevant gesture of the happy child who has to do something with his fingers though his mind is elsewhere. Obviously they were talking, not reading.

Rosina smiled at her husband. "I'm telling Roddy I don't know how we ever got on without him. I don't. It's wonderful to have him back at last." She hid her face for an instant in Roderick's yellow mop of hair, then lifted it and gazed, beyond them both, out of the western window. "Wonderful," she repeated, under her breath. And her clasp tightened on the child's body. Roderick turned slowly in her arms, then raised his head and kissed her cheek, comfortably and with emphasis.

Sayle stood by her chair with his hand on her shoulder.

"He's so like you," she whispered. "Would you mind if I sometimes, just for myself, called him Vincent? Of course I wouldn't really take away his own name."

He did not answer, but Rosina felt no need of asking again.

Slowly, as if it were some visibly healing process, relief spread itself over his features. He didn't know how the miracle had been achieved, but there was no mistaking the sudden infusion of spontaneity into voice and gesture. Her arms closed naturally over the strong little body; her lips, of themselves, found new inflections, with a caress in them. She wasn't playing the game—the boy really meant something to her. The kid felt it himself, for that matter—he wasn't the miscellaneous cuddling kind.

"Supper, Roddy." Sayle took out his watch. "Run to Frances." And the boy went off at top speed, with a high halloo, down the corridor.

Rosina Sayle opened her arms to her

husband. "Sometime I must tell you a lot of things, Vincent."

"I think I know them."

She scanned his face. "Do you? I wonder. I've been a most remarkable ostrich, if you do. Anyhow, in here"—she tapped her forehead—"there's peace, now. Why didn't you have Roddy home before?"

"I didn't dare."

Rosina mused an instant. "I see. You *do* know. I didn't dare, either. Think of Roddy's doing the trick! . . . First"—her voice was very low—"I was afraid I shouldn't care for Vincent; and then, when I knew how I should have cared for him, I was afraid I should hate Roddy. And I had only to touch Roddy—to *feel* him, with my hand and my cheek—to know that nothing of it all had been wasted. I know now how a mother feels. I dare say it took Vincent to teach me. Anyhow, the Sabbath's over."

"The Sabbath?"

"Oh, it's an old phrase of mine. It wouldn't mean anything to you. Other days, other Sabbaths; but never, I believe, that one again. Perhaps, if my ancestors hadn't insisted on burning so many witches, there would never have to be another."

"You mean—"

"My dear boy, I'm afraid my metaphors will have to be my own. Can't you let it go at possessing the facts—and me?"

"I think I can."

Rosina caught up her skirts with one hand. "I'll race you to the nursery."

"No, you won't." Sayle detained her firmly.

"Oh—I'd forgotten. Do I still have to be careful of myself? Really, Vincent, I quite understand the mystics—always wanting to divorce spirit and flesh. Those two quarrel incessantly. One has always to be subduing one or the other. Oh, for a quiet house! But that, I suppose, is the martial thing called life. Roddy, thank Heaven, hasn't learned it yet."

It was complete, even to the unconscious thrill of maternal jealousy in her voice. He tucked her arm into his, and they paced, in perfect step, along the halls to the nursery.

The Turmoil

A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER XII



STANDING in the black group under gaunt trees at the cemetery three days later, Bibbs unwillingly let an old, old thought become definite in his mind: the sickly brother had buried the strong brother, and Bibbs wondered how many million times that had happened since men first made a word to name the sons of one mother. Almost literally he had buried his strong brother, for Sheridan had gone to pieces when he saw his dead son. He had nothing to help him meet the shock; neither definite religion nor "philosophy" definite or indefinite. He could only beat his forehead and beg, over and over, to be killed with an ax, while his wife was helpless except to entreat him not to "take on," herself adding a continuous lamentation. Edith, weeping, made truce with Sibyl and saw to it that the mourning garments were beyond criticism. Roscoe was dazed, and he shirked, justifying himself curiously by saying he "never had any experience in such matters." So it was Bibbs, the shy outsider, who became during that dreadful little time the master of the house; for as strange a thing as that, sometimes, may be the result of a death. He met the relatives from out-of-town at the station; he set the time for the funeral and the time for meals; he selected the flowers and he selected Jim's coffin; he did all the grim things and all the other things. Jim had belonged to an order of Knights, who lengthened the rites with a picturesque ceremony of their own, and at first Bibbs wished to avoid this, but upon reflection he offered no objection—he divined that the Knights and their service would be not precisely a consolation, but a satis-

faction to his father. So the Knights led the procession, with their band playing a dirge part of the long way to the cemetery; and then turned back, after forming in two lines, plumed hats sympathetically in hand, to let the hearse and the carriages pass between.

"Mighty fine-lookin' men," said Sheridan, brokenly. "They all—all liked him. He was—" His breath caught in a sob and choked him. "He was—a Grand Supreme Herald."

Bibbs had divined aright.

"Dust to dust," said the minister, under the gaunt trees; and at that Sheridan shook convulsively from head to foot. All of the black group shivered, except Bibbs, when it came to "Dust to dust." Bibbs stood passive, for he was the only one of them who had known that thought as a familiar neighbor; he had been close upon dust himself for a long, long time, and even now he could prophesy no protracted separation between himself and dust. The machine-shop had brought him very close, and if he had to go back it would probably bring him closer still; so close—as Dr. Gurney predicted—that no one would be able to tell the difference between dust and himself. And Sheridan, if Bibbs read him truly, would be all the more determined to "make a man" of him, now that there was a man less in the family. To Bibbs's knowledge, no one and nothing had ever prevented his father from carrying through his plans, once he had determined upon them; and Sheridan was incapable of believing that any plan of his would not work out according to his calculations. His nature unfitted him to accept failure. He had the gift of terrible persistence, and with unflecked confidence that his way was the only way he would hold to that way of "making a man" of Bibbs, who understood very well, in his passive and

impersonal fashion, that it was a way which might make not a man, but dust of him. But he had no shudder for the thought.

He had no shudder for that thought or for any other thought. The truth about Bibbs was in the poem which Edith had adopted: he had so thoroughly formed the over-sensitive habit of hiding his feelings that no doubt he had forgotten—by this time—where he had put some of them, especially those which concerned himself. But he had not hidden his feelings about his father where they could not be found. He was strange to his father, but his father was not strange to him. He knew that Sheridan's plans were conceived in the stubborn belief that they would bring about a good thing for Bibbs himself; and whatever the result was to be, the son had no bitterness. Far otherwise, for as he looked at the big, woeful figure, shaking and tortured, an almost unbearable pity laid hands upon Bibbs's throat. Roscoe stood blinking, his lip quivering; Edith wept audibly; Mrs. Sheridan leaned in half-collapse against her husband; but Bibbs knew that his father was the one who cared.

It was over. Men in overalls stepped forward with their shovels, and Bibbs nodded quickly to Roscoe, making a slight gesture toward the line of waiting carriages. Roscoe understood — Bibbs would stay and see the grave filled; the rest were to go. The groups began to move away over the turf; wheels creaked in the graveled drive; and one by one the carriages filled and departed, the horses setting off at a walk. Bibbs gazed steadfastly at the workmen; he knew that his father kept looking back as he went toward the carriage, and that was a thing he did not want to see. But after a little while there were no sounds of wheels or hoofs on the gravel, and Bibbs, glancing up, saw that every one had gone. A coupé had been left for him, the driver dozing patiently.

The workmen placed the flowers and wreaths upon the mound and about it, and Bibbs altered the position of one or two of these, then stood looking thoughtfully at the grotesque brilliancy of that festal-seeming hillock beneath the darkening November sky. "It's too

bad!" he half whispered, his lips forming the words—and his meaning was that it was too bad that the strong brother had been the one to go. For this was his last thought before he walked to the coupé and saw Mary Vertrees standing, all alone, on the other side of the drive.

She had just emerged from a grove of leafless trees that grew on a slope where the tombs were many; and behind her rose a multitude of the barbaric and classic shapes we so strangely strew about our graveyards: urn-crowned columns and stone-draped obelisks, shop-carved angels and shop-carved children, poising on pillars and shafts, all lifting—in unthought pathos—their blind stoniness toward the sky. Against such a background Bibbs was not incongruous, with his figure, in black, so long and slender, and his face so long and thin and white; nor was the undertaker's coupé out of keeping, with the shabby driver dozing on the box and the shaggy horses standing patiently in attitudes without hope and without regret. But for Mary Vertrees here was a grotesque setting—she was a vivid, living creature of a beautiful world. And a graveyard is not the place for people to look charming.

She also looked startled and confused, but not more startled and confused than Bibbs. In "Edith's" poem he had declared his intention of hiding his heart "among the stars"; and in his boyhood one day he had successfully hidden his body in the coal-pile. He had been no comrade of other boys, or of girls; and his acquaintances of a recent period were only a few fellow-invalids and the nurses at the Hood Sanitarium. All his life Bibbs had kept himself to himself—he was but a shy onlooker in the world. Nevertheless, the startled gaze he bent upon the unexpected lady before him had causes other than his shyness and her unexpectedness. For Mary Vertrees had been a shining figure in the little world of late given to the view of this humble and elusive outsider, and spectators sometimes find their hearts beating faster than those of the actors in the spectacle. Thus with Bibbs now. He started and stared; he lifted his hat with incredible awkwardness, his fingers fumbling at his forehead before they found the brim.

"Mr. Sheridan," said Mary, "I'm afraid you'll have to take me home with you. I—" She stopped, not lacking a momentary awkwardness of her own.

"Why — why — yes," Bibbs stammered. "I'll—I'll be de— Won't you get in?"

In that manner and in that place they exchanged their first words. Then Mary without more ado got into the coupé and Bibbs followed, closing the door.

"You're very kind," she said, somewhat breathlessly. "I should have had to walk, and it's beginning to get dark. It's three miles I think."

"Yes," said Bibbs. "It—it is beginning to get dark. I—I noticed that."

"I ought to tell you—I—" Mary began, confusedly. She bit her lip, sat silent a moment, then spoke with composure. "It must seem odd, my—"

"No, no!" Bibbs protested, earnestly. "Not in the—in the least."

"It does, though," said Mary. "I had not intended to come to the cemetery, Mr. Sheridan; but one of the men in charge at the house came and whispered to me that 'the family wished me to'—I think your sister sent him. So I came. But when we reached here, I—oh, I felt that perhaps I—"

Bibbs nodded gravely. "Yes, yes," he murmured.

"I got out on the opposite side of the carriage," she continued. "I mean opposite from—from where all of you were. And I wandered off over in the other direction; and I didn't realize how little time—it takes. From where I was I couldn't see the carriages leaving—at least I didn't notice them. So when I got back, just now, you were the only one here. I didn't know the other people in the carriage I came in, and of course they didn't think to wait for me. That's why—"

"Yes," said Bibbs, "I—" And that seemed all he had to say just then.

Mary looked out through the dusty window. "I think we'd better be going home, if you please," she said.

"Yes," Bibbs agreed, not moving. "It will be dark before we get there."

She gave him a quick little glance. "I think you must be very tired, Mr. Sheridan; and I know you have reason to be," she said, gently. "If you'll let

me, I'll—" And without explaining her purpose she opened the door on her side of the coupé and leaned out.

Bibbs stared in blank perplexity, not knowing what she meant to do.

"Driver!" she called, in her clear voice, loudly. "Driver! We'd like to start, please! Driver! Stop at the house just north of Mr. Sheridan's, please." The wheels began to move, and she leaned back beside Bibbs once more. "I noticed that he was asleep when we got in," she said. "I suppose they have a great deal of night work."

Bibbs drew a long breath and waited till he could command his voice. "I've never been able to apologize quickly," he said, with his accustomed slowness, "because if I try to I stammer. My brother Roscoe whipped me once, when we were boys, for stepping on his slate-pencil. It took me so long to tell him it was an accident, he finished before I did."

Mary Vertrees had never heard anything quite like the drawling, gentle voice or the odd implication that his not noticing the motionless state of their vehicle was an "accident." She had formed a casual impression of him, not without sympathy, but at once she discovered that he was unlike any of her cursory and vague imaginings of him. And suddenly she saw a picture he had not intended to paint for sympathy: a sturdy boy hammering a smaller, sickly boy, and the sickly boy unresentful. Not that picture alone; others flashed before her. Instantaneously she had a glimpse of Bibbs's life and into his life. She had a queer feeling, new to her experience, of knowing him instantly. It startled her a little; and then, with some surprise, she realized that she was glad he had sat so long, after getting into the coupé, before he noticed that it had not started. What she did not realize, however, was that she had made no response to his apology; and they passed out of the cemetery gates, neither having spoken again.

Bibbs was so content with the silence he did not know that it was silence. The dusk, gathering in their small inclosure, was filled with a rich presence for him; and presently it was so dark that neither of the two could see the other, nor did



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

SHE HAD JUST EMERGED FROM A GROVE OF LEAFLESS TREES

even their garments touch. But neither had any sense of being alone. The wheels creaked steadily, rumbling presently on paved streets; there were the sounds, as from a distance, of the plod-plod of the horses; and sometimes the driver became audible, coughing asthmatically, or saying, "You, *Joe!*" with a spiritless flap of the whip upon an unresponsive back. Oblongs of light from the lamps at street corners came swimming into the interior of the coupé and, thinning rapidly to lances, passed utterly, leaving greater darkness. And yet neither of these two last attendants at Jim Sheridan's funeral broke the silence.

It was Mary who perceived the strangeness of it—too late. Abruptly she realized that for an indefinite interval she had been thinking of her companion and not talking to him. "Mr. Sheridan," she began, not knowing what she was going to say, but impelled to say anything, as she realized the queer-ness of this drive—"Mr. Sheridan, I—"

The coupé stopped. "You, *Joe!*" said the driver, reproachfully, and climbed down and opened the door.

"What's the trouble?" Bibbs inquired.

"Lady said stop at first house north of Mr. Sheridan's, sir."

Mary was incredulous; she felt that it couldn't be true and that it mustn't be true that they had driven all the way without speaking.

"What?" Bibbs demanded.

"We're there, sir," said the driver, sympathetically. "Next house north of Mr. Sheridan's."

Bibbs descended to the curb. "Why, yes," he said. "Yes, you seem to be right." And while he stood staring at the dimly illuminated front windows of Mr. Vertrees's house Mary got out unassisted.

"Let me help you," said Bibbs, stepping toward her mechanically; and she was several feet from the coupé when he spoke.

"Oh no," she murmured. "I think I can—" She meant that she could get out of the coupé without help, but perceiving that she had already accomplished this feat, she decided not to complete the sentence.

"You, *Joe!*" cried the driver, angrily,

climbing to his box. And he rumbled away at his team's best pace—a snail's.

"Thank you for bringing me home, Mr. Sheridan," said Mary, stiffly. She did not offer her hand. "Good night."

"Good night," Bibbs said in response; and, turning with her, walked beside her to the door. Mary made that a short walk; she almost ran. Realization of the queerness of their drive was growing upon her, beginning to shock her; she stepped aside from the light that fell through the glass panels of the door and withheld her hand as it touched the old-fashioned bell-handle.

"I'm quite safe, thank you," she said with a little emphasis. "Good night."

"Good night," said Bibbs, and went obediently. When he reached the street he looked back, but she had vanished within the house.

Moving slowly away, he caromed against two people who were turning out from the pavement to cross the street. They were Roscoe and his wife.

"Where are your eyes, Bibbs?" demanded Roscoe. "Sleep-walking, as usual?"

But Sibyl took him by the arm. "Come over to our house for a little while, Bibbs," she urged. "I want to—"

"No; I'd better—"

"Yes. I want you to. Your father's gone to bed and they're all quiet over there—all worn out. Just come for a minute."

He yielded, and when they were in the house she repeated herself with real feeling: "'All worn out!' Well, if anybody is, *you* are, Bibbs! And I don't wonder; you've done every bit of the work of it. You mustn't get down sick again. I'm going to make you take a little brandy."

He let her have her own way, following her into the dining-room, and was grateful when she brought him a tiny glass filled from one of the decanters on the sideboard. Roscoe gloomily poured for himself a much heavier libation in a larger glass; and the two men sat, while Sibyl leaned against the sideboard, reviewing the episodes of the day and recalling the names of the donors of flowers and wreaths. She pressed Bibbs to remain longer when he rose to go, and then, as he persisted, she went with him to the front door. He opened it, and she said:

"Bibbs, you were coming out of the Vertrees' house when we met you. How did you happen to be there?"

"I had only been to the door," he said. "Good night, Sibyl."

"Wait," she insisted. "We saw you coming out."

"I wasn't," he explained, moving to depart. "I'd just brought Miss Vertrees home."

"What?" she cried.

"Yes," he said, and stepped out upon the porch, "that was it. Good night, Sibyl."

"Wait!" she said, following him across the threshold. "How did that happen? I thought you were going to wait while those men filled the—the—" She paused, but moved nearer him insistently.

"I did wait. Miss Vertrees was there," he said, reluctantly. "She had walked away for a while and didn't notice that the carriages were leaving. When she came back the coupé waiting for me was the only one left."

Sibyl regarded him with dilating eyes. She spoke with a slow breathlessness. "And she drove home from Jim's funeral—with you!"

Without warning she burst into laughter, clapped her hand ineffectually over her mouth as though to check it, and, failing, ran back uproariously into the house, hurling the door shut behind her.

CHAPTER XIII

BIBBS went home pondering. He did not understand why Sibyl had laughed. The laughter itself had been spontaneous and beyond suspicion, but it seemed to him that she had only affected the effort to suppress it and that she wished it to be significant. Significant of what? And why had she wished to impress upon him the fact of her overwhelming amusement? He found no answer, but she had succeeded in disturbing him; and he wished that he had not encountered her.

At home, uncles, aunts, and cousins from out-of-town were wandering about the house, several mournfully admiring the "Bay of Naples," and others occupied with the Moor and the plumbing, while they waited for trains. Edith and

her mother had retired to some upper fastness, but Bibbs interviewed Jackson and had the various groups of relatives summoned to the dining-room for food. One great-uncle, old Gideon Sheridan from Booneville, could not be found, and Bibbs went in search of him. He ransacked the house, discovering the missing antique at last by accident. Passing his father's closed door on tiptoe, Bibbs heard a murmurous sound, and paused to listen. The sound proved to be a quavering and rickety voice, monotonously bleating:

"The Lo-ord givuth and the Lo-ord takuth away! We got to remember that; we got to remember that! I'm a-gittin' along, James; I'm a-gittin' along; and I've seen a-many of 'em go—two daughters and a son the Lord give me, and He has taken all away. For the Lo-ord givuth and the Lo-ord takuth away! Remember the words of Bildad the Shuhite, James. Bildad the Shuhite says, 'He shall have neither son nor nephew among his people, nor any remaining in his dwellings.' Bildad the Shuhite—"

Bibbs opened the door softly. His father was lying upon the bed, in his underclothes, face downward, and Uncle Gideon sat near by, swinging backward and forward in a rocking-chair, stroking his long, white beard and gazing at the ceiling as he talked. Bibbs beckoned him urgently, but Uncle Gideon paid no attention.

"Bildad the Shuhite spake and he says, 'If thy children have sinned against Him and He have cast them away—'"

There was a muffled explosion beneath the floor, and the windows rattled. The figure lying face downward on the bed did not move, but Uncle Gideon leaped from his chair. "My God!" he cried. "What's that?"

There came a second explosion, and Uncle Gideon ran out into the hall. Bibbs went to the head of the great staircase, and, looking down, discovered the source of the disturbance. Gideon's grandson, a boy of fourteen, had brought his camera to the funeral and was taking "flash-lights" of the Moor. Uncle Gideon, reassured by Bibbs's explanation, would have returned to finish his quotation from Bildad the Shuhite, but Bibbs detained him, and after a little

argument persuaded him to descend to the dining-room, whither Bibbs followed after closing the door of his father's room.

He kept his eye on Gideon after dinner, diplomatically preventing several attempts on the part of that comforter to reascend the stairs; and it was a relief to Bibbs when George announced that an automobile was waiting to convey the ancient man and his grandson to their train. They were the last to leave, and when they had gone Bibbs went sighing to his own room.

He stretched himself wearily upon the bed, but presently rose, went to the window, and looked for a long time at the darkened house where Mary Vertrees lived. Then he opened his trunk, took therefrom a small note-book half filled with fragmentary scribblings, and began to write:

Laughter after a funeral. In this reaction people will laugh at anything and at nothing. The band plays a dirge on the way to the cemetery, but when it turns back, and the mourning carriages are out of hearing, it strikes up, "Darktown Is Out To-night." That is natural—but there are women whose laughter is like the whirring of whips. Why is it that certain kinds of laughter seem to spoil something hidden away from the laughers? If they do not know of it, and have never seen it, how can their laughter hurt it? Yet it does.

Beauty is not out of place among grave-stones. It is not out of place anywhere. But a woman who has been betrothed to a man would not look beautiful at his funeral. A woman might look beautiful, though, at the funeral of a man whom she had known and liked. And in that case, too, she would probably not want to talk if she drove home from the cemetery with his brother; nor would she want the brother to talk. Silence is usually either stupid or timid. But for a man who stammers if he tries to talk fast, and drawls so slowly, when he doesn't stammer, that nobody has time to listen to him, silence is advisable. Nevertheless, too much silence is open to suspicion. It may be reticence, or it may be a vacuum. It may be dignity, or it may be false teeth.

Sometimes an imperceptible odor will become perceptible in a small inclosure, such as a closed carriage. The ghost of gasoline rising from a lady's glove might be sweeter to the man riding beside her than all the scents of Arcady in spring. It depends on the lady—but there *are*!

Three miles may be three hundred miles, or it may be three feet. When it is three feet you have not time to say a great deal before you reach the end of it. Still, it may be that one should begin to speak.

No one could help wishing to stay in a world that holds some of the people that are in this world. There are some so wonderful you do not understand how the dead *could* die. How could they let themselves?

A falling building does not care who falls with it. It does not choose who shall be upon its roof and who shall not.

Silence *can* be golden? Yes. But perhaps if a woman of the world should find herself by accident sitting beside a man for the length of time it must necessarily take two slow old horses to jog three miles, she might expect that man to say something of some sort! Even if she thought him a feeble hypochondriac, even if she had heard from others that he was a disappointment to his own people, even if she had seen for herself that he was a useless and irritating encumbrance everywhere, she might expect him at least to speak—she might expect him to open his mouth and try to make sounds, if he only barked. If he did not even try, but sat every step of the way as dumb as a frozen fish, she might *think* him a frozen fish. And she might be right. She might be right if she thought him about as pleasant a companion as—as Bildad the Shuhite!

Bibbs closed his note-book, replacing it in his trunk. Then, after a period of melancholy contemplation, he undressed, put on a dressing-gown and slippers, and went softly out into the hall—to his father's door. Upon the floor was a tray which Bibbs had sent George, earlier in the evening, to place upon a table in Sheridan's room—but the food was untouched. Bibbs stood listening outside the door for several minutes. There came no sound from within, and he went back to his own room and to bed.

In the morning he woke to a state of being hitherto unknown in his experience. Sometimes in the process of waking there is a little pause—sleep has gone, but coherent thought has not begun. It is a curious half-void, a glimpse of aphasia; and although the person experiencing it may not know, for that instant, his own name, or age, or sex, he may be acutely conscious of depression or elation. It is the moment, as we say, before we "remember"; and for the first time in Bibbs's life it came to him

bringing a vague happiness. He woke to a sense of new riches; he had the feeling of a boy waking to a birthday. But when the next moment brought him his memory he found nothing that could explain his exhilaration. On the contrary, under the circumstances it seemed grotesquely unwarranted. However, it was a brief visitation and was gone before he had finished dressing. It left a little trail, the pleased recollection of it and the puzzle of it, which remained unsolved. And in fact, waking happily in the morning is not usually the result of a drive home from a funeral. No wonder the sequence evaded Bibbs Sheridan!

His father had gone when he came down-stairs. "Went on down to 's office, jes' same," Jackson informed him. "Came sat breakfas'-table, all by 'mself; eat nothin'. George bring nice breakfas', but he di'n' eat a thing. Yessuh, went on down-town, jes' same he yoosta do. Yessuh, I reckon putty much ev'y-thing goin' go on same as it yoosta do."

It struck Bibbs that Jackson was right. The day passed as other days had passed. Mrs. Sheridan and Edith were in black, and Mrs. Sheridan cried a little now and then, but no other external difference was to be seen. Edith was quiet, but not noticeably depressed, and at lunch proved herself able to argue with her mother upon the propriety of receiving calls in the earliest stages of "mourning." Lunch was as usual—for Jim and his father had always lunched down-town—and the afternoon was as usual. Bibbs went for his drive, and his mother went with him, as she sometimes did when the weather was pleasant. Altogether, the usualness of things was rather startling to Bibbs.

During the drive Mrs. Sheridan talked fragmentarily of Jim's childhood. "But you wouldn't remember about that," she said, after narrating an episode. "You were too little. He was always a good boy, just like that. And he'd save whatever papa gave him, and put it in the bank. I reckon it'll just about kill your father to put somebody in his place as president of the Realty Company, Bibbs. I know he can't move Roscoe over; he told me last week he'd already put as much on Roscoe as any one man could handle and not go crazy.

Oh, it's a pity—" She stopped to wipe her eyes. "It's a pity you didn't run more with Jim, Bibbs, and kind o' pick up his ways. Think what it'd meant to papa, now! You never did run with either Roscoe or Jim any, even before you got sick. Of course, you were younger; but it always *did* seem queer—and you three bein' brothers like that. I don't believe I ever saw you and Jim sit down together for a good talk in my life."

"Mother, I've been away so long," Bibbs returned, gently. "And since I came home I—"

"Oh, I ain't reproachin' you, Bibbs," she said. "Jim ain't been home much of an evenin' since you got back—what with his work and callin' and goin' to the theater and places, and often not even at the house for dinner. Right the evenin' before he got hurt he had his dinner at some miser'ble rest'rant down by the Pump Works, he was so set on overseein' the night work and gettin' everything finished up right to the minute he told papa he would. I reckon you might 'a' put in more time with Jim if there'd been more opportunity, Bibbs. I expect you feel almost as if you scarcely really knew him right well."

"I suppose I really didn't, mother. He was busy, you see, and I hadn't much to say about the things that interested him, because I don't know much about them."

"It's a pity! Oh, it's a pity!" she moaned. "And you'll have to learn to know about 'em *now*, Bibbs! I haven't said much to you, because I felt it was all between your father and you, but I honestly do believe it will just kill him if he has to have any more trouble on top of all this! You mustn't *let* him, Bibbs—you mustn't! You don't know how he's grieved over you, and now he can't stand any more—he just can't! Whatever he says for you to do, you *do* it, Bibbs, you *do* it! I want you to promise me you will."

"I would if I could," he said, sorrowfully.

"No, no! Why can't you?" she cried, clutching his arm. "He wants you to go back to the machine-shop and—"

"And—'like it'!" said Bibbs.

"Yes, that's it—to go in a cheerful

spirit. Dr. Gurney said it wouldn't hurt you if you went in a cheerful spirit—the doctor said that himself, Bibbs. So why can't you do it? Can't you do that much for your father? You ought to think what he's done for *you*. You got a beautiful house to live in; you got automobiles to ride in; you got fur coats and warm clothes; you been taken care of all your life. And you don't *know* how he worked for the money to give all these things to you! You don't *dream* what he had to go through and what he risked, when we were startin' out in life; and you never *will* know! And now this blow has fallen on him out of a clear sky, and you make it out to be a hardship to do like he wants you to! And all on earth he asks is for you to go back to the work in a cheerful spirit, so it won't hurt you! That's all he asks. Look, Bibbs, we're gettin' back near home, but before we get there I want you to promise me that you'll do what he asks you to. Promise me!"

In her earnestness she cleared away her black veil that she might see him better, and it blew out on the smoky wind. He readjusted it for her before he spoke.

"I'll go back in as cheerful a spirit as I can, mother," he said.

"There!" she exclaimed, satisfied. "That's a good boy! That's all I wanted you to say."

"Don't give me any credit," he said, ruefully. "There isn't anything else for me to do."

"Now, don't begin talkin' *that* way!"

"No, no," he soothed her. "We'll have to begin to make the spirit a cheerful one. We may—" They were turning into their own driveway as he spoke, and he glanced at the old house next door. Mary Vertrees was visible in the twilight, standing upon the front steps, bareheaded, the door open behind her. She bowed gravely.

"We may"—what?" asked Mrs. Sheridan with a slight impatience.

"What is it, mother?"

"You said, 'We may,' and didn't finish what you were sayin'."

"Did I?" said Bibbs, blankly. "Well, what *were* we saying?"

"Of all the queer boys!" she cried. "You always were. Always! You

haven't forgot what you just promised me, have you?"

"No," he answered, as the car stopped. "No. The spirit will be as cheerful as the flesh will let it, mother. It won't do to behave like—"

His voice was low, and in her movement to descend from the car she failed to hear his final words.

"Behave like who, Bibbs?"

"Nothing."

But she was fretful in her grief. "You said it wouldn't do to behave like *somebody*. Behave like *who*?"

"It was just nonsense," he explained, turning to go in. "A rather obscure person I don't think much of lately."

"Behave like *who*?" she repeated, and upon his yielding to her petulant insistence, she made up her mind that the only thing to do was to tell Dr. Gurney about it.

"Like Bildad the Shuhite!" was what Bibbs said.

CHAPTER XIV

THE outward usualness of things continued after dinner. It was Sheridan's custom to read the evening paper beside the fire in the library, while his wife, sitting near by, either sewed (from old habit) or allowed herself to be repeatedly baffled by one of the simpler forms of solitaire. To-night she did neither, but sat in her customary chair, gazing at the fire, while Sheridan let the unfolded paper rest upon his lap, though now and then he lifted it, as if to read, and let it fall back upon his knees again. Bibbs came in noiselessly and sat in a corner, doing nothing; and from a "reception-room" across the hall an indistinct vocal murmur became just audible at intervals. Once, when this murmur grew louder, under stress of some irrepressible merriment, Edith's voice could be heard—"Bobby, aren't you awful!" and Sheridan glanced across at his wife appealingly.

She rose at once and went into the "reception-room"; there was a flurry of whispering, and the sound of tiptoeing in the hall—Edith and her suitor changing quarters to a more distant room. Mrs. Sheridan returned to her chair in the library.

"They won't bother you any more,

papa," she said, in a comforting voice. "She told me at lunch he'd 'phoned he wanted to come up this evening, and I said I thought he'd better wait a few days, but she said she'd already told him he could." She paused, then added, rather guiltily: "I got kind of a notion maybe Roscoe don't like him as much as he used to. Maybe—maybe you better ask Roscoe, papa." And as Sheridan nodded solemnly, she concluded, in haste: "Don't say I said to. I might be wrong about it, anyway."

He nodded again, and they sat for some time in a silence which Mrs. Sheridan broke with a little sniff, having fallen into a reverie that brought tears. "That Miss Vertrees was a good girl," she said. "*She* was all right."

Her husband evidently had no difficulty in following her train of thought, for he nodded once more, affirmatively.

"Did you— How did you fix it about the—the Realty Company?" she faltered. "Did you—"

He rose heavily, helping himself to his feet by the arms of his chair. "I fixed it," he said, in a husky voice. "I moved Cantwell up, and put Johnston in Cantwell's place and split up Johnston's work among four men with salaries high enough to take it." He went to her, put his hand upon her shoulder, and drew a long, audible, tremulous breath. "It's my bedtime, mamma; I'm goin' up." He dropped the hand from her shoulder and moved slowly away, but when he reached the door he stopped and spoke again, without turning to look at her. "The Realty Company 'll go right on just the same," he said. "It's like—it's like sand, mamma. It puts me in mind of chulderen playin' in a sand-pile. One of 'em sticks his finger in the sand and makes a hole, and another of 'em 'll pat the place with his hand, and all the little grains of sand run in and fill it up and settle against each other; and then, right away it's flat on top again, and you can't tell there ever was a hole there. The Realty Company 'll go on all right, mamma. There ain't anything anywhere, I reckon, that wouldn't go right on, just the same."

And he passed out slowly into the hall; then they heard his slow, heavy tread upon the stairs.

Mrs. Sheridan, rising to follow him, turned a piteous face to her son. "It's so forlorn," she said, chokingly. "That's the first time he spoke since he came in the house this evening. I know it must 'a' hurt him to hear Edith laughin' with that Lamhorn. She'd oughtn't to let him come, right the very first evening this way; she'd oughtn't to done it! She just seems to lost her head over him, and it scares me. You heard what Sibyl said the other day, and—and you heard what—what—"

"What Edith said to Sibyl?" Bibbs finished the sentence for her.

"We *can't* have any trouble o' *that* kind!" she wailed. "Oh, it looks as if movin' up to this New House had brought us awful bad luck! It scares me!" She put both hands over her face. "Oh, Bibbs, Bibbs! if you only wasn't so *queer*! If you could only been a kind of dependable son! I don't know what we're all comin' to!" And, weeping, she followed her husband.

Bibbs gazed for a while at the fire; then he rose abruptly, like a man who has come to a decision, and briskly sought the room—it was called "the smoking-room"—where Edith sat with Mr. Lamhorn. They looked up in no welcoming manner as he entered, and moved their chairs to a less conspicuous adjacency.

"Good evening," said Bibbs, pleasantly; and he seated himself in a leather easy-chair near them.

"What is it?" asked Edith, plainly astonished.

"Nothing," he returned, smiling.

She frowned. "Did you want something?" she asked.

"Nothing in the world. Father and mother have gone up-stairs; I sha'n't be going up for several hours, and there didn't seem to be anybody left for me to chat with except you and Mr. Lamhorn."

"*Chat* with!" she echoed, incredulously.

"I can talk about almost anything," said Bibbs with an air of genial politeness. "It doesn't matter to *me*. I don't know much about business—if that's what you happened to be talking about. But you aren't in business, are you, Mr. Lamhorn?"



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

THEY LOOKED UP IN NO WELCOMING MANNER AS HE ENTERED

"Not now," returned Lamhorn, shortly.

"I'm not, either," said Bibbs. "It was getting cloudier than usual, I noticed, just before dark, and there was wind from the southwest. Rain to-morrow, I shouldn't be surprised."

He seemed to feel that he had begun a conversation the support of which had now become the pleasurable duty of other parties; and he sat expectantly, looking first at his sister, then at Lamhorn, as if implying that it was their turn to speak. Edith returned his gaze with a mixture of astonishment and increasing anger, while Mr. Lamhorn was obviously disturbed, though Bibbs had been as considerate as possible in presenting the weather as a topic. Bibbs had perceived that Lamhorn had nothing in his mind at any time except "personalities"—he could talk about people and he could make love. Bibbs, wishing to be courteous, offered the weather.

Lamhorn refused it, and concluded, from Bibbs's luxurious attitude in the leather chair, that this half-crazy brother was a permanent fixture for the rest of the evening. There was no reason to hope that he would move, and Lamhorn found himself in danger of looking silly.

"I was just going," he said, rising.

"Oh no!" Edith cried, sharply.

"Yes. Good night! I think I—"

"Too bad," said Bibbs, genially, walking to the door with the visitor, while Edith stood staring as the two disappeared in the hall. She heard Bibbs offering to "help" Lamhorn with his overcoat and the latter rather curtly declining assistance, these episodes of departure being followed by the closing of the outer door. She ran into the hall.

"What's the matter with you?" she cried, furiously. "What do you *mean*? How did you dare come in there when you knew—"

Her voice broke; she made a gesture of rage and despair, and ran up the stairs, sobbing. She fled to her mother's room, and when Bibbs came up, a few minutes later, Mrs. Sheridan met him at his door.

"Oh, Bibbs," she said, shaking her head woefully, "you oughtn't to distress

your sister! She says you drove that young man right out of the house. You'd ought to been more considerate of her feelin's."

Bibbs smiled faintly, noting that Edith's door was open, with Edith's naïve shadow motionless across its threshold. "Yes," he said. "He doesn't appear to be much of a 'man's man.' He ran at just a glimpse of one."

Edith's shadow moved; her voice came quavering: "You call yourself one?"

"No, no," he answered. "I said, 'just a glimpse of one.' I didn't claim—" But her door slammed angrily; and he turned to his mother.

"There," he said, sighing. "That's almost the first time in my life I ever tried to be a man of action, mother; and I succeeded perfectly in what I tried to do. As a consequence I feel like a horse-thief!"

"You hurt her feelin's," she groaned. "You must 'a' gone at it too rough, Bibbs."

He looked upon her wanly. "That's my trouble, mother," he murmured. "I'm a plain, blunt fellow. I have rough ways, and I'm a rough man."

For once, she perceived some meaning in his queerness. "Hush your nonsense!" she said, good-naturedly, the astral of a troubled smile appearing. "You go to bed."

He kissed her and obeyed.

Edith gave him a cold greeting the next morning at the breakfast-table.

"You mustn't do that under a misapprehension," he warned her when they were alone in the dining-room.

"Do what under a what?" she asked.

"Speak to me. I came into the smoking-room last night 'on purpose,'" he told her, gravely. "I have a prejudice against that young man."

She laughed. "I guess you think it means a great deal who you have prejudices against!" In mockery she adopted the manner of one who implores. "Bibbs, for pity's sake *promise* me, *don't* use *your* influence with papa against him!" And she laughed louder.

"Listen," he said, with peculiar earnestness. "I'll tell you now, because—because I've decided I'm one of the family." And then, as if the earnestness

were too heavy for him to carry it farther, he continued, in his usual tone, "I'm drunk with power, Edith."

"What do you want to tell me?" she demanded, brusquely.

"Lamhorn made love to Sibyl," he said.

Edith hooted. "*She did to him!* And because you overheard that spat between us the other day when I the same as accused her of it, and said something like that to you afterward—"

"No," he said, gravely. "*I know.*"

"How?"

"I was there, one day a week ago, with Roscoe, and I heard Sibyl and Lamhorn—"

Edith screamed with laughter. "You were with *Roscoe*—and you heard Lamhorn making love to Sibyl!"

"No. I heard them quarreling."

"You're funnier than ever, Bibbs!" she cried. "You say he made love to her because you heard them quarreling!"

"That's it. If you want to know what's 'between' people, you can—by the way they quarrel."

"You'll kill me, Bibbs! What were they quarreling about?"

"Nothing. That's how I knew. People who quarrel over nothing!—it's always certain—"

Edith stopped laughing abruptly, but continued her mockery. "You ought to know. You've had so much experience, yourself!"

"I haven't any, Edith," he said. "My life has been about as exciting as an incubator chicken's. But I look out through the glass at things."

"Well, then," she said, "if you look out through the glass you must know what effect such stuff would have upon *me!*" She rose, visibly agitated. "What if it *was* true?" she demanded, bitterly. "What if it was true a hundred times over? You sit there with your silly face half ready to giggle and half ready to snuffle, and tell me stories like that, about Sibyl picking on Bobby Lamhorn and worrying him to death, and you think it matters to *me*? What if I already *knew* all about their 'quarreling'? What if I understood *why* she—" She broke off with a violent gesture, a sweep of her arm extended at full length, as if she hurled something to the ground. "Do

you think a girl that really cared for a man would pay any attention to *that*? Or to *you*, Bibbs Sheridan?"

He looked at her steadily, and his gaze was as keen as it was steady. She met it with unwavering pride. Finally he nodded slowly, as if she had spoken and he meant to agree with what she said.

"Ah yes," he said. "I won't come into the smoking-room again. I'm sorry, Edith. Nobody can make you see anything now. You'll never see until you see for yourself. The rest of us will do better to keep out of it—especially me!"

"That's sensible," she responded, curtly. "You're most surprising of all when you're sensible, Bibbs."

"Yes," he sighed. "I'm a dull dog. Shake hands and forgive me, Edith."

Thawing so far as to smile, she underwent this brief ceremony, and George appeared, summoning Bibbs to the library; Dr. Gurney was waiting there, he announced. And Bibbs gave his sister a shy but friendly touch upon the shoulder as a complement to the handshaking, and left her.

Dr. Gurney was sitting by the log fire, alone in the room, and he merely glanced over his shoulder when his patient came in. He was not over fifty, in spite of Sheridan's habitual "ole Doc Gurney." He was gray, however, almost as thin as Bibbs, and nearly always he looked drowsy.

"Your father telephoned me yesterday afternoon, Bibbs," he said, not rising. "Wants me to 'look you over' again. Come around here in front of me—between me and the fire. I want to see if I can see through you."

"You mean you're too sleepy to move," returned Bibbs, complying. "I think you'll notice that I'm getting worse."

"Taken on about twelve pounds," said Gurney. "Thirteen, maybe."

"Twelve."

"Well, it won't do." The doctor rubbed his eyelids. "You're so much better I'll have to use some machinery on you before we can know just where you are. You come down to my place this afternoon. Walk down—all the way. I suppose you know why your father wants to know."

Bibbs nodded. "Machine-shop."

"Still hate it?"

Bibbs nodded again.

"Don't blame you!" the doctor grunted. "Yes; I expect it'll make a lump in your gizzard again. Well, what do you say? Shall I tell him you've got the old lump there yet? You still want to write, do you?"

"What's the use?" Bibbs said, smiling ruefully. "My kind of writing?"

"Yes," the doctor agreed. "I suppose if you broke away and lived on roots and berries until you began to 'attract the favorable attention of editors' you might be able to hope for an income of four or five hundred dollars a year by the time you're fifty."

"That's about it," Bibbs murmured.

"Of course I know what you want to do," said Gurney, drowsily. "You don't hate the machine-shop only; you hate the whole show—the noise and jar and dirt, the scramble—the whole bloomin' craze to 'get on.' You'd like to go somewhere in Algiers, or to Taormina, perhaps, and bask on a balcony, smelling flowers and writing sonnets. You'd grow fat on it and have a delicate little life all to yourself. Well, what do you say? I can lie like sixty, Bibbs! Shall I tell your father he'll lose another of his boys if you don't go to Sicily?"

"I don't want to go to Sicily," said Bibbs. "I want to stay right here."

The doctor's drowsiness disappeared for a moment, and he gave his patient a sharp glance. "It's a risk," he said. "I think we'll find you're so much better he'll send you back to the shop pretty quick. Something's got hold of you lately; you're not quite so lackadaisical as you used to be. But I warn you: I think the shop will knock you just as it did before, and perhaps even harder, Bibbs."

He rose, shook himself, and rubbed his eyelids. "Well, when we go over you this afternoon what are we going to say about it?"

"Tell him I'm ready," said Bibbs, looking at the floor.

"Oh no," Gurney laughed. "Not quite yet; but you may be almost. We'll see. Don't forget I said to walk down."

And when the examination was concluded that afternoon the doctor in-

formed Bibbs that the result was much too satisfactory to be pleasing. "Here's a new 'situation' for a one-act farce," he said, gloomily, to his next patient when Bibbs had gone. "Doctor tells a man he's well, and that's his death sentence, likely. Damn' funny world!"

Bibbs decided to walk home, though Gurney had not instructed him upon this point. In fact, Gurney seemed to have no more instructions on any point, so discouraging was the young man's improvement. It was a dingy afternoon, and the smoke was evident not only to Bibbs's sight, but to his nostrils, though most of the pedestrians were so accustomed to the smell that they could no longer detect it. Nearly all of them walked hurriedly, too intent upon their destinations to be more than half aware of the wayside; they wore the expressions of people under a vague yet constant strain. They were all lightly powdered, inside and out, with fine dust and grit from the hard-paved streets, and they were unaware of that also. They did not even notice that they saw the smoke, though the thickened air was like a shrouding mist. And when Bibbs passed the new "Sheridan Apartments," now almost completed, he observed that the marble of the vestibule was already streaky with soot, like his gloves, which were new.

That recalled to him the faint odor of gasoline in the coupé on the way from his brother's funeral, and this incited a train of thought which continued till he reached the vicinity of his home. His route was by a street parallel to that on which the New House fronted, and in his preoccupation he walked a block farther than he intended, so that, having crossed to his own street, he approached the New House from the north, and as he came to the corner of Mr. Vertrees's lot Mr. Vertrees's daughter emerged from the front door and walked thoughtfully down the path to the old picket gate. She was unconscious of the approach of the pedestrian from the north, and did not see him until she had opened the gate and he was almost beside her. Then she looked up, and, as she saw him, she started visibly. And if this thing had happened to Robert Lamhorn he would have had a thought far beyond

the horizon of faint-hearted Bibbs's thoughts. Lamhorn, indeed, would have spoken his thought. He would have said:

"You jumped because you were thinking of me!"

CHAPTER XV

MARY was the picture of a lady flustered. She stood with one hand closing the gate behind her, and she had turned to go in the direction Bibbs was walking. There appeared to be nothing for it but that they should walk together, at least as far as the New House. But Bibbs had paused in his slow stride, and there elapsed an instant before either spoke or moved—it was no longer than that and yet it sufficed for each to seem to say, by look and attitude, "Why, it's *you*!"

Then they both spoke at once, each hurriedly pronouncing the other's name as if beginning to deliver a message of importance. Then both came to a stop simultaneously, but Bibbs made a heroic effort, and, as they began to walk on together, he contrived to find his voice.

"I—I—hate a frozen fish myself," he said. "I think three miles was too long for you to put up with one."

"Good gracious!" she cried, turning to him a glowing face from which restraint and embarrassment had suddenly fled. "Mr. Sheridan, you're lovely to put it that way. But it's always the girl's place to say it's turning cooler! I ought to have been the one to show that we didn't know each other well enough not to say *something*! It was an imposition for me to have made you bring me home, and after I went into the house I decided I should have walked. Besides, it wasn't three miles to the car-line. I never thought of it!"

"No," said Bibbs, earnestly. "I didn't, either. I might have said something if I'd thought of anything. I'm talking now, though; I must remember that, and not worry about it later. I think I'm talking, though it doesn't sound intelligent even to me. I made up my mind that if I ever met you again I'd turn on my voice and keep it going, no matter what it said. I—"

She interrupted him with laughter, and Mary Vertrees's laugh was one

which Bibbs's father had declared, after the house-warming, "a cripple would crawl five miles to hear." And at the merry lilt of it Bibbs's father's son took heart to forget some of his trepidation. "I'll be any kind of idiot," he said, "if you'll laugh at me some more. It won't be difficult for me."

She did; and Bibbs's cheeks showed a little actual color, which Mary perceived. It recalled to her, by contrast, her careless and irritated description of him to her mother just after she had seen him for the first time, "Rather tragic and altogether impossible." It seemed to her now that she must have been blind.

They had passed the New House without either of them showing—or possessing—any consciousness that it had been the destination of one of them.

"I'll keep on talking," Bibbs continued, cheerfully, "and you keep on laughing. I'm amounting to something in the world this afternoon. I'm making a noise and that makes you make music. Don't be bothered by my bleating out such things as that. I'm really frightened, and that makes me bleat anything. I'm frightened about two things: I'm afraid of what I'll think of myself later if I don't keep talking—talking now, I mean—and I'm afraid of what I'll think of myself if I do. And besides these two things, I'm frightened, anyhow. I don't remember talking as much as this more than once or twice in my life. I suppose it was always in me to do it, though, the first time I met any one who didn't know me well enough not to listen."

"But you're not really talking to me," said Mary. "You're just thinking aloud."

"No," he returned, gravely. "I'm not thinking at all; I'm only making vocal sounds because I believe it's more manly. I seem to be the subject of what little meaning they possess, and I'd like to change it, but I don't know how. I haven't any experience in talking and I don't know how to manage it."

"You needn't change the subject on my account, Mr. Sheridan," she said. "Not even if you really talked about yourself." She turned her face toward him as she spoke, and Bibbs caught his breath; he was pathetically amazed by

the look she gave him. It was a glowing look, warmly friendly and understanding, and, what almost shocked him, it was an eagerly interested look. Bibbs was not accustomed to anything like that.

"I—you—I—I'm—" he stammered, and the faint color in his cheeks grew almost vivid.

She was still looking at him, and she saw the strange radiance that came into his face. There was something about him, too, that explained how "queer" many people might think him; but he did not seem "queer" to Mary Vertrees; he seemed the most quaintly natural person she had ever met.

He waited, and became coherent. "You say something now," he said. "I don't even belong in the chorus, and here I am, trying to sing the funny man's solo! You—"

"No," she interrupted. "I'd rather play your accompaniment."

"I'll stop and listen to it, then."

"Perhaps—" she began, but, after pausing thoughtfully, she made a gesture with her muff, indicating a large brick church which they were approaching. "Do you see that church, Mr. Sheridan?"

"I suppose I could," he answered in simple truthfulness, looking at her. "But I don't want to. Once, when I was ill, the nurse told me I'd better say anything that was on my mind, and I got the habit. The other reason I don't want to see the church is that I have a feeling it's where you're going, and where I'll be sent back."

She shook her head in cheery negation. "Not unless you want to be. Would you like to come with me?"

"Why—why—yes," he said. "Anywhere!" And again it was apparent that he spoke in simple truthfulness.

"Then come—if you care for organ music. The organist is an old friend of mine, and sometimes he plays for me. He's a dear old man. He had a degree from Bonn, and was a professor afterward, but he gave up everything for music. That's he, waiting in the doorway. He looks like Beethoven, doesn't he? I think he knows that, perhaps, and enjoys it a little. I hope so."

"Yes," said Bibbs, as they reached

the church steps. "I think Beethoven would like it, too. It must be pleasant to look like other people."

"I haven't kept you?" Mary said to the organist.

"No, no," he answered, heartily. "I would not mind so only you should shoo—er come!"

"This is Mr. Sheridan, Dr. Kraft. He has come to listen with me."

The organist looked bluntly surprised. "Iss that so?" he exclaimed. "Well, I am glad if you wish him, and if he can stant my liddle playink. He iss musician himself; then, of course."

"No," said Bibbs, as the three entered the church together. "I—I played the—I tried to play—" Fortunately he checked himself; he had been about to offer the information that he had failed to master the jew's-harp in his boyhood. "No, I'm not a musician," he contented himself with saying.

"What?" Dr. Kraft's surprise increased. "Young man, you are fortunate! I play for Miss Vertrees; she comes always alone. You are the first. You are the first one *ever*!"

They had reached the head of the central aisle, and as the organist finished speaking Bibbs stopped short, turning to look at Mary Vertrees in a dazed way that was not of her perceiving; for though she stopped as he did, her gaze followed the organist, who was walking away from them toward the front of the church, shaking his white Beethovian mane roguishly.

"It's false pretenses on my part," Bibbs said. "You mean to be kind to the sick, but I'm not an invalid any more. I'm so well I'm going back to work in a few days. I'd better leave before he begins to play, hadn't I?"

"No," said Mary, beginning to walk forward. "Not unless you don't like great music."

He followed her to a seat about half-way up the aisle while Dr. Kraft ascended to the organ. It was an enormous one; the procession of pipes ranging from long, starveling whistles to thundering fat guns; they covered all the rear wall of the church, and the organist's figure, reaching its high perch, looked like that of some Lilliputian magician ludicrously daring the attempt to

control a monster certain to overwhelm him.

"This afternoon some Handel!" he turned to shout.

Mary nodded. "Will you like that?" she asked Bibbs.

"I don't know. I never heard any except 'Largo.' I don't know anything about music. I don't even know how to pretend I do. If I knew enough to pretend, I would."

"No," said Mary, looking at him and smiling faintly, "you wouldn't."

She turned away as a great sound began to swim and tremble in the air; the huge empty space of the church filled with it, and the two people listening filled with it; the universe seemed to fill and thrill with it. The two sat intensely still, the great sound all round about them, while the church grew dusky, and only the organist's lamp made a tiny star of light. His white head moved from side to side beneath it rhythmically, or lunged and recovered with the fierceness of a duelist thrusting, but he was magnificently the master of his giant, and it sang to his magic as he bade it.

Bibbs was swept away upon that mighty singing. Such a thing was wholly unknown to him; there had been no music in his meager life. Unlike the tale, it was the Princess Bedrulbudour who had brought him to the enchanted cave, and that—for Bibbs—was what made its magic dazing. It seemed to him a long, long time since he had been walking home drearily from Dr. Gurney's office; it seemed to him that he had set out upon a happy journey since then, and that he had reached another planet, where Mary Vertrees and he sat alone together listening to a vast choiring of invisible soldiers and holy angels. There were armies of voices about them singing praise and thanksgiving; and yet they were alone. It was incredible that the walls of the church were not the boundaries of the universe, to remain so for ever; incredible that there was a smoky street just yonder, where housemaids were bringing in evening papers from front steps and where children were taking their last spins on roller-skates before being haled indoors for dinner.

He had a curious sense of communication with his new friend. He knew it

could not be so, and yet he felt as if all the time he spoke to her, saying: "You hear this strain? You hear that strain? You know the dream that these sounds bring to me?" And it seemed to him as though she answered, continually: "I hear! I hear that strain and I hear the new one that you are hearing now. I know the dream that these sounds bring to you. Yes, yes, I hear it all! We hear—together!"

And though the church grew so dim that all was mysterious shadow except the vague planes of the windows and the organist's light, with the white head moving beneath it, Bibbs had no consciousness that the girl sitting beside him had grown shadowy; he seemed to see her as plainly as ever in the darkness, though he did not look at her. And all the mighty chanting of the organ's multitudinous voices that afternoon seemed to Bibbs to be chorusing of her and interpreting her, singing her thoughts and singing for him the world of humble gratitude that was in his heart because she was so kind to him. It all meant Mary.

CHAPTER XVI

BUT when she asked him what it meant, on their homeward way, he was silent. They had come a few paces from the church without speaking, walking slowly.

"I'll tell you what it meant to me," she said, as he did not immediately reply. "Almost any music of Handel's always means one thing above all others to me: courage! That's it. It makes cowardice or whining seem so infinitesimal—it makes *most* things in our hustling little lives seem infinitesimal."

"Yes," he said. "It seems odd, doesn't it, that people down-town are hurrying to trains, hanging on to straps in trolley-cars, weltering every way to get home and feed and sleep so they can get down-town to-morrow? And yet there isn't anything down there worth getting to. They're like servants drudging to keep the house going, and believing the drudgery itself is the great thing. They make so much noise and fuss and dirt they forget that the house was meant to live in. The housework has to be done, but the people who do it have

been so overpaid that they're confused and worship the housework. They're overpaid, and yet, poor things! they haven't anything that a chicken can't have. Of course, when the world gets to paying its wages sensibly that will be different."

"Do you mean 'communism'?" she asked, and she made their slow pace a little slower—they had only three blocks to go.

"Whatever the word is, I only mean that things don't look very sensible now—especially to a man that wants to keep out of 'em and can't! 'Communism'? Well, at least any 'decent sport' would say it's fair for all the strong runners to start from the same mark and give the weak ones a fair distance ahead, so that all can run something like even on the stretch. And wouldn't it be pleasant, really, if they could all cross the winning-line together? Who really enjoys beating anybody—if he sees the beaten man's face? The only way we can enjoy getting ahead of other people nowadays is by forgetting what the other people feel. And that," he added, "is nothing of what the music meant to me. You see, if I keep talking about what it didn't mean I can keep from telling you what it did mean."

"Didn't it mean courage to you, too—a little," she asked. "Triumph and praise were in it, and somehow those things mean courage to me."

"Yes, they were all there," Bibbs said. "I don't know the name of what he played, but I shouldn't think it would matter much. The man that makes the music must leave it to you what it can mean to you, and the name he puts to it can't make much difference—except to himself and people very much like him, I suppose."

"I suppose that's true, though I'd never thought of it like that."

"I imagine music must make feelings and paint pictures in the minds of the people who hear it," Bibbs went on, musingly, "according to their own natures as much as according to the music itself. The musician might compose something and play it, wanting you to think of the Holy Grail, and some people who heard it would think of a prayer-meeting, and some would think of how

good they were themselves, and a boy might think of himself at the head of a solemn procession, carrying a banner and riding on a white horse. And then, if there were some jubilant passages in the music, he'd think of a circus."

They had reached her gate, and she set her hand upon it, but did not open it. Bibbs felt that this was almost the kindest of her kindnesses—not to be prompt in leaving him.

"After all," she said, "you didn't tell me whether you liked it."

"No. I didn't need to."

"No, that's true, and I didn't need to ask. I knew. But you said you were trying to keep from telling me what it did mean."

"I can't keep from telling it any longer," he said. "The music meant to me—it meant the kindness of—of you."

"Kindness? How?"

"You thought I was a sort of lonely tramp—and sick—"

"No," she said, decidedly. "I thought perhaps you'd like to hear Dr. Kraft play. And you did."

"It's curious; sometimes it seemed to me that it was you who were playing."

Mary laughed. "I? I strum! Piano. A little Chopin—Grieg—Chaminade. You wouldn't listen!"

Bibbs drew a deep breath. "I'm frightened again," he said in an unsteady voice. "I'm afraid you'll think I'm pushing, but—" He paused and the words sank to a murmur.

"Oh, if you want *me* to play for you!" she said. "Yes, gladly. It will be merely absurd after what you heard this afternoon. I play like a hundred thousand other girls; and I like it. I'm glad when any one's willing to listen, and if you—" She stopped, checked by a sudden recollection, and laughed ruefully. "But my piano won't be here after tonight. I—I'm sending it away to-morrow. I'm afraid that if you'd like me to play to you you'd have to come this evening."

"You'll let me?" he cried.

"Certainly, if you care to."

"If *I* could play," he said, wistfully, "like that old man in the church I could thank you."

"Ah, but you haven't heard me play. I *know* you liked this afternoon, but—"

"Yes," said Bibbs. "It was the greatest happiness I've ever known."

It was too dark to see his face, but his voice held such plain honesty and he spoke with such complete unconsciousness of saying anything especially significant that she knew it was the truth. For a moment she was nonplussed, then she opened the gate and went in. "You'll come after dinner, then?"

"Yes," he said, not moving. "Would you mind if I stood here until time to come in?"

She had reached the steps, and at that she turned, offering him the response of laughter and a gay gesture of her muff toward the lighted windows of the New House, as though bidding him to run home to his dinner.

That night Bibbs sat writing in his note-book.

Music can come into a blank life and fill it. Everything that is beautiful is music, if you can listen.

There is no gracefulness like that of a graceful woman at a grand piano. There is a swimming loveliness of line that seems to merge with the running of the sound, and you seem, as you watch her, to see what you are hearing and to hear what you are seeing.

There are women who make you think of pine woods coming down to a sparkling sea. The air about such a woman is bracing, and when she is near you, you feel strong and ambitious; you forget that the world doesn't like you. You think that perhaps you are a great fellow, after all. Then you come away and feel like a boy who has fallen in love with his Sunday-school teacher. You'll be whipped for it—and ought to be.

There are women who make you think of Diana, crowned with the moon. But they do not have the "Greek profile." I do not

believe Helen of Troy had a "Greek profile"; they would not have fought about her if her nose had been quite that long. The Greek nose is not the adorable nose. The adorable nose is about an eighth of an inch shorter.

Much of the music of Wagner, it appears, is not suitable to the piano. Wagner was a composer who could interpret into music such things as the primitive impulses of humanity—he could have made a machine-shop into music. But not if he had to work in it. Wagner was always dealing in immensities—a machine-shop would have put a majestic lump in so grand a gizzard as that.

There is a mystery about pianos, it seems. Sometimes they have to be "sent away." That is how some people speak of the penitentiary. "Sent away" is a euphuism for "sent to prison." But pianos are not sent to prison; and they are not sent to the tuner—the tuner is sent to them. Why are pianos "sent away"—and where?

Sometimes a glorious day shines into the most ordinary and useless life. Happiness and beauty come caroling out of the air into the gloomy house of that life as if some stray angel just happened to perch on the roof-tree, resting in passage. And the night after such a day is lustrous and splendid with the memory of it. Music and beauty and kindness—those are the three greatest things God can give us. To bring them all in one day to one who expected nothing—ah! the heart that received them should be as humble as it is thankful. But it is hard to be humble when one is so rich with new memories. It is impossible to be humble after a day of glory.

Yes—the adorable nose is more than an eighth of an inch shorter than the Greek nose. It is a full quarter of an inch shorter.

There are women who will be kinder to a sick tramp than to a conquering hero. But the sick tramp had better remember that's what he is. Take care, take care! Humble's the word!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Forty Mile Inn

BY NORMAN DUNCAN



It was raining hard. A Queensland shower, this—a swift drenching of the bush-lands. Night was now down. It was black dark in the coach. The horses were exhausted to a dispirited trot. And we four passengers were limp. An Australian highroad rough with ruts and stones jounced and shook us. A black wind blew in—chill and wet. And the coach leaked pertinacious little trickles of black rain: so that—here cowering helpless in the like of a dark shower-bath—we had no dry thing upon us. “Gid - ap!” says the coachman. And “Gid-ap!” And “Gid-ap!” And nothing came of it: nor had the coachman the least expectation that anything would come of it. But “Gid-ap!” says he. And “Gid-ap!” And in this way we rattled and splashed and jolted along toward the refuge of an expected inn. No wise traveler would yield his spirit to these incidents of discomfort, but would employ his imagination—without an abundant measure of which no traveler of any sort should essay a passage of the byways of the world—to withdraw him from the ills of the time. He would contemplate, to be sure, not the rainy night, not the pains of the road, but the lights and company of the expected inn, and the good green bounty to come to the bush-lands of all this dripping misery. And thus we—surveying the grassy, sunlit future of the paddocks—until, ahead in the dark of the road, a point of light, flaring in the midst of a glowing little globe of rain, indicated that Forty Mile Inn was at last within hail. And at Forty Mile Inn, being now cramped and bruised and sodden, we alighted, desiring a share of that refreshment for man and beast which the sign of the place promised belated travelers.

A landlady of uncomely aspect somewhat discouraged our anticipation.

“Coffee-room?” says she, listlessly.

“Coffee-room.”

We had not ordered supper: we had required the superior hospitality of the inn.

In the morning of that day we had come trotting at easy leisure through as drear a stretch of bush as could anywhere be found. All open, like a kept park, this bush was upstanding, perfect in trunk and branch, the grasses fresh and flourishing knee-high, and no scar of fire to be descried; but every tree was dead—as dead as dry bones, and clean and bleached white, like an articulated skeleton. It was a ghastly spectacle. A night passage, in the white light of the moon, would surely make a man’s flesh creep—a stark, gray forest, and the rattle and creak of its dry limbs, and the wind wandering past, moaning and whispering and whimpering, as the wind will, given half a chance, to frighten timid folk. It was nothing at all to fancy that a gigantic naturalist had here expressed some eccentric notion—had designed to exhibit to the passengers of that highroad the anatomy of the Queensland bush. We wondered why any settler should work such wide destruction—what wisdom lay in killing all this mighty timber; and we learned then, from the amiable coachman, that the death of these great trees had been dealt to give the grasses more life—the vitality of all the rain. It was a ring-barked bush (said he). They had cut a broad band of bark from every trunk, near the root, in the Australian way of improving the land; and the leaves had fallen, and the bark had gone to shreds and been blown away—and the trees, like dead men, who ask nothing of the world’s bounty, drew no moisture from the ground, needing none, but left it to sustain the grasses for the cattle.

These were not the surely watered and fertile Queensland miles—the compara-

tively inconsequential fruit acres and sugar lands. It was cattle country, and sheep country, too; but hereabouts it was mean land—a perishing land. The good pastures, new and near free, where the stock grows into money (said they), and any young man, with the heart and patience of the fathers, can be wealthy at middle-age, like the grayheads of these days; these good places lay deeper, north and west, where the frontiers are, with the world lapping out to them, like a tide. Nor near by where then we coached was there any very vast station, but humbler ones, not of the magnitude of the incredible, established estates of the Darling River country, the New South Wales back-blocks, to which the third generation returns, nowadays, from the English schools and universities, with the natural habit of leisure, and with affectations of a sort to startle the patriarchs—not the million-acre runs, hereabouts, and the ten-mile paddocks, and the three hundred thousand head of stock, and the swarm of herders and boundary-riders and managers and jackaroos, and the racing-stables and jockeys and hunters, and the tutors and music-masters and retainers-in-general. It may be that in the end these amazing holdings will be the material of romance, for the government does not hesitate to seize them and throw them open for what is called closer settlement. At any rate, here was none. The land was for the small selector—blocks of twenty-five hundred acres, which he might have for a shilling an acre, perhaps, or for nothing at all, with the government's blessing to boot.

Prickly-pear troubled the country. It was spreading with the speed and blighting effect of a plague—doubling the area of actual occupation every two years, when thriving unchecked. It had spoiled ten thousand miles (said they); and it had infected twenty million acres—this estimate from a Queensland ranger whose business had somewhat to do with the pest, and who was far too serious a fellow, it seemed, to take a rise out of credulous travelers. “As for mere infection,” said he, then, “I reckon eighty million acres would be nearer the truth.” I am unable to swallow such a mouthful of ciphers: the reader may

suit his taste and capacity—dropping ciphers when surfeited; but this much is sure, and significant of an appalling arithmetical result, that in 1910 applications for new prickly-pear selections were accepted by the Queensland government to the extent of 1,308,170 acres. The coachman had a pretty tale to account for the presence of the pear in this alien land. It was imported (said he) by the good lady of a station, who was fond of curious plants; and it was kept in a veranda pot, and was nourished and greatly admired, and was transplanted to the yard, and there fenced with care, to keep it safe from the stock. And then it ran away—over the station premises and into the bush. “I *like* this country,” said that prickly-pear, according to the coachman's story, “and I reckon I'll *settle* here—and *stay*.” And now they curse it, and slash it, and burn it, and poison it with arsenic and soda; but it thrives in spite of them, and delights in its adopted country.

“Just been a Yankee over here to poison the pear,” said the coachman, “by flowing a heavy gas through the bush.”

“Did the gas kill the pear?”

“Ah yes, and everything else,” said the coachman. “Wheet, wheet! G'long, you!”

We had picked up a jackaroo, bound out from his station to the pleasures of Sydney and Melbourne—for a whack at life (said he), and a jolly smart whack, too! We had taken in a drover's boy, returning homesick to his mother. We had visited a black-fellow's mission (reservation) and run a losing race against the rain. And now we had fallen into disreputable lodgings, as in the coaching country travelers will. It is all as it used to be. No man can say that he will be refreshed in the parlor of one inn and lie the night in Number 4 of another; nor is any journey come safely to its end, indeed, until the horses are drawn up in the lighted yard of the last inn of all. A mishap in the dark—a broken horse, a mired wheel, the accident of rain—and let travelers look out for obscure wayside taverns and queer lodgings. A glimpse of the bar of this low



THE COACHMAN LAID ON THE WHIP. THE "BILLY BULLET" FLEW

public-house—the smoky lamplight and drear board walls and shelves—disheartened us in respect to the quality of its entertainment. At the moment of our arrival three stockmen were in the last rumble of a roar of laughter; and a barmaid, with her head furiously back, was shrilling a very naughty complaint of some indelicacy they had dropped—a word or two, perhaps, beyond the usual license. By this the stockmen were silenced and abashed, like mischievous children, even before a bleared little stable-boy had time to gather up our dripping luggage, or the landlady had bidden us follow to the parlor: where—upon the flash barmaid's anger, at once appeased by the blushes and stricken behavior of the three stockmen, ran into

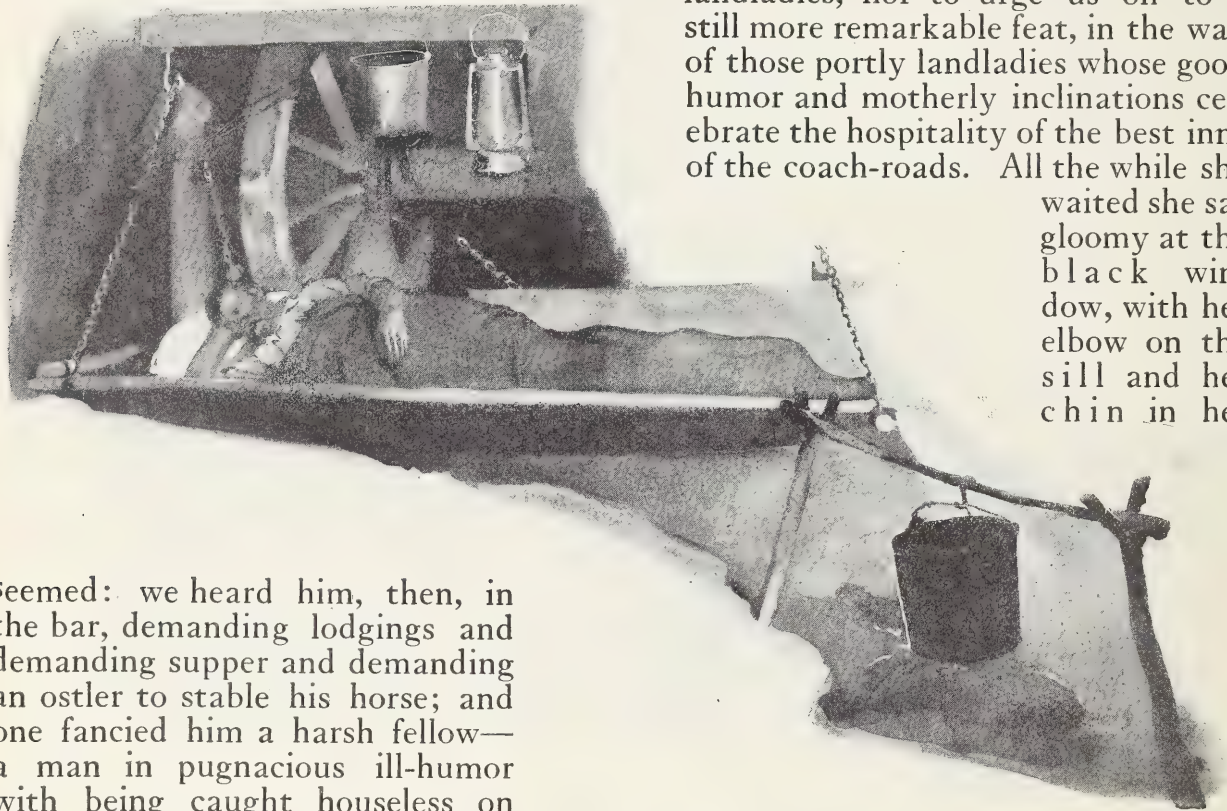
a scream of merriment more terrible than her rage. And here, then, it was plain, was no good Queensland inn to put up coaching-folk, but a naked back-block pot-house, kept to serve the like of stockmen and shearers, in the season of spending (which was not now), who must find pleasure in their cups, or have no pleasure at all to their liking, to reward their labor.

We followed the landlady, with the bleared little stable-boy at our heels, to a musty parlor, where she lighted candles for us, and opened the door to an adjoining dormitory chamber, furnished with several beds, shabby, suspicious characters, every one of them. A board partition, with cracks and gaps and knot-holes, was designed to separate our

repose from the hilarity of the bar. There was a bed for each of us, however, and a bed for the young jackaroo, who was belated with us, and a bed for the diminutive drover whom we had picked up in the happier hours of that day; and there was a last bed, leaning in a corner, on doubtful legs, for the next wretched traveler whom the rainy night should blow in. He had already blown in, it

the parlor, we found something to cheer us, but not in the acquaintance of the new guest, who was a tall, scowling, hairy man, and gobbled up his pie and gulped down his tea without saying a gracious word, and forthwith disappeared to the veranda. Our landlady attended. She had no ear for our chatter; nor was she interested in our performance upon the hot mutton-pie—neither to save her victuals from an unusual voracity, in the way of mean landladies, nor to urge us on to a still more remarkable feat, in the way of those portly landladies whose good humor and motherly inclinations celebrate the hospitality of the best inns of the coach-roads. All the while she

waited she sat gloomy at the black window, with her elbow on the sill and her chin in her



seemed: we heard him, then, in the bar, demanding lodgings and demanding supper and demanding an ostler to stable his horse; and one fancied him a harsh fellow—a man in pugnacious ill-humor with being caught houseless on the deep black road. Had there been less to complain of, we should have been bitter with it all; but so forlorn was our state and expectation, in this mean pot-house, that when the young jackaroo grinned and the little drover chuckled we must break into laughter with them. Some phrases of drunken melody followed upon our mirth. They flowed easily in from the bar by way of the cracks and knot-holes. And the jackaroo explained that these snatches of song described Flash Jack from Gundagai as *'avin' shore at big Willandra, an' shore at Tilberoo, an' once 'e drew 'is blades, me boys, upon the famed Barcoo*—which was something more to laugh at, and promised a considerable amusement for the later hours.

All dry, at last, and a supper of hot mutton-pie being by this time laid in

palm—staring out, her uncomely visage fixed and blank. It was hard to rouse her from this melancholy brooding. Once, I recall, she moved abruptly, and made as if to dust the furniture with the hem of her apron, but seemed to reconsider and abandon the undertaking, whatever it was, and returned to the chair at the window and to the dreary prospect of the night: A poor creature, she!—a lean, elderly woman, in a calico gown, with her meager gray hair in a listless knot; and she was somewhat of a slattern, too, detached from all that had to do with the appearances, and living with no luster of concern with affairs near by and matters of the pres-

A TEAMSTER'S CAMP ON THE GREAT ROUTE

ent. There was nothing for her to see outside—nothing but the puddles under the projecting lantern and the rain driving through the yellow light. I fancied that the woman's abstraction was an habitual thing—a way of escape, perhaps, from the gray color of her life.

"'Ad enough tucker?" says she, when we rose.

"An excellent pie, ma'am!" I declared, to rouse her.

She said, "Glad ye liked it." But she was not at all glad. She found no smallest spark of pleasure in our preposterous flattery of that hot mutton-pie.

Presently the rain let up a little. The steady rumble of it on the iron roof fell away to a pleasant pattering; and the wind went down, and the sky began to break—disclosing a star or two. Outside, we found the tall, scowling man, sitting in a corner of the veranda, which was railed off from the common length to seclude genteel folk from an intrusive contiguity of the lusty patrons of the bar.

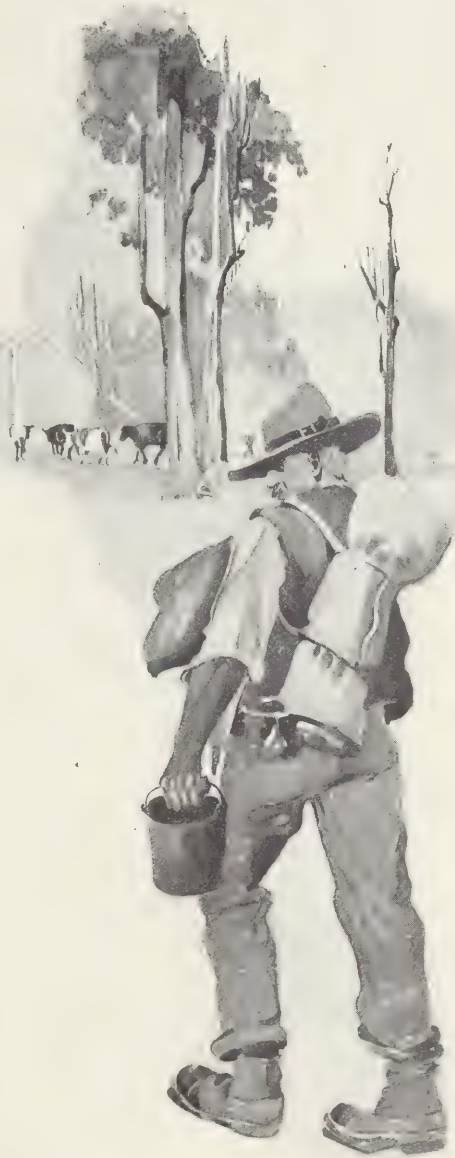
The man's chair was tipped back, and his feet were put up, and his wide felt hat was pulled down, so that what we could see of him in that poor lamp-light was not much more than his length and his whiskers. He was talkative, now, after an ill-tempered fashion of conversation, which he must himself command to be kept in a flowing humor with it; and there was something else

to remark with astonishment—being this: that what the philosophy of the scowling man comprehended, and no matter what, was bloody, and not a whit better than bloody, nor the fraction of a degree worse. Whatever was good was bloody good, and whatever

was bad was a bloody bad business; and with that the characterization was dismissed as completely accomplished. We pitied this limitation, rather, at first, for it seemed the poor fellow must for ever describe what was irksome to him in too large a measure of discontent and fall far short of adequate vigor when it came to the point of condemning that which was utterly damnable in his sight. He had a singular mastery of inflection, however; and with such art could he fondle this lone adjective—and so terribly explode it—that he could flavor his speech like a pirate or give it a tender color.

What disagreed with the scowling man's humor was

the impending invasion of the Little Brown Brother—with armies (said he) to possess the tropical northern lands: these being coveted by the Little Brown Brother, who must thrive in a wider territorial sphere or perish. And wherever we followed the Australian byways we came upon this selfsame living fear of Japan—no peaceful occupation by immigration (the Japanese are excluded):



A SWAGMAN TRAVELING THE PARCHED COUNTRY



STURDY BULLOCKS YOKED IN PAIRS—

a war and mercilessly grasping invasion in due time. It exhibited itself in the cities, as well—in newspaper editorials, and in wrathful letters to the newspapers. And everywhere was a steady preparation against an event of this nature—not expressly, however, a Japanese invasion. “Australians are a peaceful, business people,” said a Minister of Defense, addressing cadets. “But are we prepared to arbitrate on a White Australia? Of course not! If, then, we are not prepared to arbitrate, the only logical alternative is to be prepared for war.” In response to this feeling there is in Australia a “universal training in the naval or military forces.” And now the scowling man—who seemed to have some connection with the military service of cadets—described his bitterness with the opponents of this healthful system: with fathers who complained that military training would demoralize the ideals of their sons, and with mothers who feared for the manners and morals of their little darlings in the promiscuous associations of the parade-ground, and with all wowsers—wowsers being overly pious folk, whose degree of piety, in this instance, would forbid a resort to arms in any circumstances to be conceived of.

Australian lads of twelve years begin a more or less voluntary form of military training. It is an indulgent, happy-go-lucky sort of thing, designed primarily to be of physical advantage. When the lads are fourteen years old, a limited military service is severely compulsory, with penalties for evasion, and fines laid upon employers and parents who inter-

fere, and thus continues, with physical exercises, drill, parades and rifle-practice, for four years, whereupon these cadets are passed into the citizen forces. Four whole-day drills are required each year, and twelve half-day drills, and twenty-four night drills. A perfunctory attendance upon these grave obligations—inapt, sullen, frivolous behavior—counts for nothing at all. If the cadet fails to be marked efficient by his battalion officers he must perform his service all over again. In Kalgoorlie, of Western Australia—a great dust-storm blowing that night—we watched a column of these “little conscripts” march past with rifles and bugles and drums; and they were smart to see—brown uniforms, with tricks of green, and wide-brimmed Australian hats caught up at the side in the Australian way. It is no farcical affair. When we were in Brisbane, of Queensland, a score of truant youngsters were packed off to the military barracks for ten days of close confinement and drill; and away they went, in a big Cape wagon, in charge of a sergeant-major, and under escort of some brilliant artillerymen—a melancholy little crew, these truants, then, facing ten days of absence from home, with six hours of drill on the hot parade-ground, under a sergeant-major who doubtless knew how to improve the patriotism of small culprits, and would do it with a switch.

What consternation—what lamentations—in a score of Brisbane homes that night!

“Do ’em all good!” growled the scowling man, delighted with our story.



—MOVE PONDEROUS BURDENS THROUGH THE WILDERNESS

And he went in better heart to bed. He must take the road (said he) right early in the morning.

We had sniffed no gasolene that day. We had heard no blaring, scaresome demand to yield the road to our betters. Nor had we swallowed a haughty dust. Amble, jog-trot, and canter: these had been the three speeds forward. All travelers were ahorse; and every horseman appraised the beast of the other—absorbed like an old beau (we fancied) in his survey of those points of beauty and advantage which chiefly engage the cultivated interest of his years. This was true all Australia over. Interest in horseflesh everywhere obtruded itself. Whatever considerable Australian city we visited had its too considerable race-courses. In Kalgoorlie—that red desert land, scorched to the roots, dust blown and aglare—the race-track lawns were green and smooth, with anxious tending, and the great flowers bloomed, favored for the spectacle, watered without measure, to delight the eye in the occasional seasons of sport. All the bush towns, to the least of them—even the midst of Tasmania, the hill country, where was no town at all, but a pitiably scattered community of shepherds—cherished a course for racing or kept the space of some paddock marked off with stakes. In Perth, and in Melbourne and Sydney, at the time of our passage, they were

racing at the lesser courses, though it was the inimical month of the heat and dry winds: the bugles blowing without heart, the flags limp, the jockeys' parti-colored jackets soiled, the horses straining in the stretch—small bookmakers, with satchels, crying the odds, little boys wagering sixpences, gaming women placing pounds and odd shillings—sodden gatherings, these, of incorrigible addicts.

Now the young jackaroo—bound out for a whack at life—described the Melbourne Cup.

Ah, my word (said he)—but the Melbourne Cup! In the fall of the year, when the winds blow better, and the crisp weather gives a dare-devil thrill to the spirit, and the sky is blue, and the sun unfailing—it is *then*, young fellow, m' lad, that they run the Melbourne Cup! And it is one of the wide world's great spectacles of pleasure. The fashion of the town emerges to exhibit the quality and English flavor of its fashionable behavior; and the fashion of the great estates swarms in from the wealthy back-country to town—the prettiest, loveliest girls in the world (said the young jackaroo), and the loveliest mothers, and the very youngest grandmothers, and young chaps with a sporting dash to 'em, and grandfathers who know a horse and a whisky-and-soda when they see 'em, and occasionally, perhaps, can hardly distinguish the one from the other. It is all true (the young

jackaroo declared): the bright eyes and pretty blushes, and the gowns from London and Paris, and the responsive gallantry of the young chaps with a sporting dash to 'em, and the jovial old gray-heads—and the fashionable occasions, as well, and the magnitude of the spectacle, and the smothering suspense of the race. All Australia wagers, and waits, and wagers again, and shakes with apprehension, and lays a pound or two more, and sputters, at last, like a thousand trails of powder, from Melbourne to the remotest paddocks and deserts, when the ultimate news is loose.

"Why, my dear fellow," the young jackaroo declared, to prove the importance of the occasion, "bookmakers come all the way from London—for the Melbourne Cup!"

He was very much like a young American describing the delight of baseball.

Presently the blacksmith came shyly out of the drip of warm rain to join our company in the genteel inclosure of the veranda. He was a big, gray, rosy man; and he was now near laughably overflowing a suit of decent black, word having reached him (said he) that uncom-

mon travelers were weather-bound at the inn—his Sabbath wear, no doubt, put on, in Scotch pride, to show his quality, as no low bush roisterer. A sentimental fellow, this rosy smithy turned out to be: he told us—near right away—that he was a failure in life; and said this in wistful expectation of our amazement and sympathy, the thing being, in his lonely life, of such large, constant interest to himself, I am sure, that he could not think of it as news of inconsequence to anybody. He was the elder of two Scotch sons (said he); and he had labored at the forge in some lowland Scotch village, and had scrimped his life, it was plain, and had spoiled his future, too, to improve the fortunes of his brother, who must be sent to the university. The brother was become a distinguished divine. A grand theologian, man—a minister of power and grace! We had heard of him—doubtless? No? Ah, well, then we were not well acquaint' with Edinboro! That was true: and the truth of it—conveyed in haste and with solicitous emphasis—would have restored the good smithy's pride in his brother's fame (which needed no restoration) had it wavered. And,

well, now, the younger son having taken a degree, and having been called, in season, and having been firmly inducted, the smithy had come to the Colonies, twenty years ago, to build himself a larger future than he faced; and here was he to this day, poor chap!—a cross-roads smithy, outstripped and discouraged in a land of opportunity.

"Too old," says he, "when I landed."

It was not that, I thought: it was more that he had habituated himself to the unprofitable virtue of self-sacrifice.

"Ay," he insisted, "I was too old."

Our smithy began,



WE HAD TAKEN IN A SMALL BOY RETURNING HOMESICK TO HIS MOTHER



IN THE SHEEP COUNTRY

by and by, to discourse—shrewdly, perhaps—of the philosophy of Thomas Carlyle: it being too pitilessly charged with ill-temper and scorn and brutal severity (said he) to improve the happiness of many; and after that he described the oratory of Gladstone and John Bright, and other great parliamentarians, and some great preachers, of their generation, his eyes glowing the while, and his lips fairly smacking his delight—and recited for our pleasure some phrases of the eloquence of those years: yet he would barter all these stimulating recollections (said he) to have heard Abraham Lincoln utter even the first sentence of the Gettysburg Address. Were we by any chance readers—he went on—of the novels of Charles Dickens? And he laughed: so that all at once we discovered the solace of his leisure—but were not astonished at all, for in other corners of the world, where men are lost from one another, we had fallen upon the same good disclosure, time and again. Here the smithy spoke of Mr. Turveydrop, and Mrs. Gamp, and poor Steerforth, and Dick Swiveller, and Mr. Veneering, and little David Copperfield, as of familiar friends—old intimates of his own. Why, man, it seemed, to hear him talk of them all, that they were still living their lives—or that, being dead,

they were still mourned: little Nell, and Paul Dombey, and Dora! And it was good to hear him: it was good to learn once more that this great legacy of laughter and friendship was not yet expended—that it still returned its splendid profit to the common folk of the world. It seemed, for a flash, indeed, being newly out from Home, that we must have news of that cherished circle for the smithy.

“And what, now, is to be the forthcoming work,” he might have inquired, “of the celebrated Mr. Copperfield?”

Our sentimental smithy did nothing of the sort, of course, but had he done so—had he so much as ventured to approach an inquiry of that description—our imagination, too, would have taken its high and joyous flight. We should have demanded to be informed, and that instantly, you may be sure, of the whereabouts of Mr. Micawber. Mr. Micawber was somewhere in the Colonies: we knew that—we had read the newspaper account, indeed, of a certain convivial occasion, designed to recognize and distinguish Mr. Micawber’s activities in a sphere completely suited to those eminent talents which had hitherto been obscured in dismal and utterly incomprehensible misfortune. And we wanted to know where Mr. Micawber lived. We



A BOUNDARY RIDER'S HUT

wanted Mr. Micawber to brew us a delectable brew, and, having submitted to the exhilaration of his performance, we wanted to shake hands with Mr. Micawber, a good many more times than once, being sure that sentiments of admiration might be expressed to Mr. Micawber, in these days of Mr. Micawber's prosperity, without the least pecuniary danger whatsoever. And we wanted to hear the dulcet young Wilkens lift up his voice, and we wanted to be amazed by the growth and extraordinary loveliness of the twins, and we wanted to felicitate the faithful Mrs. Micawber in the most carefully chosen forms of fashion and refinement. And we wanted more: we wanted—if such a thing could be without giving pain—to tell our admiration and affection to those homely unfortunates who had sailed with Mr. Micawber to refashion their lives of the poor fragments of hope that a great catastrophe had left them to build with.

But the sentimental smithy did not lead us so far away from the realities.

"Ye'll hear me at the forge," said he,

rising at last to leave us, "when ye're off in the mornin'."

We promised to listen for the tinkle and clang of the forge.

"I'm nothin' but a failure," said he.

Ah well!

"Ye'll hear me singin' at the forge, just the same," said he. He paused. And added, "Best of all I love the plaintive songs."

At that very moment there was an astonishing quantity of music in the air. It began in a roar; and it continued at the pitch of a roar—scorning *diminuendo* and *crescendo*, or carelessly incapable of either, I am not sure which. At any rate, the neighborhood vibrated with melody. It originated in the bar. And at a word from the young jackaroo it emerged from the bar, and stumbled into the railed inclosure, and sat down beside us, continuing *fortissimo*—the instrument of its production being, as you may know, one of the three drunken stockmen. Having run his ballad to the end, the stockman yielded to the quiet of the night and far-away place, and turned

out, at once, to be most amiably inclined in the matter of communicating his song. Not only did he communicate it, in a speaking voice, to be written down, but repeated the lines, in the interest of precision, and even assisted with the spelling, all with the air of a man who had at last found his calling and was perfectly aware of the gravity of its responsibilities. And then (said he) we must master the tune—this being particularly important to a perfect exposition of the whole composition. He sang again, therefore, occasionally interrupting himself to inquire whether or not we had “caught” the melody, and beseeching us to join with him—vociferating with such fervor, his eyes blazing, his face working, and his forefinger beating the time, and leaning so close, and radiant of such gleeful absorption with his occupation, that we could not follow the melody at all, but must give a fascinated attention to the bristling visage and enrapt manner of the good fellow.

Here, then, I transcribe the song of the drunken stockman, called “Flash Jack from Gundagai”:

I’ve shore at Burrabogie, an’ I’ve shore at
Toganmain,
I’ve shore at Big Willandra, an’ upon the
Coleraine,
But before th’ shearin’ was over, I’ve wished
meself back again,
Shearin’ for ol’ Tom Patterson on One Tree
Plain.

All among the wool, boys!
Keep yer wide blades full, boys!
I kin do a respectable tally meself w’enever
I likes t’ try;
But they know me ’round th’ back-blocks
as Flash Jack from Gundagai.

I’ve shore at Big Willandra, an’ I’ve shore
at Tilberoo,
An’ once I drew me blade, me boys, upon
th’ famed Barcoo,
At Cowan Downs an’ Trida, as far as
Moulamein;
But I always was glad t’ get back again t’
One Tree Plain.

I’ve pinked ’em with the Wolseleys, an’
I’ve rushed with B-bows, too,
An’ shaved ’em in th’ grease, me boys, with
th’ grass-seed showin’ through;



But I never slummed me pen, me boys,
whate'er it might contain,
While shearin' for ol' Tom Patterson on
One Tree Plain.

I've been whalin' up the Lachlan, an' I've
dossed on Cooper's Creek,
An' once I rung Cudjiegie shed, an' blued
it in a week;
But when Gabriel blows his trump, me boys,
I'll catch the mornin' train,
An' push for ol' Tom Patterson's on One
Tree Plain.

All among th' wool, boys!
Keep yer wide blades full, boys!
I kin do a respectable tally meself w'enever
I likes t' try;
But they know me 'round th' back-blocks
as Flash Jack from Gundagai.

Flash Jack from Gundagai was a shearer of celebrated skill, if this boastful recital had the right of it—and the devil of a fellow, as well, and a bit on the other side of the law. When he "pinked 'em with the Wolseleys" he had employed a mechanical shearing-device so effectually that his sheep were clipped to the skin; and when he "rushed with B-bows, too," he had made amazing haste with the hand-shears. When he "rung Cudjiegie shed" he had proved himself the fastest shearer employed on that great station; and when he "blued it in a week" he had squandered the earnings of this glorious achievement, at some pot-house like Forty Mile Inn, in the tumultuous period of seven days. All this, being not yet too far gone in his potations, the stockman elucidated, with the profoundest determination to be exact, warning us, the while, that a deal of pernicious misinformation was let loose upon every

new-chum (tenderfoot) that came to the bush.

By this time the shower was over. There was no patter of rain—no least drip or little splash. It was deep dark below. The lantern of the inn—as though discouraged with its invitation to roisterers and night-bound travelers—had burned low and gone out. The inn-yard was black; and there were no lighted windows round about, to enliven and mellow the black spaces of the night, and the highroad was black, and the bush beyond was black, and very still, as well, after the rain, no breath of wind now blowing past. What noise and stirring of life there was in the world was in the bar—an evil business, truly! All the stars were out, though. The Southern Cross was splendidly aglow far overhead and beyond in the highest night. Every cherished new acquaintance of the innumerable multitude twinkled down upon Forty Mile Inn with the self-same heartening good-humor of the old friends of the other hemisphere. They look down from on high, all these stars, and see the wide whole of it, and remember the beginning, and have watched all the generations aspire and agonize and die, and know the meaning of our poor affairs, and have grown very, very wise, in every way, you may be sure, even to a mastery of the ultimate philosophy, which must apprehend, of course, the measure of the infinitely large, and the measure of the infinitely little, too—death, life, grief, ecstasy; and you may easily fancy, if you have a turn for pretty imaginings, that the mysteries which terribly concern us for a little



HORSES STRAINING DESPERATELY ON THE STRETCH



OUR DEPARTURE FROM FORTY MILE INN

while are all known to the stars and of small consequence in their sight: that the serenity of their regard of the world conveys the assurance of some amusing surprise awaiting revelation to every one of us.

It was time, now, to turn in. The amiable coachman of the Billy Bullet—whose glad passengers we were—came from the kitchen to warn us off to bed. Forty miles of the road to-morrow (said he); and it would be a fair day for travel, but slow wheels, with no wind to dry that wet going. In the musty parlor of the inn, where we had supped, the melancholy landlady was waiting to light candles for us. She did not speak to us. She got up from her chair by the black window, in listless patience, neither wakeful nor worn, her uncomely countenance as blank as before, and touched a flame to the wick of one candle, but left the other cold. The match flamed high—was blown out. I fancied she had forgotten us in a sudden abstraction of thought. She made no move to light the second candle. It was a task not yet completed: we must wait upon her mood—wait there, wondering with astonishment why she had let the flame of her match go out, why she paused,

now, staring at the black wick, in a frowning dream, as though pondering some dark matter, of which she would speak, in a moment, when she had arranged her mind and gathered spirit to utter it. What, indeed, was in her mind—what drear confidence she might have been encouraged to give us—I do not know. She did not tell us what was in her mind. Her frown broke, then, but not yet in a smile, and she touched another flame to the second candle, now with a flash of interest; and she took up the candle-stick, with a show of determined purpose, and went to the wall, and there dusted the frame and glass of a picture—which needed no dusting, I am sure—with the hem of her apron, and held the candle high for us to see.

“Cunnin’, aren’t ’e?” she whispered, smiling at last.

It was the photograph of a baby lying in its coffin—a faded old photograph.

When the candles were blown out, the little drover was sound asleep, stowed away for the night, as deep and cozy in sleep, indeed, as he could very well have been in his own bed in the home to which he was returning; but the young jackaroo

was wakeful, and the long, scowling man was growling under his breath. Light came in from the bar—streams and beams of lamplight, boldly entering by way of every crack, and by way of every knot-hole in that flimsy partition which was designed to separate our repose from the conviviality beyond. And noise came in—a melody, in stentorian proportions, expressing sentiments, uncommon to hear with that loud freedom, which was bound to anger ears composed for sleep. The scowling man got up, and put his lips to a knot-hole (I surmise); and he exploded his beloved little part of speech into the bar, like a shower of bombs, with such rapidity and with detonations so startling, though he managed somehow to muffle them from us, that the drunken stockman's song fell away, and honest silence came, following a terrified confabulation in whispers. And then, all at once—it seemed no time at all—the cockatoos were calling us up, and scolding us for lazy fellows, the laziest lie-abeds that ever traveled that highroad, the laziest, at any rate, within the memory of the very oldest cockatoo of the scandalized flock. I fancy that a laughing-jackass had a part in the tree-top conversation. I am not sure, of course; but if a laughing-jackass did not chance to be at that moment casting bursts of scornful laughter into the midst of the naughty confusion, I am very much mistaken. A cockatoo can scold; but a cockatoo cannot express its contempt in disgusting peals of laughter.

Long before this the scowling man had taken the road. And now the little drover was up, and out in the sunshine, too, and the jackaroo was splashing and blowing in the basin, and breakfast was waiting (if a man could believe his own

nose). And presently—being breakfasted, now, and waiting, in the blue, fresh morning, for the amiable coachman to put the horses in the Billy Bullet, with the help of the bleared little stable-boy—waiting in the sunshine, we heard the tinkle and clang and clink of the gray blacksmith's forge. And he was singing, too, as blithely as he had said he would sing—a sure, hearty voice, ringing above the tinkle and clink and clang, as clear as that good morning—a failure in life, here at his familiar labor, and joyous—

Her brow was like the snow-drift,
Her neck was like the swan,
And her face it was the fairest
That e'er the sun—

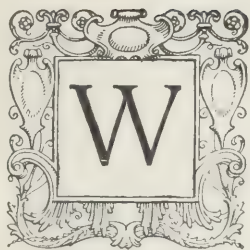
—clear through to the end of the tender ballad. And "The Land o' the Leal," then—and presently "Auld Rob-in Gray." The plaintive songs for him! Yet I would not shame the good gray smithy by hinting that the plaintive color of his music expressed regret—that he wished he had withheld some part of what his youth had dutifully given. He was singing still—and the forge was clinking and clanging to the blows of his lusty labor—when the Billy Bullet took the road and went galloping past. We heard him singing until the swift hoof-beats of the four vanquished his melodious voice and left us to listen to the patter and rattle of the road; and you will know all about it, if you sing with him, while his voice follows—and if you vision for yourself the sunshine and breeze and blue sky of the world through which we sped along—

Her brow was like the snow-drift,
Her neck was like the swan,
And her face it was the fairest
That e'er the sun—



The White Shoes

BY LOUISE RAND BASCOM



HICH?

That was what every dweller in Huckleberry Hollow wanted to know; that was what Mayannah's family wanted to know; that was what each of Mayannah's suitors wanted to know. When questioned, Mayannah's lids drooped till the lashes stood out startlingly long and black against her fine-textured skin — and Mayannah wriggled in silence. As soon as she could the girl returned to her task of pounding clothes on the stump under the chestnut-tree. Gray juncos twittered in the laurel at her side; a blue jay beyond the clearing on the hill called persistently to an absent mate; the clang of an anvil at the cross-roads echoed through the little cove. As the sun slowly approached the top of a certain hemlock by Tumbling Creek, Mayannah shifted her position in order that she might watch the stony road below the cabin. It was time for the passing of the wagoner who hauled provisions from the railroad station, fifteen miles distant, to the little store beyond the blacksmith shop.

"Buck must 'a' broke down," vouchsafed Mayannah as her mother drew near to announce the midday meal.

"He is purty late fur him," acquiesced Mrs. Boop, and the daughter flushed under the intent stare of the parent. Buck was one of the suitors.

Mayannah had no sooner reached the clump of goldenglow surrounding the entrance of her home than the creak of a wagon fell upon her well-trained ears. The girl stopped where she was and listened with her head slightly ailt. In a moment the inevitable "Whoa, haw, Pete! Git up thar, Bill!" of Buck's rich drawl penetrated beyond the turn. Motionless, Mayannah waited till the oncoming wagoner had unchained his four powerful oxen from the blue wagon and

thrown out some fodder for them; then she went within. The corn-bread, cabbage, and greasy fat-back were steaming on the red table-cloth, and, as Mr. Boop and his son had already attacked the meat, Mayannah seated herself where she could watch the tin basin on the shelf of the narrow porch. She was invariably interested in Buck's ablutions. He was so painstaking, despite the fact that his face always seemed to be covered with a two days' growth of black beard. When he had tipped out the water and dipped a drink from the wooden bucket on the shelf, he strolled in, nodded to the family, and began helping himself to food.

"How air things a-goin' with you?" queried Mr. Boop, smoothing his blacksmith's apron with one grimy hand.

"Jest tolerable," mumbled Buck, reaching for the corn-bread.

"Purty muddy down the road?" contributed Mrs. Boop.

"Tolerable," confessed Buck without looking up.

"Wal, I reckon that thar brake I fixed ye held all right or ye'd not 'a' got back so quick," commented the blacksmith with grim pride. "Seems like I'd had a run o' brakes lately. Bud and me's had more'n we could do. Ain't we, Bud?"

"I reckon," admitted the son, furtively eying the depredations of the visitor. "Buck must 'a' brought us luck. What's a-goin' on down to the railroad? Much?"

"Nothin' much," said Buck, and they let him finish his meal in silence.

When the hosts took their hats from the pegs on the wall, Buck rose, too. Mayannah watched him striding down the path to the road. As soon as he reached the beehive by the rail fence, he pivoted on the heels of his high logging boots.

"Leetle gal," he called, softly, "I left ye a play-purty."

"Whar?" queried Mayannah, although she very well knew where.

"By the north end o' the foot-log," directed the suitor. He walked on to his oxen and busied himself with driving them into place while Mayannah stood knee-deep in ferns and gazed down at him. Without another word he cracked his heavy whip and the oxen threw themselves against the yokes. When his "Whoa, haw, Pete! Git up thar, Bill!" had become very indistinct, Mayannah ran down to the foot-log, parted some leucothoë fronds, and opened a small yellow bag she found there. It contained a back-comb set with red, white, and green glass, and Mayannah smiled. Buck always brought something, if it was only a peppermint drop! The comb represented stupendous extravagance on his part, and Mayannah took it and carefully laid it away with her few treasures before resuming work. Alick Smith was coming that evening, and she wanted to get through so that she might change her soiled dress before he arrived.

Alick was the village dandy, and the necessity of being fittingly attired for his visits was an alarming issue at the Boops'. The first star had ventured out in the faint pink west before Mayannah saw Alick jauntily swinging up to the door. He wore the cadet-blue suit of an industrial school which had claimed him for one brief season, and Mayannah thought he looked very nice indeed.

Evidently he thought the same about her, for when they had walked down to their trysting-log he said, "Blue becomes you, Mayannah; you hadn't ought to wear nothin' else."

"It becomes you, too," replied Mayannah, shyly, picking at the half-rotten bark beside her.

"Ain't ye a-goin' ter set no closer ter me, sweetsie?" complained the young man, edging nearer. "Seems like you was keepin' me waitin' a powerful long spell fur that thar kiss. Most fellers wouldn't go with a gal that wouldn't hug an' kiss 'em a leetle speck."

"You ain't a-goin' ter git nothin' by a-hurryin' me," protested Mayannah, nervously sliding farther away. "You're allus a-talkin' about huggin' an' kissin' an' holdin' hands. I'd a sight ruther you'd talk about what you're a-goin' ter do. Hev ye decided yit?"

"Wal—no," admitted Alick, "but a feller with eddication has jest naturally got ter look about a bit. He don't want ter bemean hisself by doin' jest anything. Sometimes I calklate I'll be a vet. It 'd be real fine ter know what was the matter with a feller's hoss when he was sick. I'd jest go take a squint at him an' say, 'I kin cure him fur ye fur fifty dollars!' The man 'd ruther not lose his hoss, so he'd tell me ter go ahead—an' jest see what I'd make! Then I calklated some o' gittin' a job with the govermint. They're wantin' a man ter set on top of Buzzard's Bald and let 'em know when thar's a fire. Oh, you'll be proud o' *your* husband, all right, sweetsie!"

Whereupon Mayannah succumbed and allowed him to hold her hand. They sat and discussed Alick's wonderful future until he became too importunate in his desire for a kiss; then Mayannah rose.

"I'm kinder tired," she said; "I've been a-washin' all day."

"A-dimmin' them blue eyes o' yourn with the smoke, too," growled Alick. "I see whar I've got ter tote ye away from hyar. They're a-wearin' ye out."

Mayannah paused at the bars for a brief parting. "Good-by," she said. "I reckon I'll see ye Sataday?"

"I jest reckon ye will, sweetsie," murmured Alick, making a last clutch at Mayannah's retreating skirts. "Don't ye fergit ter dream o' me, 'cause I'm a goin' ter dream o' you. Don't fergit, now, will ye?"

"No, I won't fergit," repeated Mayannah, and walked slowly up the path.

Lily, the black hound, was baying under the apple-tree at the back of the cabin; a screech-owl hooted from beyond the creek; a scarlet spot in the doorway indicated Mr. Boop's pipe. Mayannah just missed stepping on a toad and shuddered out an "O-oooh," which moved her father to speech.

"Alick didn't stay long as common ter-night," he commented. "Did ye git ter a understandin'?"

"I reckon," replied Mayannah, briefly, and pushed within. She was anxious to climb the spectral corner ladder to her pallet in the loft.

Once in the dark, close attic, she unlaced her coarse brogans, and felt her



Drawn by Watson Barratt

MAYANNAH STOOD KNEE DEEP IN FERNS AND GAZED DOWN AT HIM

way to the square hole near the mud-chinked chimney. Her fingers closed on the juicy shoots of a meandering hop-vine as she stood there, and the stars seemed very near and very bright. The evening breeze swished softly through the corn beyond the house; the aromatic odor of recently dug sassafras roots soothed her nostrils; and the exuberant snore of her mother on one of the rough beds in the room below reminded her that she must arise early to carry eggs to the store. The family was out of meal.

The Boops breakfasted before the turkeys had gobbled their way down from

the pine-tree by the barn, and as soon as Mayannah had packed two hickory baskets with eggs she started down the winding road to the store. It was a delightful day, and the smell of pennyroyal and wild mint made the air fragrant. Occasionally Mayannah set down her baskets to rest her arms, but for the most part she walked steadily without really seeing the heifers grazing among the chinkapin-bushes beside the road, or without really hearing the men singing at the rock-quarry, yet all the time conscious of the sights and sounds and smells surrounding her. The settlement

was so scattered that she passed only two dwellings before she reached the rickety-looking little store with its much-whittled counter and sagging shelves piled high with rumpled checks and calicoes, matches, and hardware.

While the red-headed storekeeper counted out the eggs, Mayannah wandered about, inspecting pink-enameled cookies and dried fruits and new shoes.

She had just turned to say that she would take meal in exchange for the eggs when her eyes fell upon a pair of white oxfords ornamenting the top of a sugar-barrel. The sight made her dizzy for a moment.

"Mr. George," she began with inward excitement and outward stolidity, "how much air them purty white shoes?"

"Wal, I don't know," deliberated the storekeeper. "They got put in by mistake. They're wuth three-fifty, but ruther 'n send 'em back I'll take



THEY SAT AND DISCUSSED ALICK'S WONDERFUL FUTURE

two-fifty fur 'em. They'd look powerful nice on you."

"I'd like powerful well ter hev 'em," reflected Mayannah. "How big be they?"

"They're number sevens," acknowledged Mr. George, pulling at a stray lock of hair that invariably meandered across his forehead. "That's a size too big fur you, ain't it? Wal, you could put an insole in or stuff 'em out with somethin'. I'd like ter sell 'em ter you, Mayannah."

Mayannah did not reply till she had picked up her sack of meal from the bench by the kerosene-barrel, then she said, timidly, "Would ye trust me fur the pay?"

"No, I jest couldn't," regretted the man. "It wouldn't be business. Ef ye was workin' out, now—up to the boardin'-house or somethin', it 'd be different; but your folks is allus behind. Your pa's still owin' me fur leather and some tools he got a year ago. I jest can't keep on stretchin' credit fur ever amen. Ye understand that, don't ye, Mayannah?"

He spoke anxiously, and the girl smiled her slow smile to reassure him. His words scarcely admitted contradiction, so she carried off her meal without further parley. The store stood on a little bare knoll of hard-baked red clay. At the foot of the knoll the girl encountered Tom Brady unloading lumber from a wagon.

"Howdy, Mayannah?" he called when she appeared. "Kin ye go ter singin'-school with me ter-night?"

"I reckon," she replied, pausing.

"I'll walk a leetle piece with ye an' tote your meal," offered Tom, dusting imaginary splinters from his blue overalls. "I got some real good news ter tell ye."

"What's that?" queried Mayannah,



"THEY'D LOOK POWERFUL NICE ON YOU"

though her thoughts were really with the alluring shoes on the sugar-barrel.

"Ole man George's a-goin' ter let me hev enough lumber ter build us a leetle house, an' pa's a-goin' ter trade me a leetle piece o' land on Herrick's Nose fur my two red yearlin's."

"That 'd be real nice," averred Mayannah as they walked on.

"They say thar's a-goin' ter be preachin' in the school-house Sunday," continued Tom with some embarrassment.

"Yes, I heerd so," agreed Mayannah, none too helpfully.

"I was thinkin'," blurted out the lanky fellow—"wal—ye see the preacher 'd be hyar an' we might as well—"

"You'd better go back now," said Mayannah, gently. "Mr. George 'll be cussin' ef ye don't git his shed up. Hyar, I'll take the meal."

"Mebbe I *had* better be goin'," agreed Tom, shifting his burden, "but I'll see ye ter-night—and—Mayannah—you jest think about Sunday, now."

"All right," Mayannah called back obediently, but as her broganned feet stumbled homeward she was thinking of those white shoes on the sugar-barrel, not of Tom's suggested wedding.

"Maw," she hazarded, as she dumped the meal on a chair by the smoked fireplace and hung up her sunbonnet, "Mr. George's got the sweetest white shoes you ever seen."

"Wal, what of it?" demanded Mrs. Boop, who was trying with ill success to churn.

"They was jest purty—that was all," explained Mayannah, pretending to smooth out a crease in the yellow-paper mantel-cover, "an' they've got white-glass buttings."

"Purty or not, they're not fur us," declared Mrs. Boop with such vehemence that the hard, spherical knot at the back of her head became partly dislodged and permitted spirals of fine hair to escape. "You know we got all we kin do ter pay what we owe the doc fur Bud's spell o' typhoid. Don't go ter thinkin' about them shoes, Mayannah. Bud wants his white shirt ironed, so you'd better git at hit. He wants ter go ter singin'-school ter-night."

Mayannah placed the board over the backs of two chairs and went to work; but with every stroke of the iron she was thinking of those white shoes on the sugar-barrel.

"Maw," she ventured, finally, "ef I could jest hev the egg money fur two or three weeks—"

"You jest shet right up!" commanded Mrs. Boop. "You ain't a-goin' ter hev the egg money an' that's all thar is to hit. What 'd you do with white shoes ef ye had 'em? They'd git dirty afore ye'd git ter the foot-log and back."

"Mebbe they would," agreed Mayannah, but it seemed to her that every-

body talked of shoes that day, and that night the stars ceased to be arranged like bears and dippers and lions. Instead, they all formed into gleaming, glittering slippers—and the slippers were white.

The next day, Mayannah stole away while her mother was visiting a sick neighbor and hurried to the store. The farther she walked, the faster she went, for the awful thought had come to her that some one might have purchased those white oxfords with the white-glass buttons. The mere contemplation of such a possibility was agony, and she was panting when she surprised the storekeeper sitting on a box, quenching his thirst from a bottle of soda-pop.

"How about them thar leetle shoes?" she gasped, looking about wildly. "Hev ye sold 'em yit?"

"Why—no—ah, Mayannah," said the storekeeper, rising leisurely. "I put 'em away—put 'em away ter keep 'em out o' the dust." He took the precious footwear from a torn box and laid it on the counter. "Air ye a-goin' ter buy 'em ter-day, Mayannah?"

"Wal, no, I reckon not," confessed the girl; "I'd like ter hev 'em, but I ain't got the money. I—I jest wanted ter see 'em again."

She observed a sudden comprehension of her thoughts in the storekeeper's beryl-blue eyes. "I reckon I know what ye want them white shoes fur, Mayannah Boop," he said. "You're a-calklatin' on gittin' married. Ain't ye, now?"

"Mebbe," admitted Mayannah, averting her face to conceal the gathering red.

"Which o' the three is it?" asked the man. "It's narried down ter three, ain't it?"

"They say so," admitted Mayannah.

"Sho—sho—now," chuckled the man wistfully. "Goin' ter be married—married! An' ye say ye can't git the money fur these hyar slippers?"

"No, I cain't," flashed Mayannah, with a show of petulance. "Maw won't let me work out an' she won't give me no money."

"Sho, now, that's too bad," commiserated the man, softly. "Ole man George's sorry."

"Ye ain't really ole, be ye?" questioned Mayannah.



WITH EVERY STROKE OF THE IRON SHE WAS THINKING OF THOSE WHITE SHOES

For a moment she forgot her woes in anticipation of his reply. The man did not keep her waiting.

"No, not really," he declared, "but folks think I am 'cause I know so much. I read nights, Mayannah."

"Yeah, I know you do," retorted the girl. "Ye remember the price of everything, too."

The man laughed. "Still thinkin' 'bout them shoes, ain't ye?" he teased, and looked toward the door as another customer entered.

A week later she tied up the comb Buck had brought her, a red belt—only slightly used—a half-tin of violet talcum powder, a package of chewing-gum, a box constructed of shells from "fureign parts," and a drawn-work doily she had made herself. Walking back to the store, she loitered about till all the customers had straggled out before she sheepishly entered.

"Garden truck?" queried Mr. George, looking up from an invoice he was checking.

"No—ah," faltered Mayannah, sidling up to the worn counter. "Jest some purties I thought mebbe I'd trade ye."

"Still atter them shoes, ain't ye?" quizzed the man. He was plainly distressed.

Breathlessly Mayannah watched him as he bit off a piece of tobacco from a plug on the snuff-shelf and fumbled into her bag. When he had disinterred her beloved possessions he shook his head.

"Couldn't do it no way, Mayannah," he said, and then the corners of his mouth began to twitch. "But I'll tell ye what I'll do," he added in his easy, sympathetic voice. "I'll *give* ye them shoes—give 'em to ye fur a weddin'-present ef ye'll tell me who ye're a-goin' ter marry." He leaned far over the counter and contemplated Mayannah questioningly, almost searchingly.

"Oh—I—I—couldn't t-t-tell it," she stammered, and fled.

The next week she made excuse to visit the store in order that she might reacquire her "purties" so hastily abandoned the preceding Wednesday.

"Wal," said the storekeeper when she darkened the doorway, "did ye come ter tell me who ye're goin' ter marry?"

Mayannah hung her head till her floppy sunbonnet almost hid her face.



"Huh?"

Still Mayannah did not answer.

"Wal, ye won't git the shoes, then," declared the storekeeper, setting them out again in order to increase the temptation. "Don't believe you know, anyhow, Mayannah."

"Do, too," she flung back, looking up defiantly. "They ain't never been but one."

"Which one, then? Tell me, Mayannah. Ye know I've allus understood ye better'n anybody else. Won't ye tell me?"

"I cain't *tell* ye," she protested, wishfully fingering the glass buttons.

There was a pause; then the storekeeper shoved a pencil and a discarded soap-wrapper before his embarrassed caller. "Write it, then," he commanded. "Write it, an' I'll give 'em to ye, honest, Mayannah."

Mayannah took the stubby pencil in tremulous hands. "Don't you look, now," she cautioned with an uneasy smile. She waited till the storekeeper

had turned his back, and finally directed her glance at the crumpled gray-and-white paper. For a moment her brain seethed with visions. She saw Buck standing motionless on the hill above her father's house, watching the sunset as it turned Tumbling Creek to molten gold; she saw Alick silhouetted on the trysting-log and felt the warm pressure of his hand; she saw Tom slouching in the door of a little house on Herrick's Nose while she snipped poppies for the brown jug on the table; she saw in solemn procession the other men who had proposed to her once and withdrawn from the race; she saw the one man who for two years had only looked his love—the one man who had thought himself too unattractive even to hope for a place in her affections.

"Hev ye writ it?" asked the storekeeper, turning.

"I cain't w-write hit," murmured Mayannah, in blushing distress.

"Course ye cain't, 'cause ye don't know which," taunted the man.

"I do, too, know which!" cried Mayannah, stormily. "They ain't never been but one."

"Write his name, then," jeered the storekeeper. "Write it!"

Thereupon Mayannah took a long breath and wrote with the up-hill slant of optimism and the firm pressure of absolute faith:

"YOU."

"YE KNOW I'VE ALLUS UNDERSTOOD YE BETTER'N ANYBODY ELSE"

In an Old-time State Capital

THIRD PAPER

BY W. D. HOWELLS



ANOTHER fame so akin to Lincoln's in tragedy is that of a State Senator of ours in the legislative session of 1860. James A. Garfield, whose coming to read Tennyson to us one morning in the *Journal* office I have told of elsewhere, was then a very handsome young man of thirty, with a gentle, full-bearded face, and a rich voice suited to giving "The Poet" in a way to turn even reluctant editors from their work to listen. But I have no recollection of meeting him again in Columbus, or anywhere, indeed, until, nearly ten years later, when with my father I stopped over a night at his house in Hiram, Ohio, where we found him at home from Congress for the summer. I was then living in Cambridge, in the fullness of my content with my literary circumstance; and as we were sitting after supper with the Garfield family on the veranda that overlooked their lawn I was beginning to speak of the famous poets I knew when Garfield stopped me with, "Just a minute!" He ran down into the grassy space, first to one fence and then to the other at the sides, and waved a wild arm of invitation to the neighbors who were also sitting on their back porches. "Come over here!" he shouted. "He's telling about Holmes, and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Whittier!" and at his bidding dim forms began to mount the fences and follow him up to the veranda. "Now go on!" he called to me, when we were all seated, and I went on, while the whippoorwills whirred and whistled round, and the hours drew toward midnight.

The neighbors must have been professors in the Eclectic Institute of Hiram, where Garfield himself had once taught the ancient languages and litera-

ture; and I do not see how a sweeter homage could have been paid to the renowns I was chanting so eagerly. When the talk sank away from letters and the men of them, and began to be the expression of more intimate and mystical experience, I remember Garfield's telling how in the cool of a summer evening, such as this night had deepened from, he came with his command into a valley of the Kanawha; for he had quickly turned from laws to arms, and this was in the beginning of the great war. He said that he noticed a number of men lying on the dewy meadow in different shapes of sleep, and for an instant, in the inveterate association of peace, he thought them resting there after the fatigue of a day's march. Suddenly it broke upon him that they were dead, and that they had been killed in the skirmish which had left the Unionist force victors. Then he said, at the sight of these dead men, whom other men had killed, something went out of him, the habit of his whole lifetime, that never came back again: the sense of the sacredness of life and the impossibility of destroying it. He let a silence follow on his solemn words, and then in the leading of his confession he went on to say how the sense of the sacredness of other things of peace had gone out of some of the soldiers and never come back again. What was not their own could be made their own by the act of taking it; and the property of others had often been treated after the peace as if it were the property of public enemies by the simple-hearted fellows who had carried the use of war in the enemy's country back into their own. "You would be surprised," he ended, "to know how many of those old soldiers, who fought bravely and lived according to the traditions of military necessity, are now in the penitentiary

for horse-stealing." Once again I memorably met Garfield in my father's house in Ashtabula County (which was the strong heart of his most Republican Congressional district), where he had come to see me about some passages in Lamon's *Life of Lincoln*, which was then in the hands of my Boston publishers, withheld in their doubt of the wisdom or propriety of including them. I think Garfield was somewhat tempted by the dramatic effect these passages would have with the public, but he was not strenuous about it, and he yielded whatever authority he might have had in the matter to the misgiving of the publishers; in fact, I do not believe that if it had been altogether left to him he would have advised their appearance.

I never had any report of the book's sales, but I believe my life of Lincoln sold very well in the West, though in the East it was forestalled by the books of writers better known. In the quiet which followed with a business always everywhere tending to quiescence (if the mood of the trade when discouraging authors may be trusted), my young publisher suggested my taking a hundred and seventy-five dollars on account, and going to Canada and New England and New York, on a sort of roving commission for another work he had imagined. This was to be a subscription book reporting the state and describing the operation of the principal manufacturing industries, and he thought it an enterprise peculiarly suited to my graphic powers. I did not think so, but I was eager to see the world, especially the world of Boston, and I gladly took my hundred and seventy-five dollars and started, intending to do my best for the enterprise, though inwardly abhorring it. The best I could do for a beginning was to try seeing the inner working of an iron-foundry in Portland, where I was suspected of designs upon the proprietary processes and refused admission; and I made no attempt to surprise the secrets of other manufacturers. But I had seen Niagara Falls, which did not withhold its glories from me in fear of the publicity which I gave it in my letters to a Cincinnati paper; I had seen the St. Lawrence River and Montreal and Quebec, with the *habitant*

villages round about them; and I now saw the ocean at Portland (not so jealous of its mysteries as the iron-foundry); later I saw Boston and Cambridge, and Lowell and Holmes, and their publisher Fields; I saw New York and Walt Whitman, and the Hudson River. When I arrived home in Columbus I found the publishing business even quieter than I had left it, and my friend with no enterprise in hand which I could help him bring to a successful issue. In fact, he had nothing for me to do, in that hour of mounting political excitement, and this did not surprise me. Neither did it surprise me that my old chief of the *State Journal* should send and ask me to rejoin him, though it did greatly rejoice me. He expressed his fear that in the demands made upon his time by public affairs he should not be able to give the paper all the attention he would like, and he proposed that I should return to a wider field in it, at an increased wage; he also intimated that he should now be able to bring up my arrears of salary, and he quite presently did so.

Again I was at the work which I was always so happy in, and I found myself associated in it on equal terms with a man near my own age, who had come to our chief from his own region in northwestern Ohio; I do not know but from his old newspaper there. I cannot write the name of Samuel Price without emotion, so fond of him did I grow in our relation to the paper, with its daily incident and varied excitement, throughout the year we were together. I like to bring his looks before me; his long face with its deep, vertical lines beside the mouth, his black hair and eyes, and smoky complexion; his air very grave mostly, but with an eager readiness to break into laughter. It seems to me now that our functions were not very sharply distinguished, though I must have had charge, as before, of the more literary side of the work. We both wrote leading editorials, which our chief supervised and censored for a while and then let go as we wrote them, perhaps finding no great mischief in them. If Reed remained the tradition of the office, and I had formed myself somewhat on his mood and manner, Price now formed himself on mine. We

were very joyful together, and somehow we carried the paper through the year without dishonor or disaster.

I was not only at congenial work again, but I was in the place that I loved best in the world, though as well as I can now visualize the town which had so great charm for me then, I can find little beauty in it. High Street was the only street of commerce except for a few shops that had strayed down from it into Town Street, and the buildings which housed the commerce were not impressive, and certainly not beautiful. A few hotels, three or four, broke the line of stores; there was the restaurant of Ambos, and some Jewish clothiers; but above all, besides a music and picture store, there was an excellent bookstore, where I supplied myself from a good stock of German books with Heine and Schiller and Uhland, and where one could find all the new publications. The streets of dwellings stretched from High Street to the right, over a practically interminable plain, and on the left shorter streets dropped to the banks of the Scioto, where a lower level emulated the inoffensive unpicturesqueness of the other plain. A dusty bridge crossed the river, where ordinarily in the slack-water drowed a flock of canal-boats which came and went on the Ohio Canal. Some old-fashioned, dignified dwellings stood at the southern end of High Street, with country beyond, but the houses which I chiefly knew were on those other streets. I do not know now whether they added to the beauty of the avenues or not; though they were set in ample grounds among pleasant lawns and gardens. The young caller knew best their parlors in winter and their porches in summer; there was little or no lunching or dining except as a guest of pot-luck; and the provisioning was mainly, if not wholly, from the great public market. Green-grocers' and butchers' shops, I remember none, but that public market was of a sumptuous variety and abundance, as I know from a visit paid it with a householding friend who drove me to it in his carriage terribly long before breakfast and provisioned himself along with the other fathers and the mothers thronging the place with their market-

baskets. But this was years after my last years in Columbus, when I was a passing guest; while I lived there I was citizen of a world that knew no such household cares or joys.

After my return from my travels, though I was so glad to be again in Columbus, I no longer gave myself up to society with such abandon as before. I kept mostly to those two houses where I was most intimate, and in my greater devotion to literature I omitted to make the calls which were necessary to keep one in society even in a place so unexact as our capital. Somewhat to my surprise, somewhat to my pain, I found that society knew how to make reprisals for neglect; I heard of parties to which I was not asked, and though I might not have gone to them, I suffered from not being asked, especially one at a house where Lincoln's young private secretaries, Hay and Nicolay, passing through to Washington before the inauguration, had asked for me. They knew of me as the author of "The Pilot's Story" and other poems in the *Atlantic Monthly*, as well as that campaign life of Lincoln which I should not have prided myself on so much; but I had been justly ignored by the hostess in her invitations, and they asked in vain. Yet I doubt if I was afterward more constant in my social duties; I was intending more and more to devote myself to literature, and with a hand freer than ever, if that were possible, in the newspaper, I was again feeling the charm of journalism, and was giving to it the nights which I used to give to calls and parties.

With Price I took a room and furnished it; we went together for our meals to the different restaurants, in a sort more comfortable to my notion of the life of the literary free-lance in New York. But let not the reader suppose from this large way of speaking that there were many restaurants in Columbus, or much choice in them. The best, the only really good one, was Ambos's in High Street, where, as I have said before, we silvern youth resorted sometimes for the midnight oyster, which in handsome half-dozens was brought us on chafing-dishes, to be stewed over spirit-lamps and flavored according to our

taste. In hot weather a claret punch sometimes crowned the night with a fearful joy, and there was something more than bacchanalian in having it brought with pieces of ice clucking in a pitcher borne by the mystical Antoine from the bar where he had mixed it—that Antoine whom we romanced as of strange experiences and recondite qualities, because he was of such impregnable silence, in his white apron, with his face white above it, and damp with a perennial perspiration, which even in the hottest weather did not quite gather into drops. We each attempted stories of him, and somewhere yet I have among my manuscripts of that time a very affected study, done in the spirit and manner of the last author I had been reading. But Ambos's was the luxury of high occasions, and Price and I went rather for our daily fare to the place of an Americanized German near our office, where the cooking was very good, and the food without stint in every variety, but where the management was so lax that the rats could sometimes be seen clambering over the wall of the provision-room beyond where we sat. There was not then the present feeling against those animals, which were respected as useful scavengers, and we were rather amused than revolted by them, being really still boys with boys' love of bizarre and ugly things. Once we had for our guest in that place the unique genius destined to so great fame as Artemus Ward; he shared our interest in the rats, and we joked away the time at a lunch of riotous abundance; I should say superabundance if we had found it too much.

Sometime during that winter of 1860-61 Horace Greeley paid us a visit in the *Journal* office, and volunteered a lecture on our misconduct of the paper, which he found the cause of its often infirmity. We listened with the inward disrespect which youth feels for the uninvited censure of age, but with the outward patience due the famous journalist, sitting on the corner of a table, in his soft hat and his long, white coat, with his quaint child-face spectacled and framed in his long hair. He was not the imposing figure which one sees him in history, a man of large, rambling ideas but gen-

erous ambitions, and of a final disappointment so tragical that it must devote him to a reverence which success could never have won him. I do not know what errand he was on in Columbus; very likely it was some political mission; but it was much to us that he had read the *Journal*, although with disapproval, and we did not dispute his judgments; we hardened our hearts against them, whatever they were, and kept on as before, for our consciences were as clear as our hearts were light. No one, at that time, really knew what to think or say, the wisest lived from day to day under the gathering cloud, which somehow they expected to break away as other clouds in our history had broken; when the worst threatened we expected the best.

Price was not the companion of my walks so much as Reed had been; he was probably of frailer health than I noticed, for he died a few years later; and I had oftener the company of a young man who interested me intensely. The sculptor J. Q. A. Ward had come to the capital of his native State in the hope of a legislative commission for his statue of Simon Kenton. It was a hope rather than a scheme, but we were near enough to the pioneer period for the members to be moved by the sight of the old Indian-fighter in his hunting-shirt and squirrel-skin cap, whom every Ohio boy had heard of, and Ward was provisionally given a handsome room with a good light in the State House, where he modeled I no longer know what figures, but perhaps an enlargement of his Kenton. There I used to visit him, trying to imagine something of art, and talking about New York and the esthetic life there. In the community of youth we had no want of things to talk about; we could talk about ourselves when there was nothing else. He was in the prime of his vigorous manhood, with a fine red beard and a close-cropped head of red hair, like Michelangelo, and I rejoiced in him as the ideal of a sculptor. I still think him, for certain Greek qualities, the greatest of American sculptors; his Indian Hunter in Central Park must bear witness of our historic difference from other peoples as long as bronze shall last, and as no other

sculpture can. But the Kenton was never to be eternized in bronze or marble for that niche in the rotunda of the Capitol where Ward may have imagined it finding itself. The war-cloud thickened over us, and burst at last in the shot fired on Fort Sumter; the legislature appropriated a million dollars as the contribution of the State to the expenses of the war, and Ward's hopes vanished as utterly as if the bolt had smitten his plaster model into dust.

Before Ward, almost indeed with my first coming to Columbus, there had been another sculptor whom I was greatly interested to know. This was Thomas D. Jones, who had returned to Ohio from an attempt upon the prejudiced East, where he had suffered that want of appreciation which was apt, in a prevalent superstition of the West, to attend any esthetic endeavor from our section. He frankly stood for the West, though I believe he was a Welshman by birth; but in spite of his pose he was a sculptor of real talent. He modeled a bust of Chase, admirable as a likeness, and of a very dignified simplicity. Jones liked to be seen modeling it, and I can see him yet, stepping back a little from his work, and then advancing upon it with a sensitive twitching of his mustache and a censorious frown. The Governor must have posed in the pleasant room which Jones had in the Neil House where he lived, how I do not know, for he was threadbare poor; but in those days many good things seemed without price to the debtor class; and very likely the management liked to have him there, where his work attracted people. One day the Governor came in, and, not long after, a lady who appeared instinctively to time her arrival when it could be most largely impressive. As she was staying in the hotel, she wore nothing on her disheveled hair, and she had the effect of moving about on a stage. She had, in fact, just come up on some theatrical wave from her native Tennessee, and she had already sent her album of favorable notices to the *Journal* office with the appeal inscribed in a massive histrionic hand, "Anything but your silence, gentlemen." She played a short engagement in Columbus, and then de-

parted for the East, and for the far grander capitals of the Old World, where she became universally famous as Ada Isaacs Menken, and finally by a stroke of her fearless imagination figured in print as the bride of the pugilist Heenan, then winning us the laurels of the prize-ring away from English rivalry. I cannot recall that, with all my passion for the theater, I saw her on any stage but that which she made for a moment of the sculptor's room.

Jones had been a friend from much earlier days, almost my earliest days in Columbus; it was he who took me to that German house where I could scarcely gasp for the high excitement of finding myself with a lady who had known Heinrich Heine, and could talk of him as if he were a human being. It must have been in 1859 that he vanished from my life, but Ward remained a more or less infrequent figure in it for fifty years longer. Half that time we lived in the same city, but by fault of that indolence, rather than indifference, which grows upon one with the years, I saw him seldom. Once I went to dine with him in the little room off his great yawning studio, and to have him tell me of his life for use in a book of "Ohio Stories" I was writing; then some swift years afterward I heard casually from another friend that Ward was sick. "Would he be out soon?" I asked. "I don't think he'll be out at all," I was answered, and I went the next day to see him. He was lying with his fine head on the pillow still like such a head of Michelangelo as the Florentine might have modeled of himself, and he smiled and held out his hand, and had me sit down. We talked long of old times, of old friends and enemies (but not really enemies), and it was sweet to be with him so. He seemed so very like himself that it was hard to think him in danger, but he reminded us who were there that he was seventy-nine years old, and when we spoke about his getting well, and being about soon again, he smiled in the wisdom which the dying have from the world they are so near, and was tenderly patient of our feint. In a few days, before I could go again, I heard that he was dead.

But in that winter of 1859-60, after

Lincoln had been elected, Ward was still hopeful of an order from the State for his Simon Kenton, and I was hopeful of the poetic pre-eminence which I am still foregoing. I used such scraps of time as I could filch from the busy days and nights, and gave them to the verse which now seemed to come back from editors oftener than it once did. It was not until four or five years later that a more serious muse persuaded me that my work belonged to her, and in the measureless leisure of my Venetian consulate I began to do the various things in prose which I have mostly been doing ever since. Till then I had no real leisure, but was yet far from the days when anything less than a day seems too small a space to attempt anything in. That is the mood of age and of middle age, but youth seizes any handful of minutes and devotes them to some beginning or ending. It had been my habit ever since I took up journalism to use part of the hour I had for midday dinner in writing literature, and some hours of the night left me after my many calls or parties, and now I did not change, even under the stress of the events crowding upon us all.

I phrase it so, but really I felt no stress, and I do not believe others did so much as the reader might think. We had a whole section of the Republic openly seeking its dismemberment, and a government which permitted the seizure of national property by its enemies and the devotion of its resources to its own destruction. With the worst coming, relentlessly, rapidly, audibly, visibly, no one apparently thought the worst would come; there had been so many threats of disunion before, and the measures now taken to effect it seemed only a more dramatic sort of threats. The whole North remained practically passive, while the South was passionately active; and yet not the whole South, for as yet Secession was not a condition, but merely a principle. There was a doubt with many in the North itself whether the right of disunion was not implied in the very act of union; there had long been a devoted minority who felt that disunion without slavery was better than union with slavery; but on both sides there arose sentimental cries, entreaties

from the South that the North would yield its points of right and conscience, appeals from the North that the South would not secede until the nation had time to think, if not act. There were hysterical conferences of statesmen, in and out of office, to arrange for mutual concessions which were to be all on the part of the Union.

I cannot make out that our chief had any settled policy for the conduct of our paper; but I do not blame him for that; nobody had a settled policy concerning public affairs; or if his subordinates had any settled policy, it was to get what joke they could out of the sentimentalists, and if they had any fixed belief it was that if we had a war, peace must be made on the basis of disunion when the war was over. In our wisdom we doubted if the sections could ever live together in a union which they had fought for and against; but I will not, in the confession of our youthful blindness, pretend that there were any publicists who seemed then or seem now of clearer forecast. We must have given rather an ironical welcome to a sufficiently muddled overture of the Tennessee legislature, which during that winter sent a deputation of its members to visit our own Houses, and confer with them as to what might be done. The incident now has its dignity, there was so much that was well meant in the attempt to mend our bad business with kind words and warm feelings, though then I was sensible only of its absurdity. I did not hear any of the speeches, but I remember seeing the Tennessee statesmen about the Capitol for the different conferences held there, and noting that some of them spoke with a Negroid intonation and not with that Ohio accent which I believed the best in the English-speaking world. No doubt they parted with our own legislators affectionately, and returned home supported by the hope that they had really done something in a case where there was nothing to be done. Their endeavor was respectable, but there was no change in the civic conditions except from bad to worse.

In the social conditions, or the society conditions, everything was for the better, if indeed these could be bettered in Columbus. Of all the winters this was

the gayest. Society was kind again, after I had paid the penalty it inflicted on me for neglect, and I began to forget my purpose of living in air more entirely literary. Again, I began going the rounds of the friendly houses, and at one of these I met her who was to be my wife. We were married within the year, and forty-seven years we lived together; then she died, and time as it had been ended for us both. But it did not seem, that gayest winter in the world, that there could ever be an end of time for us, or any time less beautiful, though the country was drawing nearer and nearer the abyss where it plunged so soon. People have the habit of saying that only those who have lived through a certain period can realize it, but I doubt if even they can realize it. A civic agitation is like a battle; it covers a surface so large that only a part of it can be known by any one participant at any one moment. The fact seems to be that the most of human motives and actions must always remain obscure; history may do its best to reveal and record them, but it will strive in vain to give us a living sense of them, because no one ever had a living sense of them in their entirety. At the period which I am trying to tell of, the hours passed and the days and weeks and months, bringing us for ever nearer the catastrophe; but I could not truthfully say that their passing changed the general mood.

I had a most cheerful companion in my colleague Price, who so loved to laugh and to make laugh, when, the day's work ended, we sat together in the editorial room, where our chief seldom molested us, and waited for the last despatches before sending the paper to press. Sometimes we had the company of officials from the State House, who came over to while away the hours with the stories they told while we listened: such stories as Lincoln liked, no doubt for the humorous human nature and racy character in them, and for the relief they gave from the portents overhanging the sad-eyed man of duty and of doom. The strangest impression that time left with me is a sense of the patient ignorance which seemed to involve the whole North. In the glare of the events that

followed volcanically enough, it seems as if the North must have been throughout of the single will which the shot fired on Fort Sumter woke in it. But during the long suspense after Lincoln's election till his inauguration there was no unanimous purpose in the North to save the Union, much less to fight for it. This was what we young men who sat at the receipt of tidings knew better even than we knew the purpose of the slaveholders to destroy it. It seems now that every day, hour, moment, of that fateful time ought to have been tense with apprehension and resolution; but it was not so. People ate and slept for the most part tranquilly; they married and gave in marriage; they followed their dead to the grave with no thought that the dead were well out of the world; they bought and sold, and got gain. What seemed the end could not be the end, because it had never come before.

After the war actually began we could not feel that it had begun; we had the evidence of our senses, but not of our experiences; in most things it was too like peace to be really war. Neither of the great sections believed in the other, but the South, which was solidified by the slave-holding caste, had the advantage of believing in itself, and the North did not believe in itself till the fighting began; then it believed too much and despised the enemy at its throat.

We of the State capital were a very political community, the most political in the whole State, in virtue of our being the capital, but none of the rumors of war had distracted us from our pleasures or affairs, at least so far as the eyes of youth could see. With our faith in a good ending, as if our national epic were a tale that must end well, with whatever suspenses or thrilling episodes, we had put the day's anxieties by and hopefully waited for the morrow's consolations. But when the fateful shot was fired at Fort Sumter it was as if the echo had not died away when a great public meeting was held in response to the President's call for volunteers, and the volunteering began with an effect of simultaneity which the foreshortening of past events always puts on to the retrospective eye. It

seemed as if it were only the night before that we had listened to the young Patti, now so old, singing her sweetest in that hall, where the warlike appeals rang out, with words smiting like blows in that "Anvil Chorus" which between her songs had thrilled us with the belief that we were listening to the noblest as well as the newest music in the world.

The town was instantly inundated from all the towns of the State, and from the farms between, as by a tidal-wave of youth; for most of those who flooded our streets were boys of eighteen and twenty, and they came in the wild hilarity of their young vision, singing by day and by night one sad, inconsequent song, that filled the whole air, and that fills my sense yet as I think of them:

Oh, never mind the weather, but git ober
double trouble,
For we're bound for the happy land of
Canaan.

They wore red shirts, as if the color of the Garibaldian war for union in Italy had flashed itself across the sea to be the hue of our own war for union. With interlinked arms they ranged up and down, and pushed the willing citizens from the pavement, and shouted the day and shouted the night away, with no care but the fear that in the outpour of their death-daring they might not be mustered into the ranks filling up the quota of regiments assigned to Ohio. The time had a sublimity which no other time can know, unless some proportionate event shall again cause the nation to stand up as one man. The governments which make soldiering a part of their daily business can never match such a spectacle, where a republican people rushed to war, as if that dire "game of kings" were the gay sport of a Saturday afternoon, to be played out before sunset. The spectacle had a mystery and an awe which I cannot hope to impart the sense of. I knew that these boys, bursting from their fields and shops as for a holiday, were just such boys as I had always known, and if I looked at any one of them, as they went swaggering and singing up and down, I recognized him for what they all were, but in their straggling ranks, with their young faces flushed the red of their

blouses, and their young eyes flaming, I beheld them transfigured. I do not pretend that they were of the make of armies such as I had seen pictured in serried ranks marching to battle, and falling in bloody windrows on the smoke-rolled plain. All that belonged to

Old, unhappy, far-off days,

and not to the morrows in which I dwelt.

Earliest of our college group to go to the war was my closest friend, James M. Comly, who came out of it one of the many Ohio generals. He was a law student, but had been a printer, and after the war he became an owner and editor of the *State Journal*; then from a later newspaper enterprise in Toledo he was sent United States Minister to Hawaii, where he died of the consumption which he had fought off so great part of his life. We were friends in the love of the books we read and the houses we frequented together; he was of a most manly make morally and physically: a sort of straight, tall, viking presence, silent in his strength, reticent in his constancy, but very constant, and of a quiet dignity which it was not safe to infringe. We were, of course, drawn the nearer each other, as most friends are, because of the difference in our qualities, he doer and I dreamer; and after these many years I think of him with the old, unaging affection. There was another friend, not of our college group, but, like Comly, a law student, and, like him, first in the war, whom I met one morning of that time, as he came down the State House steps, radiantly smiling, with his commission of adjutant in a newly accepted regiment. Almost immediately he was changed to the line, and at the end of the war, after winning its last important battle, he held the rank of brigadier-general, which he would not have chosen to exchange for the brevet of major-general later conferred upon him. I had not known John G. Mitchell so well as Comly, but after the war we came together in the more than sisterhood of the cousins who had doubled life for us as our wives. In that after-time he once held me rapt with the stories of his soldier life, promising, or half-promising,

to write them down for print, but I am afraid never doing it, to the loss of that personal record of the war which has become so priceless a part of our history.

The first camp was in our pretty Goodale Park, where I used to walk and talk with the sculptor Ward, and I still have the vision of the long tables, spread with coffee and pork-and-beans, and of the rude bunks, filled with straw, with here and there a boy volunteer frowzily drowsing in them. It was one of the shapeless beginnings which were to end in the review of the hundred thousands of veterans marching to their mustering out in Washington after four years of fire and blood. No one could have imagined that these boys were to pass through that abyss, or that they would not come safely out. Even after the cruel disillusion of Manassas, the superstition of quick work remained with the North, and the three years' quota of Ohio was filled almost as jubilantly as the three months', but not quite so jubilantly. Sons and brothers came to replace fathers and brothers who had not returned from Manassas, and there was a funeral undertone in the shrilling of the fifes and the throbbing of the drums which was not so before.

After the election of Lincoln it seemed to be the universal feeling in our capital that I who had written his life ought to have a consulate, as had happened with Hawthorne, who had written the life of Franklin Pierce. My fellow-citizens appeared willing I should have any consulate, but I had fixed my mind upon that of Munich, as in the way of further study of German literature, and this was the post I had asked for in an application signed by every prominent Republican from the Governor down. Chase had already entered Lincoln's Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, and I heard that he had spoken personally to the President in my behalf, and urged my appointment upon him, with what commendation I do not know. But in spite of this backing, the President, with other things on his mind, did not respond in any sort until some months had dragged by, when one day I received an official envelope addressed to me as "Consul at Rome, now at Columbus, Ohio." Rome

was not exactly Munich, and the local language and literature were not German, but I could not have expected the State Department to take cognizance of a tacit ambition of mine, and the consulate was at any rate a consulate, which perhaps most of my friends supposed was all I wanted. It was welcome enough, for I was now once more to be dropped from the high horse I had been riding for nearly a year past; one of those changes in the *State Journal* which Greeley, in his unsolicited lecture, had imputed to it for unworthiness was at hand, and the gentleman who was buying a controlling share in it might or might not wish to write the editorials himself. At any rate, the Roman consulship was not to be foregone without inquiry, and as there was no salary, and the consul was supposed to live upon the fees taken, I tried to find out how much the fees might annually come to. Our chief, in his escape from the *State Journal* and its adversity, was of the optimistic belief that the fees came to something between twelve and fifteen hundred dollars. But still I somehow feared, and I sent to my friend Piatt, then conveniently a clerk in the Treasury Department, and begged him to go to the State Department, and if possible verify this bright belief of my chief, who was no doubt so glad not to have me fall to the ground when he must withdraw the high horse from under me. Piatt learned that the fees at Rome were between three and five hundred a-year; and again I had my hesitations. Yet I had always heard that Italy was a very cheap country, and I suppose I thought vaguely that I could eke out my pay by writing and selling my stuff to the newspapers and magazines. I knew nobody in Columbus then who had traveled abroad except one lady who had not only been in Rome, but had lived there a whole winter, and she was enthusiastic. She said that for five hundred dollars a year you could live like a prince in Rome, and I went home rich for a night of golden dreams. I do not know quite how or why I should have wakened to doubt in the morning; Price was still hopeful, as he had always been, but more and more it seemed to me that the cost of living at Rome

would bear looking into; meanwhile I was advised by prudence to accept the appointment provisionally; and I waited to see what the new proprietor meant to do.

Apparently he meant to be editor as well as proprietor, and Price and I must go, which we made ready to do as soon as he came into his own. I cannot remember now that I was very heavy-hearted. At the worst I was yet "Consul at Rome, now at Columbus," and I had my determination to work. I was never hopeful, I was never courageous; but somehow I was dogged. I had no overweening belief in myself, and yet I thought, at the bottom of my soul, that I had in me the make of the thing I was bent on doing, the thing literature, the greatest thing in the world; and I decided to go to Washington and look personally into the facts of the Roman consulship. As some readers of this may know, it promptly turned into the Venetian consulship, but by just what friendly magic I need not tell here. As for Price, he had nothing at all before him, but he was by no means uncheerful. We had certainly had a joyous though parlous year together; our jokes could not have been numbered in a season when the only excuse for joking was that it might as well be that as weeping, though probably we had our serious times, especially when we foreboded a fresh dismay in our chief at some escapade in derision or denunciation of well-meaning patriots' efforts to hold the Union together with mucilage.

But the time came when all this tragical mirth was to end. We found that we did not dislike the new owner, and he liked us well enough, but he was eager to try his hand at our work, and sometime early in August we quitted the familiar place. My mind holds no detail of our parting except the last hour of it, when we found ourselves together at midnight in the long, gloomy barn then known as the Little Miami Depot, where we were to take our separate ways in the dark which hid us from each other for ever. We walked up and down, talking, talking, talking, laughing, promising each other to be faithful in letters, and wearing our souls out in the nothings which people say at such times with the vain endeavor to hold themselves together against the "abhorred shears" which are to sunder them in the death of parting. We heard the whistle of an approaching train, we shook hands, we said good-by, and then in the long wait repeated the nothings again and again. My train on the Central Ohio was already there; as Price obeyed the call to board his for Cleveland I mounted into mine for Washington, and we never saw each other again. It is long since he died, and I, who still survive him after fifty years, render him this tribute of abiding affection. If somewhere we should somewhere meet, perhaps it will be with a fond smile for the time we were so young and glad together, with so little reason.



The Outside of the House

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN



BARR CENTER almost always excited the amusement of strangers. "Why Barr Center?" they would inquire, and follow up the query, if they were facetious, with another: "The center of what?"

In reality, Barr Center, the little village where lived the Edgewaters, the Ellertons, the Dinsmores, and a few more very good old New England families, was hardly anything but a center, and almost, regarded geographically, the mere pin-prick of a center of four villages. As a matter of fact, the apex of a triangle would have been a more accurate description. The village came first on the old turnpike from the city; Barr-by-the-Sea was on the right, three miles away; Leicester, which had formerly been West Barr, was three miles to the left; South Barr was three miles to the south.

There was a popular saying that Barr Center was three miles from everywhere. All four villages had, of course, been originally one, the Precinct of Barr. Leicester had been the first to revolt and establish a separate township and claim a different name. Leicester was the name of the one wealthy old family of the village, which had bestowed its soldiers' monument, its town hall, and its library, and had improved the cemetery and contributed half of the high school.

Barr-by-the-Sea came next, and that had serious and legitimate reasons for individuality. From being a mere summer colony of tents and rude cottages it had grown to be almost a city, frequented by wealthy city folk, who had beautiful residences along the shore. Barr-by-the-Sea was so large and important that it finally made an isosceles triangle of the original Precinct of Barr. All summer long it hummed with gay life, ending in the autumn with a car-

nival as a grand crescendo. Barr-by-the-Sea was, however, not the center. It boasted no old family, resident all the year round, as did Barr Center.

South Barr was the least important of all. It was simply the petering out of the Barrs. It was a little farming hamlet, which humbly sold butter, fresh eggs, and garden truck to Barr-by-the-Sea for the delectation of the rich folk who dwelt in the hotels and boarding-houses and stately residences on the ocean front.

Barr-by-the-Sea was an exclusive summer resort. Its few permanent inhabitants were proud of it, and none were prouder than old Captain Joe Dickson and his wife, Martha. The Dicksons lived in a tiny house beyond the fashionable limits. They were on the opposite side of the road from the sea. The house stood in a drift of sandy soil, pierced by coarse beach grass like green swords. Captain Joe, however, had reclaimed a little garden from the easily conquered waste, and his beans, his cucumbers, and his tomatoes were flourishing.

In front of the house Martha had two great tubs of hydrangeas, which she colored a ghastly blue with bluing water from her weekly wash. Captain Joe did not approve of the unnatural blue.

"Why didn't ye leave the posies the way the Lord made 'em?" he inquired.

"They have them this way at a lot of the grand places," replied Martha. "The big-bugs color them."

"Ruther guess the big-bugs ain't any bigger than the Lord A'mighty," returned Captain Joe. "I guess if He had thought them posies would look better blue He would have made 'em blue in the fust place."

Captain Joe, having spoken his mind, puffed his pipe amiably over the tops of the blue flowers. He sat on his bit of a porch, tipping back comfortably in his old chair.

Martha did not prolong the discussion.

She was not much of a talker. Captain Joe always claimed that a voyage with him around the world in a sailing-vessel had cured her of talking too much in her youth.

"Poor Marthy used to be a regular buzz-saw at the talk," he would say, "but rockin' round the world with such a gale that she couldn't hear her own tongue wag, and bein' scared 'most to death, cured her."

Whether the great, primeval noises of the world had, in fact, subdued the woman to silence, rendering her incapable of much sounding of her own little note all through her life, or not, she was a very still woman. She went silently about her household tasks. When they were done there was much mending while her husband smoked.

Over across the road the littered, wave-marked beach sloped broadly to the sea. There were several boats anchored. One was Captain Joe's, the *Martha Dickson*. He had been out in it fishing that very morning, had had a good catch, and sold well to the customers who flocked on the beach when the fishing-boats came in. The rich people sent their servants with baskets for the fresh fish.

Joe had sold his catch, with the exception of one fine cod, which Martha was making into a savory chowder. Captain Joe sniffed with pleasure the odor of frying onions which were to make the foundation of the good dish. He gazed at the sea, which now and then lapped into view with a foaming crest over the beach. There was no passing, as a rule. The fine road for driving and motoring stopped several yards before Joe's house was reached. He was mildly surprised, therefore, when a runabout with a red cross on the front, with a young man at the wheel and a pretty young girl by his side, came skidding over the sand and stopped.

"Any fresh fish?" inquired the young man, who was Dr. Tom Ellerton.

Joe shook his head.

"Know where I can get any?"

"Guess mebbe you can get a cod at the third house from me. He was late gettin' in, and didn't sell the hull. But you'll capsize if you try to go there in that."

Tom eyed the road billowing with sand. "Sit here while I find out," he told Margy, his sister. She nodded.

After Tom had gone, plowing through the sand, Captain Joe rose stiffly. He was not a very old man, but a broken leg had not been set properly, and kept him from his life-work of cruising the high seas.

He limped up to the car. "Pooty hot day," he remarked.

"Very," replied Margy.

"Wish I'd had the fish. Sold all my catch except the cod Marthy's cookin'."

Margy sniffed appreciatively. "A chowder?" she inquired.

Joe nodded. "About the only way to cook a cod. Goin' to have yourn cooked that way?"

"It isn't for us," explained Margy. "My brother is trying to find some really fresh fish for an old lady who is ill. My brother is a doctor. He has just been to see her. She wanted fresh fish, and he said he would try to find some. Their servants are all busy because they are closing the house. They are going to sail for Europe to-morrow."

"What house?" inquired Joe, eagerly.

"The very large house on the ocean side of the road, about half a mile back.

"The one with all them yaller flowers in the front yard, and a garden of 'em on the roof, with vines hangin' over?"

Margy nodded. "That sounds like it," said she. "There are two square towers, one on each side, then the flowers and vines are on the balcony between; and there is a roof-garden, too; and there are quantities of beautiful flowers on the grounds. It is a lovely place."

"Know the name of the folks that live there?"

"Willard," replied Margy. She eyed Joe with surprise.

"Lord!" said he. "They goin' away so soon?"

He paid no more attention to Margy, but limped into the house, and the girl heard loud exclamations. Then she saw Tom coming with a fine glistening fish in each hand.

"I have one for us, too," he said as he got into the car. "They are fine fish."

Tom put on power, as he wished not only to deliver the fish to the Willards



Drawn by Douglas Duer

THERE WAS MUCH MENDING WHILE HER HUSBAND SMOKED

fresh, but to reach home with his own in good condition, and it was a scorching day. Margy clung to her side of the car as they spun along. After the fish had been left at the grand Willard house, and a beautiful young lady in a pale-blue gown had thanked the young doctor charmingly, and they were on a smooth road, Margy asked Tom why he thought the lame man, of whom he had inquired about the fish, had been so interested in the Willard family.

"Oh, probably he is one of the old residents here. I discovered some time ago that they feel a queer interest in the comings and goings of the summer folk," said Tom. "Their lives are pretty narrow eight months of the year. They have to be interested in something outside themselves. I think lots of them have a feeling that they own a good deal that they only have liberty to look at."

"I can see how a fisherman can feel that he owns the sea," said Margy. "Maybe it is because so many of them are fishermen."

She looked reflective with her deep-set blue eyes. Tom cast a quick glance at her. "Maybe," he said.

Tom was not imaginative. When Margy said things like that he always wondered if she were well. He began to plan a prescription for her as they sped along.

He did not know how intensely Margy had felt that she owned the sea, just from looking at it, when she had sat in the car waiting for him when he was making professional calls, and that her reasoning was quite logical and not unnecessarily imaginative. If she considered that she owned the sea, which is the vast untaxed asset of the world, how much more would the fisherman who got his daily bread from it?

Meantime, the fisherman with whom she had talked was in excited colloquy with his wife in the kitchen and living-room of the little house. The room, though comfortable and clean, was poorly equipped, with the exception of various articles that were at direct odds with all else. There was a cooking-stove, on which the chowder was steaming. There was a kitchen table, set for a meal with the commonest utensils, save that in the center, ready for the chowder, was a

bowl of old Japanese pottery which would have adorned a palace. Martha did not think much of this bowl, which Joe had brought home from one of his voyages. She considered the decorations ugly, and used it to save a lovely one from the ten-cent store, decorated with pink rosebuds. Martha could understand pink rosebuds, but she could not fathom dragons and ugly, grinning faces of Oriental fancy.

There was a lounge with a hideous cover, two old chairs worn into hollows of comfort, two kitchen chairs, an old clock, and a superb teakwood table. Martha did not care for that, either. The contortions of the carved wood gave her a vague uneasiness. She kept it covered with an old fringed spread, and used to set her bread to rise on it. On the mantel, besides the clock and three kerosene-lamps, was a beautiful old Satsuma vase, and a pressed glass one, which Martha loved. The glass one was cracked, and she told Joe she did not see why the other vase could not have suffered instead. Joe agreed with her. He did not care much for the treasures which he had brought from foreign ports, except the shells—lovely, pinked-lipped ones that were crowded on the shelf between the other things, and completely filled more shelves which Joe had made expressly to hold them. The shelves were in three tiers, and the shells were mounted on them, catching the light from broken surfaces of rose and pearl and silver. Martha privately considered that the shells involved considerable work. She washed them carefully, and kept them free from dust, but she also admired them.

In front of the outer door was a fine old prayer-rug of dull, exquisite tones. Martha kept it there for Joe to wipe his feet on, because it was so faded, but she had a bright red one in the center of the room. Joe never stepped on that until his shoes were entirely clean. He had made quite sure there was not a speck of dust to injure this brilliant rug before he entered to give Martha the intelligence.

"They are goin' away from Our House to-morrow," said he.

Martha, standing over the chowder, turned, spoon in hand. She waved the

spoon as if it were a fan. "Before the carnival?" said she.

Martha was a small, wide-eyed woman with sleek hair. She was not pretty, but had a certain effect of being exactly in place which gave the impression of prettiness to some people.

"They are goin' to sail for Europe," said Joe.

"I suppose for His health," said Martha. Nobody could excel the air of perfect proprietorship with which she uttered the masculine pronoun. The man indicated might have been her own father, or her brother, or her son.

"I guess so," said Joe. "He has looked pooty bad lately when I've seen him."

"I suppose They are goin'?"

"I s'pose so, because they are closin' the house. That young doctor from the Center stopped out here just now, and wanted to know where he could get fresh fish, and I told him I guessed Mac had some left; and whilst he was gone his sister—she was with him—told me they were closin' the house, and Old Lady Willard wanted fresh fish, and they were out huntin' for it, because all the help was busy."

"That means Old Lady Willard's goin', and Him, and his Wife, and the three girls, Grace and Marie and Maud, and the two little boys."

"Yes."

"And they will take the ladies'-maids, and His man. Maybe that pretty young lady that visits there so much will go, too."

"Maybe; and the lady that teaches the little boys will go."

"O Lord, yes! They couldn't get on without her. My! there will be 'most enough to fill the ship."

"About enough to sink my old one I sailed around when you was aboard," said Joe, and laughed.

Martha never laughed. The seriousness of New England was in her very soul. She was happy and good-natured, but she saw nothing whatever to laugh at in all creation. She never had.

"Land, yes!" said she. "You know there wa'n't any room in that little cabin."

"Not more'n enough to hold you and your Bible and sewin'-machine," said

Captain Joe. He cast a glance at the old sewing-machine as he spoke, and laughed again. It was perfectly useless because of that long-ago voyage, and the fact always amused him. Martha considered it no laughing matter. The sewing-machine was dear to her, even in its wrecked state. She kept the Bible on it, and a little cup and saucer.

"The chowder's done," said she. "Draw up, Joe."

Joe drew up a chair to the table. "Smells prime," said he.

"Guess it's all right."

"Ef your chowders ever wa'n't all right I'd think the sun was goin' to rise in the west next mornin'," said Joe.

Martha ladled the chowder into the beautiful bowl, then into heavy, chipped plates. The two ate with relish.

"To-morrow's Saturday," said Joe. "That means we can go to Our House come Sunday."

Martha nodded. Her good mouth widened in the semblance of a smile. Her steady eyes gleamed with happy intelligence at her husband.

"It will seem nice," said she. "Land! I'd been thinkin' we might have to wait till 'way into October, the way we did last year, and now it's only the first of August."

"I'm feelin' jest as set up as you be about it," said Joe.

That night all the family from the great house where Tom Ellerton had called went by train to Boston. They were to stay in the city overnight to be ready for the steamer. Not one of the numerous company even noticed Captain Joe Dickson and his wife Martha, who were at the station watching them closely, hearing everything that was said, noting all details—the baggage, the host of servants.

All the servants were to be out of the house next day, the Dicksons heard Her tell another lady who inquired. "Only a caretaker, the same old colored man we always employ," stated Mrs. Richard Willard, tall, elegant, a bit weary of manner. "The servants will finish closing the house to-morrow, then some of them have vacations, and the rest will be in our Boston house. We take only our maids and Mr. Willard's man up to-night. We shall not go to

the city house at all ourselves. It will be much more sensible to stay at the hotel."

"Of course," said the lady. Then she said something about an unexpected start, and so early in the season, and Mrs. Willard replied that to her nothing was ever unexpected. That had ceased with her youth, and Mr. Willard was not quite well, and there were seasons all over creation. She said that with a pleasant smile—weary, however.

Martha eyed her keenly when she and Joe, after the train with all the Willards on board had pulled out, were walking home.

"She said that She didn't look none too strong, and she guessed it was a good thing She was going." Martha said that as if Mrs. Richard Willard, who had never heard of her, was her dearly beloved friend or relative.

Joe nodded solemnly. "She did look sorter peaked," he agreed. "As for Him, he didn't look no worse than usual to me, but I guess it's jest as well for them they're off, let alone us."

The remark seemed enigmatic, but Martha understood. They walked home from the station. They passed the Willard house, standing aloof from the highway like a grand Colonial lady.

"The awnin's are down," said Martha, "and they've begun to board up the winders."

Joe nodded.

"It is unlooked for, as far as we are concerned," said Martha, with a happy widening of her lips.

"Day arter to-morrer--only think of it!" said Captain Joe.

"Goin' out fishin' to-morrer?"

"Reckon not; got in considerable to-day, and I want to git my hair cut to-morrer."

"I'm goin' to trim my bunnit over, and fix my best dress a little, too; and I guess your best suit needs brushin'."

"There's a spot on the coat."

"I'll git it off. Land! I do hope Sunday is pleasant."

"Goin' to be. It's a dry moon," declared Joe.

However, Sunday, although fair, was one of those fervid days of summer which threatened storm.

"It's goin' to shower," declared Mar-

tha. She was clad in her best black silk, hot, and tightly fitted, trimmed with cascades of glittering jet. A jet aigrette on her bonnet caught the light. She had fastened a vivid rose on one side of the bonnet to do honor to the occasion. Crowning glory—she wore her white gloves, her one pair, which was the treasure of her wardrobe.

"Better take the umbrell', I guess," said Joe.

"Guess you'd better."

Joe held his head stiffly because of his linen collar. He wore a blue suit much too large for him, but it was spotless. He took the umbrella from behind the door. It was distinctly not worthy of the occasion, although it was entirely serviceable. Still, it was large, and greenish-black, and bulged determinedly from its mooring of rubber at the top.

Martha, as they walked along, looked uncomfortably at the umbrella. "Can't ye roll the umbrell' up tight, the way I see 'em?" she inquired.

Joe stopped, unfastened the rubber strap, and essayed to roll it. It was in vain. "The umbrell' is too thick," he said. "No use, Marthy. It's a good umbrell'. If it showers it will keep it off, but I can't make it look slim."

"Well, don't show it any more than you can help," admonished Martha.

Joe henceforth carried the umbrella between himself and Martha. It continually collided with their legs, but Martha's black-silk skirt flopped over its green voluminousness and it was comparatively unseen.

"I declare; it does seem like showerin'," said Joe.

"You said it was a dry moon."

"Ef thar's anything in nature to be depended on least of anything else it's a dry moon," said Joe, with an air of completely absolving himself from all responsibility in the matter of the moon.

"Of course in such hot weather nobody can tell when a thunder tempest is goin' to come up," said Martha. She was extremely uncomfortable in her tight black raiment. Drops of perspiration stood on her forehead.

"If we were goin' anywhere else I'd take off my gloves," said she.

"Well, Marthy, long as it's the first time this year, reckon you'd better

stand it, if you can," returned Joe. "My collar is about chokin' me, but it's the first time this year we're goin' there, you know, Marthy."

"That's jest the way I feel," agreed Martha.

The sun beat upon their heads. "Ef the umbrell' was a little better-lookin' I'd h'ist her," said Joe.

"Now, Joe, you know you can't."

"I know it, Marthy. I can't."

They were now in the midst of a gay, heterogeneous Sunday throng. The church-bells were ringing. A set of chimes outpealed the rest. Elegantly arrayed people—the ladies holding brilliant parasols at all angles above their heads crowned with plumes and flowers; the gentlemen in miraculously creased trousers, many of them moving with struts, swinging sticks—met and went their way. The road was filled with a never-ending procession of motor-cars, carriages, horses, and riders. Barr-by-the-Sea was displaying her charms like a beauty at a ball.

Many were bound for church; more for pleasure. There were country people dressed in cheap emulation of the wealthy, carrying baskets with luncheon who had come to Barr-by-the-Sea to spend Sunday and have an outing. They were silent, foolishly observant, and awed by the splendors around them.

Joe Dickson and his wife Martha moved as the best of them. There was no subserviency in them. They had imbibed the wide freedom and lordliness of the sea, and at any time moved among equals; but to-day their errand made them move as lords. By what childlike sophistry it had come to pass none could tell, but Joe Dickson, poor ex-captain of a sailing-vessel, and his wife Martha were, in their own conviction, on their way to re-establishment in the best mansion on that coast, inhabited by the wealthy of the country.

When they reached the Willard house Joe and Martha ducked under the iron chain across the carriage-drive, and proceeded along the glittering smoothness bordered by brilliant flowers, having no realization of the true state of affairs.

"I declare, it does seem good to get back," said Joe.

"It certainly does," said Martha,

"and so much earlier than we'd looked forward to."

"I calculated they might stay till late in October, the way they did last year," said Joe, joyously. "Just see that red geranium-bed, Marthy."

"Them ain't geraniums; them is begonias," said Martha, haughtily.

"It always seems to me as if all the flowers was geraniums," said Joe. He laughed.

Martha did not smile. "They ain't," said she.

They passed around to the back of the grand house. The wide veranda was cleared except for two weather-beaten old chairs. The windows, except one on the second floor, were boarded over. The house looked as if asleep, with closed eyes, before that magnificent ocean, a vast brilliance as of gemlike facets reflecting all the glory of the whole earth and the heavens above the earth. The tide was coming in. Now and then a wave broke with a rainbow toss, quite over the sea wall of the beach. The coast in places—and this was one of them—was treacherous.

Captain Joe and his Martha sat down in the rude chairs. Martha sighed a sigh of utter rapture.

"Land! it is certainly nice to be here again," said she.

Joe, however, scowled at the sea wall. "They had ought to have seen to that wall afore they went off," he said.

"Land! It's safe, ain't it?"

"I dun'no'. Nobody never knows nothin' when the sea's consarned. Ef they had asked me I'd said: 'Hev a lot of men on the job, and make sure there ain't no shaky places in that 'ere wall; and whilst you're about it, build it up about six foot higher. It wouldn't cut off your view none.' The hull of it is, the sea never quits the job. Everything on earth quits the job, one way or t'other, but that sea is right on, and she's goin' to be right on it; and bein' right on the job, and never quittin', means somethin' doin' and somethin' bein' done, and nobody knows just what."

"I guess it's all right," said Martha. "It ain't likely that They would have gone off and left this house unless it was; and money ain't no object."

"Sometimes folks with money gits the wrong end of the bargain," said Joe. "Money don't mean nothin' to the sea. It's swallowed more'n the hull earth holds, and it's ready to swallow till the day of jedgment. That wall had ought to be looked arter."

There was a sound of the one unboarded window being opened, and it immediately framed an aged colored face, with a fringe of gray beard like wool. The owner of the face could not be seen, and, because of the veranda roof, he could not see, but, his ears being quick to note sounds above the rush of the waters, he heard Joe and Martha talking on the veranda. Presently he came up the veranda steps. He was the caretaker, and his door of entrance and exit was in the basement, under the veranda. He was a tall old colored man with an important mien.

When his head appeared above the veranda floor Joe and Martha rose. "Good day, Sam," they said almost in concert.

Sam bowed with dignity. "I 'lowed it was you," he said, then sat down on a fixed stone bench near the chairs.

"So they've gone," said Joe, as he and Martha resumed their seats.

"Yassir. Mr. Richard is kind of pindlin', and the doctor 'lowed he'd better get away. They went day before yesterday, and all the help last night."

Joe nodded. Martha nodded. They all sat still, watching the waves dash at the sea wall and break over it.

"They had ought to have looked at that wall," said Joe, presently.

The colored man laughed with the optimism of his race. "That wall has held more'n twenty year—eber since the house was built," said he. "Wall all right."

"Dun'no'," said Joe.

Martha was not as optimistic as the colored man, but she was entirely happy. "Seems sorter nice to be settin' here ag'in, Sam," said she.

"Yes'm," said Sam.

"We've got a baked fish for dinner, and some fresh beans," said Martha. "We thought you'd come and have dinner with us, the way you always do the first day."

"I 'lowed you'd ask me, thank ye,

marm," said Sam, with his wonderful dignity.

"Seems nice to be settin' here ag'in," repeated Martha, like a bird with one note.

"Yes'm." Sam's own face wore a pleased expression. He, too, felt the charm of possession. All three, the man and wife and the colored retainer, realized divine property rights. The outside of that grand house was as much theirs as it was any soul's on the face of the earth. They owned that and the ocean. Only Joe's face was now and then disturbed when a wave, crested in foam, came over the sea wall. He knew the sea well enough to love and fear it, while he owned it.

The three sat there all the morning. Then they all went away to the little Dickson house. The thunder was rumbling in the northwest. They walked rapidly. Joe spread the umbrella, but no rain came. There was a sharp flash of lightning and a prodigious report. All three turned about and looked in the direction of the Willard house.

"Struck somewheres, but it didn't strike thar," said Joe.

When they reached home Martha immediately changed her dress and set about preparing dinner. The two men sat on Joe's upturned boat, on the sloping beach opposite, and smoked and watched the storm. It did not rain for a long time, although the thunder and lightning were terrific. The colored man cringed at the detonations and flashes, but Joe was obdurate. He had sailed stormy seas too much to be anything but a cool critic of summer showers. However, after each unusual flash and report the two stared in the direction of the Willard house.

"Seems as if I had ought to have stayed there," remarked Sam, trembling, after one great crash.

"What could you have done? That didn't strike no house. Struck out at sea. I'm keepin' an ear out for the fire alarm," said Joe.

"Have you got it ready?" inquired Sam, mysteriously.

Joe nodded. He flushed slightly. Sam was under orders to keep secret the fact that the poor old sailor-man had the preceding year purchased a fire-extin-

guisher, with a view to personally protecting the House. "You can run faster than I can, and you know how to use it," said Joe.

Then another storm came up swiftly. Martha came to the door. "It's another!" cried she.

Joe rose. "Get it for me, Marthy," said he.

Martha brought the fire-extinguisher.

"Guess you and me had better be on the bridge ef another's comin'," said Joe, grimly, to Sam.

The two disappeared down the road in a gray drive of rain. Martha screamed to Joe to take the umbrella, his best suit would get wet, but he did not hear her. Sam went on a run and Joe hobbled after. They stood on the Willard veranda and kept watch. Both men were drenched. The waves broke over the sea wall, and the salt wind drove the rain in the faces of the men.

At last it was over, and they went back to the Dickson house. The odor of fish and beans greeted them. Martha had continued her dinner preparations. She was not in the least afraid of storms. She, too, only thought of danger to the grand house, but she had great faith in her husband and the fire-extinguisher, whose unknown virtues loomed gigantic to her feminine mind.

She made Joe change his best suit, which she hung carefully to dry on the clothes-line, and she gave Sam a ragged old suit, and hung up his drenched attire also. "You couldn't do much about taking care of things if you got the rheumatiz," said she.

They ate their dinner in comfort, for the thunder storm had conquered the heat. Afterward, while Martha cleared away, the men sat on the porch and went to sleep. Martha herself slept on the old lounge. She dreamed that she was on the veranda of the Willard house and she awoke to no disillusion. Next day, and all the following days, for nearly a whole year, she and Joe could be there if they chose. They were in possession; for so long that dispossession seemed unreality.

That was the happiest summer Joe and Martha had ever known in Barr-by-the-Sea. There were long afternoons, when Joe had been out and sold his

catch; there were wonderful moonlit nights, when they lived on the outside of the beautiful house and inherited the earth.

The fall was late that year. Long into October, and even during warm days in November, they could assemble on the veranda and enjoy their wealth. There came a storm in October, however, which increased Joe's fears concerning the stanchness of the sea wall. He conferred with Sam. Sam was hard to move from his position that the past proved the future, but finally his grudging assistance was obtained. The two worked hard. They did what they could, but even then Joe would look at the wall and shake his head.

"She ought to be six foot higher," he told Martha.

If Sam could have written, he would have pleaded with him to write the Willards abroad, urging that they order the raising of the wall, but Sam could not write. Joe went to a real-estate agent and talked, but the man laughed at him.

"Don't butt in, Joe," he advised. "Nobody is going to thank you. I think the wall is all right."

"It ain't," declared Joe.

Joe was right. In December there came the storm and the high tide. Joe was up at two o'clock in the morning, awakened by the wild cry of the sea, that wildest of all creation, which now and then runs amuck and leaps barriers and makes men dream of prehistoric conditions.

He hastened along the road, with that terrible menace in his ears, dragging a great length of rope. Martha stayed behind on her knees, praying. Nobody ever knew quite what happened; that is, all the details. They did know that in some miraculous fashion the sea wall of the Willard house had been strengthened by frantic labor of poor men who owned not a stick as valuable as the poorest beam in the house, and that they were urged on by Captain Joe Dickson, with his lame leg and his heart of a lover and a hero. They knew that strange things had been piled against that wall; all the weighty articles from the basement of the Willard house—wood, boats, sandbags, stones, everything which had power to offer an ounce of resistance.



Drawn by Douglas Duer

HE HASTENED ALONG THE ROAD, WITH THAT TERRIBLE MENACE IN HIS EARS

They knew that the wall stood and the house was saved, and old Sam was blubbering over old Captain Joe Dickson lying spent almost to death on the veranda where he had been carried.

"Tell Marthy Our House is safe," stammered old Captain Joe. Then he added something which was vaguely made out to be a note of triumph. "The sea didn't git me."

When they took him home to Martha she was very calm. All her life, since she had married Joe, she had had in her heart the resolution which should be in the hearts of the wives of all poor sailormen and fishermen, who defy the splendid, eternal danger of the sea to gain their sustenance.

It was Dr. Tom Ellerton, spinning over from Barr Center, at the risk of his neck and his car, who saved Captain Joe, although the old man was saved only to spend the rest of his life in bed or wheel-chair, and never could sail the seas again. It was Dr. Tom Ellerton who told the Willards, and it was they who sent the wheel-chair and gave Joe a pension for saving their house. Mrs. Richard Willard (Richard had died during their stay abroad) came out on purpose to see Joe. She was sad, and weary, and elegant in her deep black.

She told Joe and Martha what was to be done, and they thanked her and gave her daughter some of their choicest shells. They were quite dignified and grateful about her bounty. On the train going home Mrs. Willard told her daughter that they were evidently superior people. "They belong to the few who can take with an air of giving and not offend," said Mrs. Willard.

Neither of them dreamed of the true state of the case: that subtly and happily the old man and his wife possessed what they called their own home in a fuller sense than they ever could. More than the announcement of the comfortable annuity had meant Mrs. Willard's statement that they would not open the House at all next summer; they would visit with relatives in the Berkshires, then go abroad.

Joe and Martha looked at each other, and their eyes said, "We can go to Our House as soon as you can wheel me over there. We can stay there as much as we like, all one year."

Mrs. Willard saw the look, and did not understand. How could she? It was inconceivable that these two people should own the outside of her home to such an extent that their tenure became well-nigh immortal.

The Night Breeze

BY DAVID MORTON

YOU that have watched the night out, tell me this:
 Y Those unseen seekers, did they meet and kiss?
 Before the stars burned dim and morning came,
 Heard you no whisper and a woman's name?

The May night seemed so strange and wild a place,
 And up and down I thought one sought a face,
 Pressing among the flowers, aching, dumb;
 And did the other understand—and come?

The stirring leafage—was it but a bird
 Waked from some troubled dreaming that I heard?
 My garden roses swayed and bended so,
 That strange May night;—and did that other know?

The Rural Reformation

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE



WE are in the midst of a rural revolution. The pre-emption of the "area available for agricultural purposes," which, according to the Federal census, was practically complete at the beginning of the new century, has set in motion forces that are swiftly transforming the spirit of American farm life and the character of the economic and social institutions in the open country.

For more than a hundred years—approximately from the time when the embargo of 1807 established the "nursing of infant industries" as our dominant national policy—the industrial revolution, with its teeming commercial and manufacturing centers, has shaped the course of American civilization. Notwithstanding the fact that throughout the nineteenth century the rural population greatly outnumbered the population of the cities, its influence upon national affairs remained definitely secondary. So long as there were millions of acres available for agricultural settlement, the power of the rural majority was subject to ready control. Whenever the farmers attempted to organize, as they did through the Grange in the sixties and seventies, and again through the Populist uprising of the early nineties, their ranks were broken and scattered by the opening of vast reserves of arable land. Effective group action is impossible without stability, an economic surplus, and leisure; cheap lands meant cheap prices for agricultural products; so long as "Uncle Sam was rich enough to give us each a farm," the rural majority could be held at an economic, political, and social disadvantage. But the final pre-emption of the "area" available for agricultural purposes has done for the American farmer what powder and the crossbow did for the English yeomen at Crécy. The

cheap lands of the Argentine Republic and of Little Russia will not suffice to break their ranks again.

The sign of the new sovereignty is on every one's lips. Not within living memory, certainly not in times of peace, has the high cost of living had such universal currency. Economists tell us that the cause of high prices is to be found in the abnormal increase of the world's gold supply, in the "brigandage of the middleman," in the growth of luxury, the aggressions of labor, and all manner of disturbances in the industrial world. But there is yet another explanation which has not received the consideration its reasonableness demands. In great agricultural states like Illinois and Iowa less land is under cultivation to-day than fourteen years ago; many important counties in states like Ohio are producing less food than they did before the Civil War. During the last census period population in the United States increased 21 per cent., but agricultural production increased 10 per cent. only. To meet an increase of 21 per cent. in the number of mouths to be fed, the production of wheat increased only 3.8 per cent., of orchard fruits 1.8 per cent., while the production of corn actually fell off by 4.3 per cent. The expert of the census of agriculture, in commenting upon the situation, says:

We have reached a stage in the history of this country when farmers in average years do not produce much more of the raw materials used for food, forage, and clothing than is needed within the country. In poor years the production may not in future equal the demands of the consumers.

And while production has remained stationary, the market value of farm products has practically doubled; while the cities are filled with wailing over high prices, the farmers are jubilant! Within little more than a decade, the pre-emption of the "area available for agricul-

tural purposes" has shifted the balance of economic control from the cities to the owners of our agricultural lands.

And everywhere the farmers, exhilarated by their new sense of power, are in revolt against the traditional barrenness of agricultural life. Throughout the dominance of the industrial revolution and the era of territorial expansion, they have had to look on from the family circle while the cities sat at the banquet-table of civilization. But their position no longer compels them to listen passively to the pastoral flights of uncaloused after-dinner speakers. They are in a position to demand what they want. They want homes as comfortable and as well equipped as the best homes in the cities; they want schools that conform to the best modern standards; they want the best facilities for having "a good time"; they want music and art and the drama: they want their full share in all the amenities of twentieth-century civilization. And if they cannot get what they want in the country, they will turn from agricultural production to speculation in land over which they now have a monopolistic control, and move to the cities to get it. All along the line they are in revolt, and already they have reason to wonder at the swiftness with which their rebellion is humbling the cities.

For it is from the cities quite as much as from the farmers themselves that the cry for scientific agriculture, soil conservation, and socialization of rural life is coming. It is city capital that is sending agricultural experts by the hundreds to the tradition-bound fields of the farmers. It is city capital that is promoting country-life conferences with their increasing emphasis upon rural credits and economic co-operation. The cities are quite as keen as the farmers for the establishment of more intimate relations by the extension of the rural mail and the parcels post. And most significant of all, it is principally city money which, through the country-life departments of the Protestant denominations especially, and the "county work" of the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, is supporting the men and women who are effecting a reformation in the coun-

try church comparable in scope and depth to the great Reformation of Wyclif and Hus and Luther.

The church has always loomed larger in country than in city life. The city church has been overshadowed by the high-schools and universities, the newspapers and social settlements, the theaters, scientific museums, the ostentatious public and private philanthropies. But the pipes to which the city crowds dance have echoed but faintly in the open country. Throughout the turmoil of the nineteenth century the church remained the dominant social, intellectual, and spiritual institution of rural life.

But within recent years the country church has seen its easy ascendancy threatened by the rivalry of the same secular forces before which the city church has for more than a century retreated as before a conquering enemy. The development of the rural public-school system, the spreading influence of the state universities and colleges, the "extension work" of the state and federal departments of agriculture, the traveling libraries, the automobile and the motion-picture theaters, have brought it face to face with a crisis with which the city church failed to cope. And for a time it showed a disposition to oppose the demands for a fuller life arising out of the rural revolution, as the city church had opposed the "growth of luxury among the common people" arising out of the development of invention and the machine. "The weakness of the city church," says Professor Fagnani, of the Union Theological Seminary, "has been and is that with it religion is religion and not life." And similarly the country church, instead of losing its life in the new movement in order that so it might find it, began by railing against the "Godlessness of the rising generation," when it should have sought the cause of its waning prestige in the changing wants of the people and its own failure to satisfy them. But this blind policy was proving its own penalty; the countryside was being strewn with the wreckage of abandoned church buildings. And the injury was not to the church alone. As the central institution of country life, the failure of the church to adjust itself to the new conditions

was depriving the nation of its most powerful instrument for turning the rural revolution from selfish into patriotic channels. Fortunately, before the damage had become irreparable, the country church developed a new leadership, which, largely financed by city capital, is reforming its methods in statesman-like conformity with the spirit of the times.

The essence of the new reformation is the definite abandonment of authoritarian dogmatism and the candid adoption of the open-minded methods of modern science. In the language of churchmen, they are seeking the will of God, not exclusively in the threshed straw of medieval creeds and scholastic speculations, but primarily in the scientifically ascertained facts of contemporary realities. The best description of the new policy is contained in the series of rural surveys made during the past four years by the Department of Church and Country Life of the Presbyterian Church, under the general supervision of the Rev. Warren H. Wilson.

The Presbyterian Church in the United States [says the introduction to the survey of three rural counties in northern Missouri] has been ministering to country parishes for more than a century. It has sought farmers through forests and across deserts. It has built innumerable little white churches on the country cross-roads for them to worship in. It has baptized the farmer's children, taught them, married and buried them. It has striven to save the farmer's soul—striven earnestly, valiantly, sometimes heroically.

But never until within this year has it made a thorough scientific study of the country community it has attempted to serve. It has done everything in its power to pave the farmer's road to the Celestial City, but it has paid little attention to his road to the nearest village.

It has given great sums to alleviate poverty, but given little thought to the causes that make for poverty—the American system of farm tenantry, the robbing of the soil, and the stripping the hillside of its trees.

It has pictured the beauties of the heavenly mansions and taken no account of the buildings in which men and women must spend their lives here and now.

Hereafter it is going to know something about the communities it attempts to serve—of what stuff they are made, what their needs and aspirations. It will take an interest in

the every-day affairs of the farmer—his crops and stock, his buildings and machinery, his lodge and recreation.

The spires of the little cross-road church will still point to the skies, but its foot-stone will lie on the commonplace work of the day.

This declaration of principle is as radical a departure from the prevailing policy of the church in our generation as the declaration of Luther that "a Christian man is a most free lord of all things and subject to no one" was from the autocracy of the medieval hierarchy. It marks the end, so far as the followers of the new reformation are concerned, of the long war between science and the church. And wherever it has been adopted as a guide to action, in poor lands and rich alike, the church is experiencing a renaissance of constructive leadership in both material and spiritual things.

In the course of a recent spring, I traveled by buggy through the poverty-stricken fastnesses of the north Virginia mountains. The dogwood and the crimson Judas trees were in bloom. The upward-winding road was fragrant with sprouting fern, its banks mottled with violets, yellow sorrel bells, and blood-root blossoms—soft enamel lilies lustrous against the silvery moss. No sharp corners, no checker-board thoroughfares. But the houses I passed in my long climb through the Blue Ridge were, for all their isolation, curiously like the shambling tenements I knew so well in New York, East Boston, South Chicago, and North St. Louis. Women in drab calicoes stared dumbly from ungarnished kitchen doorways. Tousled children fled shyly down the road and hid in thickets and behind tumbling stone fences. Men with rusty guns went by, looking oddly like the men in the urban "bread line," except for a vagrant alertness to the stir of wild life in the brush.

Through Simmon's Gap, along the boulder-strewn bed of a mountain stream, over the hump of a crouching hill, down a steep path broken by gullies and jutting rock, across a plowed field and a half-stumped clearing, I came at last to the Blue Ridge Industrial School and the home of the Rev. George P. Mayo. From the veranda of his house we looked across a valley dotted with

orchards, fields of young grain, and soft, green pastures. Beyond the barns and the brook and the meadow to the north, two little white churches confronted each other from opposite sides of a road, like pugilists stripped for a fight.

They were the last survivors of generations of sectarian warfare; all the rest had gone down in the struggle. And while the denominations had fought one another, moonshine had flourished in the mountains, children had been born out of wedlock, boys and girls had grown up innocently dissolute. For all their revival meetings, the "needle's eye" had remained as an open door compared with the mountaineer's chances of entering heaven here or hereafter. They had regularly broken the law to make moonshine whisky because they wanted life, and whisky was the only way they knew to a living. Forty per cent. of them had remained illiterate because whisky created neither the desire nor the necessary economic surplus for schools. They had made a virtue of dirt and disease and immorality because the only semblance of spiritual exaltation they had ever experienced came from the momentary thrills of vice. They were criminals for the same reason that the gangs in our city slums are criminals. And the churches, in the intervals of mutual recrimination, preached a flat and irrelevant goodness, ignoring the causes of the general poverty under the cloud of which they and the people perished.

This was the situation into which Mr. Mayo brought the policy of the new reformation.

"I began," he told me, "with the conviction that the day of doctrinal controversy is over; that the time has come for the church to give an accounting of her stewardship."

The day before, I had come through Shifflet's Hollow, the rugged pocket in the mountains where Mr. Mayo held his first charge. I had seen the Settlement House, the base from which during eight years he had served a territory stretching for twenty miles along the eastern slope of the Greene County range. Adjoining the Settlement House, I had seen the small, well-equipped hospital where scores of mountain men, women, and

children had had their first experience of decent care in sickness. Across the road, I had seen the first public school ever opened in the region—built with church money, but operated in co-operation with the state Department of Education. And high up the mountain, on a small plot of relatively smooth soil, I had seen the demonstration acres through which Mr. Mayo had experimentally learned the agricultural possibilities of the mountains.

The outgrowth of those scientific tests of the capacity of both the soil and the people is the Blue Ridge Industrial School, with its demonstration farm of more than five hundred acres; its saw-mill and dairy; its dormitories, classrooms, workshops, and kitchens; its orchards and fields for every grain and grass and fruit that scientific study of the soils and climate has shown to be susceptible of profitable cultivation. Possibly the most striking thing about that splendid church enterprise is the absence of a separate church building. That has been left to the last, because Mr. Mayo has informed the every-day life at the school with the deepest though most unobtrusive religious spirit, and because he believes that the only sound basis for a vital church to-day is the spontaneous religious emotion of a happy and prosperous people.

During the afternoon I saw fine mountain girls baking bread and studying poultry, mountain boys harrowing after the plow and mending tools in the smithy. And morning and evening I heard them singing together and co-operating in work and in play—mountain girls who, under the old dispensation, might have been mothers at fourteen, whether married or not; and mountain boys who would have become outlaws in the barren solitude of the hills.

And through the children Mr. Mayo is trying to spread the spirit of co-operation and mutual aid throughout the neighborhood. As yet he is not advocating church unity or federation, because this, he fears, would only serve to rekindle the old habit of interdenominational strife. "But," he said to me, "if we are not yet ready to get together inside the church, we can and must get

together outside the church as human beings and citizens." And so, while administering his school, he is taking the lead in organizing the people into community associations for the spread of the telephone—the harbinger of the new neighborliness; for the improvement of the roads, the study of markets, cooperation in production, buying, and selling. Every one in Bacon's Hollow—the popular name for the valley—is gradually coming to see that where blue grass grows wild, and apples will ripen, and corn and wheat will yield abundantly, ignorance and moonshine and crime have no providential sanction; that physical vigor and prosperity and happiness are not at variance with the will of God. And the people are gathering in unprecedented number to Mr. Mayo's support, because through him the church has humbled itself, to be reborn in the spirit of science and to win its claim to leadership by the concrete quality of its daily human service.

The Blue Ridge Industrial School is only one of a chain of church enterprises—largely financed with city capital—that is being stretched through the southern mountains to meet the reproach: "The poor ye have always with you." They are acting as a sort of spiritual middlemen to hitch up the farmers' demand for more life with the cities' demand for more food. With the mountaineers the primary problem is the elimination of poverty, and this the church is helping them to meet by the development of a community social and educational, and an economic programme based upon scientifically ascertained facts.

And the same method is proving effective in the fat lands of the Middle West, though there the problem is of an entirely different character. The people of the Corn-Belt are not crying feebly for enough to eat and to wear, but in powerful, full-fed voices are demanding the higher satisfactions of life—recreation and knowledge and art—and they are demanding these things with the vigor of men who will and do climb into their automobiles and speed away to the town if the mountain of civilization will not come to them. The cityward migration, the growth of tenant farming, land spec-

ulation, and absentee landlordism is not only undermining the ancient authority of the country church, but is responsible for the menace to the national food supply.

My train, swinging up into Iowa from the South, found itself on a limitless level. It was May, and the corn, which was later to shoot up into green rockets and burst into tassels of showering gold, was just being planted. Everywhere men and horses dragged slowly back and forth, pulverizing the rich brown bareness or turning under the eager weeds—hungry tramps to be beaten back again and again that the coming corn might be fed. The wheat was well up—great blankets of vivid green, so thick, so lush, that every blade shouldered its neighbor and the roots stole from one another. The fields lying fallow in pasturage were alive with soft, wabbly-kneed calves and the twinkling ears of tiny mule-colts; and hundreds upon hundreds of fat little red or black shoats scampered away as the train rushed by. Here in the Corn Belt the prayer for daily bread, which is just being raised in the Blue Ridge, has been abundantly fulfilled.

"It is the richest land on God's green earth," said a grizzled, red-cheeked farmer leaning affably over the back of my seat. "Rain or shine, the corn crop ain't never failed in Ioway. Prices been good? Wal, yes, tol'ble; but I don't bother so very much about prices. Where does my money come from? That's my land over yonder where you see that maple windbreak. I go out to see my man that I got working it about every month or so. Forty year ago when I come out here you could get all of that land you might want for seven dollars an acre. It's worth from twenty to thirty times that now. I owned a thousand acres once, but I sold off all but a section and moved up to town. My man he works it on half-shares. But I ain't worrying much about prices; all I got to do is just to sit tight!"

Sitting tight—especially after moving to town—has come to be an immensely popular occupation in the Corn Belt. The farmers who have what money they want take the shortest cut to the satisfactions of life, secure in the knowledge

that there are no more vast "areas available for agricultural purposes" to break the market for their land. And real-estate speculation and farming on shares have such obvious advantages over the rough work of plowing and sowing and reaping! Speculation is rife throughout the Corn Belt and production is at a standstill. In Iowa, for example, there were 11,578 fewer farms in 1910 than in 1900, and 406,353 fewer acres under cultivation. And whereas a short while ago practically all of the farms were worked by their owners, from two-fifths to a half, and in some sections seventy per cent., of the farms are worked by tenants, who, having a one-year lease, are compelled to rob the soil to get a living. The effects of this revolution, both upon the church and the nation, are described as follows in the survey of forty-four rural communities in Illinois made by the Presbyterian Church:

Only a few years ago this region was entirely farmed by the owners themselves, but within the past few years many of the owners have moved to the cities and towns or sold their farms to speculators, until now fifty-three per cent. of the farms are run by tenants. These tenants have generally a one-year lease; their chance of purchasing land is very small, and their interest in the community is therefore at the lowest point.

In a community where the churches are struggling hard to survive, a farmer said that fifteen years ago his land was producing ninety bushels of corn per acre; now it is producing forty-eight. Then it was worth seventy-five dollars an acre; now it is worth one hundred and ninety dollars an acre.

The speculative price of land kills the country church. The middle-Illinois landlord is not a friend of the improvement of the country community. In many cases he is a mere absentee, drawing rent from the farm he owns, and caring nothing save for the increasing of his rent with the rising price of land. These landlords should be called to account by the churches.

Owners of land in a country where the soil is producing less every year, where the churches and schools are deteriorating, where the human stock is being exploited and an American peasantry produced, are responsible men. Mere evangelism, with talks about saving of souls and promise of heavenly life, is not enough; in such a situation the unlimited promise of heavenly salvation is false to the kingdom.

In self-defense, the Illinois country churches will be forced in the future to promote the conservation of the soil. If they do not save the soil, they will lose the right to save the soul.

There is a refreshing courage about this indictment of the past failure of the church by a churchman. For it must be remembered that the deterioration of rural life here described took place while the church was the dominant institution in the open country. The development of absentee landlordism is in large measure due to the neglect of the church to enter into the spirit of contemporary realities and to take the leadership in creating social and intellectual conditions in the country that would have held the owners upon the land. During the early stages of the rural revolution, the church, instead of setting an example of co-operation and broadly humanitarian patriotism, followed the precedent of the city church in concentrating its energies upon a short-sighted effort to preserve its institutional integrity. Instead of making all other considerations secondary to the social, economic, and spiritual advancement of the rural communities, it fostered a petulant selfishness by the evil example of its own interdenominational strife. The Presbyterian survey of three typical agricultural counties in Indiana reveals forty-one denominations quarreling for the possession of a population which in 1900 numbered eighty thousand souls, but which in 1910 had dropped to seventy-six thousand. The records of 232 churches for the past ten years show 38.6 per cent. growing, 13.6 per cent. standing still, and 47.8 per cent. losing ground or dead.

"It is true," says the author of the survey, "that many of these churches need to die," because many of them were built in the first instance to despise denominational rivals, not to serve either man or God. But many of them continue to fail because they place their entire emphasis upon stupid denominational bigotry. As the survey puts it:

Denominational strife shows itself in various ways. At its worst it may be seen in the competition of two or more churches for converts and in the jealousy of one church over the success of others in revival

meetings. Three such churches were found in a village of seven hundred. The Methodists were accused of proselyting. The United Brethren were censured for building a church when it was neither needed nor wanted. Both had some grievances against the Disciples. One of the ministers, speaking of the success of his work, said: "I have taken in 113 members in my three churches this year, and 35 of them have come from other denominations." A certain inhabitant of the village—no doubt an ardent church member—said that "if the Methodist church were on fire, and if he should happen to pass by, and if there were a bucket of water standing near, he would kick the bucket over"!

Is there reason to wonder that of ninety-one churches in one of these counties twenty-five have not a single young man under twenty-one years of age in their congregations? Such conduct on the part of an institution which should have been the leader in the socialization of rural morality—a course upon which its own life and the healthy prosperity of the rural community depended—has tended to aggravate the worst evils attending the changing rural order. The Indiana survey thus summarizes the matter:

The influence of the church on the community is individualistic; that is, its chief care is for individual souls. Few churches have as their mission the salvation of the community. The saving of men for heaven is much emphasized—with what results the incident of the bucket of water illustrates. The saving of men for Indiana receives little emphasis. The saving of Indiana for men receives from the churches practically no emphasis at all.

But a church which can so clearly diagnose its own malady is not likely to miss a cure. In the Salt River parish in Missouri, the churches of all denominations have united in a plan of reorganization; they are abandoning superfluous churches and are consolidating weak churches of one denomination with weak churches of another. Certain churches in Pennsylvania are preaching the gospel of the agricultural colleges, realizing that their own future is bound up with better farming. In the middle of the Corn Belt I visited a little Baptist church, which has been able to organize the social and intellectual life of the open country

about it so that it draws members from the nearest towns instead of losing to them, and has actually succeeded in stemming the rising tide of tenant farming. The people there are prosperous, the land is rich; but six years ago seven out of ten farms on the road on which the church stands changed hands within a year, and the church fell into decay. Then a new minister was sent to them who had in him the spirit of the new reformation. He began by gathering the people of the neighborhood into a singing-club, a non-sectarian form of amusement which the nearest town could not match. Through this singing-club the church developed literary and industrial branches, held picnics, established an orchestra, carried through a fair, supported a lecture course, and organized an inter-township school contest and annual athletic meet. These were new forms of religious activity; they gave the people a better quality of amusement than they could get in the nearest town, and the fact that the townspeople came out to their socialized church helped to show them how valuable it was. There is something interesting going on all the time; their imaginations are alive; and the man who rents his farm and goes to town is not so much envied as blamed.

"You'd think he'd do better by his boys than to leave them hanging around Main Street all the time."

"Look at how his land is getting all run down—the way his renter don't manure it."

"He may not have much to do; but I can't see what he gets out of living in town."

This was a new sort of comment, directly traceable to the fact that one little country church had based its teaching on the holiness of this world and made life interesting by feeding the socially hungry and cheering the intellectually faint.

On the June Sunday when I attended service at this church, the automobiles and the fine horses of these prosperous farmers and the town folks from six miles away filled the carriage-sheds and monopolized the fence-posts. And the congregation, made up from a half-dozen old-line denominations, filled the flower-trimmed, newly painted church building

to the very doors. No one had preached church federation; it had come about spontaneously!

Farther north, I found a young clergyman who had organized a baseball team in the neighborhood, on which he was pitcher, and which played every Saturday afternoon, to the joy of the whole county. In Wisconsin and Dakota there are clergymen who have organized the people into co-operative associations for buying and selling, in order that through co-operative business they may have a daily practical illustration of the Golden Rule. In the country town of Pine Island, Minnesota, I attended a moving-picture show, run in the local opera-house by the board of directors of the Methodist church. As the pastor explained it, the theory was that the young people and the isolated farmers of the district must have the best recreation that could be supplied.

Such church activities are springing up in spots throughout the open country; but in many places it seems easier to develop a new institution to meet the rising demands of the farming population than to reform the stiff-necked churches directly. The young people who have left the churches of the old order to the generation that grew up in them—who, like the Chinese, see more likeness than difference between Baptists and Presbyterians, and have not acquired religion through the revival meeting and mourners' bench, but have graduated into Christianity from the Sunday-school—cannot be brought to see religion in sectarian terms. It is because the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations serve the purposes of the rural revolution outside of denominational lines, that they are proving such valuable aids to the new reformation. The idea that the Christian exists in a sort of social vacuum no longer obtains to-day.

"It makes a great appeal to the girls," a worker in Red Wing, Minnesota, told me—"the idea that by joining the Y. W. C. A. they come in touch, not only with the girls of New York and San Francisco, but of India and China, too."

The secretaries of the rural Y. M. C. A. declare that "the inherent organization germ of their work is social," and

that their programmes include, not only Bible study and religious meetings, but also "practical talks, lectures, educational classes, agricultural institutes and contests, literary and debating clubs, boy scouts, athletics, gymnastics and aquatics, summer camps, hikes, educational tours, and conferences."

It is because the demands of the revolting farmers include these social satisfactions that can be had only after prosperity and a certain intellectual freedom have been attained that these extra-denominational associations are doing such effective work. They command secretaries of special training such as is generally outside the requirements for the ministry. The churches accept ministers whose preparation varies from a bachelor's degree supplemented by a theological course and an assistant pastorate to what is vaguely called "some personal religious experience." This may or may not be enough; but the Y. M. C. A. takes no such chances. The international secretary says, "It is not sufficient that the county secretary should be a successful evangelist, Bible teacher, or executive." The Association's aim is to provide nothing but college men, preferably graduates of the agricultural colleges. Is it not possibly because of this different training that the average salary of all ministers of all denominations in places with less than twenty-five thousand inhabitants is \$573 a year, while the county secretaries can and do command, at the start, salaries averaging \$1,400?

The leaders in the new reformation are reminding the church that since it has developed a paid ministry, society has also developed a utilitarian civilization and has grown to expect every adult male, parsons included, to earn his keep. They are urging the church to think, not in terms of one person at a time, but of the whole social body at once; to preach, not a religion of the individual, but a religion of the social order. They are meeting with opposition, as Wyclif and Hus and Luther met with opposition; but the future of the country church is with them, because they have made themselves an essential force in this vitally progressive rural revolution.

The Man Who Couldn't Miss

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY



HE harried young manager of the Continental Plow Company was not giving his usual alert attention to his interlocutor at the other end of the 'phone. The morning had been an irritating series of interruptions, and his stenographer waited, pen poised in air.

"'Office space for a few days?'" he repeated, impatiently. "Oh, well, I suppose we can. Another chap blew in here yesterday from the Southern territory, but he's off again, and won't be back for a week or so. I can give your man his desk. All right—I said '*all right*.' Oh, it doesn't make any special difference when he comes. Good-by. . . . What's that?" On the eve of hanging up he brought the receiver impatiently back to his ear. "What the dickens do I care whether he is a queer character or not? I don't aim to entertain him at tea. See here, Jim, I haven't got through my morning mail yet. . . . Oh, if he's wished onto me by the home office, of course it goes. I'll send one of the girls to the Colonial Dames to look up his pedigree I *don't* think. Good-by. Now, Miss Jenkins, where are we—'last consignment'? All right. Take this: 'We will go over the bills of lading again—' Oh, before I forget it, when you get through with this bunch of letters, tell Henry to clean out the desk in the end office, will you? The home office wants us to put up a fellow from the Western territory who plans to stay here a few days while he gets up his correspondence and fixes up his order-book."

It was the second day after this that Langley recalled the fact that a stranger was due to be within the ornamental grill-work that played the part of gates to his office suite. He called the sapient office-boy to him:

"Did that man turn up, Henry? You know, the one who—?"

"Mr. Remington, sir?" Henry had the name ready with an eagerness that did not ordinarily mark his utterance.

"'Remington'? Is that the name? I didn't quite catch it over the 'phone. More reminiscent of firearms than you'd expect of a peaceful salesman. He has come, then?"

"Yes, sir. He came yesterday morning." In order to prolong the interview Henry quite unnecessarily moved a chair that was already in its usual place. No further comment coming from the manager, who had reverted to his card index of customers' accounts, Henry fired a parting shot as he left the room: "He ain't no 'peaceful salesman,' that guy ain't." If the manager had heard, he might have smiled at the expression of uneasy admiration that sat upon the boy's face. Or he might have felt some curiosity regarding the man who seemed to have excited it.

It happened that several days passed before Langley had a glimpse of his office guest. That Remington had not had the courtesy to hunt up his temporary host disturbed him little. It was an unceremonious age and business took precedence of everything. His was the center of a large business territory, a clearing-house for the Middle-western, the Northwestern, and the Southwestern divisions of a growing trade. One day might bring in visitors to the manager's office as varied as, and only less flamboyantly picturesque than, the *coureurs des bois* and silent-paced Indians who, a century ago, had brought in their toll of pelts to the old fur company's post not far away.

Finally, however, when an occasional inquiry about Remington began to appear in the day's mail, when men from widely different parts of the country who had got a passing glimpse of the salesman dropped casual suggestions of having known him in New Orleans or Spokane or Los Angeles, and almost in-



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

"TO SAY THAT I'M A GOOD SHOT DOESN'T EXPRESS IT. I CAN'T MISS"

variably spoke with a tinge of uncertainty, and Langley still had not seen him, he began to feel some curiosity.

It would have been hard to explain what accumulation of hints, of suspended sentences, of indefinable impressions, it was that had created the impression that there was something unusual about the man. For one thing, there was the number of cities in which he had established a residence.

"Remington must have moved into a new city and a new state the first of every May," thought the manager. Later on he amended the impression: "He carries the pennant, too, for changing jobs. Every man who comes here knew of him in a different position. Apparently, there isn't anything from incubators to brass bedsteads that he hasn't sold. It doesn't seem that he has failed in any of the jobs. And there isn't a hint that he ever left under a cloud. Moreover, he yanks a wife and a bunch of children over every jump—all legal and regular."

By this time a week had passed and the man to whom he had given office room had not yet seen fit to wait upon him. And Langley's curiosity had risen to the point where it had to be satisfied. If Remington wouldn't come to him, he would go to Remington.

When Henry saw the manager traverse the long suite of office-rooms, the office-boy unostentatiously followed him. Ever since Remington's arrival Henry's interest in the movies and in paperbacked fiction had suffered eclipse. The boy would have been puzzled to state what it was of the sensational that he expected to follow in the salesman's wake. But whatever it might be, he proposed to be present when it exploded.

When they arrived it was to find the office empty. Henry hit upon the wastebasket as his reason for being there, but forgot his purpose at the sight of Remington's bill-book carelessly opened on the desk.

"He never locks up his money at all," the boy volunteered. Then he drew nearer to the manager with a great air of mystery: "But there's a drawer that he keeps locked all the time!" Henry's eyes shone with exquisite enjoyment of his own drama. "Locked it as soon as he got here, and nobody ever sees the

key. It's the top drawer that nobody can't get at by taking out the other drawers—" He had said this much when a quizzical glance from his employer drew his notice to the unfortunate implication in his speech. "It might be awkward if there was a fire or anything," he added, irresponsibly.

There was no noise to speak of, and yet Remington was in the room. Langley did not need to be told it was he. The man was altogether too absurdly like the conventional drawings of the plainsman—sun-bleached, with drooping mustache, lounging into slouchy lines. He had nondescript hair, which might originally have been either dark or blond. Even his oddly thick eyelashes were like wisps of torn, whity-brown paper. And his eyes were so pale that they were almost white; they could have been bleached, it would seem, by no other agency than by long days of blinding sun on treeless plains.

The men touched hands. The manager was trying to decide whether he had once met him or whether it was because he was so near the pictorial type that he carried with him an odd sense of familiarity.

"Have you ever been in Montana?" Langley asked, before he realized that he was speaking, and with no further significance than that there seemed a native affinity between that state of mines and cow-punchers and Remington.

The expressionless blue eyes were deepened by a look suggesting that the question had been long awaited. Langley's stimulated imagination went the length of fancying that the man looked hunted.

"No," said Remington, finally. "Montana's one state where I've never been." His tone was one of bored indifference, and the manager immediately relapsed to the normal commonplace.

The brief conversation that followed was of the scrappiest and least informing variety.

"He's as short on words as he is long on inches," was the manager's mental comment. In a discussion of the conditions of business in Remington's territory Langley said, heartily: "Well, you certainly seem to have made good so far. This is a mighty good company to tie

up with. I hope you'll stay with us right through."

"Oh, I don't know," said Remington in non-committal tones. "Sometimes it isn't a good plan to stay with people too long."

The manager recalled what he had heard of the salesman's restless wandering.

"You have filled a good many jobs, Remington," he said. "You're too capable a man to change so often. You don't strike me like the kind of chap that can't get on with other people. What's the matter?"

Then, unless both Langley and the office-boy, hanging on the scene with wide-eyed enjoyment, were at fault, a strange thing happened. Remington's eyes were fixed on a point on the wall in front of him. It was a perfectly ordinary green-painted office wall. Over the spot on which the salesman's eyes rested was a framed photograph of the Continental Plow Company's manufacturing plant—surely an unemotional enough composition, and beside it was the Company's gift calendar. And yet the man's eyes were surely filled with a haunted dread, an irrepressible horror unspeakable. It made his emotion more appalling that he evidently considered he was speaking jocosely when he said:

"Sometimes I have to move. I guess I see the writing on the wall."

It happened that Remington was forced to retain his desk in Langley's office longer than any one had expected. From day to day new business developed and the home office wired him to remain until it was finished. In and out he lounged, taciturn, defensive, never making any part of the office life. He had no friends in the city, and he made none. And yet, oddly enough, every one felt kindly toward him. Letters came with regularity from the city where his home was, evidently from his wife.

Once or twice Langley heard business acquaintances suggest the inevitable drink in celebration of some deal accomplished. The lank salesman declined in each case with a nearer approach to energy than he often showed. And the fact struck another note of the unusual in Langley's mind. For, according to

the convention belonging to his type in literature, he should have "liquored up" with great frequency and fervor. The manager, who had some Irish in his composition and was warm-hearted, even developed a sort of liking for the man when he observed his great gentleness with the pervasive and objectionable cat which, deserting a domicile somewhere in the lowly purlieus where dwelt the janitor's family, haunted their offices. And something in the way Remington refused the manager's offhand invitation to dinner caused puzzled pity in Langley's mind.

In the third week of Remington's stay the salesman from the Southern territory turned up. Fortunately there was a desk which the willing Henry, assisted by the janitor, moved in for him. An occasional bit of badinage with Remington—Henry's idea of badinage—was as stimulating to the office-boy as *The Vigilance Man*, or any other like classic of adventure would have been. And his eyes were apt to be on the locked drawer as if he expected it to open of its own accord into some startling revelation.

When Rudd, the Southern-territory man, first saw Remington he halted, a word of forcible intent upon his lips. He betrayed a certain skepticism when Remington looked blankly unrecognizing. While Rudd appeared to treat the fact that the man elected to call himself 'Remington' with the sort of almost affectionate indulgence with which one would coddle a child's fancies, he still regarded him with a puzzled air of groping recollection. Rudd was a broad, florid man who accepted humanity with tolerance, and foisted intimacy upon the man he had met the hour before with a jocund indifference to snubs.

Remington persistently ignored the man except when it was absolutely necessary to address him. The tall salesman was very busy, for he hoped to wind things up in a few days—evidently he was restlessly eager to be gone. Once the manager, entering the room hurriedly, saw Remington sitting idle, his faded eyes fixed on the wall above his desk. And Langley fancied that when Remington turned to answer his question some haunting remnant of dread had only been routed when he saw who it was that had come in on him.

It was that same day that the manager, hurrying out of a near-by restaurant at lunch-time, had his attention caught by familiar voices. One was that of Rudd, the other was Remington's.

"Oh, come now, have a drink, Remington!" the jovial voice was saying.

"No, I'll not take anything."

Not even the courtesy of a "thank you," thought the manager. But Rudd's next words astounded him.

"You didn't use to be so particular. By the way, I have it now. It had escaped me at first. *Baldwin* was the name you went by out in Montana."

There was a note of despairing anger in Remington's voice.

"I have never been in Montana, I tell you. And my name's not Baldwin. It's some other man you are thinking of—"

"Not on your tintype! I remember you perfectly. And though you didn't admit it, you recognized me, too. Take a drink with me for the sake of old times. Let's see—it was twenty years ago, wasn't it, when you—?"

"I tell you you're mistaken. And I never drink." The positive words were belied by the hesitating, sullen tone."

"Look here, Bald—I'll call you Remington if you like, though I can't see why you're so keen about hiding. You're in no danger; nobody is ever going to bring up anything that happened twenty years ago against you, and in that country. But I know you. And you know me. There are some ways of meeting that fix you so you can't forget—"

At this point the manager, telling himself that he had no right to overhear any more, determinedly took himself out of earshot.

The next evening Langley had to return to the office after dinner. He had worked for some time, when he became conscious that somebody was talking in one of the other offices. He got up from his desk and went out into the corridor. When he saw that the end office was lighted and had assured himself that one of the voices was Remington's, he went back to his work satisfied that there was nothing out of the way.

"Remington's finishing up some deal," he thought, and then forgot everything in the intricacies of his work.

After a time, however, when his concentration lapsed for an instant, the flow of voices began to attract his attention as something unusual. It was Remington's voice that dominated, louder in tone than he had ever heard it before, and with a volubility that struck Langley, accustomed to the reluctant speech of the salesman, as something feverish, almost startling. He tried to assure himself that it was all imagination, that things always seemed different at night. This failing to restore his complacency, he told himself impatiently that it was none of his business, anyway. But Remington's voice pursued him. The silly, excited note of it rang out into the night, a danger signal.

Impatiently Langley rose again and went down the corridor into the end office. Every light was turned on. The other man was Rudd, red-faced and jovial. Instead of being seated, back to back, taciturnly bent over their respective work as Langley had always seen them, the two men were hobnobbing intimately. Rudd had pulled a chair to Remington's desk, and the two sat, like cronies of long-standing, deep in confidential discourse. A flat bottle and two glasses were between them, and a pitcher of water was at Remington's elbow. There was an overpowering aroma of whisky in the air.

"*'Shoot'!*" Remington was saying with an indescribable boastful swagger, the air of complete satisfaction which a man exhibits when he is being flattered into enlarging on the one art in which he excels. "To say that I'm a *good shot* doesn't express it. *I can't miss.* 'Aim'? I never take aim. I say—!" He brought his big hairy fist down on the desk with a truculent bang. "A man's not a good shot who has to stop to take aim. It ought to come as natural as breathing. You don't stop to think about how you draw your breath, do you? Well—you just raise your gun and fire."

"I guess you're right." Rudd plied him heartily, winking confidentially at the manager, who stood in the doorway. "Take it all in all, you're the best marksman I ever met—and I have been in a position where I had to know something about these yere little pop-guns. Ain't that so, Mr.—ah—Remington?"

"I reckon you're right, pardner." Remington had dropped into a drawl that was oddly different from the crisp and short speech that Langley had grown familiar with. And yet it accorded better with the manager's dim intuitions. His speech was slightly slurred, too. That, and the brightened eyes, were the only signs that the alcohol was working its way to the brain. His face was as colorless as ever, and the hand that he raised to stroke complacently his long, pale mustache was as steady as a rock.

"I didn't suppose you men had known each other." The manager couldn't resist the temptation to satisfy his curiosity. "Where have you met before?"

Rudd gave a hilarious laugh: "Out in old Montany, where this man here wa'n't quite the law-abiding and peaceful citizen he is here. I tell you there was something doing in those days, and Baldwin and his little shooting-iron was right in it."

But Rudd had gone too far. The salesman stiffened.

"I don't know what you mean by that," he blustered. "And, if you please, my name's Remington."

"Oh, sure enough, Mr. Remington," repeated the other man, as if he were humoring a lovable human weakness. "And it wasn't in Montany, either, if you don't want to have it so." Another wink included the manager in the joke. "But I hope you are not going to deny that you are a Jim-dandy with a gun."

"How did you learn to be such an expert?" asked the manager.

"My father taught me. It was about the only thing the old man knew." Under the flattery of the manager's undisguisable interest, the man's sullenness evaporated. "The first thing I can remember was being given a stick with a little mud-ball on the end of it and being told to throw it at a mark he set up. When I could hit a tin can at twenty paces he let me use his old shot-gun—Je-e-rusalem, how it kicked! I see stars yet when I think of it. And when I could hit a button at thirty-five paces he gave me my freedom suit and a forty-five Colt's, and turned me loose. He was a good shot himself. But neither of us ever shot at anything but a mark," he added, hastily.

"Don't you carry any little pop-gun around with you since you turned into a reformed character?" asked Rudd.

An indescribable struggle was going on in the breast of the tall, lank salesman. A glow of vanity was making him tingle, but the caution which had so long ruled him was still on guard. His hand went toward the locked drawer in the desk, and then was as hastily withdrawn. He wavered.

"Oh, come, give us a sight of it, pardner," urged Rudd. "I'll bet there ain't a man in this burg is in your class."

Remington unlocked the drawer. Within it was a dull-blue little weapon. The man's finger caressed it. No musician ever touched more lovingly the violin whose soul he knew how to coax forth in music. Yet he touched it reluctantly, though under compulsion.

"Do show us what you can do," coaxed Rudd. Langley had decided that this man's purpose was merely to gratify a childlike curiosity. And yet the effect of it seemed to be to tempt the other man on toward something disastrous.

Therefore when he walked back through the wide doorway into the communicating office, and raised the weapon, it was with the air of a man yielding to a sinister external compulsion.

"Is it automatic?" asked Langley, and the man nodded. In the same instant the frame of the photograph of the Continental Plow Works received the first of a series of small bullet-holes which, most symmetrically disposed, at the end of a minute completely surrounded the picture. Then the marksman turned his attention to the electric-light bulbs. As he shivered the one over his own desk, a flying piece of glass made a slight cut on Langley's finger.

"My God! I've hurt you!" Remington rushed back into the room and threw down his pistol. His tone was abject, and he seemed to have started out of a dream. "I—I beg your pardon. I'll do what I can toward repairing the damage to the office. I—don't know what I was thinking of. Have I hurt you badly?"

The finger was bleeding slightly, and Langley, strangely stirred by some inner excitement, wrapped his handkerchief around it, protesting that the hurt was

nothing. As the blood soaked through the white cloth, more startling against the whiteness, the salesman became of a sickly pallor. He shut out the sight of the blood with his arm. His emotion was so extreme, considering the slight nature of the injury, that both the manager and Rudd looked at him with amazement. He recovered himself slowly.

"I reckon you think I'm a plumb fool," he said, achieving a shamefaced smile. "It always did make a drooling baby of me to see anybody hurt."

Langley went back to his work and—triumph of concentration!—dismissed Remington from his mind. After a period of utter absorption he emerged, as from swimming underwater, to the realization that the murmur of voices in the other office, so far from ceasing, had risen so that it seemed to fill the place. By this time he was very anxious to get through, and the interruption irritated him. He rose and shut the door. Still the sounds leaked in, wearing away his resistance. There was apparently no question of eavesdropping; neither man made any effort to obtain secrecy. Soon the drama that was being unrolled before him claimed him, and he gave himself to it, wholly absorbed.

After a time of confusion, the situation that their talk was revealing became more clear to him. Remington had been a cow-puncher in Montana. For a long time Rudd's connection with the story was not so evident. There had been some conflict which both were concerned in. There was much talk of cattle-men and sheep-men. Remington's tone was fierce whenever he said "sheep-men."

"The blamed skeeziks!" Remington growled. "What right had they to try to crowd us out with their droves of wool-fuddled pests? We was there before them—"

"I suppose they thought it was a free country," suggested Rudd, with his maddening air of conciliation, "and that they had the same right as you."

"Same right!" roared Remington. "When the country looked like hell and damnation after they had grazed a range for a month! They cleaned everything up as slick as though a cyclone and then a fire had passed over it! But our cattle

were a benefit to the pasturage. I leave it to you if they weren't. Beef just crop the grass off as neat and as harmlessly as though a lawn-mower had run over it. But the sheep get their damned sharp noses down and pull the grass up by the roots. They made a desert of the country, and you know it! It meant ruin and starvation for every one who came after. It was death to the cattle-ranges—"

"That may be. I know you folks had some reason for feeling the way you did. But that was no reason for causing war and bloodshed."

"I never killed any one!" Remington's voice was fierce.

"No, no—of course you didn't." The other man soothed him as one does a child. But I suppose you won't deny—not to *me*—that you gave the comfort and satisfaction of your company to those that *was* shooting pretty wild." He chuckled indulgently. "I ain't quite the person to put an alibi over on." There was no mistaking the significance in his tone. And Remington spoke in a coaxing, conciliating fashion:

"Well, Rudd, there was no enduring 'em. In the beginning we didn't do anything but what would hint to 'em, kind of easy, that they might be more comfortable if they moved on farther where they wouldn't be in people's way. There were ranges beyond that no one had taken up yet. But there was no doing anything with them. They laughed at us. Those fellows were just spoiling for a fight. Then some of them picked a fight Saturday night with some of our outfit, and we rode over and stampeded some of their sheep just like any one would have done. Then they shot one of our men in the arm when he was playing horse with them a little. And then nobody could have stood it—You *know*, Rudd, nobody could have stood it?" His voice rose in a hysterical sort of appeal.

Both men sank into a reminiscent silence. Langley could hear Remington breathe. Rudd spoke first:

"And then the war was on. I had only been made sergeant the week before. I was mighty proud to be sent out in command of almost half our company— Did you know me right at the beginning?"



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

IT WAS EASY TO HIDE IN THE CLOUD OF DUST

"I knew you as soon as I laid eyes on you," said the other, gloomily. "Word had gone out that the United States troops would be down on us for the next mix-up. I had had you pointed out to me when you brought some horses into the blacksmith's. And then I stayed behind the sage-brush for about half an hour waiting for the dust those blamed sheep were raising to get thick enough for me to make my get-away. I never took my eyes off you—I reckon you get to know a man's face when you feel that the next time he turns his head he may spy you and open fire!"

"That was a sort of turning-point for me," said Rudd, meditatively. "I had been studying up, thinking I'd try for a commission. But letting you slip through my fingers settled my hash, so I got out as soon as my term of enlistment was up. I might have been wearing a ton or so of gold lace if it hadn't been for your being too sharp for me. I haven't any grudge against you for *that*, though."

"Look here, Baldwin," said Rudd, presently. "What's the use of your dropping your name and sort of hiding away like this? All that's past and gone. It was a fair fight on your side. Nobody's going to bother you about it."

Either Remington's voice was very low or he didn't answer at all.

"Well, all right, if you don't want to talk," Rudd said, comfortably. "But there's one thing I wish you would tell me. I've always wanted to know the inside of that fight. And it wasn't very easy to get a straight story at the time."

There was a long pause, and then Remington—or Baldwin—spoke hesitatingly, in a tone of guarded weariness.

"Why, there isn't much to tell. Jim and Bob Winters, and Evans, and that Swede Oleson, and I had been to town for supplies. We had had a few drinks, too, I guess. We had got back almost to the outfit when seven of the sheep-men rode us down. They were fighting mad. Jim and Bob Winters and Evans were riding a little ahead, and Oleson was back with me—"

"I remember Oleson," put in Rudd. "Some of our men had fun with him one day trying to teach him to shoot. He couldn't hit a thing."

There was a silence. Then Remington's voice came hesitatingly: "Oh—I don't know. He was a fair shot. I had been teaching him ever since the trouble with the sheep-men began. We all had to be prepared for trouble. Anyway, we didn't want to fight that day, and we tried to get by without having a battle. But their horses were better, and they opened fire. Bob's horse went down. And that made us mad, of course. Oleson and I jumped into it to help out our men—"

"Guess you boys didn't need much persuading," chuckled the ex-sergeant. But Remington disregarded him. He was talking in a low, monotonous tone: "They drew first blood. They got Bob Winters in the side. But he plugged two of them before he died—Bob did die, didn't he?"

"Yes," said Rudd, softly; "half an hour after we got him into barracks."

"Bob was the best friend I ever had. Well, Jim and Evans between them got three men, and then Evans was knocked out. And then—you came up and I dropped to the ground. It was easy to hide in the cloud of dust. So Jim and I both got away—"

"He didn't go far," said Rudd, genially.

"What was done with him?" the other man asked, eagerly.

"Oh, nothing much—feeling was with the cattle-men, rather. And then we knew they had had two more men than you did. I think Jim was shut up for a week or two." Rudd's tone was tolerant.

"Good old Jim! I'm glad he got off. I have always wondered, but I never asked—"

"Then you and the Swede each dropped your man, didn't you? Oleson was living when we got there. But he died soon afterward. All of the sheep-men were done for. One of them lived until morning. He said you shot him."

Langley started half out of his chair with the shock of Remington's voice. It rose in a sudden wail:

"Did he live so long?—I didn't shoot him! I didn't! I didn't mean to shoot at all—but—I was excited. So—I fired—but I didn't take aim. I just shot—"

anyhow. And when he dropped I— I tell you, I couldn't live if I had ever killed a man—I couldn't endure my life. I shot a rabbit once when I was a boy, and it cried when I went up to it—like a baby; I remember it still when one of our babies whimpers—like the little chap wants to be comforted. But—to shoot anything human—to see a man's eyes staring up at you—sightless when you put the light out of them—and to know it was a man like you, with love in his heart for something—with somebody waiting for him. To see the thing—just chilling flesh that, a moment before could feel happiness—and—to see a powder-rimmed hole in his breast and know that you fired the ball that made it—you let life out that Something Else had given. I couldn't live if I had done it. I couldn't stay still—and—you see I *have* lived—and married, and had children. I couldn't rest, I tell you. I'd see the writing on the wall everywhere. I wouldn't dare to talk with other men, or take a glass with them. For that would make me tell things. There is always somebody to ask questions. Whenever I get to feel that a place is home, somebody comes along that I knew out there—it seems to me that there must have been *millions* within a mile of our outfit—and they talk about it. Then I have to pull up stakes and move on—always move on—”

The manager actually cowered in his solitude at the concentrated misery in the tone. And when Rudd spoke, emotion had given his commonplace voice a solemnity that it, perhaps, would never know again.

“But the sheep-men were all killed. Oleson was a poor shot. Jim said Oleson had called out that he had only one shot

left just before that last round. And before he died the sheep-man said you had shot him. He didn't feel any grudge against you because of it. He kind of calmed down when he knew he was going, and he saw things differently. He said it was more their fault than yours. And I guess they didn't quite know what they were doing. ‘It's all wrong,’ he said in a weak, surprised kind of tone, ‘for men to get mad and pump one another full of lead. I don't believe it was just—what was—intended.’ He said that over and over, poor chap.”

Rudd was interrupted by Remington's groan of utter torture.

“I didn't kill him. I tell you, *I didn't kill him.*” There was a pause, and then, with the utter contempt for himself with which a man might befoul the name of his own mother, a man who was driven by some desperate need: “I didn't aim. I—*I missed.*”

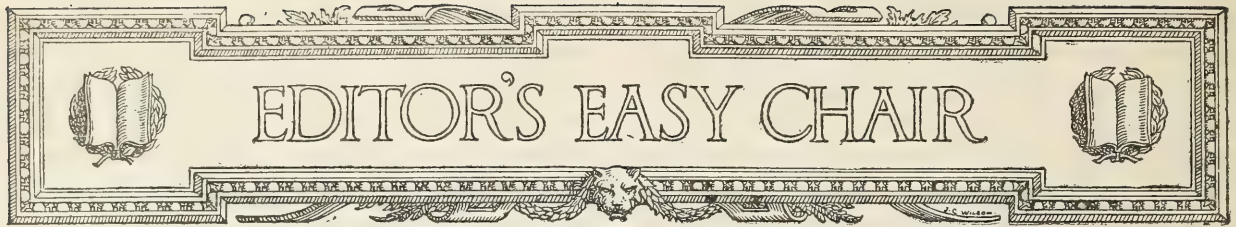
There were sobs, pitifully like the blubbering of a whipped school-boy. Then they ceased. Remington's voice came more clearly. He had evidently raised his head, and it was easy to understand that he was looking at Rudd defiantly. Assurance had come into his tones.

“I missed. I tell you, I never killed a man in my life. *Oleson's ball went through two men.*”

While the manager, sick with horror, was wondering what could be said to this creature in torment, Rudd's boots creaked as he rose to go to him. Langley could tell, from the muffled, compassionate swearing, that he was bending over the cattle-man:

“How your soul must have *sweat*, pardner, when you had to put it to sleep by telling yourself such a lie!”





EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

MANY Septembers ago, in the later decades of the good old Nineteenth Century, the host of a cottage on the shores of Lake George sat on his porch proudly inhaling the life-giving ozone of that wonderful air. It had been dismally drizzling and shamelessly showering throughout the whole month, but the clouds had broken the evening before, and such a sunset had blazed up from them as promises such a morrow as had now come to the shining and rejoicing world. The guest, who had inwardly resolved that if the day dawned like those others he would remember a forgotten engagement in New York, and have himself driven to the nearest far-off station, and never, if he knew it, be caught at Lake George again, came out smiling and rubbing his hands.

"Ah!" he said. "This is something like!"

"Yes," the host proudly owned, with an effect of casual remark. "this is a real Lake George day."

Then the guest pretended that it was so quite what he had expected that he had all but experienced such days in the past at Lake George, and they went in to breakfast together much faster friends than they had been for many a long rainy day.

Since then the host, who was of a rather nomadic make, has sojourned in many climates where any sort of decent day at any time of the year could be boasted the typical day of the latitude wherever it happened to be. In London, where he choked for three days with a yellow fog which no light could pierce, but on the fourth had looked out on the genial smoke gilded with the old-gold sun of the most lovable of cities, he has been congratulated by the landlord of his lodging on having a real London day before him. In Paris, after shivering for a June week over a hearth neatly piled with ornate logs blazing in the most expensive fire in the world, he has

accepted with the effect of perfect reliance the assurance of the garçon that what had at last arrived was a real Paris day. In Madrid a real Madrid day has come after half a dozen mock Madrid days to save him from pneumonia and despair and to restore him to faith in the *camerero* who proclaimed it in bringing his hot water. In Rome a real Rome day has thawed him out of the damp cold of all other days of a Roman March. Probably something of the kind has always been so with our race. In times past there must have been real Egypt days, Assyria days, Libya days, Persia days, of just such typical beauty as gave the fame of unrivaled weather to the places boasting a peculiar proprietorship in them. By the time this paper reaches the reader, the lovely September weather which is now filling the heart of the writer with as much pride as if he had made it may have sullened into a November gloom which will render it incredible, but while it lasts he cannot, without sore self-denial, disclaim the merit which attaches to him from it. The early reddening leaves may blush for him, but he has no compunctious promptings of a vain modesty; he believes that, having lived through a various summer of wet and dry sufficient to disgrace any locality, he may now justly join the silvery sun and silken air in proclaiming the day a real Lobster Cove day.

It is not of record that Adam met the Archangel Raphael at the gate of Paradise with the joyous welcome, "I'm so glad to see you. This is a real Eden day," but the fact needs no proof of Holy Writ, so deeply does our pride in the local meteorology seem founded in our human nature. The archangel may have arrived full of his charge to warn our first parent of the escape of Satan from the Pit and his probable visit to the earth, but Adam would not have noticed his anxiety in his eagerness to have

him share in the beauty of the real Eden day. One imagines him going lightly before, among the exclusively graminivorous fauna of the garden, and trying to find Eve and make her a partner in his hospitality, they both liked Raphael so much; and stopping for him to admire the forbidden tree, little thinking they should come upon her under it with the Enemy "squat like a toad" at her shelly ear, and whispering flattering suggestions into it. Adam would be thinking only of that real Eden day, and it is in some such glad abandon that his children since have wished their guests to admire their good fortune in the weather which their peculiar locality commands. On a larger scale they attribute merit to themselves from the climate of their native country, whatever it may be. That "Iceland is the best land the sun shines on" is a fact which no Iclander will dispute or expect the native of any other region to deny; some things are too obvious for a difference of opinion. From this pride in one's native meteorology, it is but the briefest remove to pride in the characteristics of one's country, the virtues exclusively inherent in it, the exclusive bravery of its men, the peerless beauty of its women. This sort of patriotism naturally involves the profound satisfaction which we each feel in our religion or our religious denomination, whatever it happens to be. If we are Christians we speak of the Christian virtues, as if they excluded the virtues of other faiths; if we are Mohammedans, we talk of the purity of the Moslem ideals; if we are Israelites we boast our secular intimacy with Jehovah and our race piety; if we are heathen we claim the prehistoric priority of the serpent worship and such graces of the simple life as belonged to it and have perished from the civilizations springing from subsequent theologies.

In like manner we are fond of believing that there are Latin, Teutonic, and Slavic qualities which render each of these races superior to the others. There is the English love of fair play, the French gaiety, the Italian sense of beauty, the Spanish dignity, the American humor, the German warm-heartedness, and so on and so on, which are

indeed in no haste to evince themselves when occasion requires, but are a matter of the most ardent conviction with their possessors. Their possession enables each nationality to cherish a patriotism of the most besotted self-devotion. When it comes to a question of our country as against any other country it seems to many of us that we proclaim a sentiment worthy of the deity in declaring for "our country right or wrong," whereas it is a survival from the cave-dwelling cannibal of the stone age, who lurks somewhere in the background of every human being. It belongs to the time when if a man wished to marry he went out with a club and knocked down the first pretty girl he met and bore her to his happy home in a state of insensibility. What we ought really to think and feel and say is, "Our country right; but when wrong, any country before her which is right."

It is a far cry, as the hunting-field novelists (fortunately an extinct line) used to say, from our present mistaken mind about civic duty to the high conception of a world without distinctions of race or allegiance which Tolstoy was the first to declare the ideal conception. He conceived of a civilization based upon the belief that God created of one blood all nations of men, from which it naturally followed that there were to be no distinctions of class among us, and no moral differences arising from language, religion, history, or weather. His conception was not indeed so inclusive as to involve an equality of beautiful weather, in which there should be no specifically Lake George days, or London, Paris, Madrid, Rome, or Lobster Cove days, but doubtless he hoped that from time to time there might be a radiant respite from the bad weather which mostly prevails everywhere that men live by work of head or hand. If we now add the notion of this as a universal blessing and not a national or personal advantage, it is not to snatch from any one rejoicing in a Lobster Cove day the proud feeling that nobody out of his neighborhood shares it with him, but to suggest to him that his duty is to share such weather with the whole globe, so far as he can, and not to keep it for the praise of any guest coming down to him

at Lobster Cove for the week-end. Let him once suppose that his guest has probably left just such weather in New York or Boston or Philadelphia, or even Pittsburg or Chicago, and he will have gone a little way toward freeing himself from the conceit of a false patriotism or an exclusive salvation.

Certainly we do live largely by weather. "Some days," the poet tells us, "must be dark and dreary," but they take the heart out of man. Very likely if these serene September days were to continue from now on till the time when our words shall reach the reader, we should be very tired of them, and desire a little mist, a little northeasterly rain, even a dash of snow and sleet as we had them mixed last autumn, yet there is no doubt but it is cheering to have these blithe days following one another like a procession of ladies gay in the train of Ceres. Every sinner who keeps a bad conscience under through the night, but wakes to find himself in its grip at the too early dawn, knows what a different face a cup of coffee puts upon the memory of his transgressions and how it loosens that pitiless hold upon his heart. Some such draught for the world is such a September day as this, which it would be a savage lust of ownership to claim the glory of for any Lobster Cove under the sun. It does not mean ultimate escape from the penalty of sinning for the poor, haggard old world, which is so full of remorseless recollection, but it is respite from misery, surcease from sorrow—

Sorrow for the lost Lenore

whom its youth loved but did not treat any too well. It is a long way, not to say a far cry, from the depths of our actual egotism to the broad uplands of universal altruism, which shall have no bounds this side of those vague limits which the modern scientific conjecture assigns to space. But we must begin not merely with the notion of a peculiar Lobster Cove day, we must go far back of that into the recesses of the heart, into

The abysmal depths of personality, where the arrogance of descent, the pride of race, the ridiculous conceptions

of family excellence, of inherited quality lurk. Probably nothing is so universal as something peculiar. Family traits derive from the human family, and not from the De Coucy ancestor or the Hodgkin gaffer so confidently recognized in them; few of us have to go back to a crusader for our distinguishing characteristics, or to the peasant whom the crusader harried. One hears it said of a quick-tempered child, forgivingly, almost admiringly, "Oh, he gets *that* from his great-grandfather Pendragon," when it really came down from his half-aunt Smithereens who made life so hot for her husband during a long series of years. Or very likely you hear his mother say, "I can't imagine where he gets that nasty temper; I'm sure it didn't come from *my* side," and his father at once reminds her how one of her own cousins attempted the life of a neighbor who shot one of his hens, and his difficult escape from public opinion eager to express itself in tar and feathers. Charmed with these fancies, we do not stop to reflect that there is nothing commoner in the human species than a short temper, and that no particular branch of our race is to blame for such an infirmity. Cain had a short temper, but it is not known that he transmitted it to any certain one of his descendants.

What we are contending for in all this is universality, the identity of men in their human characteristics, and not in their racial, national, ancestral peculiarities. What we wish to eliminate from the general consciousness is the notion of Lobster Cove days in any form, age, or place. What we desire to establish in the general acceptance is the belief in a parity of days, fair or foul, in every region of life. Privately speaking, or speaking in that one-sided confidence which we like to use with our reader, we think the whole ideal of the unification of peoples in these later times has turned almost to error by halting short of the only desirable ultimatum. We once thought it the finest possible thing that Italy should be unified, that Germany should be unified, that there should be a Pan-Slavic state, a Latin, a Teutonic entity. But it appears to us that history has been teaching, in her slow, patient way, that there is no unification worth

having short of the unification of mankind, whom God made all of one blood, and that until this is accomplished we have made no real advance in civilization or even Christianity. The Jews, to whom that message was first sent, were warned not to keep it to themselves, but to preach it to the Gentiles everywhere; and the apostles did the best they could, as the children of a chosen people; but it may have inadvertently leaked from them, being Jews, that, though turning the other cheek might be very well, the experience of a race dearest to the Creator was that an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth was the real thing. Somehow, that doctrine has since largely prevailed even with the unified Christian nationalities, which have shown themselves almost aggressively prompt to resent not only injuries but affronts. National honor, a figment of mere romance, which co-exists with national greed, national falsehood, national dishonesty, and all the other things that dishonor a man, is of the first importance in the imagination of the unified nationalities. What we want now, therefore, is the unification of the species.

Tolstoy, indeed, got no farther than making shoes in his wish to assert his identity with the men who worked for a living with their hands, but this does not mean that an enlightened statesmanship may not go farther, and operate the unity of the nations in some form of confederation. Statesmen will have to move toward this end with the greatest sincerity; perhaps as a first step they may have to dismiss the notion of national honor from their minds and substitute the notion of national honesty. For this reason it seems a thousand pities that Bismarck is dead, if he was the first to introduce veracity into diplomacy, where it has ever since remained indeed, but perhaps without the original force. By means of this veracity he tricked France into apparent aggression; but Bismarck was of those Berliners who, having arrived on the scene too late to invent gunpowder, as

Heine tells us, invented irony; he had treated the situation veraciously but ironically, and France was unable to read between the lines of his ultimatum and find the truth there. Irony, however, will not do so well as the open truth in a procedure toward the great end we have suggested, and it may not be such a pity, after all, that Bismarck is dead, with his great art of telling the truth covertly.

In the parliament of man, the federation
of the world,

we must declare unselfishness as our prime motive, and stick to that through thick and thin. We must look forward to a unification of the nations, a solidarity of the peoples, irrespective of race, religion, color, sex, or "previous condition of servitude," and the prospect must not be clouded by any *arrière pensée*, but must be clear to the vanishing-point. We must declare our purpose of dwelling together like brethren, or at least half-brethren, under one constitution, which shall at first be so liberal as to admit all nations, whether or not some of them may still wish to deck themselves out with kings and nobles, and such vain gauds, for a time, but shall finally intend only a republican form of government, as with the States of this our own happy Union. The universal union will not admit the principle of secession, but if any nation wishes to secede it may go in peace, and find itself out in the cold without let or hindrance.

To this great end, we must address ourselves with the greatest expedition if we really mean it, and we must begin with the weather itself. We must come out into these loveliest days of the year, and own frankly in this silvery September sun, this silken September air, that we have been mistaken in claiming

The bridal of the earth and sky

as peculiarly a real Lobster Cove day, and confess that it is rather a potential blessing of the world which may happen anywhere. That will be a great piece of self-sacrifice, but it will be worth making.



EDITOR'S STUDY

SUCH a conflict as we have been witnessing in Europe would, in its first overwhelming onset, seem to paralyze all hope for the future of humanity. But a fighting world is never pessimistic.

War, the death-dealer, is as negative as death itself seems to be to mere outward observation. It has positive sequels. European nationalities were not at the close of the Napoleonic wars the same as at their beginning. Certain potencies had been realized through tense reactions of which these wars were a negative condition; but their realization would have been more significant and hopeful if it had come about through a creative spiritual heroism like that which William James would have had substituted for the martial.

There is a positive virtue in the resolute resistance of invasion, in the struggles and sacrifices which men have made for their own freedom or that of others; but for anything more than its virile excellence this virtue depends upon the worth of the security and freedom, as expressed in the terms of human culture.

Barbarism that was of its own time and not anachronistic has those virtues which are pertinent to any estate through which the race of man must pass on its way to a more stable and rational social order. It had a flavor of romance and a picturesqueness which could not have belonged to primitive humanity in closer intimacy with Nature. It showed the bright, scintillating sparks of the broken current. Its errors, from necessary limitations, bristled in interesting confusion, made more interesting by what it retained of older instincts and communalities as well as by its dim fore-shadowings of a heroic age to come.

Barbarism, as itself a social order, on the way to something better in its own kind—its own heroic culmination—and finally to something far better in a very different kind, was quite distinct from

degenerate savagery. It was not chosen as an alternative to culture. The alternative was not in evidence, or even conceivable. The order had the dignity of its historic, or prehistoric, position; it was *growing* in such human soil as there was to grow in, and, as growing, it had authority. Its rulers were leaders, actual chieftains of recognized distinction; only in later civilization could there be personal or class tyranny resting upon a formal convention.

The distinctively virile forces of Barbarism, just in proportion to the solidarity which they created of tribe and gens, were antagonistic to all humanity beyond those limits. War seemed as ordinary and natural as physical conflicts with wild beasts, only an extension, indeed, of that necessary exercise of the arms. But for these so apparently consistent antagonisms there would have been no subsequent conversion of these into those leagues which characterized the Heroic Age—leagues of armies and fleets such as were marshaled for the siege of Troy—for wars which were the preludes of epics. Those old wars, Barbaric or Heroic, seem to have been “all in the day’s work” in the one case, and in the other, if we may credit the Epics, quite leisurely, opening out into large spaces—almost a cult in themselves. Their horrors are disguised as in old fairy tales. There was no storage of wealth or art to be spoiled, no complex fabric of civilization to be undone.

But what is to be said of the anachronistic Barbarism of the twentieth century?

Some of it is not so very anachronistic when it is seen pent up within its own borders or even as illustrated in those recent wars in which Russia, Japan, Turkey, and the Slavic peoples have been engaged, since none of these powers are in any proper sense modern, and all of them retain some of those genuine aspects of Barbarism which we have been

describing—charms that fascinate the scholar and the curious traveler. So much have these peoples of the flavors of their past that such modernism as they have seems anachronistic.

Militarism in the varied types it shows of itself in Russia, Austria, and Germany, and especially as the support of autocracy, of the divine right of kings, and of bureaucracy, belongs rather to civilization than to barbarism. We call it barbaric not because of its affiliation with genuine Barbarism, but because it marks an inferior order of civilization and is the most dangerous foe of modern humanism. France is not free from the taint of it, as was shown in the Dreyfusite *malaise*, but French culture has shown sufficient vitality to resist the poison, and the maintenance of the Republic shows to what an extent the French people actively and articulately participate in this wholesome reaction. It is in Austria that the military tradition is maintained in its most absolute form and in lines of least resistance, since it is identical with Austrian culture; and for this reason militant Austria goes down before the onset of any strong power and is wholly dependent upon the support of its more efficient neighbor and master.

Russia, with its Slavic alliances and dependencies, is the most genuinely Barbaric of all the Powers. It has no dominant culture or society, no other specialized function than the military; therefore that is not as fully specialized as it would be in any other people equally warlike and with equal numerical strength and territorial expansion, but with a more developed civilization. We regard Russian militarism more as generic than as special, more with reference to its imagined potentialities than to its patent and definite activities as a factor in the shaping of a world civilization.

The Slav peril is so indefinite as to seem irrational, though perhaps because of its very vagueness it the more strongly haunts the imagination, especially of those peoples who, whatever they have claimed for themselves, have obstinately withstood the legitimate Russian aspiration, not for world-conquest, but for world-opportunity.

The case of Germany in this matter of

militarism is altogether unique, emphatically such in relation to humanistic culture. Like Russia, she is restive under limitations imposed upon her by her geographic position. But there the likeness ends. Russia has not gained anything, for more than fifty years, beyond her own borders, though within them she has won much from her great defeat in the war with Japan—how much, in self-discipline and military organization, she has had the opportunity to illustrate in the present war. Germany, on the other hand, had both Sadowa and Sedan to her credit, along with the consolidation of the Empire under Prussian leadership. All this the present Kaiser had received, with the Bismarckian stamp upon it of Blood and Iron, and had maintained for a generation of peace, though not of contentment.

The period of peace has been one of unrest, of tense preparation for war. It is idle to attempt any distribution of responsibilities. What the world confronted was a situation which, in every detail of it, meant war. The commitment had been made, not to the will or personal ambition of Kaiser, Emperor, or Czar, but to the caprice of that Fate which the mutual fears and jealousies of fully armed powers invoke. It is this fatality which gives to modern war the dreadful triviality and futility of an accident. Militarism is the magazine always primed and ready for the wayward spark. What a contrast between awfully impressive consequence and obviously idiotic inconsequence!

This consideration has to do only with the explosion—with the precipitation of accumulated physical energy, as expressed in armies and armaments, and of stored-up hostile intention—and with the immediate resultant devastation. But it is the tension itself, not its release in actual war, that is terribly significant. Flood, pestilence, and famine may be more destructive of life and material goods than the greatest of wars. The statistics of accidents in our perilously complex civilization are, in the course of any decade, more appalling than those of the casualties incident to military operations. Just because actual warfare is the release of high tension, it is a relief, after its first brutal impact upon

sensibility, in spite of all the destruction it threatens; its potency for destruction being, after all, so limited.

War fully illustrates its evils, hiding only its unintended and incidental benefits, which live after it, disclosing themselves to the reflective historian. The distressed witness of the conflagration of a great city holds a very different position from that held by a spectator ten years afterward who beholds no sign of the blackened ruins, but only the shining splendors of the new city, greater and more beautiful. Ruin seems a part of the architectonic of our civilization—of ours more than of the ancient because its hidden forces are redemptive and the principle of recovery is dominant. It is not true of Christendom to-day, as it was in the days of declining Rome, that war, even at its worst, takes irreparably our best. The monuments and masterpieces of art are at the mercy of hostile invaders, but in wars between civilized nations those which are movable are coveted as trophies and are less liable to deliberate destruction or mutilation than in times of peace at the hands of vandal suffragettes. Art itself, or the culture it stands for, war cannot destroy.

In actual conflict, even when prolonged by the obstinacy of national pride, the animosities which aroused it are partially exhausted, sooner among the soldiers engaged than among the non-combatants, though it is true that new sources of rancor may be opened, lasting occasions for revenge, as in the Franco-Prussian War through the detachment from France of Alsace and Lorraine.

In the case of all wars, ancient or modern, waged by civilized nations, and especially in those undertaken for conquest or spoliation, the verdict of history sustains the paradox that, in the end and as to all lasting values, the vanquished, in so far as they possess and cherish such values, are the gainers, while the victors risk such tenure of these precious values as they may have formerly won or inherited. Of all the ironies of war this is the chief.

The war of 1870 was a signal illustration of this paradox. As the result of that war France seemed utterly crippled, helplessly overthrown, and finan-

cially handicapped by a heavy war-indemnity. But her quick and mighty resurgence, through that principle of recovery which lies in the pulsing heart of every modern Christian nationality, was more impressive than her downfall. That which rose was not that which had fallen. The shell which had been shattered was the Second Empire. Beneath the ruin was disclosed the indomitable spirit of the French people which rose again the Republic, animated by that real, creative culture to which Goethe had once owned his indebtedness. On the other hand, the real culture of Germany, in praise of which Carlyle had spent his youth and early manhood, of priceless value to the world in science, philosophy, literature, and music was submerged, though not smothered, by the victory, which, for this reason, even Nietzsche in 1873 pronounced a defeat.

The victory diverted Germany from the realization of her best possibilities for herself and for the world. It strengthened the unhappy tendency, already established by the chief determining factors in her history, toward the externalization of individual and national life. In almost precisely these terms Rudolf Eucken in 1906 characterized the present state of German culture.

In any culminating crisis like the present, all the Powers engaged come into judgment—a judgment which has been suspended during forty-four years of what may be called the German Peace, but which has really been a war-tension that has gathered into itself all the outward forces of current civilization, affecting different peoples in different ways, according to the degree of initiative and direct participation which the peoples themselves have had in national affairs, but imposing upon all some form of militarism, congenial or enforced, an intolerable burden of taxation, and a check to the realization of a true humanity.

Our only hope is that the release of this awful tension may prepare the way for a natural solution, through the breaking of every hollow shell of national pride and the elimination of all restrictions to the free play of constructive national activities, and especially of all restrictive patriotisms.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Norwayfarers

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

WE came into Norway through Sweden and a pouring rain. The line between the two kingdoms consists of a tow-headed official who comes through the train and argues with the passengers on the tariff question. When he reached our compartment a Norwegian who had been conversing with us in the Minnesota language told the customs man that we were Americans. At this the official bowed as though chagrined at his error and withdrew. This unc customary action remained a mystery to us for a long time.

While Sweden proved to be only temporary, the rain went with us to Christiania. Here we stopped at a first-class hotel, a highly technical term meaning one with a lift which you can ride in if you find the boy. By "we" I mean Paul, Virginia, and me. Paul and Virginia are not their real names; that is what they call each other in my presence. They have a right to call each other anything, because they are married. The three of us agreed after our brief taste of Paris and Berlin that this Christiania was distinctly a second-rate city, a provincial town masquerading as one of the capitals of Europe. It was modern, clean, and uninteresting; it didn't smell a bit like Paris. You notice that I said, "*this* Christiania." The geographers do not know that there are two, but I shall prove before I am through that the geographers know nothing of Norway except by hearsay.

The most interesting thing in Christiania is the tableful of appetizers that stands in-

side the dining-room door in the hotels. This is an imposing array of pickled, oiled, and mayonnaised fish, meat, and vegetables. The prospective diner approaches with a plate and fork and browses until his dinner is ready. At our first appearance I began tunneling into this mountain of *hors d'œuvres*, my compatriots watching me jealously from our table—Virginia, because she did not think it ladylike to patronize a free-lunch counter; Paul, because he believed it the duty of a husband to suffer in silence. I was beginning to see daylight on the other side when a waiter summoned me to dinner. I stayed three sardines longer, then rejoined my countrymen.

"Now for a little something to eat," I said, cheerfully.

"What, again?" asked Paul, maliciously. Virginia, however, was very sweet about it.



THE LINE BETWEEN THE TWO KINGDOMS CONSISTS OF A TOW-HEADED OFFICIAL WHO COMES THROUGH THE TRAIN

"I see," she said, "that you have solved the problem of what to do with the long Norwegian twilights."

Tearing ourselves away from Christiania was easy, but going across the country was a long, hard day's work—long for us and hard for the engine. Upon close inspection the Scandinavian peninsula proved to be something like a roof; the train spent most of the day puffing its way up to the ridge-pole, and the remainder undoing all its fine work. The train was comfortable, however, the scenery sublime, and in the late day we went slipping and sliding jovially down the western slope, through tunnels, over trestles, along the perilous edges of beautiful fjords into the picturesque, seagirt, mountain-bound city of Bergen. And there, after our engine's exhausting day, we rested.

The resting proved to be exceedingly good in Bergen; of all possible Norwegian towns this is the most possible. It is not large, but after a day's investigation our committee of three absolved it from all blame in this respect. It could not be any larger without encroaching unfairly upon the sea and the mountains. Bergen is a city of fish and furs and red-pointed roofs and ships and docks. The streets are used chiefly for going to and from the wharves. Many of them have wharves at both ends, hence when one sees a pedestrian one cannot be sure whether he is going to one wharf or from another—or both. This lends a speculative charm to the street life.

But it is not the people alone who have this air of not having found their land legs. Because Virginia's lightest word was our law we went into a fur shop. The proprietor was in, but the shop had apparently just stepped out—as I remember it there was nothing left in the store except the lighting-fixtures and the picture of little Prince Olaf. His stock, the proprietor explained, had gone out into the harbor to pay a visit to the Emperor of Germany, whose yacht abounds in those waters in the summer-time. It would be back in a week or so; would we wait? We wouldn't, because our time was short, and, besides, nobody wants furs that an emperor has been pawing over; but we wondered why the shopkeeper stayed there instead of going down to the docks. Paul thought he was afraid some other store that happened to be passing that way might come in and settle down.

We saw him on the wharf, however, in the late afternoon, together with the rest of the sturdy, industrious, honest Norwegian people. The late afternoon comes promptly at ten o'clock in this latitude in the summer; in the winter, I am told, it is held immediately after lunch. I would believe this were

it not vouched for by the guide-book. The same book says that one can easily read a newspaper at eleven at night in Bergen. I tried this, but the only word I could make out was *dampskibsselskab*, and even this I could not pronounce. One soon learns that a *dampskib* is a steamboat, and that when a Norwegian wants to speak of a steamship company he throws off all restraint and calls it a *dampskibsselskab*. For some time Paul seemed to be under the impression that this was a form of profanity. He frequently mentioned steamship companies in speaking of German tourists.

When the population of Bergen and the near-by islands and mountain fastnesses and all who were home from America on a visit were assembled along the wharves, the captain of a *dampskib* rang a bell. There was no excitement at this, for after its preliminary jingle the gong sounded only one stroke. This was only an overture. Five minutes later the jingle was repeated, this time concluding with two strokes. At this sound there was a rapid shifting of population; I fancied that the Scandinavian peninsula tipped slightly. Finally, amid tense, breathless stillness the gong sounded its fateful three strokes. The pent-up energies of a hardy race now broke forth in an orgy of handkerchief-waving which continued with increasing violence until the gang-plank was lifted, the ropes cast off, and the noble little vessel, full of Englishmen and smoked salmon, moved majestically away. She was bound for Hull; the land of the Norsemen would not set eyes on her for three long days and short nights. But even as they waved there came the sound of another gong—another *dampskib* was tuning up. And then Norway did it all over again.

I sometimes wonder how Ibsen and Björnson ever got an audience, who ever found time between boats to listen to Grieg and Ole Bull. Historians tell us that Russia has always cast longing eyes upon the Scandinavian Peninsula. If they want the place, why don't they come over some time while the population is seeing a steamer off and take it?

If we had not learned how this country spends its spare time we would have been greatly flattered at the crowd that turned out to see us sail away in the fjord steamer, also at the reception our vessel met with at its stopping-places throughout that long and glorious day. Between-stops we had nothing to do but to form definite ideas as to this geographical curiosity. A fjord, we discovered, is a device by which a mountain-dwelling people are enabled to gratify their passion for the sea. It is a long, winding arm of the ocean, wide or narrow according to circumstances over which it has no control,

bordered by lofty mountains decorated with forests and glaciers and waterfalls. It is one of the sublimest things that Nature ever thought of doing. These arms of the sea invariably have fingers at the proper end; they branch out into the landscape and make everybody very happy indeed.

Fjords are useful, too. In them Ibsen drowns his characters who are doomed by something that happened long before the play opens. On them ride the industrious little steamers which are the sole means of communication in this mountainous region. The decks of these steamers are thickly coated with German tourists who occupy the best chairs and say, "*Wunderschön!*" One soon learns to scramble with the Teutonic race for seats, and not to be soft and sentimental over the shrieks of women and children. It is the only way—when in Norway do as the Germans do.

This, obviously, is why the custom-house is so cordial to American tourists—it wants to dilute the Germans. There are many Englishmen there, too, but they do not help, because they spend most of their time standing in running streams. When they are not catching fish they are eating them. One may travel in Norway for weeks without seeing the lower part of an Englishman.

We had long looked forward to this tramping trip. For a week we did our tramping by steamer, horse-cart, and motor-car—the automobile has added greatly to the comfort of walking since *The Tramp Went Abroad*. What roads there are connect ports on one fjord with those on another, and it is always necessary to hurry in order to catch the boat. Thus the trumper saves both conscience and shoe-leather.

The towns through which we passed in our wanderings might have brought us some comfort except for the fact that they were like the wine they offered Alice at the mad tea-party—there weren't any towns. The stopping-places were post-road hotels consisting for the most part of one large house, and a smaller one at the back into which the innkeeper's parents are shoved when they are too weak to resist. These inns have the so-called horses for hire, and one can readily have luggage or wives carted to the next inn at slight expense. For some days, therefore,



"IT IS SUCH VERY SMALL, DENMARK," HE SAID, DESPONDENTLY

we had looked forward to breaking loose a little at Husum, which was indicated in large, populous type upon the map. At noon on Husum day we sent off a boy in a cart with our bags, paying him in advance for fear we might miss him in the crowded streets, but not without misgivings as to the propriety of giving fifty cents to a simple peasant boy no larger than a horse, and plunging him into the dissipations of city life. We came upon him at nightfall. By "him" I do not mean the boy; I mean Husum. He was large and amiable, and he kept a good hotel, but we never forgave him for not being a town.

It was at Husum that we met the melancholy Dane. We thought at first it was the weather that made him so depressed, but soon we found out what was the matter with him. He was a Dane. After dinner he poured out his soul to us in approximate English.

"It is such very small, Denmark," he said, despondently.

"Never mind," replied Virginia, with her womanly sympathy. "We thought it a lovely little country. We spent a very pleasant afternoon there."

Virginia meant this in a kindly spirit, but it was not the right thing to say.

"It was a time," the Dane replied, "when you could not see Denmark in one afternoon." He went on to tell us about his country's glorious past—how she had once been a great world power, owner of colonies, flags flying in every breeze. Now look at her! She had shrunk to a little peninsula with a few islands; at high tide she was scarcely a country at all. For a century the big nations, whenever business was dull, had been going out and taking a little of Denmark's territory. I gathered that we were the only



SERVANTS GATHERED IN EXCITED LITTLE GROUPS AND GESTICULATED

people who had ever visited the country without hacking off a piece.

We reached Fagernes at last, a real town containing houses, people, a railroad, and a bath-tub. The latter was boasted about on the hotel stationery, thus putting ideas into my head. I told my companions in confidence that I was fully determined to have a bath.

"You see the point?" I said. "Not a coal-scuttle full of ice-water such as they have been serving us every morning, but a real hot tub where I can soak and sozzle."

Virginia said it would be interesting to know whether the thing could be done. Paul took down the address of my parents in America and admitted that he had no legal right to interfere. The porter's face took on a hunted look when I questioned him, and he referred me to the manager. The manager, once driven into a corner, said they would do what they could for me the next day.

In the morning everything at the hotel seemed to be at sixes and sevens. Servants gathered in excited little groups and gesticulated. From time to time somebody disappeared into the forest with an armful of kindlings.

"I know," said Paul; "they're thawing out a glacier in there for you."

At eleven a man summoned me, and amid an ominous hush we left the hotel. The Norwegians waved good-by to me as if I were a *dampskib*; an Englishman came out of a creek and said, "'Xtr'ord'n'ry!" The man conducted me through the dim forest to a little hut, dark and forbidding, fit place for the deed we had to do. He pushed me in, shut the door, and ran.

I looked about me; the floor and walls were absolutely bare, there was not even a picture of little Olaf. But it was unmistakably warm. The reason proved to be a red-hot wood-stove surmounted by a steaming tank from which a faucet and a tube conducted the boiling water into a tin tub which I am sure had been taken out of the home of the giants when they put in sanitary plumbing. Here was everything the most exacting soaker and sozzler could wish—warm room and water, a ten-acre tub, towels, even soap—which one seldom gets in Norway without starting a social

revolution. I undressed calmly and turned on the water.

After that the deluge! It was exclusively a hot-water deluge, sizzling as it fell. The room filled with steam so dense that I was in constant fear of walking against the red-hot stove. There was no cold water in this bath-house! A country which has more cascades and glaciers than people, which provides every tramper with running water for the back of the neck and has some left for the beds, cannot spare enough cold water to make it possible to take a bath when you have one. I waited for several generations; nobody with a sense of the fitness of things wants to be scalded to death in Norway. The room was so close and steamy that the water in the tub could not possibly cool. It was not a bath-house; it was a thermos-bottle. At last I gave it up, put on my steaming clothes, and went out gasping into the air, where I promptly took cold.

Paul had organized a relief-party which was cautiously approaching the hut. He pretended to be vastly relieved at seeing me alive.

"What kind of bath did you have?" he asked.

I sneezed, but he thought I said, "Turkish," and asked no further questions. But

to the manager privately I said: "Just leave that bath there, please. I expect to be in Europe again in two or three years, and I may want it then."

He charged me extra, I think, for the sarcasm.

The railroad at Fagernes was fatal to our tramping expedition—besides, we had long since ceased talking of anything but our feet, and the subject was getting threadbare. The train landed us back in Christiania. The same Christiania we had left a few weeks before? Not at all. This is where the geographers blunder. This was a magnificent city where there are bath-tubs and things to ride on and food in infinite variety. At Christiania we were destined to part, I to sail for America on a Scandinavian steamer, Paul and Virginia to come home

more gradually. I tried to dissuade them from their folly, but I do not seem to have had much influence with them at any time. They came down to my steamer to see me off, and I showed them over the majestic, double screw leviathan of the deep (ten thousand tons).

"I hope you will have good weather and no boiled potatoes," said Virginia, sweetly, as the ship's bell reached its climax.

But Paul left me with a sneer on his lips.

"Do you know what they call the thing you expect to get home on?" he asked. He pointed it out on a folder. I was absolutely aghast, but I had bought my ticket, and it was too late for escape.

What do you suppose it was? Give up? *Dobbeltskruedampskibet!*



OLD LADY (who has given monkey a penny): "Well! For the land sake! We were taught to say 'thank you' when I was young!"

A Contrast

IT was at the closing exercises of one of the public schools in Boston that Marjorie was reading a composition of her own on "Grant's Work in the Civil War." She got on most creditably until she reached Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House. She then related how Lee wore his sword and was handsomely attired in full uniform; "while Grant," she announced, "had on nothing but an old, ragged union suit."

Not to Blame

A LITTLE girl about six years old was visiting friends, and during the course of the conversation one of them remarked: "I hear you have a new little sister."

"Yes," answered the little girl, "just two weeks old."

"Did you want it to be a little girl?" asked the friend.

"No; I wanted it to be a boy," she replied, "but it came while I was at school."



SAMMY: (proud possessor of a new watch):
"Why don't you ask me what time it is?"

The Correct Address

LITTLE Anna was always glad to say her prayers, but she wanted to be sure that she was heard in the heavens above as well as on the earth beneath.

One night, after the usual "amen," she dropped her head upon the pillow and closed her eyes. After a moment she raised her hand and, waving it frantically, shouted:

"O Lord, this prayer came from 243 Grant Avenue."

For Her Use

MRS. MORELOCK'S birthday was nearly due, and one morning shortly before that event George, her young son, said:

"Mother, will you give me a dollar? I want to get you a birthday present."

"That is very thoughtful of you, dear," replied the mother, very much pleased, "but what is it that you need a dollar to buy?"

"Well, you see, mother," explained the boy, "one dollar is the price of it. It's the dandiest catcher's mask you ever saw."

Unreasonable

TWO little girls, Annie and Gertrude, were playing together one morning. Shortly after Annie came in from the playground, Gertrude was heard crying bitterly.

"What is Gertrude crying about?" asked Annie's mother.

"Why," explained Annie, "she dug a great big hole out in the garden, and her mother wouldn't let her take it into the house with her."

Of Infinitesimal Importance

A famous baseball-man, is a prolific story-teller, and oftentimes his yarns are the source of great amusement to his friends. Here is one of his new ones:

"A friend of mine, a metropolitan merchant who had amassed quite a fortune by close application to his business, was being entertained one evening at a friend's house where he encountered a number of young women graduates whose conversation suddenly turned to a discussion of the development of the English novel.

"The merchant speedily experienced a feeling within, which told him that he was 'out of it.' After a few minutes of animated colloquy, during a brief respite, one of the young women turned to him sweetly and asked:

"What do you think of Fielding, Mr. Ellis?"

"Oh, fielding is important, of course," our friend quickly responded, "but it isn't worth much unless you've got good pitchers and men who can hit the ball."

Dual Personality

A GROCER was bending over a barrel, scooping up some sugar. While his back was turned toward the counter an adolescent youth of uncertain voice entered the store and said, in a high, effeminate voice, "I want a pound of coffee and"—just here his changeable voice dropped to deep bass—"two pounds of lard."

"All right," answered the grocer; "just be patient and I'll wait on you *both* in a moment."

Over Delicate

IT was in a small Southwestern town that the town council, which we infer is becoming unduly delicate, caused this notice to appear in the local newspaper when a tax on dogs was imposed:

"Tax on each dog—male, one dollar; *vice versa*, three dollars."

Revised Version

MRS. ORMOND was very busy with several guests, and little Austin was left to his father, who decided to take the boy to Sunday-school. It was quite a little walk, and Mr. Ormond endeavored to improve the time by teaching Austin the Golden Text, the words of which were, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Austin repeated it obediently after his father several times, and seemed to have mastered the correct wording.

During the Sunday-school exercises, the teacher turned to Austin and said:

"Now let me hear if you can say the Golden Text."

Mr. Ormond, who was seated near by, heard the question and listened attentively to his son's answer. Austin hesitated for a moment, and then answered:

"Whatsoever a man sews always rips."

Hard Earned

JEAN longed for a kitten with all her heart, but her mother was not fond of cats, so her eager pleadings were unrewarded until illness made it necessary for Jean to go to the hospital.

"I will make a bargain with you, Jean," said her mother. "If you will be a brave little girl about having your operation, you shall have the nicest kitten I can find."

Jean took the ether without a struggle. But later, as she came out from under the anesthetic, she realized how very sick and wretched she felt. The nurse leaned over to catch her first spoken word.

"What a *bum* way to get a cat!" moaned the child.

Why She Stayed

MRS. ATWELL had had a quarrel with her maid, Lizzie, a product of the Emerald Isle, and the maid remarked that she would leave.

"Lizzie," said the mistress, severely, "you must stay until I get another girl."

"I intend to, mum," said Lizzie. "Shure it's only right some wan should tell her the kind of a woman ye are."

One at a Time

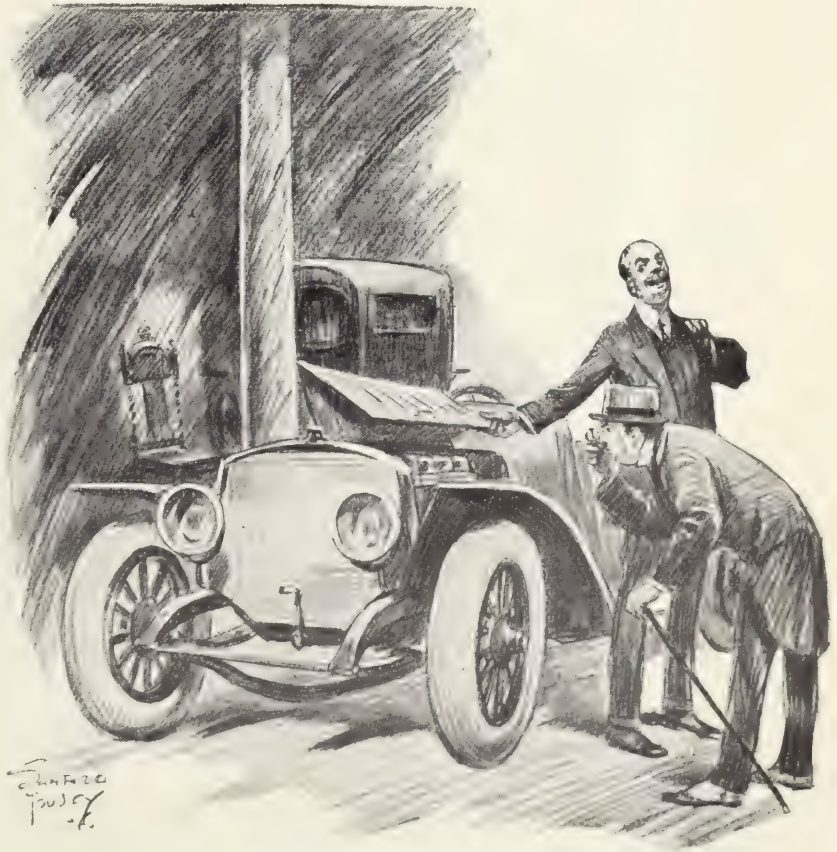
MISS HODGES, the Sunday-school teacher, glanced around at her class as the song "I want to be an angel" was being sung, and when it was finished she looked at one of the little girls and said:

"Hannah, you were not singing that beautiful song, 'I want to be an angel,' with the rest of us."

"No, ma'am," replied the child, shaking her head.

"And why did you not sing?" asked the teacher.

"Well, I'm not going to tell a story about it," said the little girl. "I'm having enough trouble learning to play the piano without bothering with a harp."



"How is she at hill-climbing?"

"My dear sir, you'd never know you were on a hill with that car if it wasn't for the other cars blocking the way."



“Hey, boy! Quit yer shovin’!”

Not Historical

MISS SMITH, the teacher, was hearing the history class. The pupils seemed unusually dull on this occasion, and in vain did the teacher try to get them to give the correct answers. At last, she looked at the child who was her star pupil.

“Now, Elsie,” she said, “Mary followed Edward VI., didn’t she?”

“Yes, ma’am,” replied the little girl.

“And now, who followed Mary?” asked the teacher, hopefully.

All was silent for a moment, then Elsie raised her hand.

“Yes, Elsie?” queried the teacher. “Who followed Mary?”

“Her little lamb, teacher,” said Elsie, triumphantly.

Too Monotonous for the Deer

A PARTY of American tourists who were staying at a hotel in the Scotch Highlands were questioning a gillie as to the prospect of securing game.

“Are there ever any deer about here?” one of the party questioned.

“Weel,” replied the gillie, ponderously, “there was yin, but the gentlemen were aye shooting and shooting at it, and I’m o’ the opinion that it left the deestricht.”

The Temperate Lover

BRIGHT are the skies in Central Park,
Gay, I believe, the throngs;
The little dogs and birdies bark
And sing their usual songs,
Respectively—but songs are stale
To me, and skies are gray.
I’ve even turned a trifle pale
Since Laura sailed away.

Laura is not beyond compare—
At least, not much beyond.
You might not call her wondrous fair,
Nor find her wildly fond.
But (though she says one mustn’t be
A gusher—and I won’t)
My hours with her mean much to me,
And hours with others don’t.

Return, my love! for on the whole
Your absence brings regret.
In fact, you’re quite the dearest soul
I happen to have met.
I’m keeping cool—I’m not the sort
To put these things too strong—
But, hang it! Laura, life is short,
And days without you long.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

